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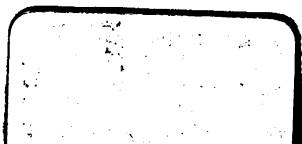
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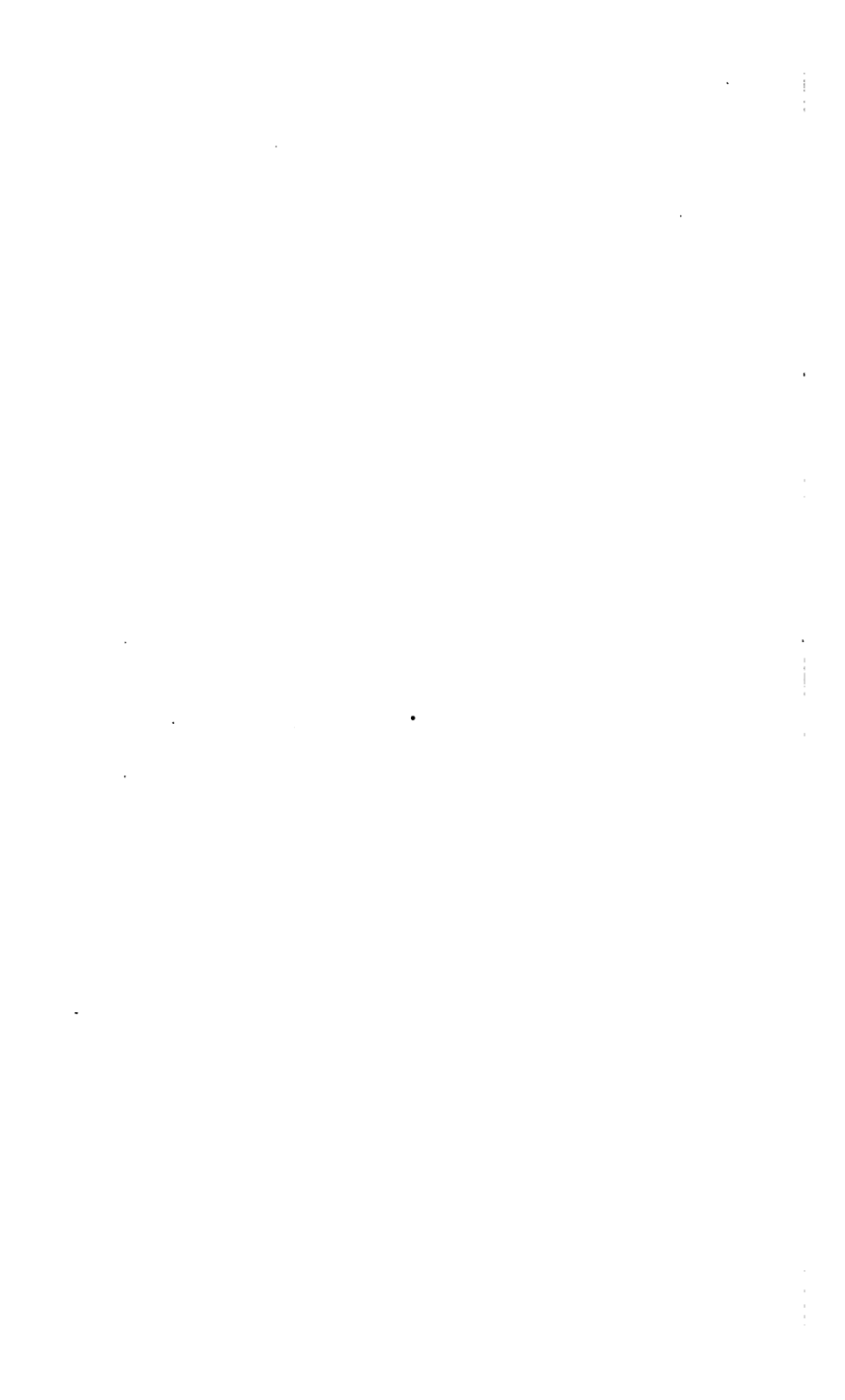
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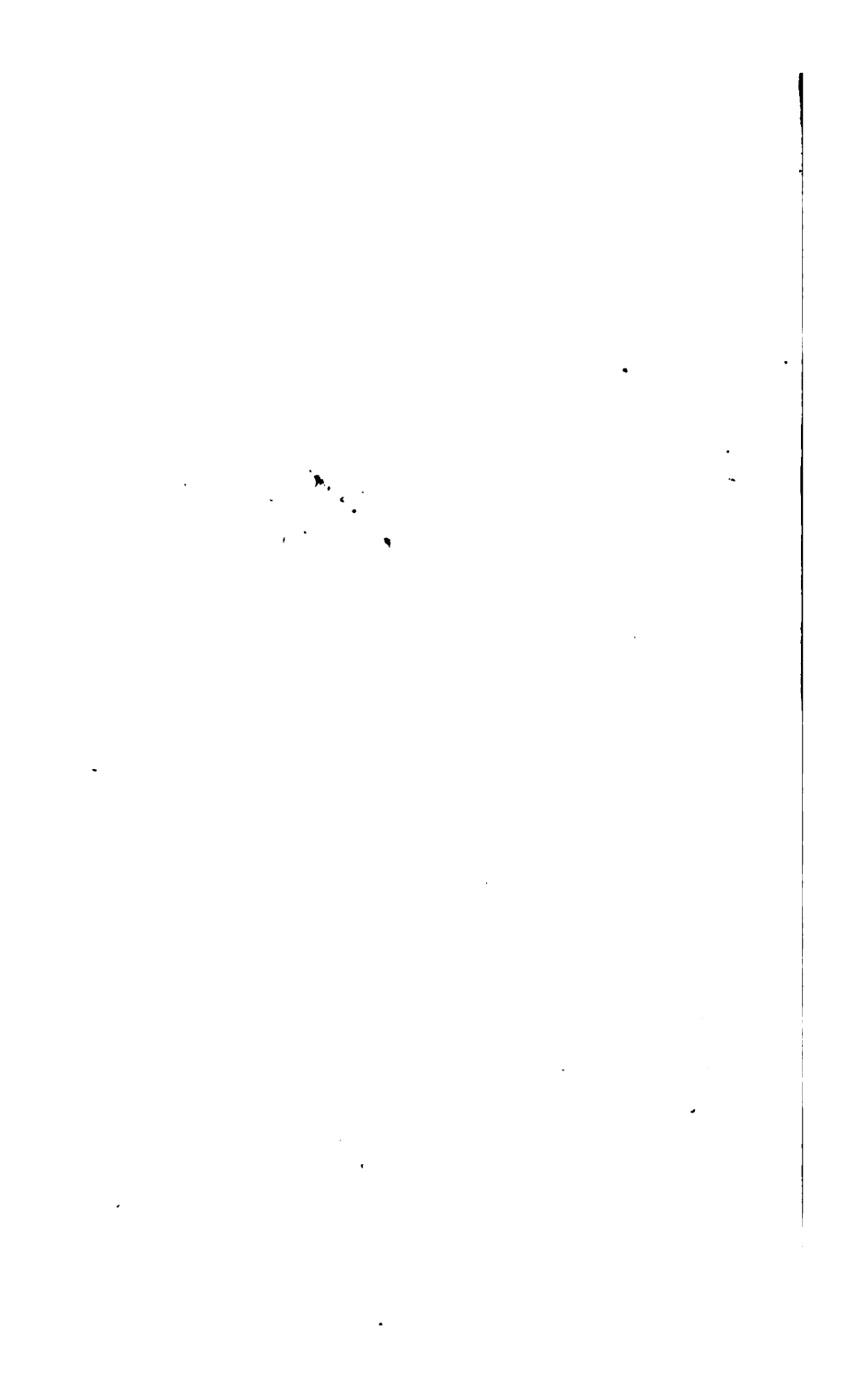
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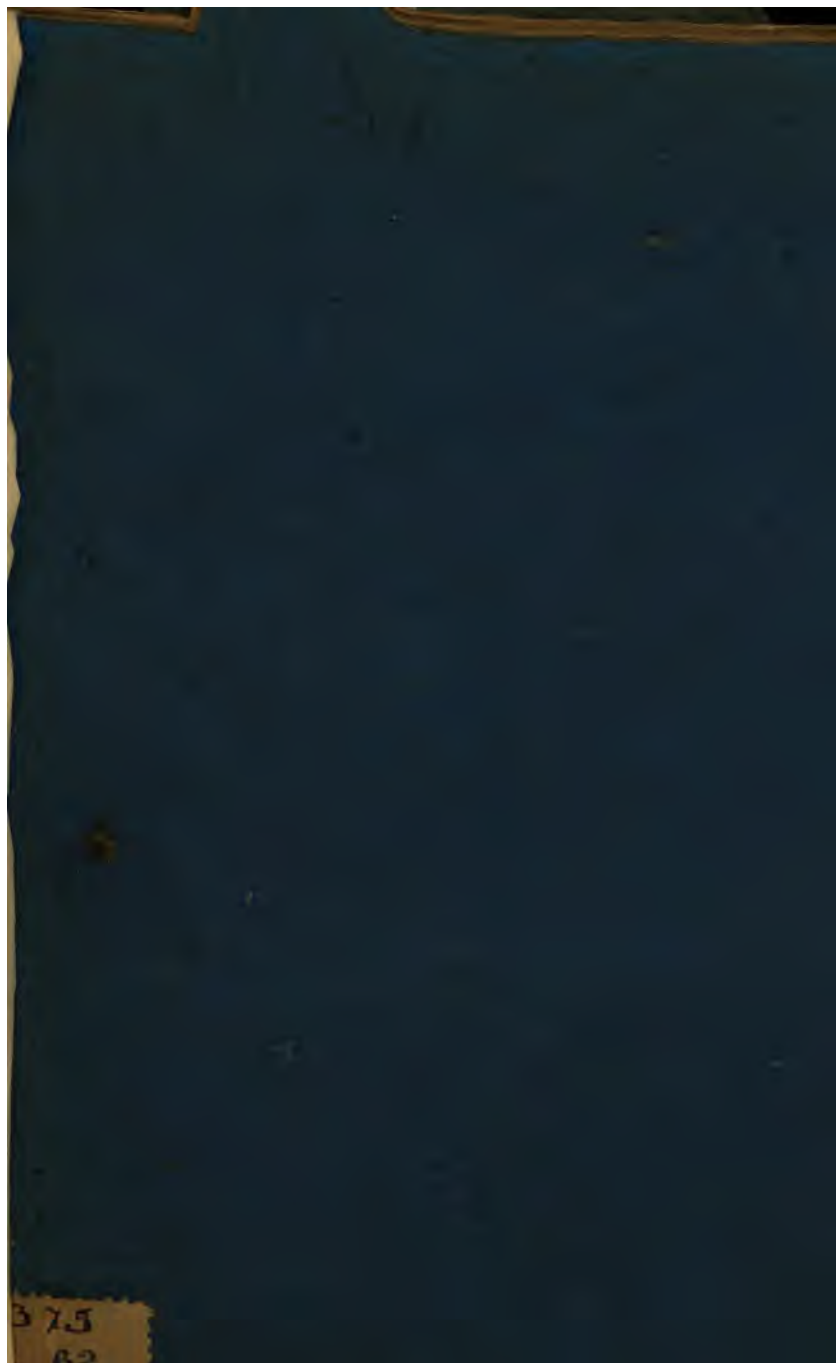
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Confidential.

THE DIAGNOSIS
OF
NON-CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH MUSIC,

A DIALOGUE,

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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PREMONITORY NOTICE.

THAT the minister is personally responsible for the right conduct of Public Worship in all its parts, is not denied, even by professional musicians. On the other hand, that the minister, if not personally ignorant, is sorely perplexed as to the right ordering of the musical part, is yet more frankly and readily stated, on a thousand occasions, by the minister himself.

Under this two-fold state of things, a *portentous contest of principles* is going on, more or less vigorously, in all our churches.

The writer of the following pages has endeavoured to put the subject in the simplest possible light; and he believes that—whether his views regarding it be right or wrong—they are, at all events, so divested of all technical obscurities, that the most uninitiated reader may exercise his own judgment upon them.

But it must be distinctly understood that this statement of them is, in the strictest sense of the word, *confidential*. There are solemn and urgent reasons, connected with the furtherance of the principles here developed, why this disclosure of them should be treated as “*a privileged communication*.” The party to whom they are confided is, of course, in-

vited to test and try them by any amount of independent research he can command: but it will *be a direct breach of the confidence in which they are placed in his hand* if he betray them, in their present form, to those who, however unjustly, might take personal offence.

There is nothing unfair, disingenuous, or unmanly in this requirement. The simple truth is that, whilst they are as far as possible from implying any personal imputation, they lie so close to facts and principles with which particular persons are identified, that, were their authorship discovered, the recoil would compromise other efforts to compass the same high and holy objects. The writer has not the remotest disposition to avoid, in his own person, "the offence of the cross;" but he is not ashamed, under special circumstances to remember one who "took and circumcised Timothy."

He ventures, therefore, to say to each individual reader of this dialogue, Put the matters here discussed to any ordeal you please: but let this statement of them be—in all conscience—*between thee and me alone.*

THE DIAGNOSIS
OF
NON-CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH MUSIC.

A DIALOGUE.

CLERICUS.—I heartily wish I could get at the bottom of this mystery. Here have I been making an earnest effort for the improvement of my Church music; and from all quarters I hear nothing but complaint.

NEMO.—Perhaps the matter is not quite so mysterious as you think it. Will you allow me to ask a few questions about it?

CLERICUS.—By all means: as many as you please.

NEMO.—Well: first let me know distinctly the precise object you have had in view.

CLERICUS.—Object? Why; of course the avowed object of all christian worship.

NEMO.—Ah! That's no reply to my question. Thousands of parish clerks can say "let us sing to the praise and glory of God," who have never so much as a thought beyond the praise and glory of the singers.

CLERICUS.—But you won't put us down in the category. My object was, that the worship should be really what it professes to be; and that all the people should join in the rendering of it.

NEMO.—Good: you have attempted this and failed. The move has not been responded to. May I ask, Is your congregation—broadly speaking—what we should both understand by the word "enlightened?"

Is there a general desire that the service should be a spiritual one?

CLERICUS.—Broadly and generally speaking, certainly *yes*.

NEMO.—Good: now for the other part. Should you say as distinctly of those on whom you have devolved the arrangement, that, to your own mind, they are amongst the most enlightened of your people?

CLERICUS.—Alas! no; rather the reverse. But it was a *musical* effort; and I looked naturally to musical quarters.

NEMO.—Then we are at once *at the bottom of the mystery*. You look on church music as a spiritual exercise. You attempt to move a devout congregation to take it up. And you put the matter into the hands of those who, by your own confession, are not the best qualified to give forth the suggestive note. "*Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*"

CLERICUS.—Well: you've framed a startling paradox: but I can't quite subscribe to all you would draw from it.

NEMO.—Do you admit the facts as you have yourself stated them—that you intend a spiritual service; and that you have given it over to something very like non-spiritual hands?

CLERICUS.—Well: supposing that (not to cavil at particulars) I plead guilty.

NEMO.—And yet you stumble at the consequences. Depend upon it, you're at the root of the matter; you've only to unearth the circumstances, and you'll see it all.

CLERICUS.—And yet; allow me to plead one fundamental fact. The parties you speak of did not make the music.

NEMO.—Did'nt make the music! Who ever asked a choir to make music? But I suppose, that if they did'nt make, *they chose it*.

CLERICUS.—There again, I must demur. Un-

doubtedly they chose the music. But you know as well as I do, that they could only choose from out of well authenticated Church Music.

NEMO.—Well authenticated Church Music! You seem in imminent danger of shutting your own eyes. Would you let those same identical parties *choose what you should preach*; only on the condition that they should choose from “well authenticated Church Divinity?”

CLERICUS.—Can you think a moment of the analogy?

NEMO.—Can you think a moment of denying it? You talk of “spiritual worship.” You mean that worship to be uttered by music. You know that such music should be the language of the heart. Yet you refuse its analogy with preaching and praying!

CLERICUS.—Well: I withdraw my demurrer.

NEMO.—Then you have what I call the DIAGNOSIS of the whole affair. Trace it out in its particulars; and every step will bring you into day-light.

Only fail not to bear one thing in mind from first to last. *I mean no more reflection on your choir than on yourself.* They just did by others what you had done by them. You have all made a common mistake—asking for “Church Music” without first asking whether those you applied to knew the real meaning of the words.

CLERICUS.—You hit me hard. Still I should like to see the case in the light of the particulars you speak of.

NEMO.—By all means. We'll take them *seriatim*, one by one. Let us first go a moment into the mechanical part of the business. Of how many members may your choir consist?

CLERICUS.—That I can't say exactly. The men folk come rather irregularly: of the ladies there may be, in round numbers, some two dozen.

NEMO.—I suppose all these were in the habit of singing in the congregation before?

CLERICUS.—Certainly: and they've not ceased to sing since: and yet—strange as it may sound—the whole effect is not what it was.

NEMO.—Of course it is not: and for a very simple reason. *Then* they all sung congregationally. *Now* something like half of them sing *chorally*.

CLERICUS.—What do you mean?

NEMO.—Why, what means a great deal. Music consists of four parts, called respectively Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, and Bass. Of those four parts, the great body of the congregation sing, by nature, the *first*; which is, in point of fact, the air, or tune. Now you no sooner take out certain members to form a choir, but they are at once divided, as you see—not only the men from the women, but the women into two ranks. You see the practical consequence?

CLERICUS.—Not precisely.

NEMO.—No? why you have the items: the sum is easy enough. I told you that the congregation sings the Soprano; and here are half your telling voices singing the Contralto. Now this is as no mere affair of subtraction; for, whilst but one half of your leading voices are now singing the congregational part, the others are not simply silent, but *singing something else*. Of the two other parts, Tenor and Bass, it is also clear enough, that, in exact proportion as *they are brought out*, the congregational part, unless proportionally strengthened, must virtually *go in*. Put all this together, and you can scarce wonder at the difference in your congregational singing.

CLERICUS.—Well: but still—to say the whole truth—there remains yet one thing you hav'nt quite explained. Here is, at all events, the same aggregate number singing; and yet it has many a time seemed to me as if there was not the same aggregate sound.

NEMO.—No doubt: and the reason is not far to seek. The fact is that the more powerful and telling notes are always, but especially in female voices,

cæteris paribus, the *high* ones, and these belong to the Soprano. The Contralto notes, being systematically lower—a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, and sometimes a whole octave—must, by the laws of sound, be proportionally feebler. Put all this together, and your difficulty is solved at once. If you doubt the facts, just take the two first female voices that come to hand. Make them sing, first a passage in Soprano, together; and then, the same passage with Soprano and Contralto discriminated.

You see here, then, what I will call ITEM ONE OF THE DIAGNOSIS. And that it *is* an Item there can be no doubt; for it is but an integral part of the original surrender.

CLERICUS.—I see all that: but then I can't help feeling something more, viz. that, in your view, choral singing is incompatible with congregational.

NEMO.—Softly! softly! One thing at a time. We are now discussing your congregational failure—not choral music. Did you ever hear of the Edinburgh student who found out that “brandy was good for fever”?

CLERICUS.—Never: what was that?

NEMO.—Oh! Only that a young idolater of what he called “facts,” was walking the hospital when a patient who had been given over was calling for brandy. It was given him. The patient recovered; and the student wrote down, as in statistical duty bound, “brandy good for a fever.” The sequel may be in part anticipated. The first fever case that came within his reach was treated accordingly; and *the patient died*. What was our worshipper of facts to do? He could'nt obliterate the first fact; and he could no more ignore the second. So he sagely added to the aphorism “brandy good for the fever,” the no less authoritative aphorism “*but not always*.”

Nothing so murderous as taking a part of truth for the whole. If therefore you choose to write, Nemo

says choral music destroys congregational, be so good as to add "*but not always.*" Let us go to the next point.

CLERICUS.—What's that?

NEMO.—Why, you soon began to find a continual succession of new music. The congregation was never convalescent from the strangeness of one thing, ere they found themselves in all the painful strangeness of another.

CLERICUS.—Now; some one must have told you that: for it's the literal fact.

NEMO.—Not a bit of it. It needs no telling; it speaks for itself. It's one of the normal conditions of the surrender. And I think I can tell you something more about it. You complained to the organist as to these continual changes: and he told you he could'nt help them: that there was *no keeping his choir together* without them; that, after a night or two, the choir dropped off if they went over the same ground.

CLERICUS.—There again: some one *must* have told you that—or you are a prophet. Why, you've told me the very words in which my organist met my complaint.

NEMO.—Not a doubt of it: words mean things. When we know the things, we can't be far—diplomacy apart, from knowing the words. But it needs no prophet to tell you that it is in the very conditions of your surrender. *You* talked of "Church Music," meaning the music of the congregation at large. Those young people took Church Music to mean their own music in particular: and, on their own principles, they were quite right. So put this down; if you please, as ITEM TWO OF THE DIAGNOSIS.

I said they were right on their principles; let me say now a word as to yours.

For the association of music with the worship of God, there should be—the Bible in our hands—no need

of argument. And yet I think I may appeal to many a christian conscience when I say that the occasions are but too frequent when the music does *not* run happily with the devotional feelings we would express by it—occasions when, on the contrary, we become suddenly conscious that the *music* has been a hindrance where we had taken it to be a help.

CLERICUS.—There, alas! we need no disclosure. But then, if it be thus, must we not say of all music what I thought you had implied of Choral Music?

NEMO.—And I must reply as I replied before; don't take a part of truth for the whole of it. Music *is* all that has been said of it: but not where it is strange—difficult—or a thing *per se*. The man who talks out of his heart, never thinks of his words. They come out spontaneously; and they *do their duty in exact proportion as he doesn't think of them*. It is even so of notes, which are often better than words. They have their power just as we are not lying at catch for them—when an air or a phrase is so *one* with a particular feeling and the words that express it, that both come together by the same impulse. *But then they must be, of course, familiar*. Let a person, ever so devoutly disposed, be dodging, here and there, for air or harmony, and—Good bye to devotional feeling; he must mind his p's and q's, or he'll make a noise, instead of singing music. The application is clear enough: and this gives the sting to *Item two*. Your good people wanted to pray, whilst your Choir wanted to sing: and so, not having the sweet familiarity I spoke of, they found the two didn't go together; and preferred "making melody in their heart" to practising unknown music with their mouth. Only mind, all this impugns, not the music, but the musician.

CLERICUS.—Well: but we can't be always singing the same music. There must be a beginning to everything.

NEMO.—No doubt: but what if it is *always* “beginning”—beginning to nothing; beginning for beginning’s sake? This is just part and parcel of the surrender.

CLERICUS.—But you allow improvement: you allow progress: you can’t think a moment of disgusting the musical, to please the non-musical members of a congregation.

NEMO.—There again goes *Surrender*—head over heels. So it’s all an affair of musical and non-musical; when I thought you meant devotional and non-devotional. What if your choir should rise up and tell you “we’re tired of that ‘general confession’: and that ‘litany,’ and that ‘general thanksgiving,’ Sunday after Sunday. We know them word for word. We want *something for practice*”?

CLERICUS.—There you’re again at your analogies.

NEMO.—Give up those analogies, and I’ll just give up Church Music. No: no: put the matter which way you will, I say music is either for devotion, or for amusement. If for devotion, I’ve shewn you the law: it must be familiar, so as to come without a conscious thought about it. But if for amusement, there is but one thing for it—the “*whip of small cords.*”

CLERICUS.—No: not that either: you carry matters to extremes.

NEMO.—I carry matters to their *first principles*; from which all things sacred are in constant danger of slipping. I love music as well as you can. I love it everywhere—most of all in the House of God. But I need not tell you that when it comes there it mus’n’t be a plaything for musical young ladies.

CLERICUS.—We mean both the same thing. I feel, on my side, the force of all you say: do you, on yours, admit that we may have some occasional changes in the music?

NEMO.—Of course I do. But not at the discretion

of a Church Choir. All I meant was that the general interests, and not *their* gymnastic propensities, are to be the measure of the change.

CLERICUS.—Very well then. Granted there shall be a change: How would you proceed in effecting it?

NEMO.—By the easiest possible means, now that my preliminary is all right: for, don't you see that the great obstacle even to wholesome change was the chronic dread of change that was *not* wholesome? You want new music; you've now a quiet platform for it. Only take care your new music is of the right sort: and then make due provision for naturalizing it.

CLERICUS.—Ah! I like that word "*naturalizing*;" and, as that's just where I've failed, I could wish you to discuss that first.

NEMO.—Well: you've a curious way of going on. I should first have got my stuff, and then set about the fitting of it. *Your* whole system savours of surrender. You stand in evident awe of your workmen.

CLERICUS.—Never mind; if only we're right at last.

NEMO.—Well; granting your new music is what you want, take good care that, before the congregation is asked to learn it, the Choir can, I will not say *sing*, but *articulate* it. You know that epigram of Martial, "This little book, as I give it you, is *mine*; if you read it badly, it's *your's*."

CLERICUS.—Explain yourself; I suppose the music sung correctly.

NEMO.—Well, what would you think if a man read you a passage from Shakespeare, word for word and line for line, with pleasant voice, but all the accent and emphasis, either sunk in monotonous drawl, or fantastically tilted into nonsense?

But then *you know* Shakespeare; and you would

know that this was *not* Shakespeare. His golden sentences are household words; his delicious phrases have long nestled in your heart. What of those who never heard him before, if they were first introduced to him "in this *galere*"? I put the analogy in strong terms: but it holds. Why, you may hear sometimes an enunciation of a majestic musical passage that might remind you of the young gentleman Cato from the Preparatory School,

"My voice is still for open war."

We don't, of course, want Concert Room precision; but I think we have a right to demand that what a congregation is to learn shall be, at least, intelligently rehearsed to them.

CLERICUS.—I perfectly agree with that. I could tell you of cases where the same music has been *light* or *darkness* as it has been played or sung by different persons. Let this point, then, be taken for granted: what say you now of the congregation?

NEMO.—Only remember my first condition has not been touched. I won't stop now to discuss it. Let it be understood, then, that the music is rightly chosen and rightly enunciated, I look now, with perfect confidence for its comfortable adoption. None but a fool, besotted by selfishness, would demand that he should be able to sing a piece of music on his first hearing it. Let my preliminaries be duly kept, and I'll answer for every man of decent intelligence, first *feeling*, then *liking*, and, at no distant period, chiming in and *singing*, with warmth of heart and freedom of voice. Only he must have an antecedent complacency as to the two indispensable conditions we have been speaking about; viz, that the whole move comes from a *spiritual* and not a merely *musical* motive, and that the process will not be defeated by the untimely intrusion of another change.

CLERICUS.—I like all that ; I see daylight through it.

NEMO.—Yes ; but remember all this supposes that *assumed something* not yet distinctly intimated. I spoke of the music being faithfully articulated ; but what if this only brought out the fact that the *music was not worth articulating* ?

Now it should be clear enough that, if music have any meaning, and in exact proportion as it has one, there is a consequent necessity for agreement, in all that constitutes that meaning, with the words to which it is sung. People may, of course, be not very regardful of what the words are saying ; or all but insensible to what the notes are saying with them ; or they may be superstitiously charmed with the mere mechanical swelling of a congregational chorus ; and so, in either case, content to accept almost any music, provided only they can sing it. To those equally alive to the influence of both these dialects there cannot fail to be a commensurate amount of pain or pleasure, according to the consent or contradiction of the two when employed together ; and this, of course, in proportion to the gravity of the occasion. I wo'nt treat you to a lecture on musical expression ; you will agree that there is such a thing ; and that people for the most part, but especially the unconventionalized portion of a congregation, yield a quick and pleasurable response to it.

CLERICUS.—Undoubtedly. Why, I saw a whole congregation almost literally moved to tears by Handel's Dead March in Saul, the Sunday after the death of the "Iron Duke."

NEMO.—Very well ; then I only ask you to pronounce as to the result of Words and Notes saying different things, from the same lips, and at the same time.

CLERICUS.—But here again, I can't forget that they can only be singing well authenticated Church Music.

NEMO.—Well authenticated bosh! But come: Is all your Church Music the same? Has it no such thing as expressiveness or adaptability?

CLERICUS.—Assuredly.

NEMO.—Then how can you resist the conclusion that, whether composing or selecting music, unless the musician be in some sense a Theologian, you may hear all sorts of anomalies—all the authentications in the world notwithstanding?

CLERICUS.—But surely you're supposing a very extreme, if not a purely imaginary case?

NEMO.—Am I? Then what will you make of this? You know, of course, that simple, plaintive melody called "*Pleyel's German Hymn.*" Well; here's a Hymn Book, edited by two learned professors, and circulating, I might almost say, by hundreds of thousands; and here is this very expressive air actually set to "Bright and cheerful is the morn;" whilst, as if to stultify the whole transaction, side by side is printed, to be sung to the same air—

"In the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be,
* * * * *
Dread alarm shall shake the ground,
Pale amazement, restless fear."

the second Hymn, almost as far, in its dread magnificence, as the first, in its exhilaration, from all companionship with the simple tenderness of Pleyel's notes.

CLERICUS.—You amaze me.

NEMO.—Well, here's another instance in the same book. Here is a fine German Choral called St. Bartholomew, set in one place, appropriately enough, for it's a joyous tune, to

"I will sing my Maker's praises,
And in Him most joyful be."

And in another to

“Bound upon th’ accursed tree—
Faint and bleeding, Who is He?”

But all this is your “*well authenticated Church Music* ;” for the book is “dedicated, by express permission, to His (late) Royal Highness the Prince Consort.”

CLERICUS.—Well, that does put me at my wits’ end ; but perhaps in the mode of playing there might be some mitigation of damages. Suppose the tune taken faster in the one case, and slower in the other ?

NEMO.—You die hard, but your struggles only hurt yourself. I won’t go into the absurdity of making the tune, which has *its own character, and therefore its own time*, sad or merry by an unnatural change of pace : but don’t you see that your very argument proves my point ; viz., the necessity that the *Divine* should inspire the *Musician* ?

CLERICUS.—But a good deal of music has no particular expression.

NEMO.—So much the more shame for him that made, and him that uses it ! That’s just a part of my DIAGNOSIS. Spirit-stirring words, full of meaning and emphasis ; and negative music that has no cognizable connection with them ; melting tenderness, penitential sorrow, holy joy, and deep-toned reverence, doled out in accents that have no particular character ! and yet you can ask why devout worshippers don’t accept such music as an improvement. Now, I’m going to put this matter in a practical form : Did you ever go to a Methodist meeting ?

CLERICUS.—What a question to a Clergyman ?

NEMO.—Well then ; did you ever pass one whilst the hymn was singing ?

CLERICUS.—Many a time and oft.

NEMO.—Well ; didn’t you hear how the whole congregation were singing out ?

CLERICUS.—But you don't intend that music for a model! Why, we've been hard at work for the last fifteen or twenty years to get it fairly turned out from all our churches.

NEMO.—I'm not talking of models, but *facts*; and facts from which you may perhaps learn a something it'll do you no harm to apply to yourselves. No doubt much of the music you've thus ostracised had its faults—sometimes flighty, sometimes scientifically unsound, sometimes running, like a great deal of the so-called classical Church music, into repetitions bordering on the ludicrous,, only with more meagre harmonies, and those not always the most correct. *And yet*—with all its faults—that music had one good thing in it, and that is *heart*. It was the musical utterance of a religious revival, which, as it gained a lodgment in the national church, brought that musical utterance along with it. It was, in fact, hearty music to hearty words; and I suppose you won't think a moment of denying that *tasteless heart is better than heartless taste*.

CLERICUS.—Certainly not, if that were the only alternative.

NEMO.—I don't mean to make it inclusive of *all* our church musicians; but then, no more is it inclusive, on the other side, of all the revival music we are speaking of. Do you know that very simple, but very beautiful and very congregational tune of Milgrove's called "Mount Ephraim"?

CLERICUS.—Perfectly well; but I've not heard it for some time.

NEMO.—Of course not. Well, then again, you know Charles Wesley's beautiful hymn, "Jesu! lover of my soul"?

CLERICUS.—Of course.

NEMO.—And that pathetic "Hotham" that Dr. Madan wrote for it?

CLERICUS.—Perfectly ; but that tune has also somehow vanished.

NEMO.—No doubt ; and no doubt also, “Miles’s Lane,” that made all good people’s hearts come out in “Crown Him : crown Him : crown Him”, has gone with it.

CLERICUS.—Now there, you’re again at your back prophecies. Why, I’ve actually taxed our organist about that very tune ; and he always replies that “the day’s gone by for that sort of stuff.”

NEMO.—But you’ve got the hymns ?

CLERICUS.—Got them ? do you think I’d let anybody take them ?

NEMO.—Well : as I was never for transcendentalisms, I could almost consent that the broad question should turn on this one pivot. You’ve got the words—simple, racy, and as thoroughly congregational as they are purely scriptural : you hold them fast. But the notes that were *written for them*—as simple, as racy, as thoroughly congregational—you’ve let them go. Now of one thing you may be infallibly sure, that those who’ve ejected the tunes would be but too glad to send the words after them. Tune and words, they’ve all the same fault ; they’re “Low Church,” in plain English “Methodistical.”

CLERICUS.—And do you really mean to say that you would keep those old methodist tunes through all the improvement that has set in upon us ?

NEMO.—Improvement ? of what ? I just want improvement : few men more : I’m sick and tired of jog-trot. Only let improvement *be* improvement. I don’t say retain vulgarities, and anomalies, and eccentricities, in defiance of the laws and customs of musical life. Only don’t, on the other hand, call coldness, and hardness, and monotony, and outrageous, heartless pedantry an improving of church music ; least of all, when you profess to be looking, not for drawing room or concert, but for congregational music. Let

the head refine and instruct the heart if you please ; but don't put one for the other, and then expect God's people to join you.

CLERICUS.—But we've been just *simplifying* the music ; and for that very end, that the people may join us.

NEMO.—I know you have ; and that's just another of the critical points of the whole subject. Let that be ITEM NUMBER THREE OF OUR DIAGNOSIS.

Here then, let me ask you one broad, comprehensive, and very serious question. Do *you*, with all your opportunities of knowledge, take *simplicity* as the rail-road of influential access to the popular mind ? To speak very freely, I call that the NOODLE NOSTRUM.

CLERICUS.—Do you mean to imply that simplicity is *not* an indispensable element in all we desire the people to understand ?

NEMO.—I'm not talking of understanding ; I'm talking of singing. Who, of all the millions that enjoy music, ever understand it ? How many of your choir understand the learned music they're so fond of singing ?

CLERICUS.—No doubt ; feeling is one thing, understanding another. Still, you must admit that music, to be congregational, must be practically, if not theoretically, simple ; and that is the principle we are now beginning to adopt.

NEMO.—No doubt of it. "*Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*" Now let me ask you, Do you mean to go on and simplify Holy Scripture ?

CLERICUS.—I don't like fighting battles on that ground.

NEMO.—You're quite right, if you don't mean to get the worst of it. Well then ; are you for simplifying plum pudding ?

CLERICUS.—Nor on that neither.

NEMO.—You're a clever strategist. For my own part ; this great question of *simplicity* is at once so

grave and so comical, and touches so vast a number of points, some great, some small, that I scarce care where, when, or how it's brought to issue, provided only it be fairly grappled with. For the present, let it go as you please : only mind, *you're on my Socratic hook* : let me ask you, then ; Those Methodists we were speaking of, have they simplified their music ?

CLERICUS.—Certainly not.

NEMO.—Or their preaching ?

CLERICUS.—I suspect not, either.

NEMO.—But *you* have, both ?

CLERICUS.—No doubt of it.

NEMO.—And those simple folk sing that unsimplified music ?

CLERICUS.—Undoubtedly.

NEMO.—And don't come to hear your simplified sermons. I wish you joy of the NOODLE NOSTRUM.

CLERICUS.—You're getting personal.

NEMO.—No doubt : what's truth worth if it isn't personal ? What are all your sermons worth, if they are not really and practically *personal* ? Why, the whole question is a personal one : we're speaking of congregational music : I suppose that "congregational" is but a collective term for "personal : " that's just the marrow of all I care to talk about.

CLERICUS.—Well ; but let us try if we can't put it a step or two beyond the personal.

NEMO.—Very well ; then we'll call up the NOODLE NOSTRUM again. Will you tell me in plain English, what you precisely mean by "simplifying music" ?

CLERICUS.—Why, you've only to open one of our hymn books. Your methodistical music was characteristically *black* ; our amended is as characteristically *white* ; in other words, whilst the former consisted mainly of crotchets, quavers, and semi-quavers, the latter is made up, all but inexorably, of minims.

NEMO.—That's just it. Take my honest word for it, there's something beneath the surface there.

CLERICUS.—What do you mean?

NEMO.—Mean? Why that there's something not quite in keeping with simplicity. Now I woult go round about to prove to you that music is a language. It were else but a "bodily exercise" you would be the first to banish from the House of God. What, then, would you think of *confining a language to monosyllables?* We all know, of course, the power of monosyllabic words. But that's just when they stand out from the rich variety of the rest of the sentence. Now what obtains in verbal, holds equally true in notal speech. Take, if you like, what I hold to be the finest tune in existence—I mean our "God save the Queen," and the rather because the two languages of word and note run there so marvellously together. There are, first, a couplet, and then a triplet, composed, word and note alike, of varied syllables; and each magnificently followed, in word and note alike, by monosyllables—the power of which consists, in each case and in both languages, in the fact that they *shut up* with rhythmical precision the growing sense of what went before. Take away this complexity; reduce all to the pure monosyllabic form; and you've just done with that superb tune what your simplifiers are doing with Church music.

CLERICUS.—Well, I feel the force of that. But will you think me captious if I just observe, in passing, that the first line you speak of did actually consist, as first written, like the third and last, of monosyllables. It was "God save great George our King."

NEMO.—Thank you for reminding me of it: I might else have told you but half the truth. The fact is that in verbal language not only are monosyllables peculiarities, powerful and pungent, as such, amidst

the rich varieties of rhythmic quantity; but, what is very remarkable, those monosyllables themselves, though written as if alike, are notoriously and imperatively diverse in their natural utterance. Take any monosyllabic sentence you please. Let it be a verse in the Bible. Here, for instance, is the first that comes to hand, the twelfth verse of the thirty-first Psalm. It's a strong case; here are no less than fifteen monosyllables to one dissyllable. What then? Are these monosyllables—like your monosyllabic minims—of equal length? Try them. Let them be read as if they were; and who wouldn't immediately cry "Stop." Even so of your monosyllabic line "God save Great George our King," I believe that, music apart, you couldn't have found the stupidest dolt in all the stupid Georgian era who would have thought a moment of robbing that George of his rhythmic honours.

CLERICUS.—True; good; unanswerable: and yet—dost smile—but what do you just happen to think of the Old Hundredth?

NEMO.—Think of it? Why, what everybody thinks of it; provided only it be properly set and properly sung. But what then? Are we to be eternally ringing changes on the Old Hundredth? My complaint is of monotony, not of monosyllables. I should as much hate the language that had no monosyllables as that which had nothing else. My principle is, in truth, very simple; and all the authority in the world will never upset it; that the notes should express the words; and that, if the words are not monosyllabic, so neither should the notes be. You may depend upon this, that there's a GREAT BATTLE waging throughout our churches. It's the old battle, "*the flesh lusteth against the spirit,*" and this question of Church Music is one of the keys of the position.

CLERICUS.—That smells of gunpowder. You don't

mean to say that there's an organized attempt to stultify our congregational singing.

NEMO.—Organized, or unorganized, I speak of certain things on every side of us, the inevitable drift of which is what we should both agree in deprecating. I'm under no necessity of explaining myself, as to the precise nature of all the motives that may unite multitudes in a general movement. Sometimes men speak out, and tell us in downright terms that they hate all "Evangelical," by which you and I mean "spiritual" religion. Sometimes they do all they can to thwart and quash it without committing themselves to expressions that might betray a hostile, or as they would say, a party feeling. Sometimes, without any unkindly sentiment, they will be very zealous for what they hold to be "truth," but which neither you nor I could recognise as the truth of God. All these parties would be found gravitating to a common centre; and of that course we may speak in general terms, as unwholesome, noxious, and to be withstood. You may shut your eyes to individuals in their personal character: you cannot, and must not shut your eyes to facts and principles with which they may stand associated. This "Church Music" business is "a movement." It has a certain organism; for you see church choirs holding provincial meetings everywhere throughout the kingdom. I lay honest hand on it, and say it isn't what men take it for. I don't implicate individuals. But I protest that there's something beneath the surface—something I must make free to call *occult*—in it. I say again, I don't implicate, that is, don't criminally accuse individuals. I speak of the movement in itself considered. Many are in it who are not of it. Many are obeying one law when they think they obey another. Many are simply embarrassed, without knowing the reason why. I hate party names and party feelings: but there

are occasions when we can't escape them; and we're now come to a point at which we must be prepared to speak out, and say before friend or foe, this self-called "Church" means "*High Church, and High Church means Low Religion.*"

CLERICUS.—Well, as to the theological part of the business, I suppose you and I think much alike. But let us now confine ourselves to the musical; one thing at a time.

NEMO.—Musical or theological, it is just "*one thing,*" and you'll never see through it till you see it is one thing. The whole surrender I am anatomizing comes of your not seeing it. The enemy has stolen a march upon you in consequence; he's taken you in flank.

CLERICUS.—Certainly, I can't deny that things are very much as you were describing them. The new music is monotonous. It has lost much of its racy power. It *generalizes* instead of emphatically intoning the words. But, let us be candid: monotonous, powerless, generalizing, or not, we must in fairness concede this much, that monosyllabic music, with the single note to the single syllable, must of necessity be *more easy to sing* than the music technically called "*florid.*"

NEMO.—*I'll just admit it when you have proved it.* So I put you at once to the proof.

CLERICUS.—Why, surely, it's in the nature of things.

NEMO.—Not a bit of it. You never made a grosser mistake in your life. "*Where there's a will there's a way;*" so the easiest thing is commonly what we've the most mind for. But I must ask you, just now, to prove that this simplified music *is* the easiest to sing. We wont go into theories: where will you take me to find the fact? Shall we go to our old friends, the Methodists?

CLERICUS.—Spare me.

NEMO.—Oh, I'll spare you, though truth will not. But as you stand in such manifest awe of full-grown Methodists, let us stop the first group of your own National or Infant School Children—not, mind, in your sophisticated singing class, but as you may find them singing, after nature's own inimitable fashion, about the streets.

CLERICUS.—Well, there you do hit me; for I've myself been often puzzled at that. Many a time have I stopped, and listened, and then asked myself the awkward question—"Here are we reducing our music to monosyllables to popularize it for educated people: and here are these ragged urchins singing crotchet and quaver—quaver and crotchet—sometimes one note to the syllable, sometimes two, three, or as many as it may happen, without the slightest seeming consciousness that one is harder or easier than the other."

NEMO.—O sublime response, from the mouth of "babes and sucklings," of unsophisticated nature to nature's God! But what of those full grown babes who have just wit enough to choke this natural music; and do it with the alleged motive of singing to the glory of God?

CLERICUS.—Surely, surely, Nemo, that's hard language.

NEMO.—So should I say myself if there were nothing more beneath the surface. So, just keep your eye on this significant point. You've got spiritual hymns, and you won't part with them. What then must High Church do in such a case? Why suppose, a moment, that they can be just quenched and neutralized—stripped of the "ranting" notes that made them intolerable—and properly *toned down* in "correct church music."

CLERICUS.—You don't mean it?

NEMO.—I mean nothing but *facts*. I'm simply inductive. I've followed the process, and I now give

you the clue. Suppose, then, methodistic words unpleasant when sung to their own notes, and yet retained : there remains only what I spoke of—*quieting* them with true “Church music.” Now, there are two ways of doing this—the one, *to make the notes a sort of straight jacket to the words* ; the other, *to hustle word and note together at such a pace that neither can do much harm.*

CLERICUS.—What a bill of indictment ! and yet “no imputation of motives !”

NEMO.—Don’t make me say for the third time what’s as easy as A B C. I indict the system : I’ve nothing to do with individuals. And yet I suppose you’ll yourself allow there may be unconscious, or shall I say semi-conscious influences. Perhaps you don’t deny the existence of “spiritual wickednesses in high places.” One thing at least you’ll allow me : when you see *all possible expression given to secular, and as little as possible to sacred music*—the one running into bombast, on the most trivial, the other cut down to cold pedantic correctness on the most thrilling occasions—there must be something, as I say, beneath the surface—something I challenge and scrutinize *as a fact*, whilst intending nothing as to those connected with it. So, I say, I indict the system. If, after hearing the evidence, you don’t subscribe the verdict, why, then, you’re not the man I took you for.

CLERICUS.—“Proceed : perpend : propound.”

NEMO.—Well, then, let us come back to our “simplicity” system and the monosyllables. Now, I want you to see very distinctly the successive stages of the process—first the impoverishment, and then the stultification of the *melody*, which is, to all natural instinct, the life and soul of expressive music. You’ve seen the characteristic uniformity of “*white notes*.” I must now ask you to observe the force of those *rich rolling notes*, those double crotchets among the mi-

nims, so grand in Luther's "Erfurt." (I give for distinctness sake the simple melody.)

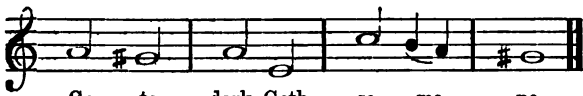


or so joyous in the German Choral, "St. Bartholomew ;"



I will sing my Ma - ker's prais - es.

or so full of gloom, in Sebastian Bach's wonderful "Presburg ;"



Go to dark Geth - se - ma - ne.

and,



or so graceful in Carey's tune to Addison's version of the 23rd Psalm ;



Where peace - ful riv - ers soft and slow,

Well : if you've felt the power—rhythmical and melodical—of those rolling crotchets where they exist, I ask you now to feel their absence where the system

has evicted them. Look at the well-known tune "Nottingham," and observe that strain—



where Jeremiah Clark could only have written



and the last line again,



where it has been retained by Dr. Wesley



Look, again, at that right noble "Bishopsthorpe" of the same composer; where, instead of



the majesty of the second bar is miserably "deprived of its externals" by writing



or in the penitential "St. Bride's;" where, after



Dr. Howard must have written



but where this skin-flint system has written its mono-syllabic jog-trot, in the stupid mechanical echo,



Here, sure, is proof enough. If you can retain a doubt as to the shamelessness of the system, just hear these opening lines of the fine S.M. Moravian tune commonly called "Tytherton:"



and pronounce, if you can, on the virulence of the fanaticism that, in the second line, could impose on all musical instinct a bald minim for the two crotchets.



CLERICUS.—There's certainly "method in this madness."

NEMO.—Method! Such a dogged pertinacity that no occasion seems too small for it. Here's that fine Advent Hymn of C. J. La Trobe, as it appears in his own Congregational Hymn Book. I give you the whole melody, and take care to repeat the two first lines, often barbarously curtailed by organists in mis-setting this and other tunes, (Luther's Hymn to wit, and Michael Haydn's—called "St. Werburgh's" in Mercer, and "Salzburg" in the C. K. S. Collection) in true jog-trot fashion, to unsuitable hymns. Let the

majestic flow of the whole melody be duly felt, and the wretched paltriness of the tinkering system will be appreciated. Here it is as La Trobe wrote it :

Lo! He comes, with clouds descend-ing; Once for fa-vor'd
sin-ners slain; Thou-sand thou-sand saints as-cend-ing,
Swell the tri-umph of His train; With His an-gels,
With His an-gels Je-sus comes, and comes to reign.

Could it have been ever dreamt of that even skin-flint pertinacity could have taken care to rob the sixth line of its mellifluousness by writing*—

destroying at once the line itself, its melodical relationship to the line preceding, and the sensible contrast of the firmness of the line that follows it. But algebraic dulness has no ear for anything beyond its eternal *dum dum, dum dum, dum dum, dumb*. Whether it be the occasional crotchet, or the graceful flow of the minim, all must be cut down to the vulgarity of the hard boned monosyllabic principle.

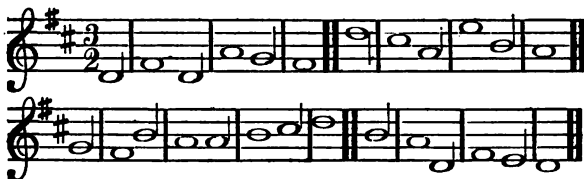
CLERICUS.—Well: but—you're rather sensitive—to apply such adjectives to so small an occasion.

*The phrase is, of course, restored, for comparison, to the original key.



NEMO.—It's just the smallness of the occasion that demands them. The sleepless obstinacy of the thing comes out the more on that very account.

CLERICUS.—Well : what will you say, then, to the expression of a belief that the following malversation of "Mount Ephraim" will supersede the form in which your friend Milgrove gave it us ?



NEMO.—Say ? Why, I'm too disgusted to say anything. But it's in perfect keeping with a movement that's the very personification of coldness, dryness, hardness, and spiritual paralysis. There's no unction, no love, no life in it. Just compare it, a moment, with the following specimen of what it's superseding. I won't countersign, of course, the repetitions that conclude the tune ; but just observe the *warmth* that breathes in the opening lines, and makes the notes identical with the words : and, don't fail to observe this in the repetition of the musical phrase. Mark also the delicate but essential substitution of the two crotchets for the foregoing minim.

Come, Thou fount of ev - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to

sing Thy grace ; Streams of mer - cy, ne - ver ceas - ing,

Call for songs of loud - est praise.

Look again at the feeling in those opening lines of Milgrove's "Harwich;" for which one of these reckless compilers has not scrupled to substitute—I had almost said, in mockery, for it reminds me of the "purple robe"—Knapp's beautiful, cheerful, flowing, sunshiny "Wareham:"

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major and 3/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (F major), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a repeat sign at the end. The lyrics are: "All ye that pass by, To Je - sus draw nigh,". The second staff continues the melody with similar note values and a repeat sign. The lyrics are: "To you is it no - thing that Je - sus should die?".

Look again at Calvary—written for "Hark! the voice of love and mercy." You remember those notes

The image shows a single staff of musical notation in G major and 3/4 time. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (F major), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple, consisting of quarter and half notes. The lyrics are: "p It is fi - nish - ed! It is fi - nish - ed!".

Compare any of the wretched substitutions; and say if they be not manacles for human hearts.

CLERICUS.—Certainly; there can be no comparison in point of pathos and expressiveness. And yet, I suppose that educated musicians must require harmonic combinations in which these tunes are more or less deficient.

NEMO.—No doubt: and so educated musicians will put the devotional life out of the congregational melody to put scientific interest into the choral harmony. But even here there's a cruelty of which I can't help complaining. Be it, that some of these tunes are not scientifically harmonized: then why not do with them as our Crofts and Gibbonses did to the melodies of their own time—or *as they themselves are every day doing even with the masterpieces of those*

very men—harmonize, or as it used to be called “compose” them?

CLERICUS.—But would that be legitimate?

NEMO.—Legitimate? Why there’s scarce a single tune on which the movement doesn’t bestow its tinkering: nor a collection that isn’t prefaced with “the compiler is responsible for the harmonies.” But they’ve no heart for the task: these moving melodies are too good for them. They’ve a savour of devotional feeling that doesn’t suit their canons of criticism—a something they don’t call “correct”—too much “cant,” and too little science. I don’t like to use harsh terms; but when I come across these petrifications, I can’t help thinking that “church music” goes with other matters in those words of the Apostle, “Though I understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have not charity, *I am nothing.*” Why should there be love in the words, and but cold pedantry in the notes?

CLERICUS.—Well: I’m half disposed to call this, as you do, *the skin-flint style*. But, as to its effects on congregational singing, do you seriously think that the great mass of our people indulge, like you, in minute criticisms?

NEMO.—Do you seriously think that the birds indulge in speculations on a solar eclipse? Yet you know well enough that, as the air grows dark, they begin to think of going to roost. For myself, the only criticism I care for is the intelligent handling of those great principles on which all art is dependant for its practical effects. Assuredly the great mass no more philosophize those principles than the birds philosophize the eclipse: but all that doesn’t prevent the practical results. I don’t like punning on serious subjects, or I could say as to both, *darken the air*, and your birds will begin to nod.

CLERICUS.—I won’t quarrel with the pun; but I must hold parley with its meaning. You say deaden

the air, and people will cease to sing it. Now it can't have escaped your knowledge that in "High Church" congregations, of which this skin-flint music is characteristic, the singing is very heartily joined in.

NEMO.—You've just hit it. See how all parts of truth confirm each other. Take but away the word "heartily," which I deny, and I'll heartily subscribe your statement. Only you must see that it's all on my side of the account. I affirm that this so called simplifying process deprives the music of those richer, finer, more expressive and inspiring qualities which belong to an organ of utterance for devotional feeling—in fact materializes it into what's little better than a mere physical exercise. You bring me two confirmations; of which I scarce know which is the strongest. You first tell me that spiritually minded people don't care to sing such music; and then, that those whom you wouldn't call spiritually minded sing and shout it out with all their might. Put the two facts together: they're but different statements of the same principle.

CLERICUS.—You mean that singing and not singing come both from the same cause?

NEMO.—I mean that where the conditions are opposite the same cause will have opposite effects; and have its own identity verified by the very contrariety of those effects. Take your High Church notion of public worship, with its posture mongering, vociferating, mechanicalizing influences, and this macadamized music is just suited to its purpose. Take, on the other hand, the instincts of those who "in spirit worship the Father," and it's utterly wanting in the unction of pathos and expressiveness that speaks the motions of hearts moved by the Spirit. Again, I don't want to treat you to a lecture; but I must say very seriously that *melody*, and not noisy concords, has been, in all ages, the musical language of human hearts.

CLERICUS.—I admire your sticking to your text ; and am half way to all you draw from it. Only I'm perhaps more afraid of day dreams, and transcendentalisms than you are. Can you seriously think of the music you would indicate, as the actual music of a mixed congregation ?

NEMO.—I seriously think what I have long known by observation and experience. I want no transcendentalisms. I only say, let all things answer their professions. Let there be learned music for learned hearers ; and elaborate music for curious hearers ; and animal music for animal hearers ; but let us have *heart music for heart worship*—music that breathes a feeling, not music that makes a noise.

CLERICUS.—Very pretty, but, methinks, *in nubibus*. I don't, of course, dispute the theory : all I stick at is the power to put it in practice.

NEMO.—That's something like your NOODLE NOSTRUM over again. It seems to me that you want either the courage or the clearness to see the magnificent but very simple and practical principle I stand on—that the music I am pleading *for* is the music of nature, and the music I am pleading *against* is the music of art. And yet you can't be ignorant of the notorious fact that, at all our "People's Concerts," what I call the finest music is always the most popular.

CLERICUS.—Yes, I see clearly enough that all your theories go to assert a higher capacity in human nature than I'm prepared to reckon on.

NEMO.—No doubt : and the consequence is that, whilst you're for ever *going down to nature*, I only wish you'd turn over a new leaf, and try to *get up* to it. We're now concerned with music : what think you, then, of the following fact, for the absolute truth of which I can vouch. A very intelligent lady told me a short time ago that, having beneath her roof two little girls *who had never manifested the slightest sensibility to music*, she resolved to take them to a

special instrumental concert, where, as she was sure of hearing the finest music enunciated in the most perfect manner, she was anxious to see if such music would have any effect where more ordinary music had always failed. The result was a superb triumph of nature over conventionalism. The concert had scarce began ere these little unsophisticated hearers were rapt; and when they came to the "Adagio Cantabile," in a symphony of Beethoven—the very seventh heaven of musical conception—both these young creatures turned to my friend and whispered, "This *is* beautiful music!" Now I don't mean, of course, that congregations are to sing symphonies. But I do mean—and this most interesting fact places it beyond a doubt—that congregational perceptions lie deeper than your common place theorists would have us think; and will be found responsive to music of a high poetic order, where your common place music has left them untouched. If you hesitate, try the question on the largest scale. *That* was heart and soul music sung by instruments only: go and hear Handel's heart and soul music sung by voices and instruments together, and see whether learned and unlearned are not moved by the same impulse; only with the significant distinction that, whilst the former hear with their head the latter listen with their hearts.

CLERICUS.—All that's, again, but in the nature of things; the more poetical, the more popular. So we find it in books—"Pilgrim's Progress," to wit, and a host we could mention: and so, we find that "*the Book*" is all poetry, as if He who meant it for all, had thus adapted its very style.

NEMO.—Now you're on the right road: go on; and you'll come out safe.

CLERICUS.—And yet—you see I feel my way—step by step—as I go. Do you really think that the first poem in our English language is a popular book?

NEMO.—I like your circumspection: I don't want

to entrap you: I only complain of those who go doggedly on, deaf and blind to all appeal. So I accept your challenge, and say boldly that, in the popular sense of the word, "Paradise Lost" is *not* the most poetical book in the language: and I'm heartily glad you've suggested the analogy. We won't go into that subject, save only as it touches the point in hand: nor need we think the folly of dethroning Milton. But we may just note that pithy remark of old Dr. Johnson, that "Milton saw men through the medium of *books*." Now, I needn't tell you that book knowledge isn't popular knowledge, and that the book poetry that evolves it is not the proper appeal to the poetic instinct of the people at large. It isn't, therefore, simply because Milton's subject is so high and holy, but that his very treatment of it *smells of the lamp*. It's not, in fact, what I call flesh and blood poetry. You've but to think of one whom Milton so rightly called "Nature's sweetest child," and you'll see all I mean. Both are poets—planets of the first magnitude—and yet, compare what passage you will of "Paradise Lost" with some such flash of poetic lightning as, say the reply to Shylock's question "On what compulsion must I (be merciful)? tell me that,"

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
 "It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
 "Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest:
 "It blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

Or those glorious words of old Adam, where he gives Orlando the money saved from his wages,

"Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
 "Yea, providentially caters for the sparrow,
 "Be comfort to my age."

Compare, I say, what elaborate passage you will in "Paradise Lost" with such bursts of true heart poetry as these, and you feel, at once, the difference

between the poetry of religion and the poetry of theology—the poetry of *natural* and the poetry of *metaphysical* feeling.

CLERICUS.—“Music?”

NEMO.—“Music.” What is music, but the gushing forth of poetic feeling? And where can you find a more infallible test of the poetical character than in the instinctive response to poetical music? Now I say that the popular mind is richly endowed with the elements of poetic feeling, and will always respond to the outgivings of those elements—whether in music or poetry, for they are but dialects of the same speech. And I say, therefore, that your NOODLE NOSTRUM, like the stupid music of heartless schools, just seals up the sacred fountains of that deep poetic feeling, and consigns human souls, with all the mysterious susceptibilities through which God might speak to them, to the learned hum-drum of a set of men who call themselves “musicians,” and are, in truth, but *skilled artizans*—without a spark of the sacred fire, and with a fatal predisposition to put it out. This last’s the worst part of the business. If these men would but hold their tongue, we’d at least leave them alone. But their NOODLE NOSTRUM is positive murder: it makes people the noodles it takes them for.

CLERICUS.—You wax warm: but we’re not even yet at the immediate point. You’ve shown, I freely admit, that the great body of unsophisticated—or as we might say, *not ill-educated*, un-naturalized people, can respond to a high order of music when properly played.

NEMO.—Call it eloquent music eloquently enunciated, instead of cold, stupid, carpenter’s music, constructed on mechanical principles, for mechanical fiddlers.

CLERICUS.—Well: call it what you will: only remember, we’re not discussing what the congregation

is to listen to, but what they're themselves to sing.

NEMO.—I know all that; and I said just now that a congregation's not to sing Beethoven's symphonies. But what then? Are we to have stupid music, because common people can't sing Beethoven's symphonies?

CLERICUS.—Still, you must admit that singing capacities limit the range of the poetical or expressive music you speak of.

NEMO.—I don't care to meet abstract difficulties by abstract answers, or I might say, as I said before, "*Where there's a will there's a way.*" When a thing's *in*, it'll *come out*: and it's fairly wonderful, what powers of utterance lie in human organs, when only the thing to be uttered is but in human hearts. Now your pedantic but twaddling music begins just at the wrong end, and goes just in the wrong direction. It noodles down the language, instead of rousing up the spirit that should speak it. But this brings us again to the point where we broke off. I was describing what you call simplifying, but I call maltreating the melody—and I haven't told you the half of its atrocities yet. First, then, let me say, and this touches the very quick of congregational singing, this skin-flint, mutilated music becomes as monotonous and tiresome as it is meagre. Look over a book of it. Let any one play you a dozen tunes in succession—only without the harmonies—(that is to say the part the congregation would have to sing) and you'll almost think he's playing the same tune in different keys: no freshness: nothing telling: but a sort of ringing the changes by inverting the order—now up; now down—that makes one tune sound as if it were a sort of mimicry of the other. You've first got, perhaps, a beautiful phrase enough—such, say, as the first strain in Knecht's so called "*Vienna*,"



then comes "Cassel,"



and then "Nuremberg"—all in the same book,



and I know not how many more of the same identical materials. But, then, these, especially the two first, are tunes. They have an air. Of no small portion of your "Church Music" it might be said that it has no air at all. I leave the following specimens to your own verdict: all I ask you to notice is their monotony. They're very near neighbours; they're all headed "Martyrs, &c." Here's first,



This is No. 263. No. 269 takes the same precise order of notes; only in a different key (of which the congregation is, of course, unconscious), and in the more characteristic jog-trot,

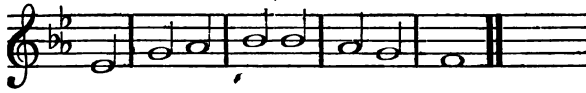


I may observe that this phrase, being of old Master Tallis, seems to have been canonized, like other things called "primitive;" for I find it *notatim*, only in a different key, as the first line of

another tune, No. 62. But No. 264 gives us the
“now up” I spoke of



and No. 266 the “now down,”



CLERICUS.—That’s very dismal, certainly. Let’s hope “the Martyrs” are more edified than the congregation.

NEMO.—You may well wish that after you’ve gone through the whole affair. Now, the rhythmical form of the words gives some cadential character, in certain metres, to the most beggarly notes ; but what shall we say to the following specimen of High Church worship? This is also for “Martyrs.” It isn’t without its verbal peculiarities ; for it begins

“A Hymn for Martyrs sweetly sing ;
“*For Innocents your praises bring.*”

But the “*for*” is characteristically changed, as the hymn goes on, into “*to,*”

“Fear not, O little flock, and blest”—

The *ex post facto* exhortation is not, however, our present point ; nor the further theological enigma of

“Triumphal is their glory now,
“*Whom earthly sufferings could not bow.*”

I ask you to think of your own people getting through an uninterrupted run of four such verses as the following :



Here, by all the instincts of music, the drawl should have reached its end. But we're still in the middle of a distich of the words, in fact at a comma, and there are five lines yet to come ; so we go on—



But here's another from the same book. The words begin, "O Lord, how happy should we be," and here's the tune. Here your people are supposed to go no less than ten times on a stretch over the following strains—twice in each of the five verses,



You see the precise identity—if identity can exist where there's scarce an entity—between the opening of this and the preceding tune. But this is only another illustration of the wearisome monotony and ringing the changes I was speaking of. I want you now to feel the doleful effect of ten unalleviated repetitions of this strange utterance of "O Lord, how happy should we be." Just take it half the supposed number of times.

[They sing it together.]

NEMO.—Well: Can you wonder if, in any but a High Church congregation, whilst the choir goes singing on, the people are silent? Why you've only to sing it at the High Church pace, and it's what our friend Touchstone would call "a right butter-woman's rate to market."

CLERICUS.—Nemo!

NEMO.—I can't help it. Such stuff has no savour of the sanctuary. But let that pass: we're talking of singing: I say that—save in churches where mechanical performance goes for devotion—that congregational note has nothing to move a congregation to join in it. It has the outward trappings of harmony; but it wants the breath of musical life: it has no air. Compare it with this, which I call Church Music.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sor-row and love flow ming-ling down. Did
 e'er such love and sor-row meet; Or thorns com



CLERICUS.—I profoundly agree with you. That *is* Church Music. - But—but—but—as to the other I take you at your own word. “The choir sings on:” they delight in such music. How can that be insipid that brings them regularly to practice?

NEMO.—And I take *you* at your “own word,” they come “*regularly to practice.*” There, again, you’ve unconsciously touched the quick. No doubt the choir like such music: will you let me tell you fairly the reason why?

CLERICUS.—Out with it.

NEMO.—Well then: they’re a choir; and that music is choral music.

CLERICUS.—What, again, do you mean by that?

NEMO.—Something about which there can be no mistake. The power of that music is not in the melody, which is nature’s music; but in the harmonic combinations, which are musicians’ music. Now, this is no fine-spun, metaphysical distinction; but the simple statement of a universal and potent fact. Go where you will—wherever music has been a power—let it be in those famous times and places of old, or in what we may call its native fastnesses at the present day—Welsh mountain—or Scottish glen—or Irish moor; you’ll find it everywhere the same. Melody is the child of nature—the voice of feeling—and the sister of poetry: the superadded harmony is the child of science—the purveyor to the senses—the music of those who boast of “an acquired taste”—who are cold and indifferent to what they call “*the emotional,*” but all alive to the technical. The one finds its subjects amongst those who open their hearts: the other provides a gymnasium for those whose paradise is “*practice.*” If you doubt the last part of the

business you may put the matter to a simple proof. These young people profess, of course, to be fond of music: ask them to sit and listen to it; and see how many of them'll come a second time.

CLERICUS.—That's sharp practice.

NEMO.—It's just putting the tub on its own bottom. And it's high time we all learnt to do so; or this so-called "Church Music" will be the death of all that deserves the name. So now I must draw at once on your intelligence or your forgiveness: for I'm about to tell you, in plain downright English, that this Nineteenth Century Nurse is playing awkward tricks with the child she professes to be so fond of. Don't start: I mean what I say: she just lays it meekly on her own bed: stretches and stiffens its limbs; and then fairly *overlays it*.

CLERICUS.—What, in the name of goodness, do you mean?

NEMO.—Only what's as plain as the vulgarest fact in all our lives. You've seen what's first done with the melody—stretched—stiffened—forbid to stir hand or foot at the impulse of nature—this is called "simplifying for congregational convenience." The child's as good as laid out for dead. Now mark the next act of the process. *Are those harmonies simple?* Are they congregational? Are they not, many of them, the most abstruse, recondite, out of the way combinations you could put together? things nature could never have tolerated, till she had exhausted all that properly belonged to her, and, like the Imperial Debauchee, was crying out for the invention of "a new pleasure"? Count the actual discords, and pronounce for yourself whether they were meant for congregational singing or for choral practice. Only—to understand all this, you must put the two processes together. These non-natural, recondite, uncouth, and pungent combinations are given to what grotesquely calls itself "*simplified*" music. And all this while,

remember, the congregational part—the tune or air—has been reduced to all but inanity—made so powerless as to have no sensible influence—so unmeaning that it requires an effort to recollect it. There can be no doubt as to the result. This meaningless, airless air is virtually buried in the technical harmonies. I call this *overlaying the child*.

CLERICUS.—Well: this sound's bad enough. But let us be candid. Isn't all this, after all, very much a matter of taste? People are differently constituted.

NEMO.—No doubt of it. One man, for instance, has a heart to "rejoice with those that rejoice," and to "weep with those that weep:" another, just heart enough, as the poet says, to "get his speeches by it." One thinks it "good to be zealously affected always in a good thing:" another goes about the most inspiring occupation with the *sang froid* of a piece of mechanism. One does the work of God because his soul is in it: another because his conscience, or his mental activity, or his nervous restlessness won't permit him to remain idle. One's impatient of all forms that obstruct or obscure the reality: another hangs to the form as if it was itself the reality. One grieves, in his coldest moments, that he doesn't love with all his heart and all his soul: another would appropriate the heartless epitaph

"No very great bigot—believed in a God."

So, no doubt, all these things are matters of taste; and that just gives the sting to the whole subject you and I are discussing. This makes music the test of character we find it. The witty, wicked diplomatist didn't dare to say of *this* language that "it was given us to conceal our thoughts." It betrays them. The man that doesn't love heart music wants the heart to love it. His music will be the music of science, and his religion the religion of formalism.

CLERICUS.—Stop: stop, Nemo: that's too sharp.

You can't cut up mankind into black and white, like the squares of a marble pavement.

NEMO.—I don't want to do it. I'm not speaking of degrees, but differences. I may surely say a man has the natural instinct of formalism without meaning that he's only a formalist.

CLERICUS.—Very well: let's call music, *so far*, the expression of character: it must follow that, if characters differ, their expression must differ with it.

NEMO.—That's just what I'm contending for: and therefore, if, for instance, it be a christian virtue to be "*neither cold nor hot*," then Church Music should be, like the stuff I've been speaking of, "*lukewarm*;" or as its advocates call it "*correct*."

CLERICUS.—No: no: you and I have the same mind as to what makes the virtue of the christian character. And yet, you'll not deny that even this has it's differences—that since religion is the sanctification, not the extinction of the natural character, it'll assume various modifications, in various men, as this or that original element—heart—head—conscience—yes, or the imaginative faculty may be predominant.

NEMO.—Granted: fully and cordially.

CLERICUS.—Very well, then: because you, as an individual, happen to have this or that stamp or temperament, why should you demand that the music we both agree in calling expressive should just express *your* peculiarities?

NEMO.—I demand no such thing. Were it a mere affair of individuality, I know the Bible maxim, "Let every one please his neighbour unto edification." But who, then, is my neighbour? Is it that petri-faction that happens to sit beside me, and disturbs me by his formalities? or is it "*the great congregation*" of which he and I are but units? We're speaking of *Church* Music. The question, therefore, of expressional utterance resolves itself into this

—should the realistic, or the formalistic—the “correct,” or the hearty, characterize the worship of the general body? My whole complaint is that the music I speak of is—on the broad principles both of grace and nature—an exceptional thing at the very best—the creation of personal fastidiousness, not the healthy natural birth of all you and I respect and cherish. I say, test and try it—not by individual peculiarities, but by the broad sympathies of gracious hearts: and you’ll find it’s just *not* the spontaneous utterance of the feelings we profess in prayer and praise—that it belongs, as I’ve said a hundred times, to science rather than feeling—to cold form rather than impulsive influences—that it is reticent where it should be outspoken—ceremonial where it should be frank and simple—regardful of self, where self should be absorbed and forgotten: that, in plain English, *the whole system is a system of formalism*. I won’t waste words about such things as good and bad taste. You know well enough that I’m no more friend to vulgarities than you are. But all that’s beside the mark. I say that—as I read my Bible, and take music as the expression of character, *this whole white note system*,—as a system, and not, of course, in its personal adoption—belongs to the order of “*whited sepulchres*.” Things may live and move in it that were never beyond it: to those who’ve known any thing of

“The common earth, the air, the skies”

it’s all confinement, entombment, desolation, and death. Go, breathe a moment in the “opening paradise” of Handel, and you’ll feel it so.

CLERICUS.—Of course it’s not expressive in the sense its advocates would call “dramatic,” like Handel’s music.

NEMO.—And, pray, why not?

CLERICUS.—I suppose because it’s not Oratorio, but Church Music.

NEMO.—You mean that men may express their feelings elsewhere, only *not in church*? Pray where do you learn that? Certainly not in the Bible.

CLERICUS.—I don't learn it at all. I abhor and abjure it.

NEMO.—Then acknowledge with me, that this cold, dry, abstinent, "correct" music is not Church Music, but music for Scribes and Pharisees. And don't fail to mark here how one thing confirms another. This system, that chokes the healthy expression of feeling in all that, *without feeling*, is an offence to God—this system, that says, your prayer and praise may have the material outward warmth of *noise*, but not the instinctive warmth of the heart's natural language—this system, that freezes up the sweet contagion of which Augustine tells us how it made him weep tears as he listened to the melodies of the church—this system may be infallibly anticipated, before a single note of it has been pronounced, by a scrupulous attention to every possible performance of dumb show. You know what I allude to. Isn't it all of a piece?—give us *as little as you can of feeling; but as much as you can of form*.

CLERICUS.—Alas! I'm afraid there's too much truth in that. And yet, I can't but know that there's a certain cast of men who associate *good breeding* with this non-expression of feeling. It makes them cold and stupid enough in social life; and it makes them naturally impatient of anything like what they call "sentiment" in the worship of God.

NEMO.—No doubt—like Saul's daughter, who had so small sympathy with her husband that she took him for a fool when she saw him dancing before the ark. I know all that. I could show you men who are too cold and proud to have the vulgar symptoms of humanity: and I could shew you some, of whom I can't help fearing that they're *too genteel to go to heaven*. But enough: we've lost our cue. We've

seen one part of the proof I was speaking of: there remains yet the other part; I mean *the time, or pace at which these simplifiers are driving us*. Now, let me say that I've no more relish for "drawling" than they have. But what then is drawling?

CLERICUS.—I suppose singing slower than the natural pace of the tune.

NEMO.—You've hit it. *Every tune has its own natural pace*. Those marks, "andante," "allegro," &c., don't make, but only announce that pace. It follows that, whether you drive a tune beyond, or drag it behind that natural pace, you denaturalize, or in plain English, destroy it. You've only to try this on the good "Old Hundredth." First sing it twice as fast as you're accustomed to; and you'll have made it pure doggerel. Then sing it twice as slow as it's commonly sung, and you'll have some difficulty in recognizing anything like a tune in it.

CLERICUS.—And yet I must tell you what I've observed again and again—that those of whom I *know that they enjoy the words* are habitually given to be lagging behind the choir.

NEMO.—Hit it again! Now mark: I won't go the length of countersigning the draws of all good people; but I'll dare to affirm, as a certain and provable truth, that wherever there's a deep, solemn, earnest sense of what is singing, nature instinctively prompts a comparative slowness of utterance. I know this may seem to imply personal judgment; but I take all the responsibility of the assertion. It's in the nature of things; and, idiosyncracies apart, it'll infallibly come out.

CLERICUS.—But then you admit that there is such a thing as drawling.

NEMO.—Just as I do that there's such a thing as twaddling. As for the musical infirmity, I don't like it. It destroys the rhythm. It destroys the melody. At a certain point it gets into inanity. And yet—

so far as it comes from a devout feeling of the words, I'd fifty times rather drawl with the prayerful, than scamper with the heartless. I know it may sound hard to say so: but, depend upon it, men don't pray—by any law of grace or nature, at the railroad rate I'm speaking of.

CLERICUS.—There again I must make confession. I scarce ever knew a man to pray, as the French would say, *de l'abondance*, but his every word was slow and emphatic.

NEMO.—And, pray, why should there be any difference when the prayer is set to music? But—musically speaking—there's a golden mean; dictated, as I said before, by the tune itself.

CLERICUS.—You speak of a “natural time:” have you then a rule or standard for what yourself would call the natural time?

NEMO.—And you speak of “common sense;” and Hamlet talked of “not o'erstepping the modesty of nature”: yet I never heard of any rule or standard in either case. I may speak therefore of the natural gait of a piece of music. Only, I'm grieved to say that this natural gait is quite as often forgotten in musical practice as common sense or the modesty of nature in other things. Such men as Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven, complained bitterly of this vulgar vice of fast playing and singing.

CLERICUS.—But, surely there must be some remedy.

NEMO.—Professedly, no doubt, in the invention of the metronome. But then it's the most difficult thing in the world to get church choirs to pay attention to the metronome.

CLERICUS.—How do you account for that?

NEMO.—Don't ask me: ask the railroad system: ask your own sense of what is sung; and your own personal knowledge of the singers.

CLERICUS.—But you say that Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven, complained that their music was played

too fast. This vice, then, had its beginning before the movement: can it have any real connection with it?

NEMO.—Is there really and truly any new evil under the sun? What did those great musicians complain of? Why, that those who played their music didn't feel it as *they* felt it when they wrote it. What do I complain of as regards the musical movement? Why, just that these men no more adequately feel the deep meaning of what they sing. But this brings us back to that significant word *melody*, and its essential varieties of rhythm, so barbarously murdered by the simplifiers. It's of the very essence of melody that it has its emphatic and suggestive notes—notes that, like the emphatic word in verbal speech, concentrate the meaning, and carry the force of the sentence—notes into which the soul can pour a special measure of the feeling they're expressing. This is a prime part of all language. It's therefore a vital part of all true Church Music, and it's just a critical point in this "simplifying" process. They've dethroned this power of rhythm. All the notes are of equal length. The result is plain—emphasis, *gone*—expression, *gone*—feeling, *gone*: what remains is a continuous jabber, in which no one note—no one word—no one feeling has room and verge to speak out its meaning: the whole so bereft of point that you're under a fatal necessity of hurrying the words or you'd be drawing the notes.

CLERICUS.—Now I see through it. Now I see why you spoke of something beneath the surface.

NEMO.—I've laid it open. If you really see through it I'll not dwell on what's as painful for me to say as for you to hear. But you may depend upon it that *all true congregational music is melodical music; and all melodical music rhythmical music.* The scheme, therefore, that reduces all notes to one measure, is a crime against the nature and life of

music: the system that mechanically assigns one never-varying note to one *ever-varying* syllable is a barbarous and inhuman system: and the movement that calls all this a means of promoting congregational singing should be put down by the common sense of the church at large. The plain fact is that that phrase "*congregational singing*" has bewitched and befooled you. Call it "*choral singing*," and you describe it all. But then, had they so called it, you'd have paused ere you were taken in.

CLERICUS.—Yet, I don't like to think of anything like duplicity.

NEMO.—Nor I neither: it's wrung from me: but I can't help putting things together when they lie all of a row. Here, for instance, is this cuckoo clap-trap of "*congregational singing*," with its rejection of so-called "*florid music*," under plea of consulting *congregational capacities*: and there, side by side with every High Church throughout the land, is the Dissenting Chapel, with its humbler worshippers singing that very music without as much as a thought of its having any difficulty about it. The matter resolves itself, therefore, into this practical issue—*either your church people have been noodled down below the level of the Methodists, or their alleged congregational incapacity is all a hum.*

CLERICUS.—I'll think that over, and tell you what I make of it. But, just now, let me ask you ——

NEMO.—Just now you mustn't ask me anything—for just now we must both shut up. I'd no notion of this long colloquy: I've an engagement: I'm overdue.

CLERICUS.—But, you'll come again? we must have it out.

NEMO.—By all means: whenever you like.

CLERICUS.—To-morrow? same hour?

NEMO.—Good: and good bye.

THE DIALOGUE RESUMED.

NEMO—Well: here, then, we are again, as you say, to “have it out.” If I remember right, you were in the act of asking a question when I was obliged to run away.

CLERICUS.—If I was, it has escaped me. But we were just upon the professed intention of “*promoting congregational singing* ;” and—if I may be very frank—I couldn’t help thinking you allowed yourself some expressions you’d hardly like me to take in their literal sense.

NEMO.—I’m very glad you remind me of it. You can’t be too frank for me. I know I used strong language; and what’s more, I meant it. I didn’t mean, and I don’t now mean, to accuse a single individual of duplicity; but I say *there’s a movement going on throughout the land, calling itself one thing, and being really another*. Nineteen twentieths of our Organists, and every one of our High Church Parsons, are aiding and abetting; and scarce an Evangelical Clergyman lifts voice or finger to stay the plague. Can you wonder if I feel indignant?

CLERICUS.—You’re off again.

NEMO.—Yes; and mean to have you along with me before I get much further. So come; answer me, if you’re so fond of rose-water protests, a question or two, as you’re a man. This movement professes the promotion of congregational singing. Good. *First*, then, does the direct weakening and impoverishing of the congregational note look like the promoting of congregational singing?

CLERICUS.—So far, certainly not.

NEMO.—Secondly. Does the further *indirect*

weakening of it, by the simultaneous strengthening of the other parts, look like the promoting of congregational singing?

CLERICUS.—So far, certainly not.

NEMO.—Thirdly. Does the systematic rejection of all the old telling, moving, and therefore popular Tunes, and the substitution of a something tame, cold, powerless, and wishy-washy, look like the promoting of congregational singing?

CLERICUS.—So far, certainly not.

NEMO.—Again, fourthly. Does a wilful or careless contempt for the expressive, and even the structural power of the words, look like a promoting of what you and I must alone call congregational singing?

CLERICUS.—So far, certainly not.

NEMO.—Lastly, then. Does the obstinate putting of cold science for warm feeling, look like the promoting of congregational singing?

CLERICUS.—So far, again, certainly not.

NEMO.—Now, then, just put all these “so fars” together, and tell me *how far* your rose-water hesitations have withstood, or helped on, this so-called congregational singing.

CLERICUS.—I begin to feel very like the deer with the stalkers closing round it. But—seriously speaking—are these, all and each, the true demonstrable features of the movement you speak of? and can you give me any clear definite shewing of the “how far” in each particular?

NEMO.—The broad facts are “open, knotty, palpable.” The “how far” in particular cases is another thing. I speak of what’s characteristic, not of what’s fixed and uniform. You may feel the collective influence, though you may hesitate as to the specific instances. So now, if you please, to the proofs. Some of these, and those pretty significant, you’ve had already. But that was skirmishing. I reckoned partly on your own knowledge, and a little on the

supposed combustibility of your musical temperament. Now, I'm challenged to a more orderly statement. Only I suspect that this is, after all, strictly speaking, *pro forma*. You're already more than half of my way of thinking.

CLERICUS.—On that point I make no admission. So, if you please, to your proofs.

NEMO.—Good. First, then, to

I.—The *direct impoverishment of the congregational note*.

Here I must begin by reminding you of your own appeal to the "simplifying," or "white note" system. What, then, would you think of adding to the significance of a man's physiognomy by shaving his eyebrows, docking his nose, and cropping his ears, by way of making him systematical and "correct"?

CLERICUS.—You mean that for a comparison?

NEMO.—Every bit of it. Of course there'll be, as I've just said, circumstantial differences; but one barbarism's Cousin German to the other—mutilation—bloodshed—disfigurement—a sin against nature. I'd indict all under the general terms of "the Cutting and Maiming Act."

CLERICUS.—Well: *you're* serious, so I won't laugh.

NEMO.—And I won't ask you, in return, if *variety*—rhythmic and melodical—is, or is not an essential part of all musical power and beauty; and whether monotony is not but another name for the absence of both. So we'll just go on. I shewed you something pretty significant, yesterday, in the cutting away of these *rolling crotchets*—noses, ears, eyebrows, or whatever else you like to call them—essential members, at all events, of the musical physiognomies they belonged to severally. You haven't forgotten "Erfurt," "Presburg," and "Carey's," on the one hand, and "Nottingham," "Bishopsthorpe," "St. Bride's," and "Tytherton," on the other; above all that most inhuman treatment of Millgrove's beautiful "Mount Ephraim?"

CLERICUS.—Of course not.

NEMO.—Well, there's no mistaking what that all means. Such hacking at the rhythmic and melodial features of a tune goes deep into the question of its congregational life: but I want you yet to see and feel that those were not special and exceptional cases. Open almost any one of the new-fangled collections, and you'll find scarce ever a *new* tune with the ghost of a crotchet amongst the white notes of its *Congregational part*, or an *old* tune that has not those telling ones I spoke of systematically pared down in that part, though retained elsewhere. Since our last colloquy I just opened one of these books, and here's what came up at once. It's Dr. Croft's "St. Anne's."



Now, having got so far, one would have thought all melodial instinct must have concluded, as Dr. Croft actually concluded, with



but no: this would be "popular," so the mellifluous ending is cut down,



CLERICUS.—This looks like system, certainly.

NEMO.—The further you go, the more you'll see it is. Here's another case I stumbled on in the same

hap-hazard way since yesterday. Here's what some call "Winchester," and some "Crasselius," from the name of its German author.



here again one would have thought all musical instinct might have written



or at least



but where all the "Church" Editors make stern virtue of writing



The case is so clear and flagrant that it seems almost frivolous to multiply proofs: only I want you to feel the remorseless pertinacity of the system. Here's one more case, and then we'll go to another point. Here's Handel's "Brunswick:" I give you the third line, you know the rest:



Only think of that genial Leviathan of music stifling his exuberance in such a strain as



CLERICUS.—Well, they've fairly turned Leviathan into an old apple-woman. One feels almost moved to cry out



Oh! dear, dear, dear me!

NEMO.—“Thrift, thrift, Horatio!” But, in grim truth, we may go on, “the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage table.” There's a something of cold, hard, poverty stricken, in these men's way of worshipping God, that seems to say they make it their duty to lay the smallest possible per centage of His bounty upon His altar. But enough of that for the present: I suppose we may take this point, the direct impoverishment of the Congregational note, for proven.

CLERICUS.—Beyond all possible doubt: so now for the next.

NEMO.—This is, of course, but another mode, after all, of direct impoverishment. But I'm anxious to notify what's done when the note's professedly retained. Other modes of doing the same thing will come in their place. First, however, we have to notice a process that consummates what we've been just concerned about, namely,

II.—*The indirect impoverishment, or I should say stultification of the Congregational note.*

By “*indirect*” I mean, of course, a something that doesn't actually touch the note itself; and yet compromises it as if it did. The note is retained, but its power is gone.

First, then, let us observe, that when a tune is properly harmonised it loses nothing of its distinctness, but rather derives additional force from its harmonic combinations. These are, in fact, its belongings, the complement and filling up of the tune itself; and therefore no more distract and divert us from the tune than a man's arms and hands divert our eyes from his face whilst conversing with him. But, suppose yourself talking with a man who had "on every hand six fingers and on every foot six toes." The index of the soul would be still before you: yet I'd answer for your finding it no easy matter to keep your eye upon it. Ten to one but you took the man for a juggler, and put your hands to your pockets. You see the analogy. What eyes and face are to you in social converse, that *the air* is to the people in social worship. It may be itself untouched, yet beside it such strange, extraneous, uncouth, or pungent chords and discords as virtually to put it out of court.

CLERICUS.—I know nothing of extraneous chords; but I am unhappily familiar enough, in secular music, with the torturing some innocent air, and distorting its dear old bones for the entertainment of heartless people who seem to have no sense of beauty.

NEMO.—A sort of vivisection: only for personal display, not instruction.

CLERICUS.—Precisely. But sure this isn't allowable in Church music.

NEMO.—How far it's *practised*, I'm not careful to make out by formal evidence. The fact is that these innumerable editors are so afraid of seeming to beg, borrow, or steal from one another, that scarce any two of them can give us the same tune, save by special license, the same way. So the same air has different features in different Churches. Here, for instance, is a beautiful, and eminently Congregational tune, that you'll immediately recognise as "St. Michael's." I'll give it first in its natural dress, from the collection of

the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge: and we'll sing it two or three times over that you may feel the force of what I complain of.

Then let your songs a - bound, And ev - ry

tear be dry; We're march - ing through Em - man - uel's

ground, to bright - er worlds on high.

CLERICUS.—Beautiful!

NEMO.—Well, but we must hear it again.

(They sing it again.)

Once more!

(They sing it again.)

Now hear it from the High Church "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

The first system of music shows a treble staff with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass staff with a supporting accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The second system continues the melody, showing some chromatic movement. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

CLERICUS.—Amazing! I feel it all. It has indeed “lost all its original brightness.” It’s no longer the tender, happy, inspiring thing it was before.

NEMO.—Well! I must’nt treat you, as I said yesterday, to a musical Lecture: but here’s another little suggestive sample of two different modes of treating an air: and the two occur in the first and third lines of the self-same tune. We’ve first

This system shows a different treatment of the air. The treble staff has a more active melody with sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. The key signature remains two sharps.

which is simple enough ; but on the recurrence of the phrase we have



where your own ear will tell you that the Congregational note is not quite so clear as it was.

But there's another way of indirectly bamboozling a beautiful air, whilst retaining the air untouched. I mean by simply throwing so much *business* into the other parts as to swamp, without actually distorting it. Just cast your eye or ear over this tune from the same High Church collection. You see there's no dread here of "the florid :'' only it's all running about, here and there, to the amazement of the Congregational note. *That*, poor thing, is simple enough ; but only look at the amount of intricacy in the other parts.

Two musical scores for a complex phrase, each consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major. The first score shows a simple melody in the treble clef and a complex, multi-measure accompaniment in the bass clef. The second score shows a simple melody in the treble clef and a complex, multi-measure accompaniment in the bass clef. Both phrases end with a double bar line.

CLERICUS.—Well, that's something to see as well as hear: especially after all we've been told about florid music.

NEMO.—I don't mean to charge the collection with any large quantity of it. It doesn't stand quite alone, and it's repeated more than once: but it's after all a sort of interpolation—like a mid-lent cake—very like to set some people a hankering after a little more, when they are “commanded to abstain” from all such enormities. For my own part, though I commonly sing Bass myself, I can't help thinking it rather hard to forbid—on plea of incapacity—such a tune as, for example, “New York,” said, by the way, to have been bequeathed us by king Jamie—when they might all sing—as the Methodists are very fond of doing—man, woman, and child

♩ 2



and then tantalizing them with all these evolutions in alto, tenor, and bass. But I'm playing Democritus: when, in sad truth I'm Heraclitus. At all events we may take this point, I suppose, the indirect impoverishment of the Congregational note, for proven.

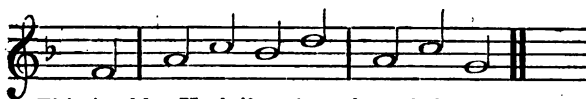
CLERICUS.—Assuredly.

NEMO.—Then we go on to

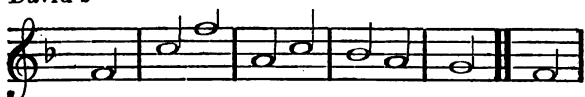
III.—*The impoverishment of the congregational note by substitution*: that is, putting tame and insipid for telling and moving melodies. And here you mustn't be alarmed if I begin with a technical term. You pointed out the comparative absence of black, and the predominance of white notes: if you look again you'll see that the new music's no less characterized by what musicians call *progression by conjunct rather than disjunct degrees*.

CLERICUS.—By what?

NEMO.—By what's as simple as A B C, for it may be all explained by those very letters. Conjunct progression is where the notes succeed each other in the proximate order of the scale, A, B, C, D, E, F, G; or inversely, G, F, E, D, C, B, A. Disjunct progression is where the successive notes are not thus proximate, as here—F, A, C, B, D, A, C, G. You scarce need an example to shew you that the music which is characterized by the latter rather than the former of these two styles must be, in that degree, varied, striking, and easy to remember. Here's the very tune of which I gave you just now the disjunct letters:



This is old "York," written by a father whose son wrote "Paradise Lost." Here's another of the good old disjunct progression tunes. You know "St. David's"—



and then what should be



but where skin-flint has of course written it



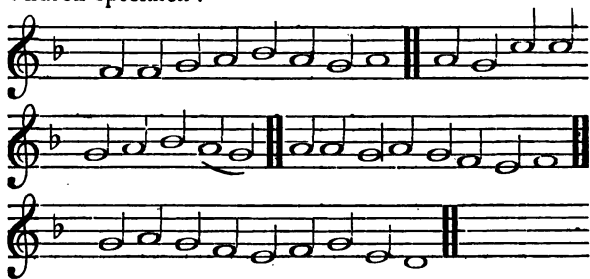
Here's another specimen, as full of beauty and delicacy as of impulsive power: known amongst ourselves as "London New;" but bearing another title in its original position in the Scottish Psalter.





Or, if you want a more modern example of the same healthy frame, there's our Moravian brother's "Tytherton" I gave you yesterday.*

Now, I needn't say much as to the power of these bold but graceful intervals. They *bite*. They may be, and of course are, harmonized, and the power increased, rather than lessened, so long as the harmonies are but true, as their authors always made them, to the melody. But the real power's in the congregational note: and the congregation never fails to feel and follow it. And that power is, as you see, in the bold disjunct progression of the notes. But what of such congregational notes as in this High Church specimen?



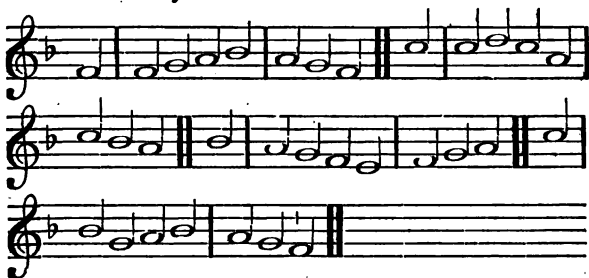
Or such stuff as this?—same book—only four numbers off—



* Page 30.



Or this?—same High Church book, a little further on—indeed they are almost all alike—



This last will remind you of the drowsy growl I gave you yesterday, to be ten times repeated without benefit of clergy.* Or this—same book, a little further on—the same undeniable attributes—



CLERICUS.—Certainly, these tunes are, in all conscience, dry and poor enough.

NEMO.—Be it admitted, however, that they've un-



You see there the beauty of the conjunct degrees, alternating with the disjunct, or, as I just now called it, duly attempered. So in St. Bride's, referred to yesterday,



where you see how the alternating disjunct and conjunct progressions give power and beauty to each other.

CLERICUS.—Well, I see now, clear enough, how the comparative monotony of the conjunct, must give an air of insipidity to the music.

NEMO.—And that the congregational note, so characterised, will fail in proportion to move and carry the congregational voice?

CLERICUS.—Unquestionably.

NEMO.—Well: you've now got fair hold of the principle. And yet we're on ground so full of import in all that regards true congregational singing, that I should like to hold you a moment longer upon it. You know that very beautiful air of Michael Haydn's, originally written for the words "Tantum ergo," but happily naturalized into our Church of

England Psalmody. It gives us a capital opportunity of observing, not only the proper qualities of a tune for people to sing, but the capabilities of those who call themselves masters to feel and handle, or to murder it. We'll take the *feelers* first, and the murderers afterwards.

CLERICUS.—But before we go further, I should like to ask a question, many times on my mind, and now again suggested by some of the passages we've just been looking at.

NEMO.—By all means.

CLERICUS.—Well, then; what reason do you assign to this constant elimination or avoidance of the crotchet notes? it can't come of accident; it must have some consistent cause.

NEMO.—Of course its not the effect of accident; but it may come of different causes, acting separately or in combination. For instance, it may be the simple result of *temperament*. A man may have a dull, cold, quakerlike notion of music, with no sense of variety, and no feeling for anything beyond matter of fact.

Or, again, it may come of an *over fondness for the harmonic*, and a consequent jealousy of all that makes the power and efficacy of the melodic element. There are some who seem to look on *Tune* as a mere peg on which to hang—whether for æsthetic, gymnastic, or pedantic purposes—certain contrapuntal arrangements. It isn't, perhaps, so much that they can't feel the force and beauty of melody, though there must be some organic deficiency, some want of the finer and higher faculties in that direction. But the main point I take to be that they've worked themselves into an unsound absorption in the Harmonic element. They're devoted, it may be, to "*part singing*"—a sort of mechanical exercise, like cricket or croquet,—that may be very amusing without much deep feeling for music, or much deep feeling of any kind. Or, they've

studied the science; and so "much learning has made them mad." Or, perhaps they began with the madness that melody's for the common people. All such persons would intuitively put their pens through all those crotchets to which you and I, and ninety-nine out of a hundred unsophisticated persons are so sensitive.

CLERICUS.—But would you say this of the Editors we were speaking of?

NEMO.—I'm enumerating causes, not identifying persons. But it's pretty clear that what I've been saying isn't very wide of your mark. But there's a further cause. Personal organization and temperament may have something to say to the phenomena: educational habits may have something to say to them; but the main cause is *fanaticism*.

CLERICUS.—Fanaticism in music?

NEMO.—Fanaticism;—systematic, obstinate, virulent; and it's no mystery. It's no founding; the parents' names are *Ignorance* and *Bigotry*.

CLERICUS.—I thought just now it was learning.

NEMO.—Learned ignorance—the worst kind of ignorance. Look here; poor Dr. Crotch told people some years ago, "*Church Music should contain nothing that recommends itself for its novelty, or reminds us of what is heard at the parade, the concert, or the theatre*;" a sound rule enough; at all events a very innocent one, if but taken with two small grains of discretion. But now mark how fanaticism has played with it. On "Novelty" I'll not stop to remark: but for the other parts of the Nostrum: we're to have, it seems, a something *specific*—something that stands alone—something, not so much imbued with certain intrinsic qualities, as distinguishable by a stern and rigid abstinence from what may exist in other quarters—a thing, in short, peculiar to "the church." This is the true fanatical High Church notion, not of Church Music only but of Church Religion. I ask, isn't this the unmistakeable child of Ignorance?

CLERICUS.—It belongs very plainly to the religion, not of things, but of times, and places, and persons.

NEMO.—You see it ignores all consideration of what's intrinsic. It doesn't tell us that Church Religion is to be more solemn, more pure, more tender, noble, or inspiring than what we find in other places; but simply that it shouldn't remind us of them.

CLERICUS.—Which, between ourselves, is simple nonsense.

NEMO.—Of course: why just suppose that "the parade, the concert, or the theatre," should be employing, as *they notoriously are* employing, the full powers, privileges, and prerogatives of Music; it must follow from this maxim, that the *Church is to be impoverishing as they are enriching*: and so God is to be religiously shut out from His own world. You see through all this?

CLERICUS.—Plain enough: that "Church religion" is to be always a something distinguishable in its outward garb.

NEMO.—"The Son of Man came eating and drinking."

CLERICUS.—And the Church cried "*Away with Him! crucify Him!*"

NEMO.—"Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain" from Crotchets. Doesn't the whole notion come of profound ignorance?

CLERICUS.—Nothing plainer. Why, they might as well demand a new *Church language*, and a new *Church Bible*.

NEMO.—It's all of a piece. They don't begin with God's Word, and they don't end with God's music.

CLERICUS.—But now for the other parent you spoke of.

NEMO.—Well: Bigotry's at least as distinguishable as Ignorance. *Church Music* mustn't be *Conventicle Music*. Conventicle Music is florid music: so Church music mustn't be florid music. Conventicle music's

expressive music—follows the drift and rhythm, and brings out the power of the words—don't go “on and on” in an orderly, Church-like manner: so “Church Music,” in order to stand as remote as possible, must be unexpressive—unemotional—undramatic music. Don't you see?

CLERICUS.—See? Why I often ask myself how some people would tolerate the story of Joseph and his Brethren, if it wasn't in the “*Canonical Scriptures.*”

NEMO.—At all events, one indispensable duty of “Church Religion” is to keep as far as possible from the Conventicle. So now, as Conventicle music is *Crotchet music*, you see the indispensable Church law regarding crotchets.

CLERICUS.—All that's plain enough.

NEMO.—But there remains, as I suspect, a further reason. I mean the *High Church pace*: the onward driving, railroad rate at which so much of our musical worship is being taken.

CLERICUS.—In defiance of all devotional feeling, as of all sound musical taste.

NEMO.—Defiance? why it's only last Sunday I was in a Church, when they *did the “Venite”*—“heartily rejoice—come into his presence—above all Gods—corners of the earth—hills—sea—prepared the dry land—worship and fall down—sheep of His pasture—hear His voice—harden not our hearts—provocation in the wilderness—forty years long—sware in my wrath—Glory be to the Father”—all in the *exact space of two minutes.*

CLERICUS.—Shocking!

NEMO.—Beyond all power of language to express its indecency. Well: you see that, over and above all the several causes we've been observing, there comes this crushing system—intolerant of whatever may interfere with its heartless, headlong course. Once get into a certain swing, and you'll find the very

notes you before demanded become a hindrance. You've got into another type, and every type will be true to itself.

CLERICUS.—And so one evil leads to another.

NEMO.—Where was ever one evil that didn't lead to another? But just look a moment at a single specimen. Here's "Luther's Hymn." Take it first as it should be always sung, so as to give something like 100 seconds to its seven lines; and observe, as you go on, how full of significance are those rolling crotchets in the Bass of the fifth line—



Now take it at the High Church rate, and as it would be set to a four line Hymn, so as to last some poor five or six and thirty seconds; and you'll find those same rolling crotchets a hindrance where they were a beauty.

(They sing it so abbreviated.)

CLERICUS.—But that's a mockery of "Luther's Hymn."

NEMO.—Of course. All the *sentiment's* knocked out of it: but that's just in keeping with the system; and that just makes good what I've been all along asserting, that religious feeling's the true key and index to religious music: that sound religion makes sound art; that, in short, *the true Critic's the true Christian*. But here I stop. I've answered your question. We must go back to Michael Haydn's "Tantum ergo."

First, then, let us observe the *time*—the "natural pace" we were speaking of yesterday. We'll give about 75 seconds to the whole tune, equably sung.

Glo-rious things of Thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty

of our God; He whose word can ne'er be bro - ken,

Form'd thee for His own a - bode. On the Rock of

A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou art safe from

all thy foes.

Now, observe in passing, how the graceful conjunct progressions of the first line, though twice repeated, are saved from weakness by the emphatic but not ungraceful threefold giving out—threefold, mark, not the common-place, *dum dum*—of the commencing note of the second line. Next, observe that the fifth line, though containing three successive couplet notes, is *not dum dum* when sung at the pace we've secured for it, but becomes immediately *dum dum* if taken at the High Church rattle. See, also, how this is guarded against by those rich rolling crotchets in the bass that accompany the third couplet. Observe, next, the power of their equivalents in the congregational part of the line succeeding. Then, how the exulting flow of the crotchets at the beginning of the last line ushers in the final cadence. And lastly, that, whilst the whole is characterised by conjunct progression, all is saved from weakness or monotony by the several particulars we've been noticing. This is "Church Music," and congregational music,

"Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull :
Strong, without rage ; without o'erflowing, full."

I won't stop, now, to remark on the adaptation of the notes to the words ; let us look at once on this same tune in the hands of the *system*. Here it is from the very last—some will say the very best and highest authority.

Je - sus Christ, our Lord and Sa - viour, By thy

cho - sen peo - ple stand ; Keep our trem - bling

feet from fall - ing, Hold us by thy strong right

hand, With the bread from heav'n sup - port us,



Now the first thing that strikes us is that the tune is shorn of its proportions. It's now a six instead of an eight line tune; so we've lost the fine *melodical basis* for the four last lines we had before. We've lost, also, *ipso facto*, the conformity of the *musical logic* with the logic of the words. Next, we find that all the rolling crotchets are struck out of the congregational, and the most effective and essential ones even from the bass, notes—the two inserted in the contralto of the second, and the one in that of the last line, only reminding us of the havoc. You may write "Ichabod" over the whole tune. The system has absorbed it. It's no more the mellifluous, moving thing it was before; but only fit for the heartless rattle of the High Church jog trot for which it was stripped. Give it the bare five and thirty seconds to which it's destined, and good bye to Church music! good bye to Michael Haydn!

(They sing the six lines in 35 seconds.)

CLERICUS.—Good bye, indeed! poor Michael Haydn's dead and buried.

NEMO.—But we musn't fail to notice one very important circumstance connected with the comparison of the "*disjunct and conjunct*," or rather I should say, the *old* and the *new* style of Psalmody music. I mean that the former took the voices into extended parts of the scale. It was physically as well as rhythmically varied; and it brought out, in consequence, all the varied utterances of the Congregational, and

especially the higher notes of the female, voices, always the most effective and exciting. Look, for instance, at Tytherton,* or at Darwells



or again, at St. David's,† you had just now; or here, at another noble tune to a noble hymn, the tune once well known by the name of Bermondsey—another work of Milgrove's:

Glo - ry to God on High; Let heav'n and earth re - ply,
 Praise ye His name, His love and grace a - dore,
 Who all our sor - rows bore, And then sing ev - er more,
 Wor - thy the Lamb.

The musical notation consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The third staff continues the melody and lyrics. The fourth staff concludes the phrase with a double bar line.

* Page 30.

† Page 67.

’ This is gone, tune and hymn, though the former at least might have been preserved, if only for the sake of avoiding the very questionable use of “God save the Queen” for

“Thou whose almighty word
Darkness and chaos heard;”

or the no less questionable substitution of two compositions alike deficient in the simple grandeur, homogeneity, and *sustained climax* for which this tune’s not unworthy of a place beside our matchless National Anthem. But to the point before us; here’s in all these cases a whole octave in the first line. It’s impossible not to feel the freshness, vigour, impulse of all this. Look, again, at Carey’s,



Mark the tenderness of those bold inflections, a sixth in the first, and a whole octave in the second line. Look, again, at Mount Ephraim,



See where the tune begins, and look how its ever increasing earnestness, and ardent, hopeful impetration has carried the voices beyond the octave into that piercing note in the second line. There’s no mistaking all this. It’s natural music; and nature’ll respond to,

and chime in with it. But now look again at the High Church specimens we've just been trying. Can there be any comparison between the congregational life and expressiveness of the first, and what I can only call the doggerel growl of the second set of examples? * You feel what I say? You understand now the difference between "disjunct and conjunct?"

CLERICUS.—Nothing can be clearer or more conclusive.

NEMO.—Then you begin to feel the meaning of the *substitution* we're now engaged with—that is to say, how, comparatively speaking, the one style would move, and the other deaden and discourage the congregational singing. You take this point, of the dull and drowsy for the inspiring, as proven?

CLERICUS.—Beyond all possibility of doubt.

NEMO.—Well, I needn't tell you that my eye's fixed, not so much on the mere act of singing, and what may rouse and stir the congregational voice to a physical exercise, as on the *expressional character* of what is sung—its accordance with the words, in their structural power and devotional meaning. We come now, therefore, to look

IV.—at the *non agreement of word and note*.

To begin, then, with the rejective part of the business. Here's another of the good, old fashioned, genial, generous tunes, that breathed the spirit of the words, and carried the hearts of the congregation. We've said enough of "disjunct and conjunct:" yet mark, for expression's sake, the transition from the one to the other in the opening of the second verse. This is Farringdon.



* Pages 68, 69. See also p. 43.



glo-ries rise, And realms of in-fi-nite de-
light, Un-known to mor-tal eyes. There pain and
sick-ness nev-er come, And grief no more com-plains;
Health tri-umphs in im-mor-tal bloom And end-less
plea-sure reigns, And end-less plea-sure reigns.

CLERICUS.—That's "*word and note*," indeed.

NEMO.—Well: that's of course elbowed out, like its fellows, by the dull, dry, sterile, "neither hot nor cold" stuff of the "correct" school.

CLERICUS.—Alas! yes: and yet, let me just notice one peculiarity in this fine tune, about which, as a general principle, I've heard many an objection; I mean the repetition of the last line.

NEMO.—I know! I know! who hasn't heard the stock joke of

"Up-on a poor pol - up-on a poor pol - up-on a poor pol-lu-ted-worm?"

No doubt, all senseless repetitions (and the old so-called classical music is full of them) are *bad*: but you'll surely not call all repetitions senseless?

CLERICUS.—I were very senseless myself if I could; for I must have first have forgotten Him who prayed

a third time, "using the same words." Moreover, I quite admit the unobjectionableness of the case before us. But you know the current maxim?

NEMO.—And what it's worth. So here's just another of the good old tunes—old, I mean, in regard to what's superseding them, and with a repetition also,

Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That
 were a pres-ent far too small; Love so a-
 maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my life, my
 soul, my all; Love so a-maz-ing, so di-
 vine, De-mands my life, my soul, my all.

Is that a senseless repetition?

CLERICUS.—God forbid!

NEMO.—Well: you'll find each recurrence of the repetition equally good throughout the Hymn. The broad fact is, that, whilst the musicians of that time wrote as if they *loved the words*, and loved to get the sweetness out of them, our more modern ones write as if they'd a positive dread of anything that baulk'd the true High Church impulse to *get on*. So Prayers—Hymns—Psalms—Canticles—it's all alike: no breaks—no irregularities—no dwelling on emphatic

words—no holding the soul on special thoughts or feelings—no marking even of absolute transitions in prayer or praise: confession or thanksgiving: joy or sorrow—“Unto whom I swear in my wrath”—“Glory be to the Father;” it’s all one; *move on*. You know all this.

CLERICUS.—Know it, yes! and all it means. It’s *doing the prayers*, not praying.

NEMO—Well, as regards singing, one would have thought the gabbling of holy words as revolting to common sense as it is destructive of the devotional spirit. To hear, as I have, a whole congregation rattling—“Day of wrath, that dreadful day,” at a rate a knot of wassailers wouldn’t think of giving to “We won’t go home till morning,” should seem in this nineteenth century of the Christian era a simple impossibility.

CLERICUS.—Horrible! but that must have been in a very *advanced* stage of the distemper.

NEMO.—Alas! no. But let’s keep to our point. You know the whole style of chanting, to which simple folk surrender our beautiful Canticles, Well: it might surely have been enough to sing, Sunday after Sunday,

Forty years long was I grieved with this gene RA-TION
AND SAID,

It is a people that do err in their hearts for they HAVE
NOT KNOWN MY WAYS:

but look here. Here’s that beautiful Hymn, “My God, my Father, while I stray;” and here’s a very beautiful and expressive melody composed for it. There’s some little occasional irregularity in the rhythm of the two first words; but that needn’t have prevented the tune’s being written



life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

But this would have been too like the methodistical music we're getting rid of: so we have it written chant ways, as follows,

The result is inevitable—it's only the other night I heard it, as might have been predicated, in the true chanting gabble,

Mygodmyfather WHILE I STRAY;
and so on through the whole of those very solemn and affecting verses.

CLERICUS.—Shocking! but then the singers were High Church?

NEMO.—Not a bit of it. They meant no harm. They were all caught in what I call the *man trap*.

CLERICUS.—A trap for souls!

NEMO.—No doubt: but, mind, I don't mean it was so set by the musician.

CLERICUS.—Ah! but it's none the less a trap because he didn't mean it.

NEMO.—Say, because he was caught in it himself. It's *the system, not the men*, I speak of throughout. They're all caught, and haven't a glimmer of the fact. And let me tell you, that this is no solitary case.

The fashion's setting in. This *mesmeric swing's* so aesthetically fine that, let the words say what they may, the people can't help falling in with it. Here's another from the same High Church book,

The song of praise of joy and praise Alle LU IA.

To the glory of their kings shall the ransomed PEO - PLE SING.

This is the song the heavenly song that Christ the KING AP - PROVES.

Alle - LU - IA!

CLERICUS.—That's really very shocking. So, then, we're not to rise from the hubble bubble of Chanting to the articulate purity of Psalmody; but to sink from the articulate purity of Psalmody to the hubble bubble of Chanting.

NEMO.—You may shut your eyes; but you *feel* the foul mark all the same. It's stamped on your very eye balls.

CLERICUS.—But, what taking notes!

NEMO.—That just makes the trap what it is: the *words, nothing*: the *music, irresistible*. It's almost impossible to describe its mesmeric power on the animal susceptibilities of the less thoughtful members of a congregation. This *roar and rattle, rattle and roar* music, so offensive to minds of a deeper cast, seems just to embody their notions of congregational singing. They rush through the words, and throw themselves into the cadential shout with an *esprit du corps* to which I've seen nothing comparable, except

it be a true Popish procession where the people swelled the chorus in the streets.

CLERICUS.—Yet all that's very painful.

NEMO.—Beyond expression painful. But how can we otherwise interpret a scientific howl that goes rough shod through all the words—accent or no accent, comma—colon—or semi-colon—till it comes to the multitudinous plunge of the animal cadence. This can't possibly be devotional singing.

CLERICUS.—Well: here, at all events, you *have* got congregational singing: only just where you'd rather the congregation didn't open their lips.

NEMO.—I almost hesitate to give a ludicrous turn to what's solemn and sad enough: but I can't help thinking of Charles Lamb's retort, when it was hinted that he was rather late coming to his office, "I confess I come very late; but then, *I make a point of going away very early.*"

CLERICUS.—Well: I shouldn't follow a bad example: or I could say, it's not all the High Church music you've shewn me that has this crime of beauty to answer for.

NEMO.—Certainly not; in my sense of beauty; though I'm as far as possible from denying it the scientific merit that seems its one great object. But then that merit isn't what you and I are looking for, nor what a devout, enlightened congregation is looking for. But here's a case in which High Church has laid hands on just *that one Tune* in all our national psalmody from which such barbarism should have stood aloof. You'll guess at once, that I speak of the grand Old Hundredth.

CLERICUS.—You don't mean they've dared to tamper with that?

NEMO.—What they've dared to do you shall take your own account of. You know the Old Hundredth pretty well: but that you may the better pronounce on the case, just hear it first in its integrity.



Now, as you rather challenged me, yesterday, about this very Old Hundredth, I'll just take occasion to say that I want language to express my sense of the power and beauty of that wonderful tune. But I must ask you to bear in your own mind the strength, solidity, and massive grandeur it derives from the simple march of its unbroken rhythm. Look especially at those three opening notes of the second line. Every one is the tread of a giant. And even so, more or less, of all the rest. What makes *monotony* elsewhere makes *magnificence* here. The very melody is framed for this uniformity, and demands it. Save, perhaps, a

momentary break to allow each line to stand out in its majesty, and a little *retardendo* at the conclusion of the whole, any tampering with rhythmical *squareness* would seem almost an impossible crime. Break the grand simplicity of the march, and the tune's no longer the "Old Hundredth."

CLERICUS.—I go along with every word and syllable of that.

NEMO.—Well: sing it yet again once more.

(They sing it again.)

Now just hear how High Church has masqueraded the "Old Hundredth." Only sing it in High Church time,

The image displays three systems of musical notation for the hymn 'Old Hundredth'. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The notation is characterized by a 'High Church' style, featuring a more complex and varied rhythmic pattern compared to the traditional 'Old Hundredth' march. The melody in the treble staff is more active, with frequent eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Now what do you think of that?

CLERICUS.—Why, I'm too much astonished to know what to think. What do you?

NEMO.—Indeed, I'm also too much shocked to know what to say. Two things can't possibly be mistaken: they stand staring out. I mean, first, the *animalising* rhythm; the "roar and rattle" system, I call it, of which I spoke just now; and next, the puling, mawkish harmonization I can call nothing short of *caterwauling*.

CLERICUS.—I get now a very distinct notion of what you mean by "roar and rattle." Those four quicker notes that succeed the opening one in every line just hurry on the voices to what you so correctly call the animal shout of the three longer ones that follow. I didn't see it all at once. Now I feel it's *not* the rhythmic variety of a melody, so much as a shift or turn of a piece of mechanism with a sort of mesmeric power on the physical frame.

NEMO.—You have it. Trust your own feelings and you'll find I've but spoken the truth.

CLERICUS.—Well, I felt also the strangeness of the harmonies—no massive power—no solidity—no grandeur: but an inexplicable tone of comparative weakness. I don't like your word "caterwauling," but it's a good deal too like it.

NEMO.—Well, so much for the musical; but, now go a step higher to the theological part. That grave, unbroken, steadfast rhythm is the very counterpart and instinctive utterance of such words as

"The Lord ye know is God indeed:
Without our aid He did us make.
We are His flock: He us doth feed:
And for His sheep He doth us take."

But, set this grand old tune after the fashion we've been looking at,

"THE Lordyknowis GOD INDEED:
WITHOutouraidHe DID US MAKE.
WE areHisflock: HeDOTH US FEED:
AND forHissheepHe DOTH US TAKE."

or its inseparable companion

PRAISE Godfromwhomall BLESSINGS FLOW.

and we've just that nondescript on which I disdain to waste any more judicial adjectives.

CLERICUS.—May I ask where the two specimens come from?

NEMO.—O, yes! The sound one is from Dr. Wesley: the fantastical from "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

CLERICUS.—I thought as much.

NEMO.—Well: you see what I want you to see—the low—mechanical—*animal* nature of this High Church system; its recklessness as to those fine identities of word and note; and what's stranger still, the fine proportions and exquisite delicacies of the melodial element. I want no fastidious refinement, nō namby pamby "talk so like a waiting gentlewoman." There's *one great commanding model* to which I bow, and by which I'd have all thought, feeling, and expression, framed and fashioned, that dares to call itself religious: but when I come fresh from the Song of Moses, the Book of Job, the Psalms of David and Asaph, the visions of Isaiah, the burning words of Paul and Peter, and James and John, to the emasculate hymnology and doggerel tunes of which we are now going the dismal round, I feel as if one's whole nature had suffered collapse; and the art and language made as degraded and degrading as the theology.

CLERICUS.—You really mean it?

NEMO.—Mean it! Look here. I said yesterday, that "*High Church means Low Religion*;" and I've shewn you, I think, some sufficient samples of the direct lowering of, at least the melodial language of Religion. It were easy to give equivalent proof of the same process in its verbal. What think you of this specimen? Here's part of a hymn to be sung at

Pentecost or Whitsuntide, when the congregation has just been hearing, or is just about to hear, the beautiful narrative in the second of Acts,

“The Holy Ghost on all,
Is mightily outpoured ;
Who straight, in divers tongues, declare
The wonders of the Lord.

While strangers *from* all climes,
Flock round from far and near,
And *their* own tongues, wherever born,
All *in* amazement hear.”

And this is *improving our parochial Psalmody!* What a contrast to the simple, but noble and nervous grace of the old methodist hymn for the same season,

“Come, Holy Spirit, come :
Let thy bright beams arise :
Dispel the sorrow from our hearts :
The darkness from our eyes.”

And what a contrast, in the good sense of hanging, as it were, our every want on the narrative written for our encouragement, instead of first doggerelising the words of inspiration, and then winding up with

“The Father and the Son
And Spirit we adore.
O *may* the Spirit's gifts on us
Be poured for evermore.

CLERICUS.—You remember who was called “*Tormentor infantium* :” I'm afraid we must call you *Tormentor ecclesiasticorum*.

NEMO.—Call me what you like : you can't shut my eyes, my ears, or my heart. I've such a sense of *poverty* when I get into “High Church”—such a sense of cramping, materialising, fumbling with great realities, I can't help—I'd almost said groaning out.

CLERICUS.—I don't smile : but, to say the truth, I've always taken it for granted that High Churchmen, though more or less wanting in the simplicity or the integrity of Gospel truth, were, for the most part, gifted with a more than common share of natural en-

dowments : that this was a snare to them ; and that their religion was the practical result.

NEMO.—Well : let the men go ; but just clap your handcuff on *the system* till we've done with it. Tell me, then, Is the substance nobler than the shadow ? the “ pearl of great price ” than the colored beads and painted baubles ?

CLERICUS.—Undoubtedly.

NEMO.—And actual walking with God—hearing His voice—seeing Him by faith—holding direct converse with him in prayer and praise, than staring at priestly ceremonies—pictures—emblems, and all the dumb, unauthorised symbols of what, *if true*, may be known, without intervention, by the power and presence of the Holy Ghost ?

CLERICUS.—Why do you ask such questions ?

NEMO.—And a heart imbued with words of which we are divinely assured that “ *they are spirit and they are life,* ” than a mind bewildered by the sophisms of Patristic lore, or stumbling amidst the fantastic fooleries of mediæval moonlight ?

CLERICUS.—Answer these questions yourself : they almost make me angry.

NEMO.—Then, once for all, How can you expect, on any rational principle, but that, if the *life* be so immeasurably higher, purer, and nobler, its outward actings, its very language, should partake of the same character ; and consequently, if word or note be the *real elements of that language*, then that word and note should have a corresponding nobility ?

CLERICUS.—Sound in logic ; undoubtedly.

NEMO.—Sound in logic, because sound in fact.

CLERICUS.—Do you mean to say—for this is the point from which we started—that Hymnology, whether of word or note, *being “ High Church,”* will, on that account, be inferior, critically as well as theologically considered, to what you and I would agree in calling sound and wholesome ?

NEMO.—I mean that, barring accidents, *that* language must be the noblest that deals with the noblest subjects; and *their* use of it the most direct, racy, and expressive whose converse with those subjects is the most immediate, personal, and hearty.

CLERICUS.—No doubt; that's sound, as I said before, in logic.

NEMO.—It's in the nature of things. If it were not so, language were untrue to itself; it would not be language.

CLERICUS.—And you make no account of gifts?

NEMO.—I make great account of them. But that's out of our present reckoning. Let two men be equally acquainted with a subject, and of course there'll be a difference between the gifted and the non-gifted. We're discussing the case, not of equally, but of unequally acquainted. I go further yet: I say that habitual converse with a noble or a beautiful subject must, *short of some disturbing cause*, give a congenial impulse to the most simple, in a worldly sense. I remember walking out one fine May morning, in a country parish, and meeting a peasant, whom I knew to be a christian man. I said to him, "God's sending us a beautiful day." "Yes, Sir," replied the peasant, "He's renewing the face of the earth." Shew me the scholar that could have mended that.

CLERICUS.—I could give you many a similar case.

NEMO.—Well, then, *ad rem*: the world wouldn't, I suppose, put down dear good John Newton for a poet: yet look over a High Church Hymn Book and find me two such *royal* lines as

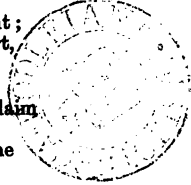
"Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring."

or such whole verses as

"Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend;
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End;
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath:
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death."



CLERICUS.—No doubt: that's a Hymn Milton might have rejoiced in writing.

NEMO.—Well: we know where that inspiration came from. But just compare it with such High Church stuff as this,

"O that Birth, for ever blessed,
 When the Virgin, full of grace,
 By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
 Bore the Saviour of our race;
 And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
 First revealed His sacred Face;
 Evermore and evermore.

CLERICUS.—Some slight difference certainly.

NEMO.—It's all in one letter—bathos for pathos. But we musn't leave this comparison yet; it touches the central point of the whole subject: poor thoughts—poor words: poor words—poor music: poor music—poor thoughts. Turn it which way you will, it's but turning the sand glass; the contents are the same. So let's go on a little farther with the process; though I little thought of going so far when we set out. Here's another noble verse of old John Newton's; you know what it refers to,

"It makes the wounded spirit whole:
 It calms the troubled breast.
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul;
 And to the weary, rest."

I'll make no critical remark; but now, just hear this address, from full-grown men and women to "the Innocents,"

“And every tear is wiped away
 By *your dear Father's* hands for aye :
 Death hath no power to hurt you more,
Your own is life's eternal shore.
 And all who, good seed bearing, weep,
 In everlasting joy shall reap ;
 What time they shine in heavenly day ;
 And every tear is wiped away.”

CLERICUS.—Well: I must say *that* poetry's well married to the music you gave me from the same quarter. My wag of a boy would say “they're a very plain couple.”

NEMO.—We haven't done yet. We must come a little closer before we move on. You know old Dr. Doddridge's magnificent Christmas, or Advent Hymn, that begins,

“Hark, the glad sound: the Saviour comes :
 The Saviour promised long :
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And every voice a song.”

and ends,

“Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And *Heaven's eternal arches ring,*
With Thy beloved name.

Well: I don't like to provoke a reluctant smile, but compare that with

“O come all ye faithful,
 Joyful and triumphant—
 O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.”

Or, if you can tolerate further proof, just look with your own eyes at Hymn 108 in “Hymns Ancient and Modern,” where, amongst other edifying specimens, you'll find,

“An angel clad in white they see,
 Who sat and spake unto the three,
 ‘Your Lord doth go to Galilee.’
 Alleluia.”

When Didymus the tidings heard,
 He doubted if it were the Lord,
 Until he came and spake this word,
 Alleluia.”

I could go on at any length with these quotations: but it seems next door to profanity. Why, old Dr. Watts's "Hymns for Infant Minds," are sublimity itself to the balderdash High Church is putting into the lips of fantastically educated men and women.*

CLERICUS.—Oh shame! shame for "Church and Dissent"! Well: but you mustn't forget that good Dr. Doddridge, as well as good John Newton, and Dr. Watts, and the Wesleys, and Olivers, are in those High Church collections you're shewing up.

NEMO.—Of course I don't; and say all honor for their admission. But what of that? The question is, not where they are, but where they came from.

* The above remarks—perhaps the whole argument—may savour of boldness. It is singular that, whilst these sentences are already in type I have stumbled on an editorial article in a professional journal of extensive influence, from which I cannot refrain from extracting the following confirmations. The article is headed "*The Decadence of Melody*," and contains, amongst other things, the following words:—

"It is impossible to blink the fact that a grievous falling off from the character, vigour, and clearness of the national airs of the last century is evident in the popular tunes of the present day. This is probably not entirely owing to one cause. . . . But we shall not be far wrong if we attribute the *inferiority of our modern melodies to the want of stirring lyrics*, which, by their fire, romance, or tenderness, might elicit corresponding excellencies from the musician. . . . We say then, at once, that, however marked may be the decadence of our secular music, *our Church tunes have even more departed from the grand, impressive, and sublime melody to which we have already alluded*. . . . There may be lacking, at the present time, *the tremendous elements of heart and soul warfare*" (those who ponder Eph. vi. 12, 14, will say *no* to this) "as well as the more physical efforts of the church militant that gave character to the hymns of a past age; but, surely, the multitudinous authors who are continually adding to our too plethoric hymnology might give us something akin to the immortal strains, both in verse and music, of which so many glorious examples remain. Such, too, as would awaken a kindred feeling in the soul of the musician, inspiring him with ideas which, though far removed from earthly passions, *might glow with a fervour unapproachable by mere ecclesiastical conventionalities*."

No doubt these High Church books can show us "Low Church," and even "No Church" Hymns. And so "Low Church" and "No Church" can shew the "Old Hundredth," and "Luther's Hymn," and "St. Bride's," and "Winchester," as well as "Helmsley," "Tabernacle," and "Miles Lane:" and I, for one, am quite disposed to take all good *for* good; but, really, after those tricks we've had from Dr. Pusey on this very subject, I don't always know what to make of it.

CLERICUS.—What special tricks do you refer to?

NEMO.—Why; you know, well enough, the Romish mode of dealing with our Saviour's sufferings—"the seven wounds"—the idolatry of "the Cross"—and all that?

CLERICUS.—That you may write "*Hoc est corpus*" as the motto of every part of it.

NEMO.—And that, in a grossly material, not a metaphorical, or spiritual sense. Well: you know how High Church hymnology is a faithful representative of the same system—going the same round—carnalizing everything, from the "real presence" to the "sign of the cross"?

CLERICUS.—Alas: I know it all.

NEMO.—And what the Prophet says of true evangelical Easter feeling—"They shall look on Him whom they pierced:" and how our true evangelical Hymnology is strung to the same chord—

"Was it for sins that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?"

and how "High Church," Romish fashion, is always dwelling on the carnal circumstances—

"Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance;
Wounds, our treasure that enhance;
Vinegar, and gall, and reed."

together with such indirect corporeal addresses as

"O sacred Head, surrounded
With Crown of piercing Thorns."

On all this you need no informing. Well: Dr. Pusey is giving public answer to the charge of his own Romish treatment of these subjects, and he has the hardihood to quote some of the very Non Conformist and "Simeonitish" Hymns—

"When I survey the wondrous cross,"
 &c., &c.

CLERICUS.—Certainly, that sounds very like cajolery. Why, to go no further than this very Hymn, the whole drift and every part of it shews that the writer's heart was not on the wounds, but on Him that bare them.

NEMO.—And you feel the force of the fact, that as no physical suffering extorted a word from the victim, so no physical suffering has been circumstantially dwelt on by those who "drank of his cup, and were baptised with His baptism." As regards bodily sufferings "the Lamb opened not His mouth." The death cry was "*Why hast thou forsaken me?*" or as it had been prophetically written and was literally fulfilled, "*Thy rebuke hath broken my heart.*" Now the cry of penitential faith is in perfect unison, "*The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*" And in beautiful concord are the words of the Hymn before us.

"See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down.
 Did e'er such love such sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

Now, compare all this with Rome's dramatizing the physical circumstances; and look at "High Church," treading every footprint of Rome's objective, materializing, *spectacle-making* round. Then estimate, at least, Dr. Pusey's appeal to the value of evangelical Hymns, if not their insertion in High Church Hymn Books, jumbled as they are with what I must make free to call such poetasting petitions as

tence; a carnalizing of the objects and exercises of faith? Doesn't it just work out the assertion with which I startled you, that the whole system—even where it may not be, as I trust and believe in thousands of cases it is not—a mere empty, heartless, false, and soul-deluding system, is yet, essentially and practically, a debasing system—putting the sensational for the emotional—the natural for the spiritual—the pains of the body for the “travail of the soul?”

CLERICUS.—I don't hesitate, as to the facts before us, only I suspect you'd get some hard rubs if you went on to turn the philological portion of them into a general principle. I'm afraid Error has not seldom had the best of it as to outward shewing.

NEMO.—Well: I don't want to take even facts beyond their limits; yet, depend upon it, “*if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.*” Word and note may be dressed in showy beauties; but the outspeaking of earnest, enlightened hearts will carry, after all, its own credentials, and “*wisdom will be justified of all her children.*”

CLERICUS.—No doubt.

NEMO.—Only *wisdom's children must be true to themselves.* If the “wise man” had been looking for tricks of oratory instead of the voice of nature, “the judgment of Solomon” had never become a proverb: and so, if men go to Church to be tickled with feats of art, they may take the worse for the better, and pronounce unrighteous judgment.

CLERICUS.—I say again, I like your logic, if only I could follow it in the light of facts.

NEMO.—But you'll surely admit that, if two men have alike the gift of speech, honest, hearty, earnest truth will carry one beyond the cold formalities of the other?

CLERICUS.—Of course.

NEMO.—Very well: now let's look a moment at *discriminative* truth: and that in music. You sing

“the Response” as it is loosely called, “to the commandments?”

CLERICUS.—No: I prefer saying it.

NEMO.—And I also: but that does not affect what I’m about to tell you. You’ll agree that that Response is two-fold: there’s the asking for mercy for what we *have* done, and the asking for grace for what we desire to do?

CLERICUS.—Certainly.

NEMO.—And of these, if the language be true, the first will tell of sorrow?

CLERICUS.—Undoubtedly.

NEMO.—And the second also?

CLERICUS.—Certainly not. If the child be compelled to say “I am no more worthy to be called thy son,” there’ll be yet a lifting up of the soul in the request to be, to such a Master, even a servant. But we are not “servants:” the service itself is “freedom,” and it is the service of children.

NEMO.—Very well: then what would you say of a musical response that, at the words “and incline our hearts” sounded as if it had got to agony point? as if it were some runaway slave compelled to say “I’ve been after my own pleasures: but I’m caught: so here’s the manacles?”

CLERICUS.—Why: simply that the musician didn’t know what he was about.

NEMO.—Well: it’s an actual case; and not a solitary one; and you’ve given “the judgment of Solomon” upon it. And so we come ever to the same point. But mark: the music, artistically speaking, is very beautiful—that is, very expressive; only you’d find you couldn’t sing it.

CLERICUS.—I go all lengths with your theology, it’s only your music that I sometimes stagger at.

NEMO.—Then you stagger at the simplest fact in grace or nature. If the music does’nt express the Theology, how can you dare to call it Church Music?

CLERICUS.—I don't deny the obligation.

NEMO.—Yet you felt the force of the fact you've just pronounced upon?

CLERICUS.—As you put it I couldn't help feeling it.

NEMO.—Say rather, as I simply stated it. But come: I'll not go on arguing what's as clear as daylight: let me say a word on something less, perhaps, upon the surface. We've talked of joy and sorrow; what think you of *didactic* and *petitionary*?

CLERICUS.—That a tune can be really discriminative to that extent?

NEMO.—So much so that if a musician doesn't recognise the fact, he falls below the musical level of the youngest child that prattles to its little sister.

CLERICUS.—You'll bewitch me with your sorceries.

NEMO.—I'll do nothing but shew you facts, and ask again for "the judgment of Solomon." That famous judgment was a *simple appeal to nature*. Too much of the criticism that pretends to judge is as pure and simple an appeal to something else.

CLERICUS.—There's no doubt of that.

NEMO.—Well: now for our appeal to *you*. You admit a difference between—say—

"Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain."

and

"Come, Holy Spirit, come:
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the sorrow from our hearts,
The darkness from our eyes."

CLERICUS.—Of course.

NEMO.—That one's simply didactic, and the other the language of prayer.

CLERICUS.—No doubt.

NEMO.—And that, as nature recognised—I mean the new nature—a difference in the sense, so it would

be natural that it should find a corresponding difference in the utterance.

CLERICUS.—So far as the utterance was capable of a difference.

NEMO.—Very well. Now just take two tunes we've already looked at—Mount Ephraim and St. Michael's—and put the matter to issue. We'll first sing Mount Ephraim to the last mentioned Hymn.

(They sing the Tune* to "Come, Holy Spirit, come.")

You feel here the petitionary force of the melody. How it begins low, yet in a true supplicatory spirit; and how it rises in earnestness with the words as they proceed?

CLERICUS.—Yes, I feel that word and note not only move together, but seem to say the same thing.

NEMO.—Well; now take the same tune to the other hymn.†

(They sing it to "Not all the blood of beasts.")

Don't you now feel that the petitionary vehemence is out of place? that you seem to be *asking* with the notes, when you are only *declaring* with the words? that the climax in the second line is almost ridiculous?

CLERICUS.—Well; that's wonderful; you'll make a musician of me before you've done.

NEMO.—I'll make you what you are already—a true man, with a man's heart. I ask you to consult the instinctive promptings of that heart, and I'll match the result with all the nonsense of the schools. Now let's just complete the case by taking the other tune to each hymn in succession.

(They sing St. Michael's‡ to "Come, Holy Spirit, come.")

Now, don't you feel that the *petitionary power* is gone?

CLERICUS.—It's even so; I couldn't have thought it.

NEMO.—But it's a fact; and your christian heart

* Tune at p. 62. † Ibid. ‡ Tune at p. 62.

responds to it; well now, just sing this same beautiful and solemn, yet not gloomy, but only tender tune to the other hymn.

(They sing St. Michael's to "Not all the blood of beasts.")

CLERICUS.—You're quite right, both ways; I see now there's no disputing the difference between petitionary and didactic music.

NEMO.—Mind: I don't say that these differences are all equally strong, or that all can equally feel them. What I do say is that they exist; that they have great expressional power; that they touch broad sympathies in christian congregations; that every heart that vibrates beneath the breath of the Spirit is more or less responsive, though it may be very unconsciously, to them; and that, consequently, the man has no business to call himself a church musician who is not intelligently cognizant and devoutly observant of them.

CLERICUS.—Granted, every bit of it, *ex animo*.

NEMO.—Well; all this, after all, is but a poor account of musical expression, even when you've put to it all we saw yesterday of St. Bartholomew's, and Presburg, and Carey's,* and Latrobe's Advent,† and Jewin Street,‡ and Harwich, and Calvary,§ and that other fine rhythmical tune to "See from His head, His hands, His feet," of which I've forgotten the name||; but my one object was to fix your thoughts on the *words*, and how music might be very correct and even beautiful, and yet miserably below what we've a right to demand from it *as a language*. But all this brings us to something further, in the difference between *live* and *dead* church music. I want you also to see the extent as well as virulence of the epidemic; so we'll open another volume of evidence. Here's a collection just hot from the press; one that threatens to be of even larger acceptance than any we've just been quoting from. It has its own pecu-

* p. 28. † p. 31. ‡ p. 32. § p. 33. || p. 44.

liarities; but they all make the same way. First then, let us mark the identity. We've been talking of *melody*, and its misfortunes at High Church hands; now look at this mangling of Knapp's beautiful "Wareham" I spoke of yesterday. Here it is as we have it pure, from Dr. Wesley—



You know the rest. But let us just sing it twice through, to get the swing of it.

(They sing it twice through.)

Well now; what think you of a man coolly writing the second line thus—You must sing the two lines together—



Wouldn't you say that one such fact is ominous? that it shews the man? You see, not only that the second line's damaged, in itself considered; but that it has lost its delicate playing (so to speak) with the phrase it takes from the line preceding, of which it's now the mere vulgar transcript instead of the refined echo. This substitution of a crude, dogged identity for a graceful modification produces, in my ear, the same effect as a flat contradiction, or a man's non-aspiration of his h's in colloquial speech.

CLERICUS.—You're quite right as to the tune, and it looks very much as if you were right as to the man.

I should certainly suspect that such an Editor of such a passage hadn't much "Music in his soul."

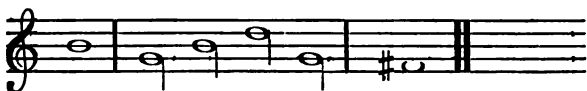
NEMO.—Music in its higher and finer sense assuredly not; and of that you'll soon have proof enough. Yet this is a "Musical Doctor" of Cambridge, and a "Professor of harmony" in a Royal Academy.

CLERICUS.—He sha'nt be my Professor of melody. But what then, is the book High Church?

NEMO.—Not that—so far as I see; but its musical delinquencies are awful. Our Professor's anti-melodical feats are not confined to the extinction of crotchets, or even minims. Here's that marvellous Hebrew melody we call "Leoni," of which Antiquarians tell us it might have been sung by our Lord before He went to Gethsemane. I won't stop to protest against the divorce of the tune from Oliver's Hymn, "The God of Abraham praise"—a Hymn that, for simple power and rhythmic beauty might be placed, I had almost said, beside anything of Pindar's. But what think you of the melodical degradation of the following phrases? Here's the tune—



Well: I'll say nothing, again, of the destruction of the sixth line by the murder of the crotchets in



This was a thing of course; as also the annihilation of the commencing melody by writing the dum dum



instead of



CLERICUS.—I don't quite take that.

NEMO.—What? You can distinguish between a rhythmical arrangement of six syllables, expressible by the following numbers,

The | God of Abraham | praise. ||
1 | 1 1 1 1 | 3 ||

and the arrangement that makes them

The | God of Abraham | praise. ||
2 | 1 1 1 1 | 2 ||

CLERICUS.—Of course: and feel all the euphony of the first, and all the cacophony of the second arrangement.

NEMO.—Well: and the agreement of the first and the disagreement of the last, with the "euphony" of the words?

CLERICUS.—Of course.

NEMO.—And the sense of the words?

CLERICUS.—Of course.

NEMO.—You see, then, that it isn't what I might call the ungentlemanlike tone, and ungraceful articula-

you, ye wa - ters roll: Till like a sea of
 glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till
 o'er our ran - som'd na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners
 slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In
 bliss re - turns to regn.

CLERICUS.—That's very beautiful, and very appropriate. But what would my organist say to those three pauses?

NEMO.—What do *you* say? Do they agree with the words? Could any one, with an atom of head or heart, read that line "Redeemer—King—Creator," as he would read "They call us to deliver," or any other of the corresponding lines in the other verses?

CLERICUS.—Certainly not.

NEMO.—*Then why should they be sung like them?*

CLERICUS.—Oh! you needn't be told what I had my eye on.

NEMO.—Nor you what I have my heart on. The fact is that this is just a *crux*. It touches the essential distinction between what I call *live* and *dead*. It just involves the question whether our Psalmody shall be a giving out of the words, or a continuous, heartless, headless grindery. As for your congregation, I simply

say, Try them. If I'm not awfully mistaken, a few such departures from the *jog trot of the march of death* would be so far from embarrassing them, that it would wake them all up to a sense of life—a feeling that you meant the words: and that singing of hymns is a real thing and not a Pantomime.

CLERICUS.—I see, now, how the opening *dum dum* of Leoni was ominous.

NEMO.—You don't see a tithē of the matter yet. Let me tell you, then, that this absolute contempt of the verbal rhythm is systematically carried on throughout the whole Book. Not only have we such occasional blots as Jerusalem, as if the Professor had never trembled to "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" but the substitution of the Trochaic for the Iambic rhythm is universal wherever the line begins with the latter. Very nearly one half of the whole number of hymns, I think some eighty-nine out of the one hundred and eighty are thus outrageously disfigured—so we begin with

"A-wake my soul and with the sun;"

and end with

"For ever with the Lord."

CLERICUS.—All this, as you state it, sounds monstrous. And yet, I suppose we mustn't press this matter of identical rhythm too empirically.

NEMO.—Certainly not: I could shew you many an instance where it has been broken with impunity. But that has been an occasional licence, and the occasion has licensed it. The whole musical phrase has so flowed together with the whole verbal, that the mind couldn't dwell on incidental diversity. But all that says nothing for systematic breaches. The very object of Church Music is to give power, not fantasticalness, to the words. The first elementary qualification, therefore, of a Church Musician should be a

more than commonly delicate sense of verbal rhythm. To find this ridden rough-shod over in every Iambic Hymn throughout a collection, is an offence that puts the culprit beyond all reach of musical mercy. As for this reiterated barbarism, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, it belongs to the order of

*"Here's the last dying speech and confession :
Birth, parentage, and education."*

CLERICUS.—Shocking!

NEMO.—This is, certainly, an aggravated case. I lay stress upon it, though with real pain and reluctance, since the words breathe every where the very spirit of the Gospel—because the book's not only the very last Hymnological product of our prolific and labouring Press, but because, with singular self ignorance, it professes to have wedded "*Proper Tunes*" to *proper words*.

CLERICUS.—Worse and worse!

NEMO.—I've complained already of the breaking of Michael Haydn's "*Tantum ergo*" into a six-line tune. Here we have the very eight line Hymn Michael Haydn should have been taken as providing for, not only set to another tune, but broken into common verses of four lines—each particular change being a specific blunder.

CLERICUS.—You're very nice.

NEMO.—Nice! Sure, if these men are so pedantically authoritative as to matters of science, of which the popular ear can take no cognisance, they should at least observe the laws of thought, feeling, and expression to which every Christian heart makes instant response. Now just look at the barbarism I speak of here. I shewed you the loss of power, verbal as well as musical, in putting a six line Hymn to Michael Haydn's eight line tune. See, now, the consummation of this blunder in putting the eight line Hymn,

"Glorious things of Thee are spoken," to a four line tune. Sung to Haydn's recurring notes

"He whose word can ne'er be broken,"

is, musically as well as logically, the counterpart or complement of

"Glorious things of Thee are spoken!"

as, again, the first line of the following couplet,

"On the Rock of Ages founded,"

is the sensible continuation of a running sentence, only separated from the preceding line by a semicolon—the whole verse flowing on, line by line, to its climax,

"Thou may'st smile at all thy foea."

Now look how all this is boggled in the four line tune. First, we lose the reduplication that marks the connection between lines one and three. Next, we have this continuity of thought and the flow of exultant feeling brought to a violent close by the final cadence of the tune at the end of the fourth line of the Hymn: to begin again as awkwardly by the re-opening of the tune in what is, logically and theologically, line five of the first verse. Isn't all this monstrous? Isn't it what I was just now complaining of—the degradation of our "pleasant things" by men who've no business to call themselves "Church Musicians"?

CLERICUS.—Sad and strange indeed; but how do you understand this recurring propensity to break down eight line Hymns to four, and set eight line tunes to six line Hymns?

NEMO.—I've no difficulty at all about it. It's the natural course of jog-trot: and jog-trot's the natural course of the whole High Church system. The fine sustained march of a mind rich in scriptural truth and personal experience is the type of one order of things: the cutting down of the sublime march into

common place verses, the type, no less graphic, of another and lower order.

CLERICUS.—Well: that's something new, at all events, to find good John Newton too high for High Church.

NEMO.—It's but a characteristic fact. Why, I find in a preface, from which we've a right to look for better things, but of which the writer has put himself into professional hands and taken the consequences, such words as these, "The Compiler has not felt himself at liberty to reject the *least objectionable* of the tunes in triple measure, such as '*Rockingham*,' '*Irish*,' '*Abridge*,' &c., (extraordinary concession!) but *all tunes of a florid character* are allowed no admission here. The tunes selected are suitable, easy, and methodical in their phrases, symmetrical in their proportions, and for the most part syllabic in their partition"—a perfect description of true jog-trot—

"Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke;
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch."

But now comes something not to be forgotten: "Some of them, on their first enunciation, may be thought *dull and lifeless*." No doubt of that: but what then? Why "the Compiler craves a *patient hearing*, with the confident assurance that many of his brethren can re-echo his statement (of experience) as the result of their own." That is, when he has droned down his people's devotional feelings to the hum drum we've been examining. On the other hand the Compiler speaks of the older music he's engaged in superseding as, "in many instances, quite impracticable to all but trained ears, by their high pitch, *broken rhythms*," (their freedom from jog-trot) "and *interminable appoggiaturas*." Now, since by "appoggiaturas" he can't possibly mean interminable grace notes, he must be hereby denouncing those very varieties of notes of which we've been seeing and feeling the

significancy, and denouncing them because they break the dull monotony of his own interminable minims.

CLERICUS.—As to the matter of “almost impracticable,” I suppose you’d send him to graduate at a Methodist meeting.

NEMO.—He’s trifling with the simplicity of his readers. But this is the very Compiler who gave us those notable specimens of mal-adaptation I shewed you yesterday as cases of “well authenticated Church Music.”* What the words last quoted are worth—that is to say, how far the wholesale adoption of a vicious theory has vitiated the perceptive faculty of the deponent may be seen in one brief statement in another part of this same Preface; “the *true syllabic Psalm tune is the only one that children can sing with correctness.*” One such statement in the face of every day experience is quite enough.

CLERICUS.—But, perhaps he spoke of High Church children?

NEMO.—No: that’s impossible. High Church men and women might be noodled down to the terms of his statement; but I’ll defy him to bring us an indiscriminate number of unsophisticated children that wouldn’t give the lie to it at once. It takes some time to tame down that wonderful work of God called “human nature.” But enough: I suppose we may take this count also of the indictment—the wilful or careless trifling with the words—as proven.

CLERICUS.—Undoubtedly.

NEMO.—Well, then: my last charge is

V.—*The systematic substitution of cold science for the expression of devotional feeling.*

I needn’t tell you that this is but the conveying into Church Music what’s becoming more and more characteristic of the day we live in.

CLERICUS.—Is’nt that natural enough? For my-

*p.p. 16 to 17.

self, I'm prepared to see every thing assume a more intellectual character as the human mind advances in intelligence.

NEMO.—And don't you think the same of me? But does it therefore follow that every thing must assume the form of a material fact or a philosophical principle? that people should be more ambitious of being philosophers than of being men? that essential exercises of feeling should be crystallized into exhibitions of technical skill?

CLERICUS.—God forbid!

NEMO.—Then open your eyes. See how all this really unphilosophical, inhuman, I might almost say ungodly influence is invading the very sanctuary. You know what's doing with the Bible. No longer taken in simple reverence, as the Word of God to human hearts, it's just scrutinized—turned inside out—cross questioned—knocked about as if it were some mere subject of geological curiosity.

CLERICUS.—Alas: I know too much of that.

NEMO.—Well: to come now to music. You won't suppose a moment that I'm for incorrect, slovenly, careless dealing with holy things. But neither can I forget that *all* art should be unobtrusive in our communion with Almighty God.

CLERICUS.—Of course not.

NEMO.—Nor the fatal propensity of fallen nature to make even that awful service an occasion for the display of human talent. Did you ever read the sad story of Mozart composing his Requiem?

CLERICUS.—Never: what is it?

NEMO.—Why, poor Mozart, fallen, exhausted with incessant excitement, into a low nervous state of mind and body, received a visit from a stranger of singularly commanding appearance, who came to engage him to write a Requiem. All preliminaries as to time, price, &c., were left at his own disposal; the only condition insisted on was that the stranger's name must remain

unknown, even to the musician. Mozart, already struck with the dignified aspect of the man, was the more sensible to the air of mystery: and, on the stranger leaving the door, desired his servant to see where he went, and who he was. The servant on coming back said that all his efforts had been baffled; that, after following the stranger a short distance, he suddenly lost all sight or trace of him. Poor Mozart then told his wife that he had received intimation from another world to write his own Requiem. I won't go into other particulars, all more or less in keeping: enough to say that the Requiem *was* his own. It was left, like Raffaele's Transfiguration, incomplete when he breathed his last; and was performed for the first time at the funeral of the mighty master. But now for the special fact for which I've told you the story. When Mozart sat down to write what he so distinctly believed *his own Requiem*, we are gravely informed that his great care was—what do you think?

CLERICUS.—What? why, of course to make it all that such a belief would naturally make it—a something so simply and unmistakeably *real*, as almost to say in so many words, "I've done with earthly ambition, and human criticisms. I've no time or thought, now, for cold exhibitions of professional science. I hear 'the trump of God.' I see the 'great white throne.' The 'books are opened;' *am I 'written in the book of life.'*"

NEMO.—I don't read that.

CLERICUS.—What else could it be?

"I'd write as if I ne'er should write again;
A dying man to dying men."

NEMO.—The story is that when that conviction had settled on his mind, "*he resolved to make that Requiem the most durable monument of his genius.*"

CLERICUS.—Awful!

NEMO.—"Yet their posterity approve their saying,"

and this Requiem is, by learned critics, held for what its author intended, the most gigantic display of the technical power Mozart himself had ever exhibited.

CLERICUS.—But was that display its pervading feature?

NEMO.—To say that it has not some marvellous conceptions of its subject—passages of profound sublimity and wondrous pathos, were to say it was not Mozart's; but that it's every where characterized by a more intense and sleepless effort for the display of technical skill than anything else Mozart had hitherto written, will be denied by none of its enthusiastic admirers. The science is stupendous: the execution proportionally difficult. I remember a choral society going through the "Kyrie Eleison," and actually breaking into an irrepressible laugh at their mistakes over "Lord have mercy upon us."

CLERICUS.—Alas! for Mozart. Alas! for the art of music.

NEMO.—Yet, as I said, "their posterity approve their saying." This same insensate lust for technical science, beyond all its legitimate functions as an organ of utterance for thought and feeling, goes, more or less, through all the criticisms as through all the efforts of so-called "Church Music" in the present day. It makes, as we've been seeing, the very self-styled simplicity an artificial simplicity; and the "smell of the lamp" as inseparable from true Anglican Church Music as the smell of incense from a Popish mass. Only I don't mean to associate it always with "Anglican" principles. It's the vice of the age. People are placing within the tyrannies of mathematical precision what should be the purely ingenuous breathing forth of human hearts. It follows that they're demanding a structural perfectibility, not only beyond all the wants, wishes, and cognizance of God's people, but a perfectibility—mark me, that, if once

fairly established as "the balance of the sanctuary," won't confine itself to music; but go on, from one extravagance to another, till it finds the language of Holy Scripture wanting in strict grammatical church propriety—perhaps even the parables of the Great Teacher Himself not always free from broken metaphors or incongruous images.

CLERICUS.—I shudder, but I see it all.

NEMO.—As I said before, I'm no friend to careless, irreverent inaccuracy in sacred things. But neither can I tolerate this cold-blooded grammatical sanctimony. Were the occasion but a secular one, there's to my mind a something so poor and paltry in pedantry (and by pedantry I mean all attention to language beyond its proper function of intelligibly and impressively expressing our thoughts and feelings) that I would, in the common interest of humanity, make earnest protest. When this ignoble principle dares to enter the sanctuary—when it presumes to check our prayers—when it would have us think of scientific proprieties where our soul should be "like the chariots of Aminidab"—I can hold no longer.

CLERICUS.—Well: I can well suppose the results of the tendencies you speak of: but the recent cases you've given me have been from High Church, rather than from scientific quarters.

NEMO.—Some from the one; some from the other. But I surely needn't tell you that even "*Dry*" isn't always "*High*:" or that the fanaticism I now speak of can tread down the "*Earnest*" as well as the "*Evangelical*." Indeed, a curious fact meets my eye at this very moment.

CLERICUS.—Let's have it.

NEMO.—I must first tell you that the Church musical, like the Church legal, is all sixes and sevens. I've taken in, for some time, two conflicting Periodicals, one the unequivocal organ of the priestly Church chorals, the other no less unequivocal in its

denouncement of all clerical interference with Church music, from ordained Precentors in the Cathedral, down to Parsons' wives and daughters in the Parish Church. Nor are the protests of the latter a whit less emphatic against what it openly calls "*Romanising in music.*" It doesn't hesitate to tell us that the parties here designated are "as much opposed to the spirit of the National Protestant Church as they are favorable to Romish customs and habits of thought."

CLERICUS.—All honor to your Journalistic friend ! So now for the facts.

NEMO.—Well : I said that cold science could crush out alike the "*Earnest*" and the "*Evangelical.*" I find, then, in this same professional organ—first, I know not what contemptuous allusions to that favorite of Margaret Street I gave you just now,* as "the thing called Ewing"—"the notorious Ewing"—"the intolerable Ewing," ending in the announcement of a prize offered by the Conductors for something that should supersede it.

CLERICUS.—That looks very like what you speak of, certainly.

NEMO.—Well : that Journal virtually endorses all I shewed you just now of the wholesale violation of the verbal rhythm.

CLERICUS.—What do you mean by "virtually endorses" ?

NEMO.—Why, the Editor, reviewing the work, speaks in flattering terms of the Compiler as, "a Church Musician and Harmonist:" says "our highest expectations are more than amply fulfilled:" that "he has produced a work of extraordinary merit" &c., &c., without one word of qualification on the score of rhythm, or the slightest indication of any consciousness of the subject. This may not, of course, be deliberate endorsement : but it betrays such an absorption in

*p. 111.

technicalities as amounts, under the flagrant circumstances we've been looking at, to a tacit surrender of the words. At all events I'm warranted in complaining of a professional standard beyond and above all possible requirements or perceptions of the congregation.

CLERICUS.—Isn't that rather a nice question in these days of extended science?

NEMO.—I won't entangle myself with hypothetical arbitraments: I could give you proof upon proof from actual facts; but I'm perfectly content with the single case of the "intolerable Ewing" and the proffered prize. That prize was avowedly offered for the simple purpose of superseding it: and that, after the same columns had borne witness to its "marvellous popularity."

CLERICUS.—But is popularity identical with excellence? Isn't it often the reverse?

NEMO.—Precisely: and that, no doubt, explains some things otherwise inexplicable: as, for instance, that Homer's poems—so "marvellously popular" as said or sung by the blind old bard to "spinsters and to knitters in the sun," should, by all competent critics, be found to be "intolerable."

CLERICUS.—No: I didn't mean that—

NEMO.—And that Shakspeare's plays, having been "marvellously popular," become "intolerable" if but "Jonson's learned sock be on."

CLERICUS.—You mistake me—

NEMO.—And that Tasso—"marvellously popular" with Venetian boatmen, is found "intolerable" to the ear of the enlightened.

CLERICUS.—No: but—

NEMO.—And that Handel's Messiah, so "popular" that the gross public's never tired of hearing it, is all but "intolerable" to those who *understand the thing*.

CLERICUS.—Go on.

NEMO.—Yes, I will go on, till I've given this really

intolerable treatment of popularity its *coup de grace*. Let me ask, then, Would you think your own Sermons "intolerable" if, for once, you found them "*popular*?"

CLERICUS.—I've hardly deserved all this.

NEMO.—Perhaps not: but see what comes of being in bad company. That nonsense about "*popular*" must be taken at once to the guillotine of common sense. Mendelssohn writes, "My Symphony shall certainly be as good as I can make it: but whether it will be *popular* and played on the barrel organ I cannot tell." The whole matter's in fact reducible to the simplest possible question, Is Art a mere exhibition of jugglery, or even a deep speculative problem soluble only by the learned few? or is it the voice of humanity speaking to humanity? If the latter—then, Is it broadly understood, felt, and responded to? If not, it's a failure.

CLERICUS.—And so you contrive, yourself, now and then, a little quiet flirtation with our Friend "the Noodle Nostrum."?

NEMO.—Not a bit of it. I'm consistent and persistent, from first to last. Your "Noodle Nostrum" would bleed a living thing to death to make it "simple." I say give it salient life, and people will have no difficulty about it. Those I speak of would make this intelligible salient life a positive offence. The cry used to be "away with him; he speaks Latin:" we must now cry "away with him; he speaks English."

CLERICUS.—Well: I can't help suspecting you've got now into your own trap. You tell me that Homer, Shakespeare, Tasso, Handel, are popular. Yet you must admit that their works are full of artistic contrivance, and professional science. It seems, then, if I allow that popularity may co-exist with excellence, you must allow that learning may consist with popularity.

NEMO.—Who ever denied it? The question is *what does learning do?* Is it the mere instrument,

like grammar in a language, by which Art tells a tale the hearer holds his breath to hear? or is it its own ear, like grammar not employed to reveal some other object, but simply talking of and to itself? In the former case the science is as unconsciously accepted as it is unpretendingly offered. In the latter, the people won't have it: and they shew their sense in rejecting it. It's not worth a rush.

CLERICUS.—But, surely, you allow a discriminative, if not an offensive meaning to the word “popular.”

NEMO.—If a man means that a thing's not very profound, and calls it “popular,” I understand him; and take the word in a good or bad sense as the thing's adapted, or not adapted to the parties concerned. But when a man's speaking of “the common salvation,” and its common experience, and the common expression of them, and makes the word “popular” a term of reproach, my heart's hot within me. You understand?

CLERICUS.—O yes, and agree with you.

NEMO.—But we've not got through the case. I've led you this round to hit you all the harder at the end of it. This marvellous popularity of the “intolerable Ewing,” is just *not* with the common people, for it's hardly reached, as yet, their quarters, but with the refined, over educated, fastidious, and musically enlightened frequenters of “Pimlico” and Margaret Street.

CLERICUS.—That's extraordinary.

NEMO.—Seriously speaking, there's a fundamental error runs through the whole course of professional criticism. It's not confined to church music—or any music—or any art, or any science. It pervades, more or less, the critical office in all its branches. These men *measure the congregational or the public by the professional requirement*. Can you conceive a more foolish blunder? The “notorious Ewing's” a capital case, but it's neither a solitary nor an accidental

one. As regards Church Music, the absurdity's gravely assumed and argued for in a supposed self-evident proposition. I read elsewhere in these columns what purports to be a quotation from Dr. Burney, and stands as a heading or motto to an editorial article—"As there never was a national religion without music of some kind or other, the dispute concerning that which is most fit for such solemnities is reduced to one strict question, 'If music be admitted into the service of the church, is that species of it which the most polished (*sic.*) part of mankind regard as *good*, or that which they regard as *bad*, the most deserving of such a honour?'" You see here the point—clear—sharp—trenchant. It's "the *polished*," not the devout: the *most polished*, not even the "mediocriter docti," much less "the great congregation." So Church Music, in other words the musical utterance of prayer, praise, and confession of sin, is to be the precise phraseology of the gifted few—the coldly nice—the calculators of arithmetical ratios—the Scribes and Pharisees of musical science: and—after all the interminable squabbles between the men of the past and the men of the future, the Brass-rubbers, Gregorianizers, and Anglicans, on one side, and the champions of modern science and progressive improvement on the other—Church Music is not to be the *living language of living souls*, but a cabala of strict, stern, musical propriety—remote from popular usage even of those the farthest removed from rusticity—and appreciable by the chosen few who have been grounded in *thorough bass*. Thus all comes, practically, to one result: it's "Gebāl, and Ammon, and Amalek: the Philistines also, with them that dwell at Tyre."

CLERICUS.—That's a terrible interpretation of a single fact.

NEMO.—It's no interpretation of a single fact; but the illustrative incidence upon that fact of other

facts we've been glancing at; and facts that might be multiplied till I was tired of telling and you of hearing them. And what's more, this illustrative incidence is another shewing up of what I've said more than once already, that music's *a mirror*—personally and collectively—of the parties and the age it belongs to. For myself, I begin to get incurably sick of the philosophizing phrenzy of the day we live in. I can say, I hope, with the Lady in Comus,

“How charming is *divine* philosophy.”

But I look around, and I can't help almost saying that all “*desinet in piscem.*” Here, we have ethnological sophists bent on shewing that men couldn't possibly have descended all of them from the same pair; there, anatomical levellers proud of tracing their pedigree to baboons and monkeys; side by side, etymological wiseacres no less eager to prove that, through countless ages man could only have spoken the interjectional language of his fellow brutes. When I enter the House of God I find this self-same philosophy hard at work—the minstrelsy of human hearts under process of reduction to mathematical ratios and animal sensations, and—“*the people that knoweth not the law are cursed.*”

CLERICUS.—Well: all that's sad enough: yet we mustn't forget that “*there's a spirit in man.*”

NEMO.—I know it: I rejoice in it: and therefore I'm not for succumbing; but for making faithful head against the mischief. Only this insensate passion for science meets us at every step in what I'm bent on. I've often said that the time's inevitable when even Handel will be found too poetical—too pure—too untechnical—not of course for the popular ear, but for those who assume to be in advance of it. Thank God, as yet, the pure, the poetical, hold undisputed their prescriptive titles. I was greatly refreshed by reading, a few days since, in the professional Journal I've been

referring to, the following verdict, "The true place of 'Naaman' in the musician's library will be on the same shelf with 'Eli:' this shelf, as we need hardly say, being below that which should contain 'Elijah' or 'St. Paul;' and these, in their turn, standing some distance below the 'Messiah' and 'Israel.'" So far so good: yet already I may ask, when and where do we hear a song of Handel amidst the nightly "interpretation" of Mendelssohn? and what'll you say to a phalanx of musical Amazons in a Choral Society resolutely repudiating Handel as "dull and heavy" compared with Mendelssohn? But I stop: I haven't said half I desire to say: I've given you but a glimpse of what I would have you test and verify for yourself. Enough, if I've justified what I said as to its bearing on Congregational Music: and put you, at least, on your guard.

CLERICUS.—You've profoundly moved me. I've no shadow of hesitation as to the substantial truth of your statements. And yet I must confess to one or two remaining difficulties, as to which I should like to ask a question,

NEMO.—Ask them: by all means.

CLERICUS.—Well: first, then, whilst I freely admit your allegations all proven, I can't resist the impression that—practically speaking—they're *too minute*. They imply a fineness of perception and a delicacy of feeling beyond what I take for the actual staple of poor humanity.

NEMO.—I understand. You've not yet fairly emerged from your egg-shell—the "*Noodle Nostrum*."

CLERICUS.—Noodle or no noodle, I've a very serious apprehension that you're reckoning without your host.

NEMO.—And I'm at least as serious in the belief that, if you'll go but fairly and manfully to work, you'll find the great bulk of mankind—if only neither noodled on the one side, nor bamboozled on the other—far more susceptible than you seem to think.

CLERICUS.—What precisely, do you mean by “bamboozled”?

NEMO.—Simply played with, mocked, cheated, with School Music for Church Music. I think I’ve pretty well explained what I mean by that. But I’m prepared, further, to prove that the great mass have a sound rather than an unsound taste. I mean that they’re far less disposed to take the shadow for the substance than those mis-educated specialities whose time’s so given to scholastic trifling. I spoke yesterday of “flesh and blood poetry:” there’s what I may call flesh and blood music. Give them that—rich—genial—full of impulsive life and deep toned feeling—give it in its highest perfection, as Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven have taught you; and you’ll find infallible response.

CLERICUS.—But the music of all those Composers is full of learning?

NEMO.—Yes: as the human frame’s full of anatomy: but who, then, except professional people, ever thinks about anatomy? What Country bumpkin ever doubted his sweetheart’s beauty because he didn’t understand anatomy? What country bumpkin would ever accept a piece of anatomy for his own sweetheart? What country bumpkin would ever think of asking his fellow bumpkin to do so?

CLERICUS.—You seem quite at home with bumpkins.

NEMO.—Will you let me shew you the true musical bumpkin?

CLERICUS.—By all means.

NEMO.—Well: put what I’ve been saying into musical terms: then reverse the questions; and you have him.

CLERICUS.—What do you mean?

NEMO.—Why, when you find a man denying the sense of beautiful music till its constructive laws have been duly analysed; when you find a man willing to take cold, lifeless, constructive laws for the sweet

companionship of beautiful music ; when you find a man seriously attempting to palm off the absurdity on his fellow creatures—lay hold of him : put him in a glass case for a curiosity : he's an aboriginal musical bumpkin.

CLERICUS.—From Arcadia, of course.

NEMO.—From *the schools* direct. Arcadian bumpkins would laugh at him.

CLERICUS.—Country bumpkins ; Arcadian bumpkins ; and scholastic bumpkins ! Here's a curious case of comparative anatomy.

NEMO.—One we've, just now, no time for dissecting. All I care to affirm is that broad good sense and pure unsophisticated feeling will suffice for all the music—I mean, of course, the *singing*, not the *writing* of it—that we really need in the House of God.

CLERICUS.—But you said just now that “Music's an index and test of character.” Do you mean to say that the musical principles of—I won't put extreme cases, but of the great bulk and staple of a congregation, can ever be taken for an index of sound Church Music ?

NEMO.—Let *me* ask that question. Do you admit that sound Church Music professes—or should profess, to be the voice and utterance—not of extreme exclusive parts, high or low, but of the great bulk, average, and staple of a congregation ?

CLERICUS.—Undoubtedly.

NEMO.—Then that voice and utterance must, by every law of faith and reason, be the measure, standard, and index of true Church Music.

CLERICUS.—As regards practicability of singing, unquestionably.

NEMO.—No : no : that's below my mark. I mean as regards the character, tone, and sensible quality of the music.

CLERICUS.—Then that standard must be a very low one.

NEMO.—Well: first admit, or deny, what I've just asserted—that the music professes to be *the devotional voice of the great body* of the congregation.

CLERICUS.—Granted.

NEMO.—What, then, if it's wholly above the sense of that body

CLERICUS.—Why then, of course, it's not what it professes to be.

NEMO.—In plain terms, a *sham*—a sham in *His* house who says “they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.” Do you call that Church Music?

CLERICUS.—Certainly not.

NEMO.—Well: we must come closer yet. What do we *mean* by “the voice of the congregation”? Is it the voice physical, or the voice expressional?

CLERICUS.—In one sense *both*.

NEMO.—No: no: if it's a voice at all, it must, of course, be physical. You know what I meant by the question. Don't evade, but answer it.

CLERICUS.—I mean nothing else but to answer it.

NEMO.—Very well, then. Does worshipping in spirit mean the voice physical or the voice expressional? Does it denote a mere *mechanical shout*, however scientifically correct, or the sensible breathing forth, by musical language, of the great congregational heart?

CLERICUS.—Of course the latter.

NEMO.—Then you see, I'm true to my maxim: music is an index of character; and character is, or should be, an index of music. But now for the “*refinement*” part of the question. What precisely should the congregational heart utter by this language of music?

CLERICUS.—Ah! that's a beautiful question, and deserves a beautiful answer. I never volunteer definitions; but, I may say, all that belongs naturally to the renewed soul in its social communing with the “Father of spirits.”

NEMO.—And isn't that "refinement"?

CLERICUS.—Of the highest kind.

NEMO.—Beyond all flights of scholasticism?

CLERICUS.—Immeasurably.

NEMO.—And that refinement a free gift; in which the great body of the congregation may freely share?

CLERICUS.—Blessed be God! without a shadow of distinction.

NEMO.—Then you have all I'm contending for. You've now the essential distinction between *live and dead music*. This enlightened congregational heart will be found a tolerably faithful index of the true value of what's provided for it. I won't ride a principle to death: I say nothing, of course, of *taste*. You may find, for instance, a live congregation disfiguring Dr. Madan's beautiful Hotham, by singing



instead of



and very probably Dr. Madan himself, writing the response in the second line



instead of writing, as I think he would assuredly have done had he lived to be familiar with Mozart and Beethoven,



the first line gracefully altered, so as not to be the mere vulgar echo of the commencing one; and the last bar unaltered, so as neither to weaken its own rhythmical point, nor anticipate the peculiarity of the last bar in the line succeeding. But all this doesn't touch what I'm asserting. Hotham is live music; and will bring out life where your dead scholastic music won't stir a pulse. We must distinguish between the *sense of life*, and the *sense of taste*. You know which may be demanded in the Concert room, and which *must* be demanded in the Church.

CLERICUS.—Well: I'll say no more of my first difficulty: the other may, for aught I know, be as easily answered.

NEMO.—Only, before we go to that, let me just say—taking the case of Hotham as a specimen—there's no earthly reason why a congregation shouldn't be intoned and directed by good taste; and there's no practical difficulty as to its obeying such directions, provided always that the taste's in keeping with the life, and not, as in the cold, scholastic music we're considering, destructive of it. So now for your other difficulty.

CLERICUS.—Well: it is that I find persons involved in this movement of whom I can never think that they can be privy to the mesalliance you make so clear.

NEMO.—Nor I either; and if I've seemed to imply it, I've awfully misrepresented my own convictions. All I really meant is in the Diagnosis. I repeat here, therefore, what I said at starting; I don't a moment impugn, either your Choir, or your Organist. The movement begins higher up. You've all gone to the wrong quarter: I mean to those who never meant to be irreligious, but whose religion was no guarantee for what you asked of them—men of just renown in the schools of science; but without a shadow of authority in the school of Christ—men learned in all the wisdom of chords and discords; but whose hearts never

trembled to the sensibilities of the hidden life—men many of whom would laugh to scorn, as cant, sentimentality, or fanaticism, the very emotions you desire that Church Music should suggest and utter. This is the simple explanation of your practical mystery, and of the broad battle field you must look for on this professedly simple subject. You call for feelings they have never felt. You want expression, and they've nothing to express. You desire a spiritual service, and they give you sensuous harmonies. You look to stir the congregational soul, and they're bent on a display of professional skill. You're anxious that the music should follow the words, and their indispensable rule is that it should follow certain acoustical principles. You want a genial impulse, they only want scholastic correctness. You and they are at cross purposes. If the one succeeds the other must be defeated. It's hard to speak after this fashion: but it's harder still to hold one's tongue, and take the consequences. Doubtless "they know not what they do." Doubtless the greater part think very sincerely that "they're doing God service." All that no way alters the case to you and me. If a man gives us poison, honestly taking it for wholesome food, all the honesty in the world won't save us from the result. I've at least as honestly put the word POISON on the label. If you think the word a misnomer, just try it by one test. Hear their own account of their own system. Don't be misled by names, but weigh the matter in their own scales. You'll soon see whether the real purpose be a *spiritual* or a *choral* one.

CLERICUS.—Alas! that's quite superfluous. Had your demonstration been less complete, your last appeal would have supplied the defect. I've eyes and ears of my own; and, though following, perhaps somewhat credulously, I've not been quite unobservant of things about me. You've explained, in fact, step by step, what I'd already been examining; and my

doubts and queries were for information, not denial. I see clearly enough now, that Music is in truth what you've been calling it—that it's no mere mechanical exercise, but a *language*—not a skilful application of acoustic principles, but an utterance of feeling and expression of character—and all this to such an extent that *as is the music, so is the man—as is the singing, so will be the praying.*

NEMO.—Only that all unwholesome action won't be of the same identical type.

CLERICUS.—If it were, music were not the test as to which we're both agreed. So I recognize all you've been saying as to "*High*" and as to "*Dry*"; as to Romanizing "*earnestness*," academic pedantry, and dull, old-fashioned immobility. And yet, may I say? there remains still one further discriminative point I don't quite see my way through—one peculiarity in some of the books you spoke of some time back. I mean the systematic ending of the hymn, whatever its subject, with the "*Gloria Patri*" and the "*Amen.*" How do you understand this?

NEMO.—Just as I should have thought no one could misunderstand it. How do *you* understand that uncalled-for Offertory Service after the Sermon? The whole service has been confessedly *long enough*, Everything in the Offertory Prayer—beautiful as it is—has in one form or other occurred in "*our common supplications.*" The Sermon has professed to *intone* our minds with some subject of solemn moment we're to digest and meditate on, rather than merely to glance at. Yet no sooner is it over than we're again at our prayers. The very Sermon was preached *in a Surplice*. The "*officiating minister*" only left "*the altar*" to return to it: he must end as he began—the *Intercessory Priest*. You can't possibly mistake all this?

CLERICUS.—Of course not.

NEMO.—Well: the other phenomena are but un-

deniable parts of the same system. Only it's wonderful—the sleepless, stealthy, cat-like way in which it peeps out—so sleek, so unsuspected, so insinuating. What possible objection to any one of these things? What? Just look beneath the surface—just rub the cat the other way. *High Church hates preaching*, but can't get rid of it: so it wraps it up in a surplice and shoves it into a parenthesis. *High Church hates "psalm-singing,"* but can't get rid of it: so it makes every effort to *Liturgize* it. You've first the monotony, then the rattle, then the chanting of metrical hymns—and now the "Gloria Patri" and the "Amen" neither of them having, it may be, the slightest logical coherency with the subject, but both a distinct *Liturgical* character—both, therefore, a deep fanatical importance.

CLERICUS.—I see now.

NEMO.—Well, I hav'nt said a tithe of what I could say about "Church music." Enough, I trust, I have said, to give you at least a clue to what you wanted.

CLERICUS.—Enough to set me thinking for the rest of my life. And yet not quite enough for my present necessities. They say "the knowledge of a disease is half its cure." It's but one half, at all events: I must now have the other. What then, in plain English, would you have me do?

NEMO.—That's a nice question: and, to be discreetly answered, would involve a knowledge of local and personal circumstances.

CLERICUS.—Still, there may be leading lines, to be followed out as best we can.

NEMO.—Well, I'll just venture to say, in rough terms, what I'd sketch out for my own course. For instance,

I.—*I wouldn't dismiss my choir: I wouldn't quarrel with my organist: I wouldn't refuse the harmonizing, on proper terms, of the singing of my good people. Above all things, I wouldn't run, head on.*

upon a rock, by declaring war against "Church Music." In other words, I'd make every possible effort *not to make a hubbub*.

CLERICUS.—Well : so much for the negative : now for the positive part.

NEMO.—Well, then—

II.—I'd begin by *laying a basis of operation amongst the more influential portion of my congregation*. I'd make their dissatisfaction the first stone of my intended course. I'd make them *confidentially* acquainted with my own sympathy. This will be a *point d'appui* against what may happen when I begin to put the screw on.

And there's one special consideration that I wouldn't overlook here. It may be that the Organist himself is not insensible to what we've been looking at ; at all events, not inaccessible to sound and wholesome suggestions regarding it. However this may be, one thing must be well remembered. He's not absolute master of his own practice. Those choral satellites are a part of his natural system ; and, to some extent, affect his course. They represent, directly or indirectly, a sensible portion of his professional income. They not only expect certain concessions to their own fancies, but tacitly exact from him that he be abreast of what they would call *the age*. Then, by quiet and suitable indications that the choral party was not the only party, I would give *him* the golden bridge and *point d'appui*—not to bribe his convictions, but, at least, to disembarass them.

CLERICUS.—So far, so good : but now for the actual measures.

NEMO.—Well : I would begin by

III.—*Finding opportunities for hinting broad general principles*, bearing, though without any alarming distinctness, on the course before me—some expression, for instance, of my desire that the congregation may sympathize with the choir, and the

choir with the congregation—and that, in order to this, the music may be, in the proper sense of the word, “*congregational*”—i.e., not simply what a congregation may be able to sing if so disposed—that *facilis descensus Averni*—but what a congregation of devout worshippers would be *moved* to sing—the music, not of congregational noise, but of the *congregational heart*.

By this and such-like hints, dropped tellingly out, before I committed myself to any ostensible measures, I should be drawing to me the more enlightened members of the choir itself. Only I would make it understood, by all non-invidious and non-discourteous expressions, that, with every disposition to avail myself of their assistance, it was *I, not they*, who was responsible for its adaptation to its professed object; and that the proper proof of its being so was—not scientific correctness, but practical influence. Then

IV.—I would intimate that, giving all due interest to harmonic appliances, *the great thing for the congregation was the congregational note*; and that, in order to the requisite prominency of that note, I should have a select number (more or less according to circumstances) of the *boys of my National School* to practise all the music sung in church, and to take their places with the choir accordingly. This would not only dispose of your questions about the allowance of choral music, but provide that *corps de reserve* that is indispensable where there’s a voluntary choir. Then

V.—I would go on by degrees to ask, *authoritatively*, for this and that of the more melodical and expressive Tunes: and, as I felt my legs, to discountenance and eliminate the noisy choral petrifications we’ve been discussing.

CLERICUS.—Here comes the tug of war. Can you give me the name of the collection on which you would take your stand?

NEMO.—Well: you must’nt be surprised if I hesi-

tate to name any one Book that, *of itself and by itself*, shall be, exclusively and inclusively, all we desiderate. It isn't only that the Collections are emphatically "Legion," and that whilst many are bad, more than one is fairly good: but that, over and above the choice of Tunes, there are continually recurring cases in which one Tune is better in this and another in that. For instance—that very St. Michael's—so graceful and so touching as I gave it you in its purity from the Collection of the S. P. C. K.* has been crushed, dislocated, or otherwise disfigured—only sometimes more, sometimes less—beneath the *Saul's armour* of officious science in every one of five or six other collections of note through which I traced it; and, what may seem stranger still, doesn't appear at all among the 335 tunes of one special collection I may possibly refer to. In fact, some of the worst collections might furnish an occasional something you might be sorry to be without; some of the best may not be free from exceptional concessions to the musical vices of the day. So, having first determined what is *honey*, you must be content to collect it here and there as best you may.

CLERICUS.—That is, with due regard to finance.

NEMO.—Oh! that's really not of so much moment as you may think. You don't want many collections, much less many copies of any particular one; one, in fact, for your organist would, if needs be, suffice. Your choir can either buy or make copies for themselves. As for the congregation, you don't want them to be poring over notes, when they should be "seeing Him who is invisible."

CLERICUS.—That's all simple enough; and yet you can surely go a little further than abstract terms. I don't want unattainable perfection; nor yet all attainable perfection all at once. Suppose no one book all

we look for; yet some one may at least suffice to begin with.

NEMO.—Well; if you challenge me for actual names, I must say that, whilst Dr. Maurice's *Choral Harmony* is free from High Church taint, Dr. Wesley's *Tunes to Mr. Kemble's Hymns* manly, masterly, and scholarlike, as well as congregational; and Novello's *Psalmist* specially rich in the legitimized presentation of what is honored by High Church hatred, I scarce know a single collection at once so Catholic (in a proper sense) and so correct as that by the Rev. H. Parr, of which Mackintosh is the publisher. I should be exceedingly sorry to do without Dr. Wesley; yet, were I sternly confined to a single book, I'm inclined to think that that book should be Mr. Parr's. It's two characterizing qualities are of the highest order—largeness of sympathy, and honesty of appropriation.

CLERICUS.—What do you mean by that?

NEMO.—Why; I mean first that, with a competent number of what are justly called *classical* tunes, the author has had the good sense and christian faithfulness to associate such ignoted, proscribed, or calumniated, but justly popular ones as Hotham, Calvary, Sicilian Mariners and Miles's Lane; and secondly, that he has scrupulously abstained from the tinkering system of docking the melodies, and sophisticating the harmonies; in other words he has made conscience of giving the tune either as the writer actually wrote it, or, as in some respects is unavoidable, with the *mutanda mutata* as the writer would have been compelled, by our modern substitution of Soprano for Tenor, to write it now. I can't say but that, in the melodic part, he occasionally carries the principle, as I think, to a puritanical extreme; but I respect the principle, and hold it, broadly speaking, for a very important as well as honest one.

CLERICUS.—Only you think its honesty may be a little played with, if but after your own fashion.

NEMO.—Well done, Clericus; I'll forgive you that hit. It *is* a hit; but it's one I can afford to laugh at.

CLERICUS.—You can afford to laugh at honesty?

NEMO.—I can afford, whilst honestly following the spirit, to accommodate, no less honestly, the letter to certain modifications of circumstance.

CLERICUS.—What am I honestly to understand by that?

NEMO.—Well: just bear in mind that this is a *practical*, not a judicial, a critical, or an antiquarian affair. Such and such an author has written for congregational use: written at a particular epoch of congregational music: and to the best of his own abilities under existing circumstances. If his work doesn't suit my object, if his purpose isn't my purpose, or if his mode of compassing it can't be adopted without pulling it to pieces, turning it inside out, dislocating its melody by harmonies that never belonged to it, (as I've heard "God save the Queen," the tune of which is in the *major* mode, dis-harmonized into the *minor*) then, I think I've no right to use it at all. But, if the author's object is my object, and the author's voice my voice, I don't think myself unfaithful if, in the very sense, drift, and genius of his own idea, I allow myself some such purely incidental and purely subservient modification as—say the one I indicated just now in the case of Hotham.* Only it should be understood that congregational singing is not *the exhibition of a musical portrait*, but the compassing of the musician's purpose. You see the principle. It's perfectly honest, though, of course, its precise limits may be debateable. It touches, in fact, the landmarks of conscientiousness and scrupulosity.

CLERICUS.—I see the distinction, and withdraw my "hit."

* p. 132.

NEMO.—Well then : I think I've said all I need say. Only let me wind up by adding that, however I shaped my course, there's one fundamental principle I'd take all possible care to carry out—I mean, to take my stand from first to last, on the *popular* and not the scientific side of the question. All that belongs really to Church music must resolve itself of necessity into a popular question, since, after all, it's *the people* who have to be affected by and to participate in it.

And I think that the real gist of the struggle will be found in two or three concise and simple expressions already sufficiently explicated, for each of which you have, in terms equally concise, a ready and incontrovertible standpoint. The expressions I refer to are “*non-sacred*,” “*florid*,” “*non-congregational*.” For the first, you have but to pronounce the word “*Bible*.” The second may be put to shame by the name of *George Frederick Handel*. On the third you may let loose the *Methodists*. To claim a special language for sacred music, when there's no special language in the word of God ; to call music too florid for devotional purposes, when it's not half so florid as the “*Messiah* ;” and to object that it's beyond congregational capacities, when tailors and cobblers make no difficulty in singing it, are one and all so palpably absurd, as scarce to deserve formal refutation.

I sketch thus, in rough lines, the scheme on which I would myself embark. The result may, by God's blessing, be some such alternative as this—either the Congregational influence will neutralize, absorb, and sanctify the Choral ; or, if things grow up, as they may do, to an open conflict, the inevitable battle will then be fought, at least, on vantage ground. The enlightened will give me their action ; the so-called “*moderate*” their momentum ; and the better portion even of the chorals will be sublimated and made my own. With the residue, if the worst come to the

worst, I shall be prepared to stand the brunt. But I would hope for better things.

One thing, however, I must say, and it shall be the last. *Speaking to you*, I have been very free—perhaps to brusquerie or seeming petulance. You'll not ask me for apologies. Nor will you need the assurance that, had I been speaking to "*those without*," things would have been put in softer terms. With you I wanted no circumlocution: my only object was to *strike fire*.

CLERICUS.—You *have* struck fire, but it has been that of conviction and sympathy.

NEMO.—Then, once more, good bye; for I've burnt out—if not your patience, at least my own time.

CLERICUS.—Good bye: and a thousand thanks.









