Complete in about Thirty Fortnightly Parts

PART 1

1/3

MUSIC MASTERPIECES

Gems from the World's Famous Operas & Musical Plays

Edited by PERCY PITT

Musical Director Covent Garden and British Broadcasting Company

FIVE COMPLETE PIECES

SAMSON AND DELILAH
"Softly Awakes My Heart" - - - - - - - - - - *Saint-Saëns*

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA
The Famous Intermezzo - - - - - - - - - - *Mascagni*

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS
"Love Will Find a Way" - - - - - - - - - *Fraser-Simson*

THE LADY OF THE ROSE
"Land of Mine" - - - - - - - - - - - *Jean Gilbert*

CARMEN
Selection of Principal Melodies, Arranged by Herman Finck - - - - - - *Bizet*

SPECIAL ARTICLES by Miss Jose Collins, Henry Lytton, Robert Radford, Noel Coward, Gregory Stroud, Herman Finck, and other eminent musicians

Percy Pitt

[Photo] [Lambert of Bath

10/- Worth of Music for 1/3

AN EDITORIAL NOTE

To Introduce This Work

In the opening Number of MUSIC MASTERPIECES it is desirable, nay, it is necessary, that the scope of this new publication should be clearly defined, its aims and intentions set forth. All this may be told in a few words. Briefly, it is proposed to publish fortnightly in MUSIC MASTERPIECES gems from the World's Famous Operas and Musical Plays both vocal and instrumental. Unless one were to buy the score of each of these works the excerpts chosen therefrom could not be obtained, except in rare instances, and then only at a cost quite five times that of our new publication. In this way favourite numbers may now be had at a nominal price in convenient form.

The word "masterpiece" in our title has been chosen advisedly, for nothing will be published in this part-work that is not a real "masterpiece," something that is no sooner heard than all will recognise the supreme merit that it possesses.

With a wide field to select from, those who are responsible for the music have set themselves the task of choosing only the very best, the very greatest of music and pieces that cannot fail to charm all our subscribers.

Here will be found the best known compositions of great and world-popular composers, and what finer selection could be made than these pieces that inaugurate this work?

MUSIC MASTERPIECES has come to fill a long-felt want; it has come to bring to all the music they need, and at a charge that is ridiculously low when one sees the nature of the selection, the merit of the many articles, and the perfect manner in which both music and articles have been presented.

In your possession, and for the small sum of one shilling and threepence, is at least ten shillingsworth of music, and in a compact form.

Variety and consistent excellence of the melodies has been the keynote, and those who intend taking in this part-work need not fear but that subsequent parts will be up to the same splendid standard as this, the inaugural issue.

Those who are saddled with the task of selecting the music—and they are an expert band of musicians—have spared no pains to throw aside anything that might not meet the popular taste, or might not be the choice of the finest musician. The purest melody, the greatest music, has been chosen to allow indeed for such a title as MUSIC MASTERPIECES.

One has only to glance at the pieces chosen for this Part to realise how well these master musicians have done their work.

So here will be found music of the most varied kind on the most widely different planes. But one point of uniformity will link all the numbers published—they are all the best of their kind.

In a forthcoming Part the details of a special binding-case scheme will be announced, cases that will help you to preserve MUSIC MASTERPIECES so that, when the work is completed, you will have at your command one of the world's finest music portfolios, a series of music books of which you will justly be proud.

CONTENTS OF PART 2

Special Articles by Walter Widdop, Fraser-Simson, Clara Butterworth, etc.

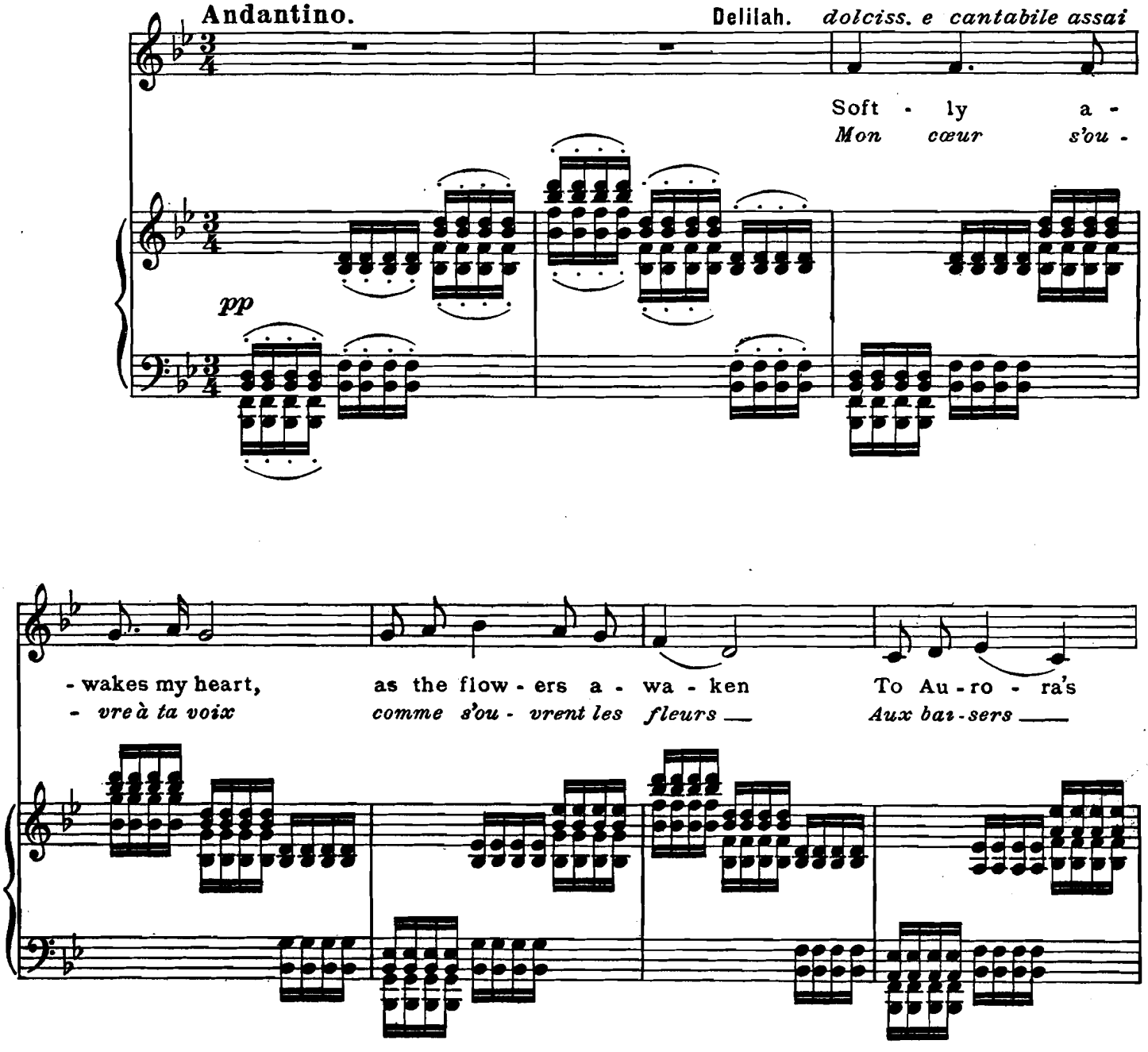
ON SALE THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29TH

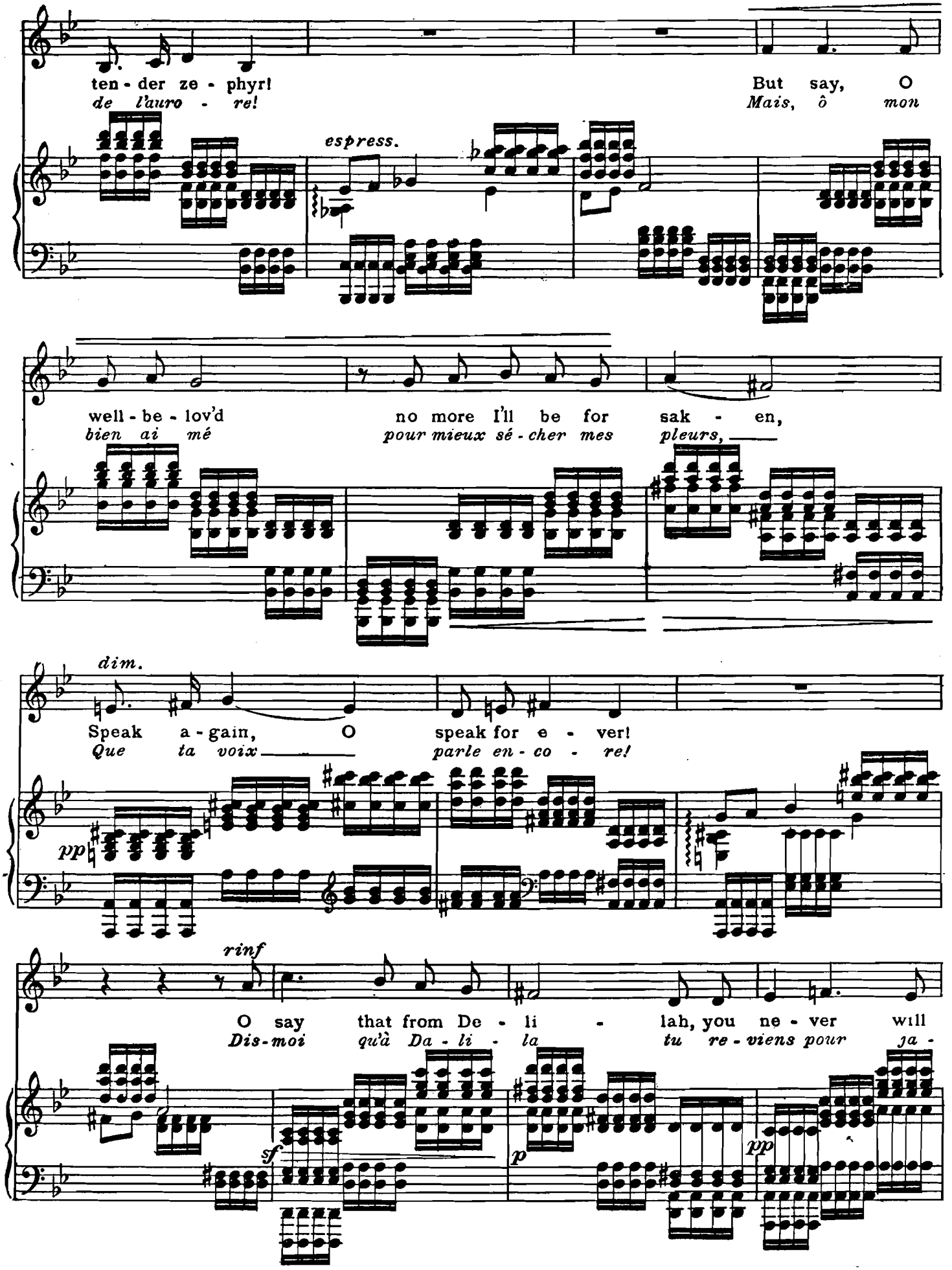
SAMSON AND DELILAH

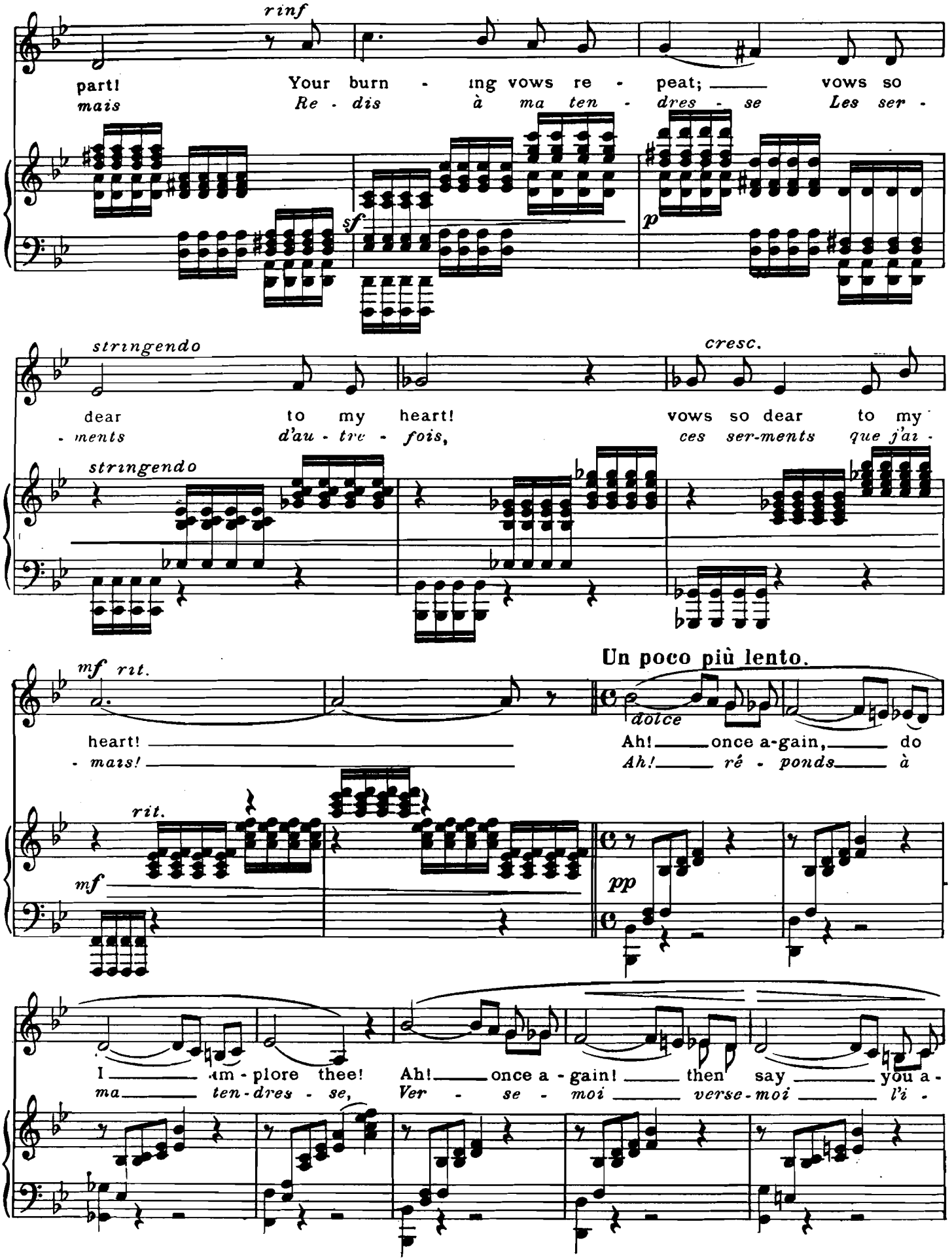
Softly Awakes My Heart

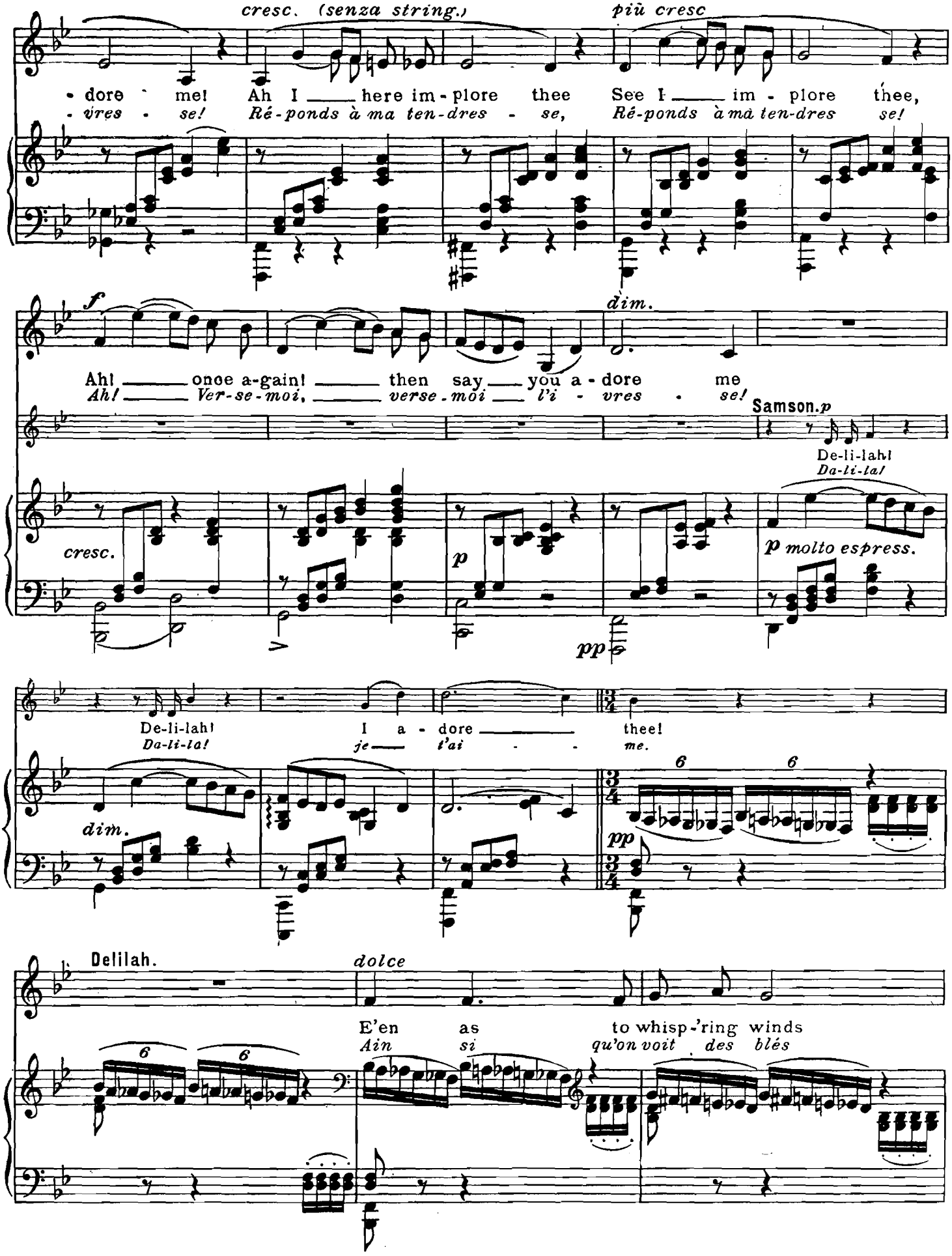
WORDS BY F. LEMAIRE.
ENGLISH VERSION BY
EUGENE OUDIN

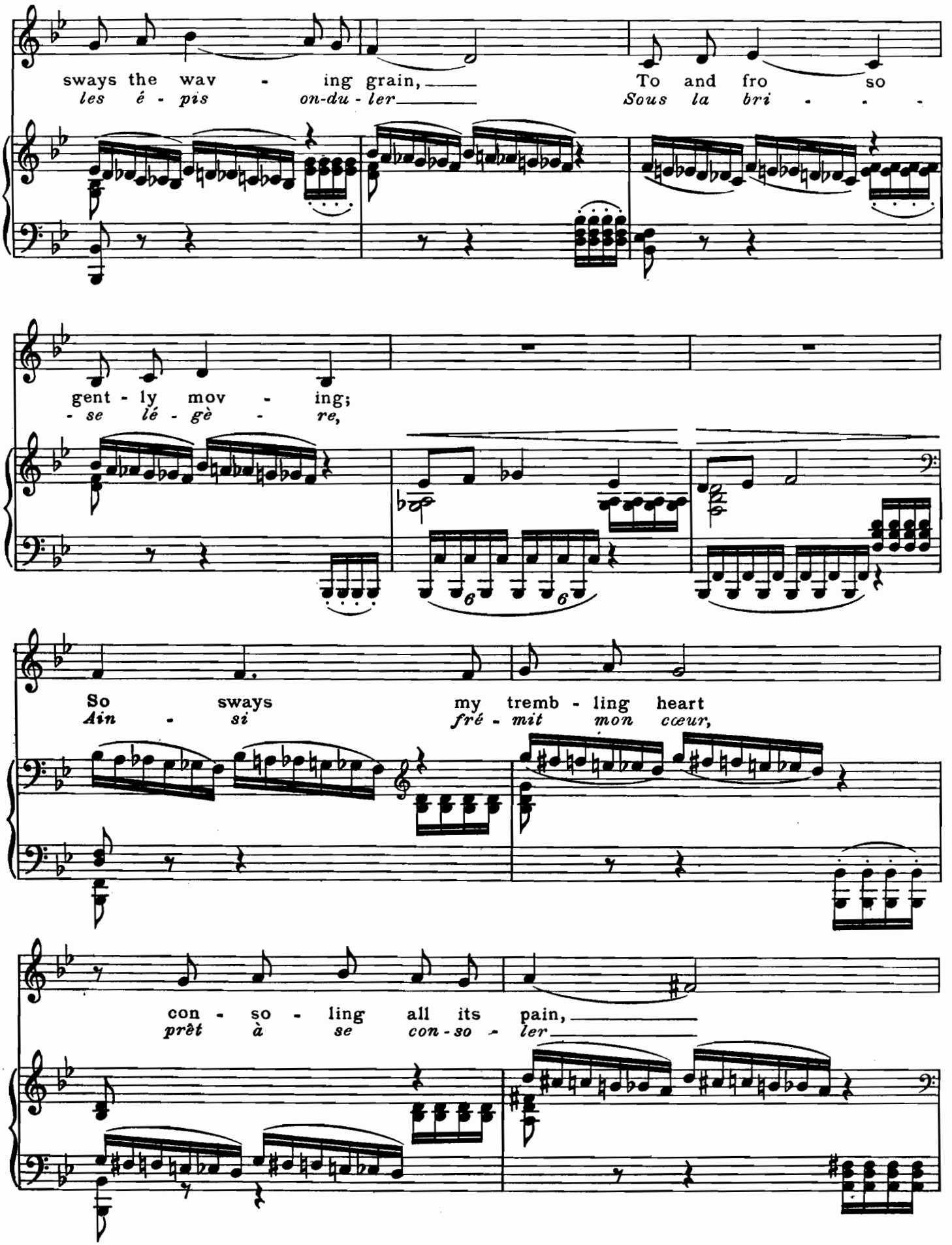
MUSIC BY
C. SAINT SAËNS

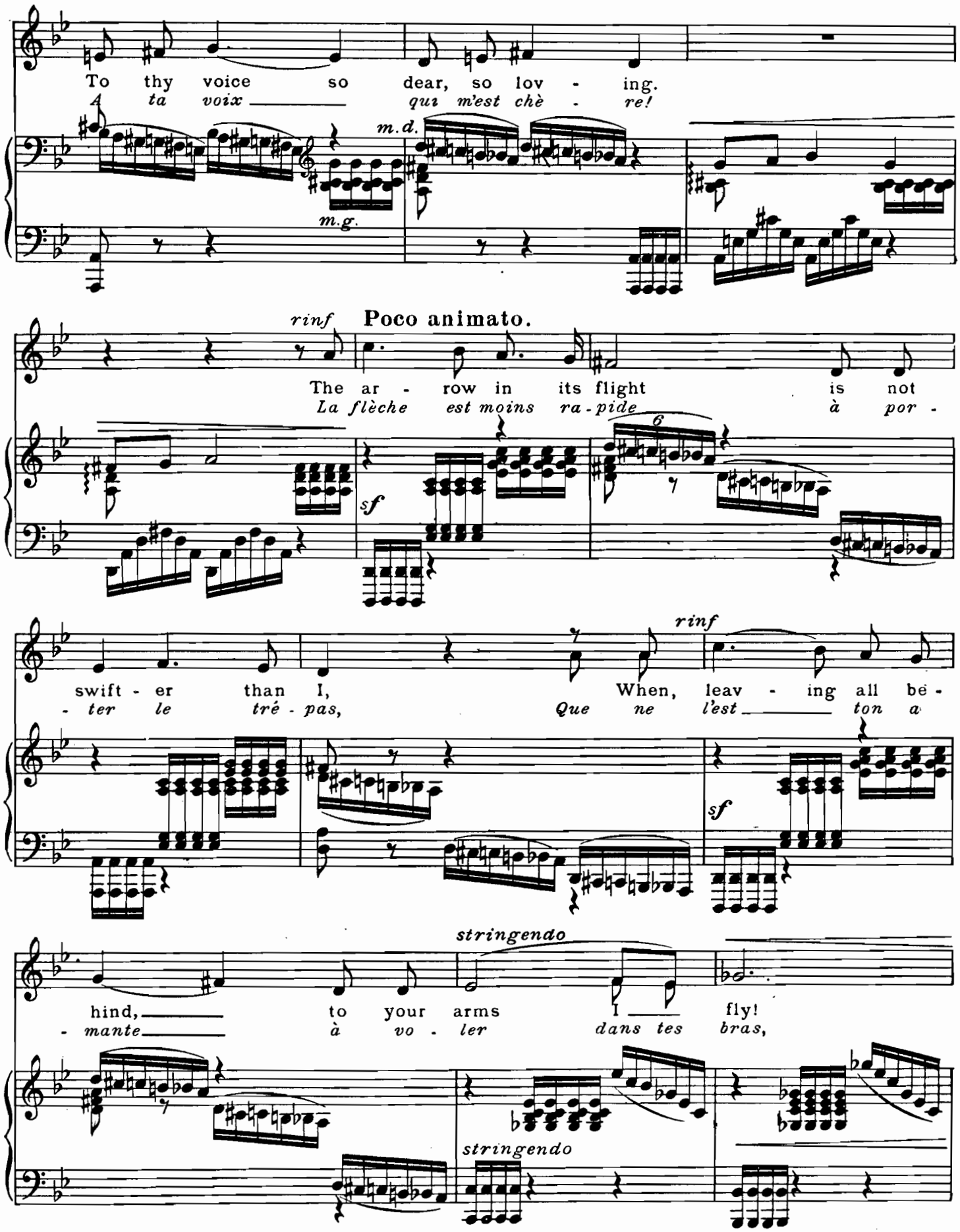


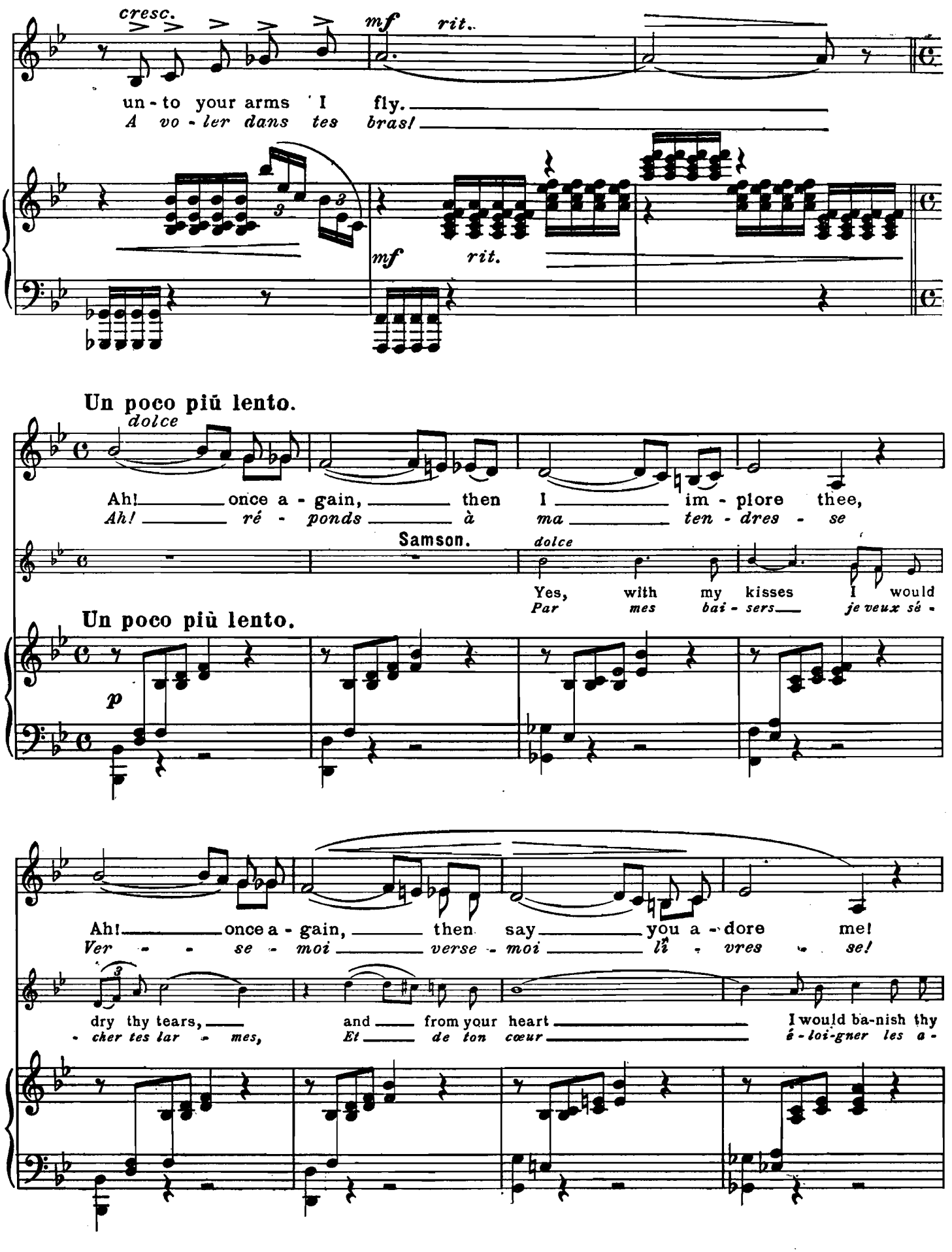

ten - der ze - phyr!
de l'auro - re!
espress.
But say, O
Mais, ô mon
well - be - lov'd
bien ai mé
no more I'll be for
pour mieux sé - cher mes
sak - en,
pleurs,
dim.
Speak a - gain, O
Que ta voix
speak for e - ver!
parle en - co - re!
pp
rinf
O say that from De - li - lah, you ne - ver will
Dis-moi qu'à Da - li - la tu re - viens pour ja -
sf
p
pp

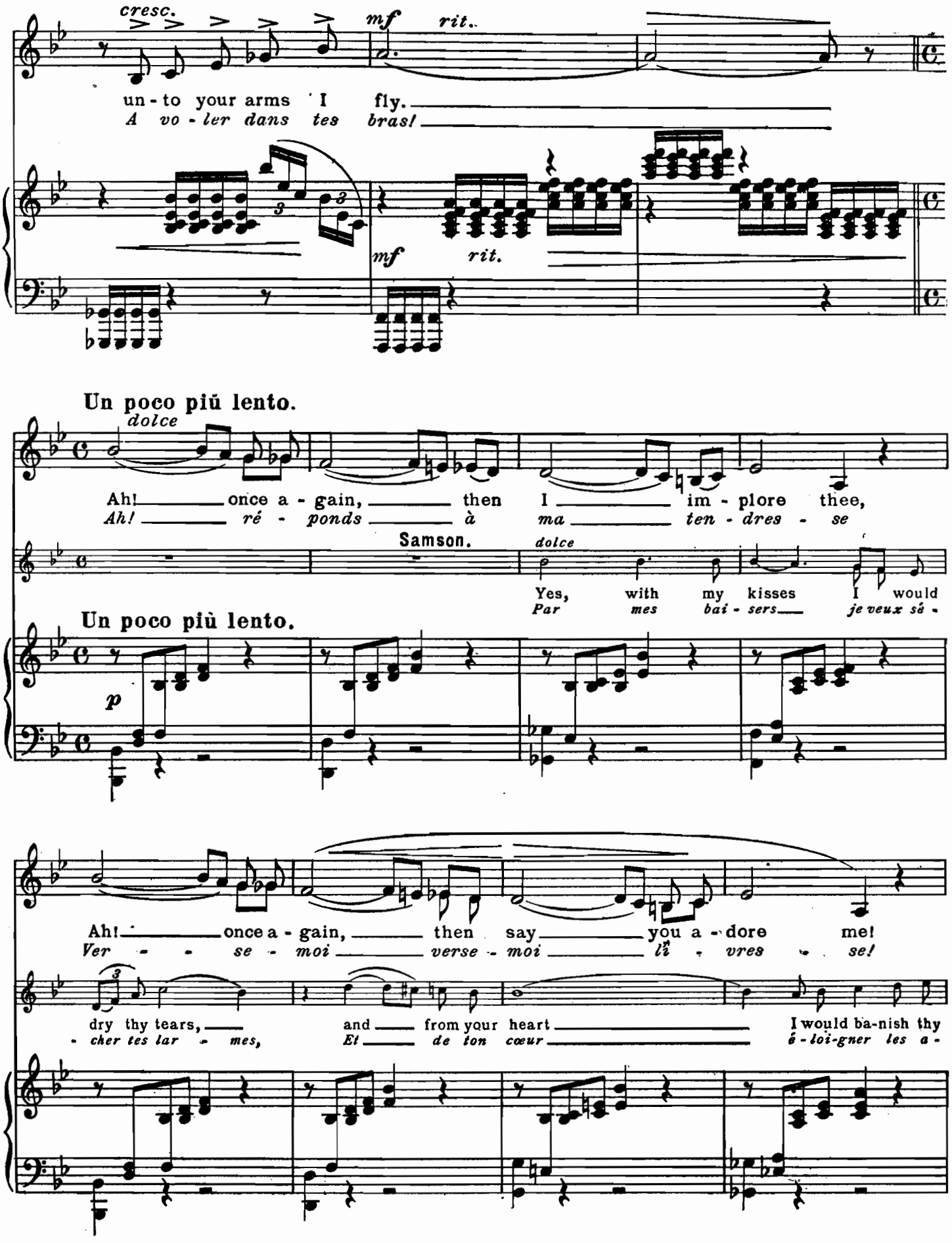

rinf
part! Your burn - ing vows re - peat; vows so
mais Re - dis à ma ten - dres - se Les ser -
sf
p
stringendo
cresc.
dear to my heart! vows so dear to my
- ments d'au - tre - fois, ces ser-ments que j'ai -
stringendo
mf rit.
Un poco più lento.
dolce
heart! Ah! once a-gain, do
- mais! Ah! ré - ponds à
rit.
mf
pp
I im - plore thee! Ah! once a - gain! then say you a -
ma ten - dres - se, Ver - se - moi verse-moi l'i -

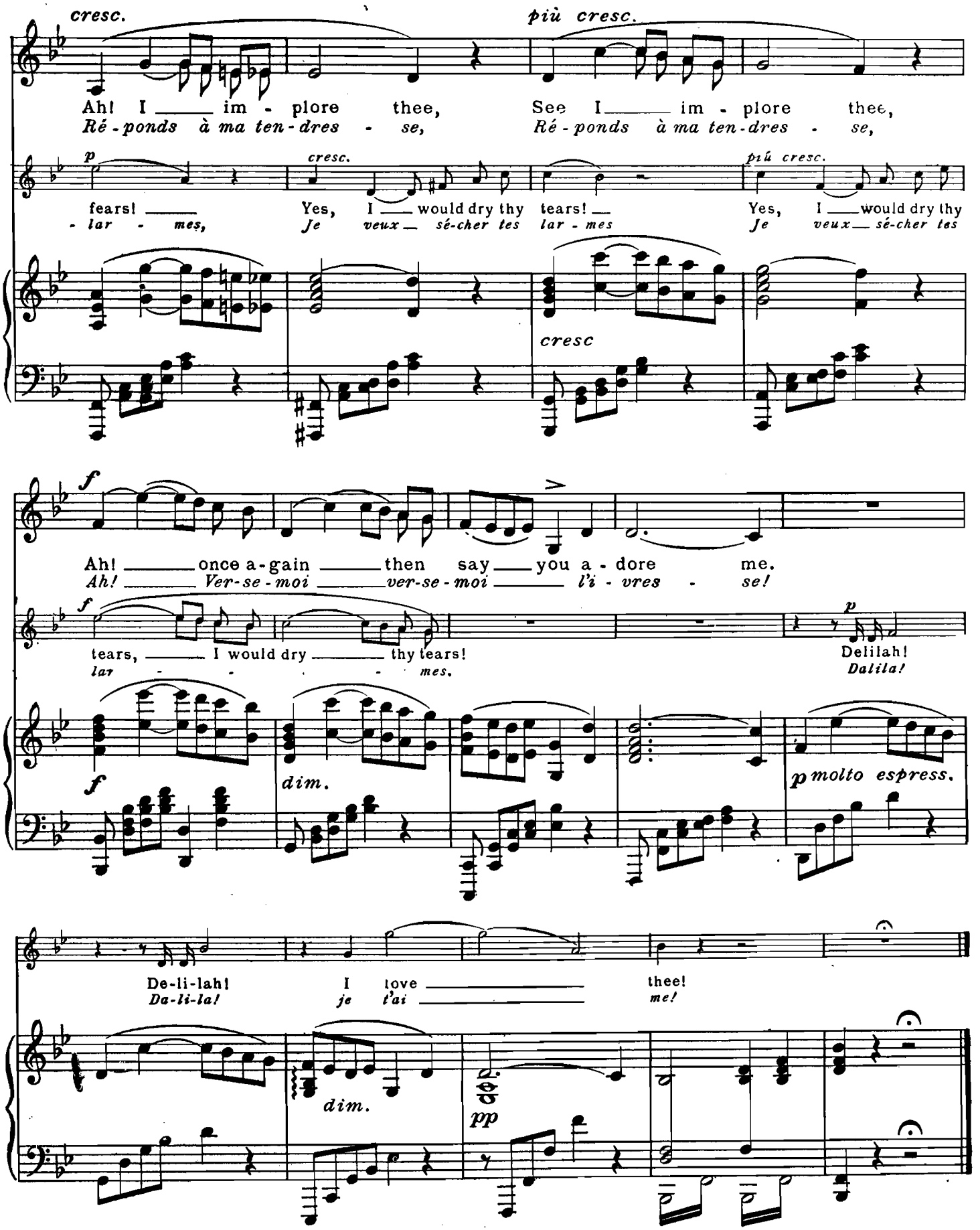

cresc. (senza string.)
più cresc
- dore me! Ah I ____ here im - plore thee See I ____ im - plore thee,
- vres - se! Ré - ponds à ma ten - dres - se, Ré - ponds à ma ten - dres se!
f
dim.
Ah! ____ once a-gain! ____ then say ____ you a - dore me
Ah! ____ Ver-se-moi, ____ verse-moi ____ l'i - vres - se!
Samson. p
De-li-lah!
Da-li-la!
cresc.
p
p molto espress.
pp
De-li-lah! I a - dore ____ thee!
Da-li-la! je ____ t'ai - - me.
dim.
6
6
pp
Delilah.
dolce
E'en as to whisp-'ring winds
Ain si qu'on voit des blés
6
6


sways the wav - ing grain,
les é - pis on-du - ler
To and fro so
Sous la bri - - -
gent - ly mov - ing;
- se lé - gè - re,
So sways my tremb - ling heart
Ain - si fré - mit mon cœur,
con - so - ling all its pain,
prêt à se con - so - ler


To thy voice so dear, so lov - ing.
A ta voix qui m'est chè - re!
m.d.
m.g.
rinf
Poco animato.
The ar - row in its flight is not
La flèche est moins ra - pide à por -
sf
6
swift - er than I, When, leav - ing all be -
- ter le tré - pas, Que ne l'est ton a
rinf
sf
stringendo
hind, to your arms I fly!
- mante à vo - ler dans tes bras,
stringendo


cresc.
mf
rit.
un - to your arms I fly.
A vo - ler dans tes bras!
mf
rit.
Un poco più lento.
dolce
Ah! once a - gain, then I im - plore thee,
Ah! ré - ponds à ma ten - dres - se
Samson.
dolce
Yes, with my kisses I would
Par mes bai - sers je veux sé -
Un poco più lento.
p
Ah! once a - gain, then say you a - dore me!
Ver - se - moi verse - moi li - vres se!
dry thy tears,
- cher tes lar - mes,
and from your heart
Et de ton cœur
I would ba-nish thy
é - loi-gner les a -


cresc.
mf
rit.
un - to your arms I fly.
A vo - ler dans tes bras!
mf
rit.
Un poco più lento.
dolce
Ah! once a - gain, then I im - plore thee,
Ah! ré - ponds à ma ten - dres - se
Samson.
dolce
Yes, with my kisses I would
Par mes bai - sers je veux sé -
Un poco più lento.
p
Ah! once a - gain, then say you a - dore me!
Ver - se - moi verse - moi li - vres - se!
dry thy tears, and from your heart I would ba-nish thy
- cher tes lar - mes, Et de ton cœur é - loi-gner les a -



A separate edition of this song is published at 2/- net in the Keys D♭, B♭, E & C, and copies can be obtained of any Music Dealer.

The Romance of "Samson and Delilah"

IT is an interesting fact to note that in no other art so much as in the art of music the big masterpieces of melody have had to weather the storms of unpopularity and bitter disappointment ere they have reached the harbour of general appreciation throughout the world. Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah," from which we have taken that most beautiful melody "Softly Awakes My Heart," was no exception to this rule. Indeed, if anything, Saint-Saëns had to endure more arrows of misfortune than even had Puccini, Wagner, or many another great composer.

Music in His Blood

It is to his peculiar credit, however, or, perchance, that guiding light which steers all genius through troubled waters, that he managed to pilot his opera, with sheer undaunted spirit, towards world fame. Charles Camille Saint-Saëns, it is interesting to note as a prelude to this article, had music in his blood. As a tiny child his whole soul was centred on creating melodies. He was one of those geniuses of whom there are, alas, so few in the world.

Perhaps one of the chief inspirations that made him persist in his intention to become great was the encomium passed upon him by a violinist of the name of Henri Appy.

Appy, attracted one day by the sound of playing, mounted several flights of stairs to see from whence the music emanated, and he was no doubt surprised to find a mere lad playing. So struck was he with the balance and the enthusiasm of the youthful musician that there and then he told him to persevere towards fame. The belief that Appy had in him moved Saint-Saëns to concentrate his every effort on winning great honours in the world of music.

Where Inspiration Lay

No doubt one of the most important influences that led towards the production of "Samson and Delilah" was Saint-Saëns' life as an organist at a church in Paris. Perhaps it was here that he obtained that religious atmosphere which is so predominant in "Samson and Delilah."

Although he was forty when he commenced work on the opera, that fact must not rob it of any of the romance that it so thoroughly deserves, for those who know music and musicians realise that the pathway that they have to traverse is a long one and chequered.

It is ironic to note that when musical people in Paris heard that Saint-Saëns was at work upon a subject which had a Biblical idea attached to it there was an immediate outcry against him. Biblical subjects were not in favour, but how on religious grounds this objection was found it would be very hard to explain, unless one can put it down to the fact that the world was not so enlightened in those days. At any rate, Saint-Saëns refused to listen to those who would have stopped him at his work, but it must have been a bitter blow to him when, on the completion of "Samson and Delilah," Paris refused to have anything to do with it.

A Prophet Without Honour

He was a prophet without honour in his own country, but Fate was breaking down the barricades of intolerance. Weimar in Germany offered him an opening. A translation was made, and the moment he had waited for so long was at hand, when, across the intellectual world, there swept that cataclysm, the Franco-German War, to put aside the song and to unsheath the sword and the less lovely orchestration of conflict.

The sufferings that he endured during that three years of his own country's agony can well be understood by those who remember the recent war, but his belief in "Samson and Delilah" stood, and with the passing of the clouds of battle his opera was ready to be produced at Weimar, and under no less a leadership than that of Franz Liszt.

The first production of "Samson and Delilah," which Saint-Saëns waited for with the anxiety that every creative artist must experience at such a moment, was more than rapturously received.

Whether or no Liszt's interest dominated their minds it would be difficult to say, but those who imagined that Paris would rescind their decision were mistaken. Those in musical authority there were still obdurate. For ten weary years Saint-Saëns had to wait before his opera could be heard in his own land.

At last, however, Rouen decided to give it a hearing, and subsequently Saint-Saëns' dream came true, and the famous Opera House in Paris announced the production of his piece.

When Fame Came

How he watched every detail of the production! How he planned to obtain the greatest of results! He was promised many things. They told him that in the storm in the second act the most realistic effects should be given. Alas, their promises were broken. He actually had to protest before he could be given, at the beginning of the second act, a dash of red to represent the twilight!

It is on evidence, however, that the Paris that loved music, rather than ruled it, acclaimed "Samson and Delilah." That first night of its production was a night to be remembered, and since the fall of that last curtain which, in its falling, placed the laurel of real fame on his brow, "Samson and Delilah" has been heard the world over, and it will always be remembered in English hearts for that work of genius which we reproduce in this first part of MUSIC MASTERPIECES—"Softly Awakes My Heart," a song of enduring beauty that will live for ever.

DRAYCOTT DELL

Thirty-five Years of Gilbert and Sullivan

By Henry A. Lytton

THIRTY-FIVE years is a long time to have played the same parts, and I am sometimes asked whether I am not tired of them? Probably I should be if they belonged to anything else except the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. But I never tire of these. They are so perfect from every point of view; they are such a wonderful blend of everything that should be there, that they seem to have eternal freshness and the capacity to keep one's interest constantly alive.

The public takes very much the same view. One might imagine that the enthusiasm shown for these operas in years past could not be exceeded. The D'Oyley Carte Company, in its travels, visits a particular town and breaks its previous records there; the limit appears to have been reached. Yet when the town is revisited records are broken again.

So it goes on all over the country. The older people who have been listening to the operas for thirty or forty years flock to the theatres as if taking part in a yearly ritual; the younger ones go to see if all the fuss is justified, and quickly become as enthusiastic as their elders.

Many people keep a record of their attendances. Often enough, while making my way through crowds at the stage-door, someone has shouted to me:

"Good old Lytton! This is my fortieth time at 'The Mikado.'"

I know a man at Liverpool who books two stalls for every performance during our season there. He invites a friend to dinner and theatre each evening.

One night, unfortunately, he found the odd man who does not like Gilbert and Sullivan. The opera was "Patience," and when I came on as Bunthorne he asked what my part was. "That is Bunthorne, a poet," he was told. Then Grosvenor entered. "Who is he?" was his next question. "He is another poet," was the reply.

"What, two poets in one opera?" he exclaimed. "I've had enough of this!" and out he went.

Perhaps Irish audiences are the most demonstrative of all. They do not merely applaud, but shout and cheer at the top of their voices, and simply insist upon encore after encore. But the enthusiasm everywhere is tremendous. We members of the company always feel that our audiences and ourselves belong to one big family—that there is an atmosphere of friendliness in front, and that even if we do make a slight slip we shall be forgiven.

More than one actor has found a decided change on leaving to join another company. He misses immediately the Gilbert and Sullivan "goodwill," if I may give it that name; the constantly crowded houses, and the never-failing appreciation.

I remember that when I left the company, many years ago, to take part in the new production of "The Earl and the Girl" at the Adelphi, Walter Passmore said on the opening night:

"Let me say a friendly word to you. Don't lose heart if you don't find the usual enthusiasm. You've really got to start all over again here. You won't begin with a friendly atmosphere; you'll have to manufacture it."

Photo [*Scott and Wilkinson*

HENRY A. LYTTON

I had not been on the stage more than a few minutes before I felt glad that he had spoken to me. How different from the infectious enthusiasm of a Gilbert and Sullivan audience! The piece was a big success, but I have never forgotten the chilly ordeal of the first few nights.

It is all a great tribute to the Savoy operas. The goodwill of the public has not been won without reason; only a combination of circumstances of the rarest kind could have brought it into existence. It is late in the day to heap fresh praises upon the extraordinarily perfect blend of music and libretto, but perhaps I may speak of the great personal care which Gilbert bestowed upon the production of the operas.

His knowledge of stagecraft was remarkable, and this stood him in excellent stead. He has sometimes been spoken of as a martinet. I knew him for many years, and never found him anything but a perfect English gentleman, kindly and considerate in every action. As an example of his thoughtfulness, he always arranged, if it were humanly possible, that an actor's entrances and exits should be on the side of the stage nearest to his dressing-room. What that means in the course of an evening only an actor knows.

Yet he could be satirical to a degree when it suited him, as all the principals of the company at the time knew. I had an experience of it during a rehearsal of "Ruddigore."

My part was that of Robin Oakapple, a nephew whom his uncle tells at a certain point to leave. I wondered how I should make my exit, and, turning to Gilbert, asked him how he thought it should be done.

"Oh, exit like a nephew," he said, without a smile. I had asked a rather silly question, and Gilbert gave me what he considered a suitable reply.

The late George Grossmith once suggested to him that if certain "business" were introduced it would make the audience laugh.

"So it would if you sat down on a pork pie," was the dry reply.

Gilbert knew exactly what he wanted, and insisted upon having it. The operas are still presented as he directed, and so they will continue to be.

Humours of Conducting

By HERMAN FINCK

I SUPPOSE the name of Finck has been connected with Drury Lane as long as most, for it is nearly forty years since I made my first appearance in the orchestra there, and before that my father was leader of the orchestra.

In those days there was generally a "green room." I remember the one at the Palace particularly well, owing to a certain incident that happened there. Some crocodiles appearing in one of the "turns" managed one evening to escape from their cage. They were found crawling about and making for the auditorium, which seemed a very undesirable place for them to be in. The staff were at their wits' end until someone thought of heading them into the "green room."

There they were the next morning when I arrived, and it was several days before that room was habitable again.

I was at the Palace when the famous H. G. Pelissier came with his Follies, and afterwards I became associated with the musical part of their programme. Pelissier arranged a pantomime burlesque in which Dan Everard figured. His duty was to come on and attempt to sing a song, the rest of the company chasing him off as soon as he uttered the first note.

On the last night of the show I suggested to Pelissier that Everard should be allowed to sing his song for a change, as he seemed rather anxious to do. The suggestion was adopted, and Everard began in the usual way, but he was so surprised at not being interrupted that he wondered if something had gone wrong. In the middle of his confusion I asked the band to play "Home, Sweet Home," whereupon he ran off.

For a time I was a member of Mr. Liddell's band, which became enormously popular in its day. The late King Edward, when Prince of Wales, was a great admirer of it, and would not go to a dance unless it was present. But though Mr. Liddell was an exceedingly capable conductor he was extremely autocratic, and this little failing eventually caused him to lose his popularity with the Prince.

The incident happened at Buckingham Palace, where, during a dance, Liddell was approached by a flunkey, who said he was sent by a certain Princess to ask that the next dance, a polka, should be substituted by a waltz. Liddell was not very pleased, but he made the change desired.

Later on the flunkey again approached with a similar request. Liddell was angry. "Tell her to go to blazes!" he roared at the man. He was told that this kind of message could not be conveyed to Her Royal Highness, whereupon he repeated the phrase: "Tell her to go to blazes!"

The flunkey disappeared, and evidently found some means of explaining matters to the Princess, but Liddell was never allowed to appear at Buckingham Palace again.

Photo] HERMAN FINCK [*Langfier*

Years afterwards I had a somewhat amusing experience while conducting one of the numerous concerts given to wounded soldiers and sailors at Buckingham Palace. The band was in the middle of a performance of my composition "Melodious Memories," and had reached the well-known tune, "Hush, hush, hush, here comes the bogey man," when the players seemed to be suddenly thrown into a state of confusion.

Wondering what the matter was I looked round, and was astonished to see that King Edward had entered, and was slowly walking up the centre of the room. It was one of those moments when one would rather be elsewhere.

It is probable that I am the only conductor who has ever been presented with a bouquet.

I should explain that I have always had an objection to handing floral offerings to actresses on the stage. Imagine my annoyance, therefore, when one night during a Pavlova season an attendant appeared at my elbow with a bouquet. He knew my orders, and I was wondering what to say to him when he disarmed me by whispering in my ear: "It's for you, sir!"

When "Good Luck" was put on two years ago, I was asked by Mr. Arthur Collins to write some music for the wreck scene. I did so, and Mr. Collins was kind enough to say how much he liked it.

"I shouldn't mind being wrecked to music like that," he said in that genial way that was so characteristic of him. "What key is it in?"

"Appropriately enough, it is in Sea Minor," I replied, to his great amusement.

No one likes asking for an increase of salary. I have only done it once, and that was many years ago. With a certain amount of nervousness I approached Sir Alfred Butt, told him how precarious the life of a conductor was, and mentioned that there was not even the prospect of a pension.

"No," said Sir Alfred, in an emphatic kind of way. "There is no pension."

"Well," I went on, "my pension begins to-day. I want £200 a year more."

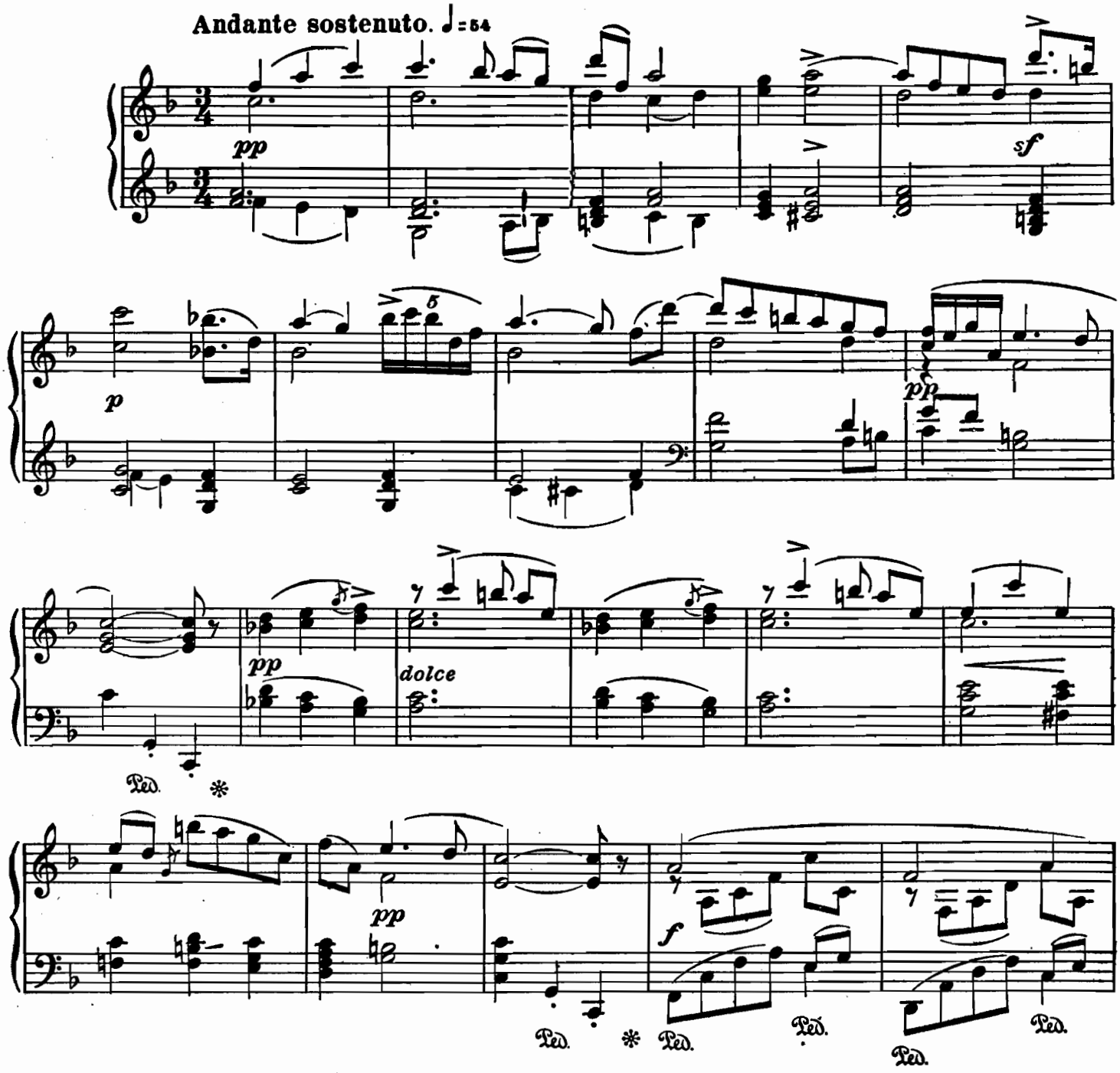
He gave it me.

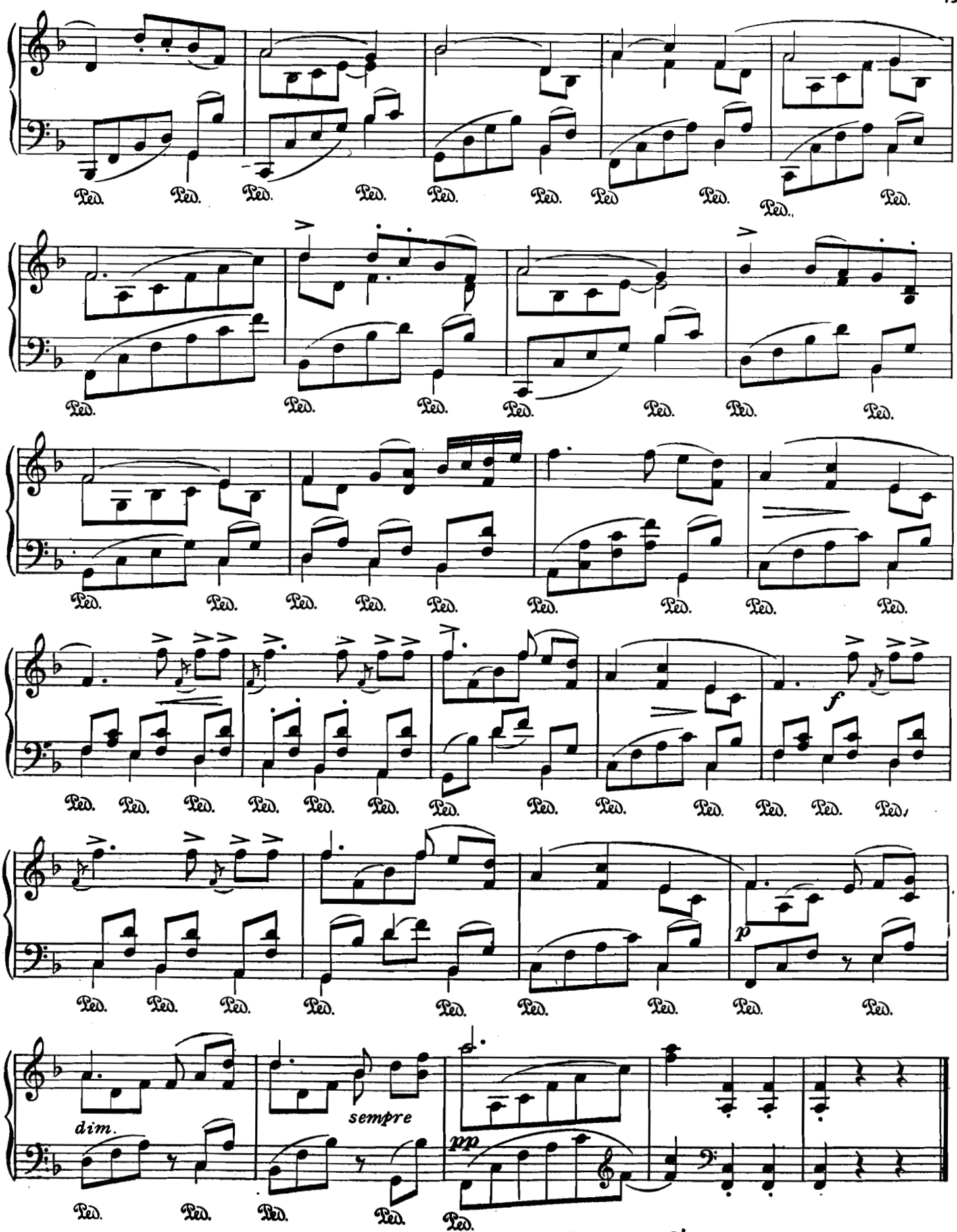
CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

The Intermezzo

MUSIC BY
MASCAGNI

SPECIALLY ARRANGED
BY ERNEST AUSTIN





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and copies can be obtained of any Music Dealer.

How to Sing "Love Will Find a Way"

BY JOSÉ COLLINS

As a prelude to any advice that I might give you on the singing of this famous waltz-song from "The Maid of the Mountains," I would advise you first to visualise the spirit and the environment of "Thérese," which part I took in this production which ran for so many, many nights at Daly's Theatre.

You have to picture a mountain girl in love with all the wild grandeur of the passes in the hills, the passion and primitive feeling almost of the brigands with whom she is associated.

She is at once loyal, spirited, a child of the open air and the wild spaces. To her, love means everything, and loyalty to those she serves, her paramount thought.

When once you have obtained this atmosphere you will find the singing of the song more easy.

The opening of the first verse should typify spirit, determination and action, not untouched with scorn at any suggestion of the betrayal of friends. The opening bars should give that open-air feeling, and be full of fervour and tension, for this is Thérese, the maid of the mountains, and you, as you sing it, must feel that you are in her place.

Where the passage "honour among thieves" comes, one should put just a little note of pathos into the voice to suggest regret at this state of being outlawed from society—a kind of wistfulness that loyalty should be doubted.

You now come to the refrain, which is written in waltz-time, and, if not easy to sing, gives one many chances of allowing the voice to have its opportunity.

In the opening, which should be made slowly and with an accentuation of feeling, almost with every note, there should come into the voice that touch of softened memory, the romance of the mountain-side days. Thérese is telling of her own people—of her love for them, and, in her fiery Southern way, with a passion tempered by sincere affection, she reveals her pride in those who are her friends.

Follows then the same spirited opening as in the first verse of the song. It would be well for the singer to be more reserved in the singing of the first refrain than in the rendering of the second, for a better effect is obtained this way.

In the actual waltz-song one should be more than careful to give due emphasis to every word. The slow time allows of this. Although the high notes mean such a lot, the low notes in "Love Will Find a Way" have really a deeper significance, for one is enabled to describe Thérese's feelings of love better by them.

Photo] José Collins *[Reville*

You must remember to sing this song as though you were in love. It is not enough just to sing the words to the music. You must have an understanding of the words and the music before you commence to sing, otherwise you will rob it of that charm which lies both beneath the words and the music.

There is one other thing: pay real attention to the pauses and to the smaller words. For often a small word like "and" or "the" is designed to give you a breath for the bigger word that follows, a word that has a deep bearing on the meaning of the song.

In the line "if faithful to my trust I stay," deep feeling must be shown, and always preserve the crooning suggestion of the waltz-time, although passion must underlie your singing.

Duly emphasise the "free" in "Love holds the key to set me free," and work up that intense feeling to "love will find a way."

More depends upon those two words "a way" than I can express.

I invariably take high notes and then come down to the deep meaning of the line which, to my mind, makes an ideal close to the song.

Be particularly careful of the singing of the word "love," which must be sung softly and tenderly, despite any word that is sung crisply before it.

For instance, in the line "no fate can fill me with dismay," love there must be the whole motive of the song.

Indeed, the song hangs entirely really on the perfect singing of that one word.

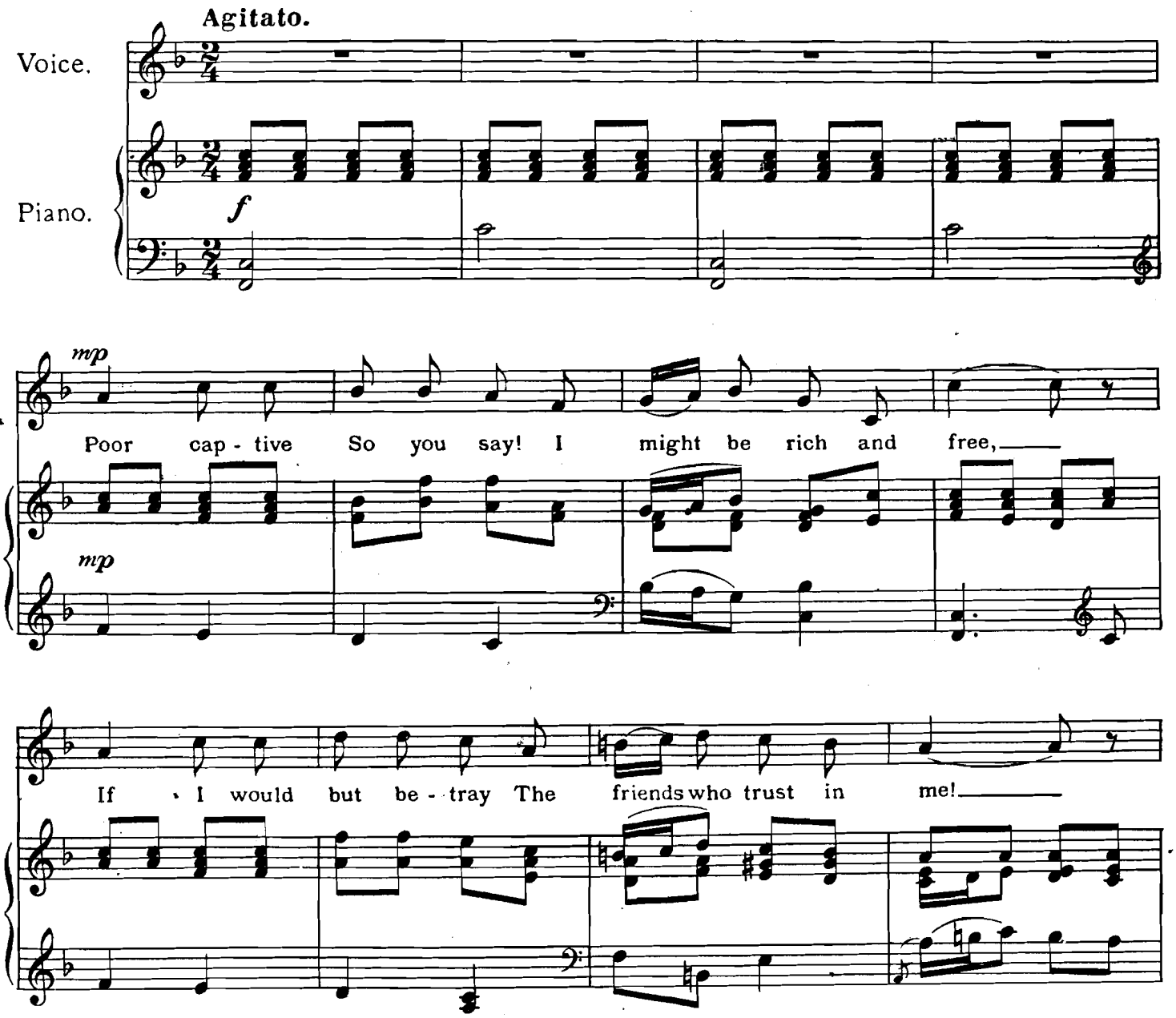
I now leave "Love Will Find a Way" in your hands in the hope that I have helped in some small manner to perfection in its singing, and I would only like to add that it has always been a song of which I never tire, and to which so many happy memories are attached. I almost look upon it as a mascot, and it is certainly one of my greatest recollections of Daly's and that master-musical play, "The Maid of the Mountains."

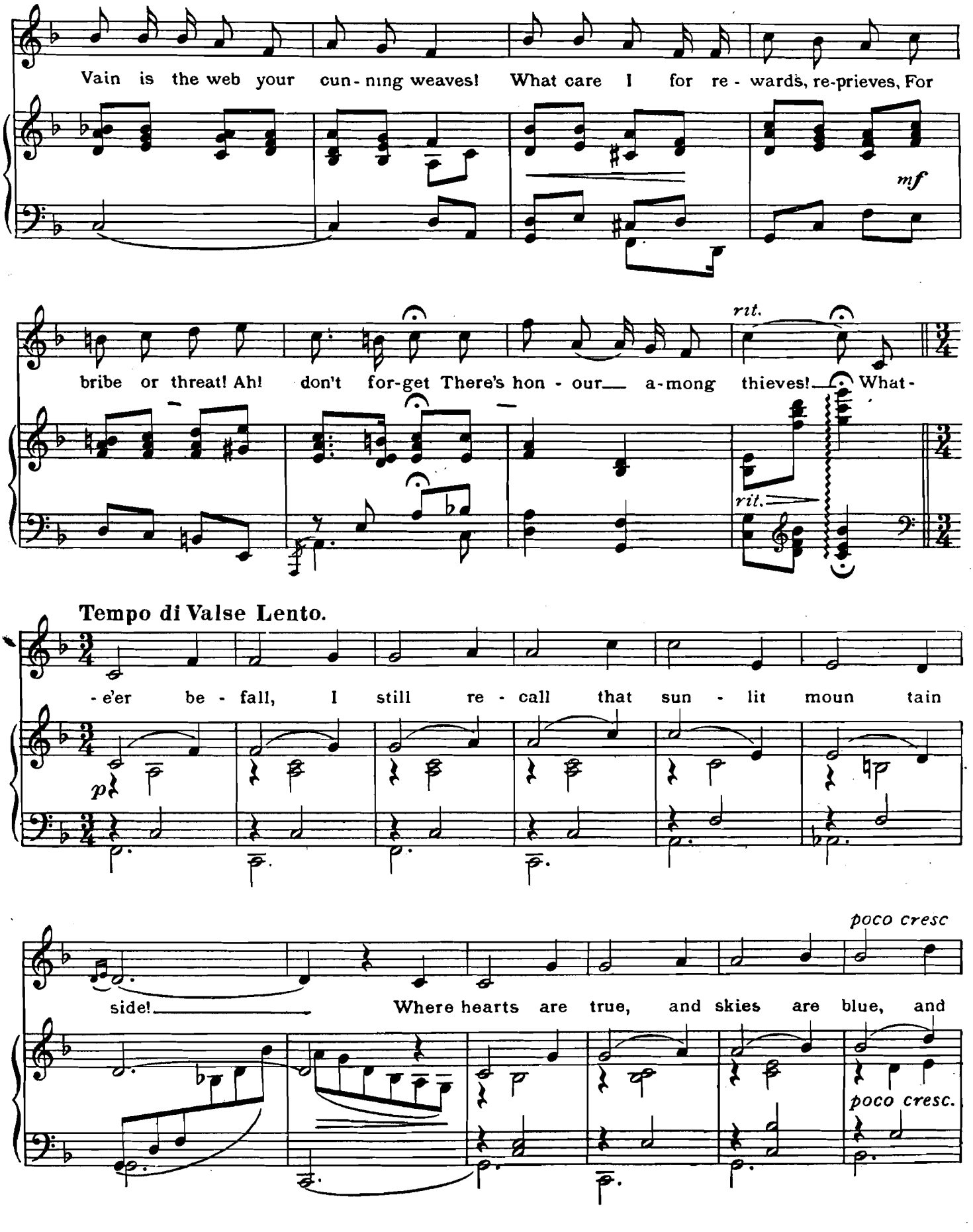
THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS

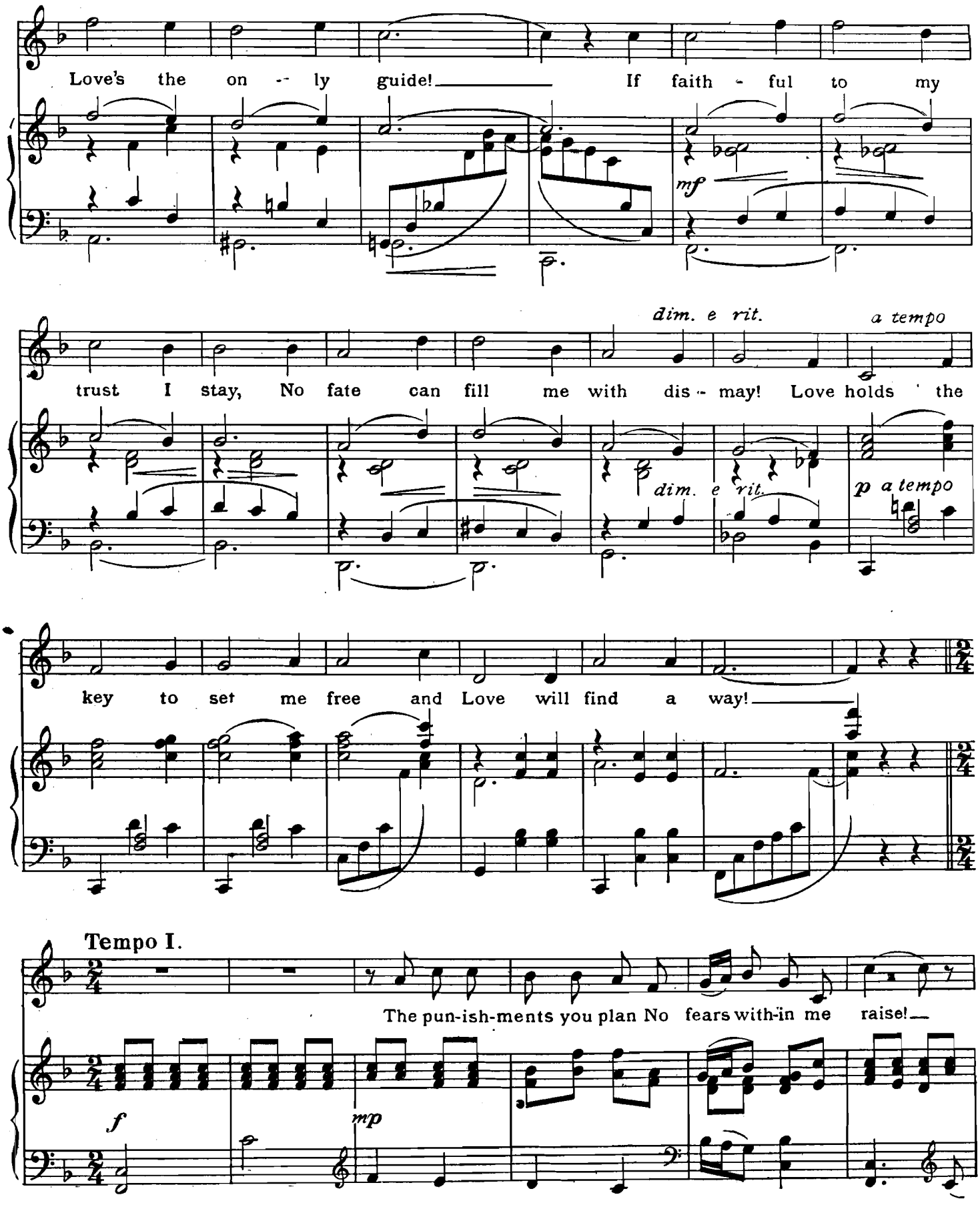
Love Will Find A Way

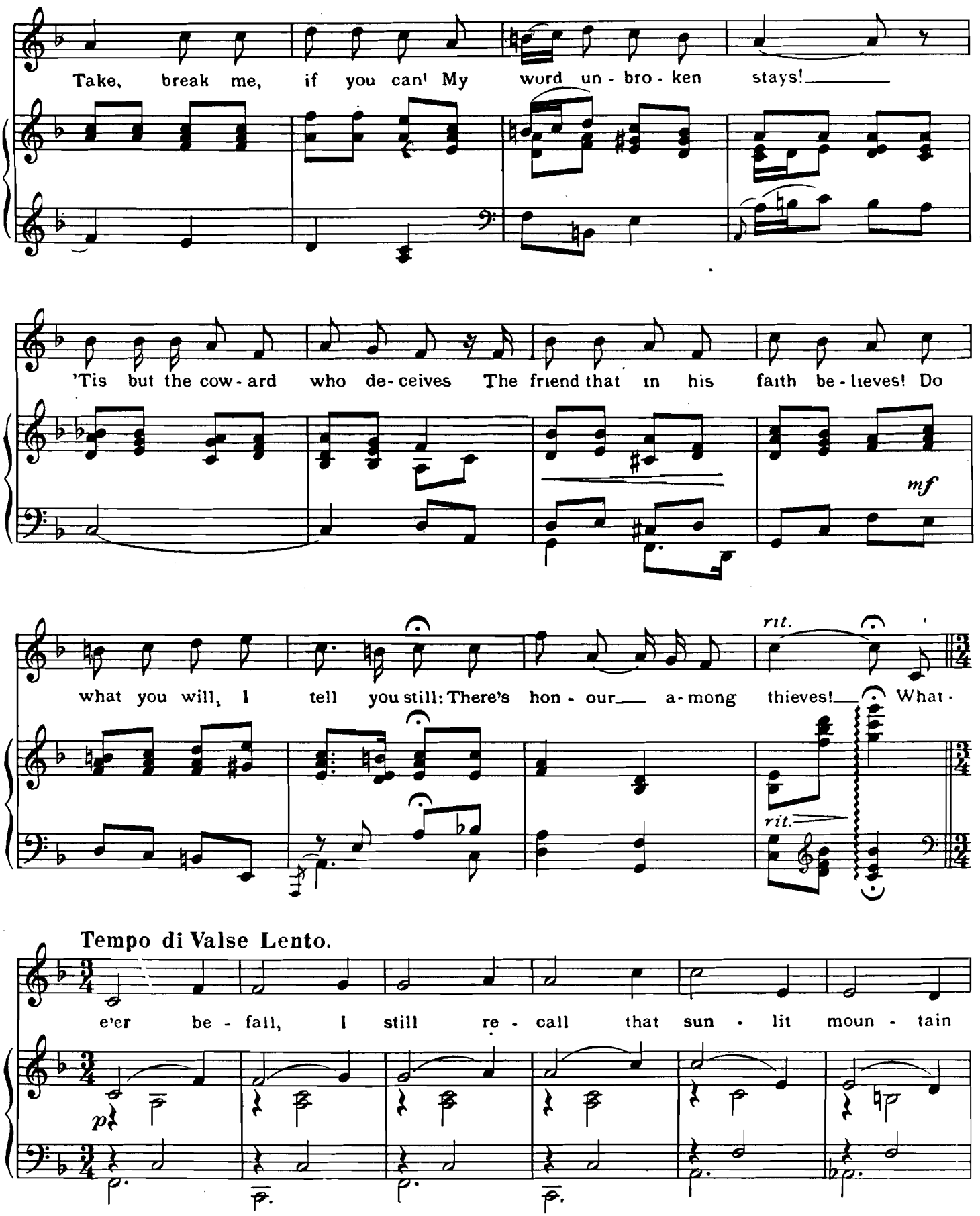
WORDS BY
HARRY GRAHAM

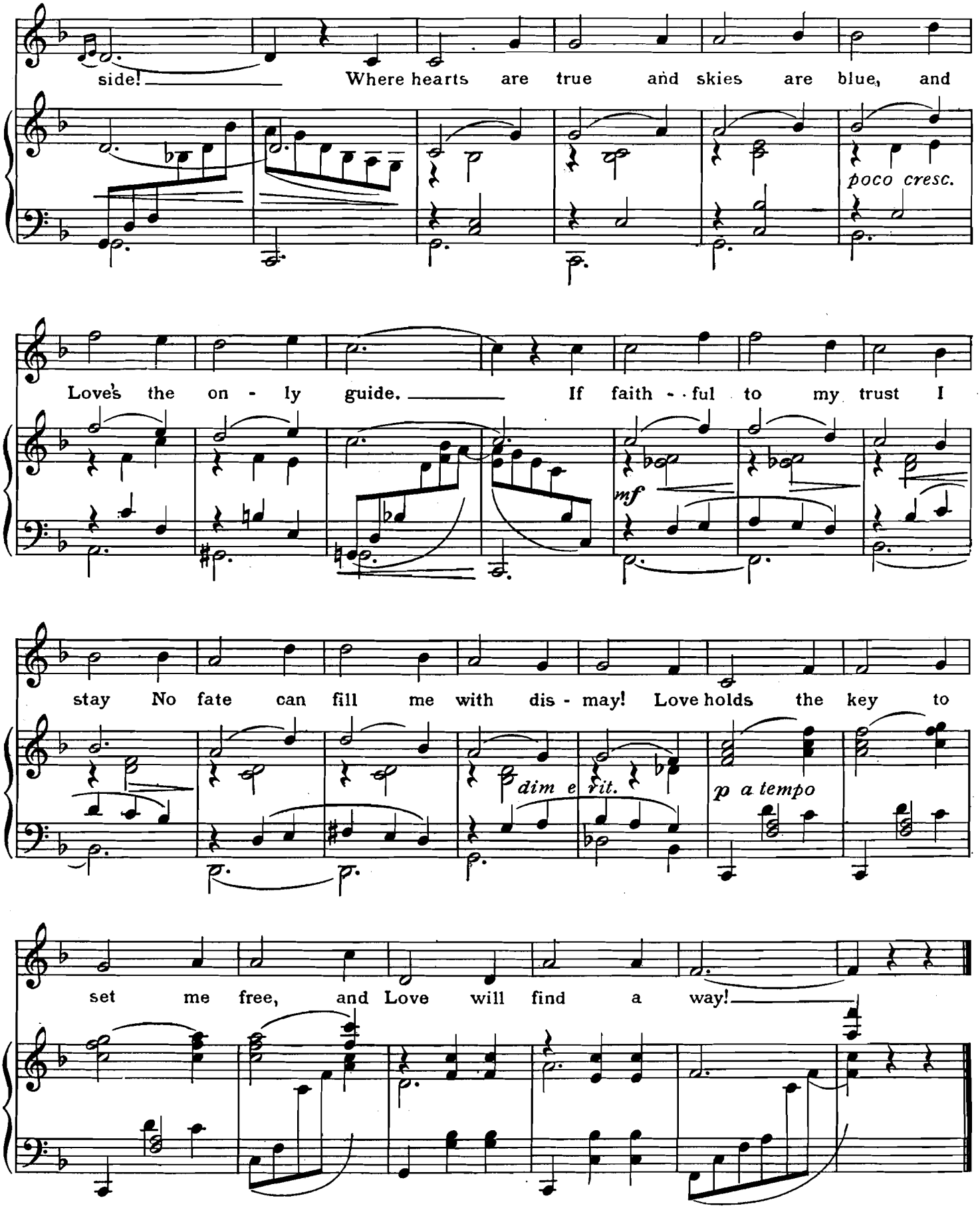
MUSIC BY
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON




Vain is the web your cun - ning weaves! What care I for re - wards, re-prieves, For
mf
bribe or threat! Ah! don't for-get There's hon - our a-mong thieves! What -
rit.
rit.
Tempo di Valse Lento.
- e'er be - fall, I still re - call that sun - lit moun tain
p
poco cresc
side! Where hearts are true, and skies are blue, and
poco cresc.


Love's the on -- ly guide! If faith - ful to my
mf
dim. e rit.
a tempo
trust I stay, No fate can fill me with dis - may! Love holds the
dim. e rit.
p a tempo
key to set me free and Love will find a way!
Tempo I.
The pun-ish-ments you plan No fears with-in me raise!
f
mp


Take, break me, if you can! My word un - bro - ken stays!
'Tis but the cow - ard who de - ceives The friend that in his faith be - lieves! Do
mf
what you will, I tell you still: There's hon - our a - mong thieves! What -
rit.
rit.
Tempo di Valse Lento.
e'er be - fall, I still re - call that sun - lit moun - tain
p



A separate edition of this song is published at 2/- net in the Keys of F and G.
and copies can be obtained of any Music Dealer.

Should Opera be Subsidised?

By ROBERT RADFORD, the Famous Bass

It has long been a mystery to musicians that music should be the one art to be wholly neglected by our Governments. There are libraries for those who like literature, art galleries for those who love paintings, museums for admirers of ancient craftsmanship, galleries for sculpture lovers, parks and commons for people who revel in the beauties of Nature.

But for the musical enthusiast—nothing. Apparently, the official view is either that he has no right to be fond of music, or he must indulge in his hobby entirely at his own expense.

It would be difficult to name a branch of life in which music does not feature. There is music wherever we go, whether it is the theatre, music-hall, cinema, restaurant, or a banquet. In addition, millions of people possess gramophones, and millions more purchase wireless sets almost solely for the purpose of listening to music.

It is all so different on the Continent, where state and municipality assist opera financially, and make it possible to produce works on a scale never dreamed of in this country. In England, opera is to some extent a luxury; over the water it can be enjoyed by the humblest working man.

I am optimistic enough to think that we shall be on the same footing in time. The subsidising of opera, on a small scale, at any rate, has got to come. The desire for it grows keener every year.

How shall it be carried out? Perhaps I may be permitted to suggest one or two schemes. One way would be for the Government to make a grant to municipalities which do something to encourage opera. The money could be spent on helping operatic companies financially to give worthy seasons of opera in the various cities.

For instance, to refer particularly to the British National Opera Company, of which I am a member, if our rent were paid for us our difficulties would be ended. In return, we should be quite willing to allow the local town or city council to have a voice in the selection of the operas to be performed, and to meet their wishes in other directions, such as special matinées for children, and so on.

The cost to each town of a scheme of that kind would be exceedingly small. On the other hand, the benefit to the public would be enormous, for it would be possible to develop our work on sound lines.

Another suggestion is that the Government should refund to us either the whole or part of the entertainment tax. Since the B.N.O.C. was formed we have collected for the authorities in respect of this tax more than £45,000. If we had been able to retain it, or had part of it refunded, we should have been in a very happy position, and able to develop some of the schemes we have in mind, which at present are impossible for lack of means.

It should be remembered that all this represents money which the public have been willing to pay in order to hear opera, and there is no reason to suppose that it would be paid any less willingly because the proceeds were going to opera instead of the Government. It is not a fair tax, at best, for it is based on receipts instead of on profits.

I feel very strongly that the Government should differentiate between entertaining schemes or those of educative value, both in opera and drama, and pure entertainment.

At present, opera in English is being subsidised by the leading musicians connected with the scheme, who are singing, conducting, etc., at much less than their ordinary fees in the endeavour to keep a worthy scheme in being.

ROBERT RADFORD

America is much more fortunate, musically, than this country. The wealthy people there contribute very generously to the upkeep of first-class orchestras, and the public are able to hear the best music, performed with the highest degree of efficiency, at a reasonable price. Wealth over there seems to carry some obligation.

Only recently, Mr. Eastman, the Rochester millionaire, has, in addition to his other musical endowments, founded a school of opera, and a company is to be formed for the production of operas in English. Our famous conductor, Mr. Eugene Goossens, is to have charge of this scheme.

What a magnificent thing it would be if the rich people of England would do something of the same kind! There is a scheme coming forward (of which the public will hear a great deal shortly) to form an opera trust, which is to finance opera and make it possible to continue from year to year without the eternal worry of balance sheets which cannot balance during the dreadful business slump. The object is eventually to raise £500,000 by subscriptions and donations, and devote the income to furthering worthy operatic affairs.

It is a large sum of money, yet it should be nothing for a wealthy country like this, and its administration will not be in the hands of the opera-giving managements.

I have great hopes of the project, which cannot fail to do incalculable good. But whether it succeeds or not, I still think that the State should abandon its old attitude of apathy towards music, and at least give it fair play as compared with other arts. I should like to see a united appeal to the Government by the whole musical profession. Such an appeal, if properly presented, would bring our goal a great deal nearer.

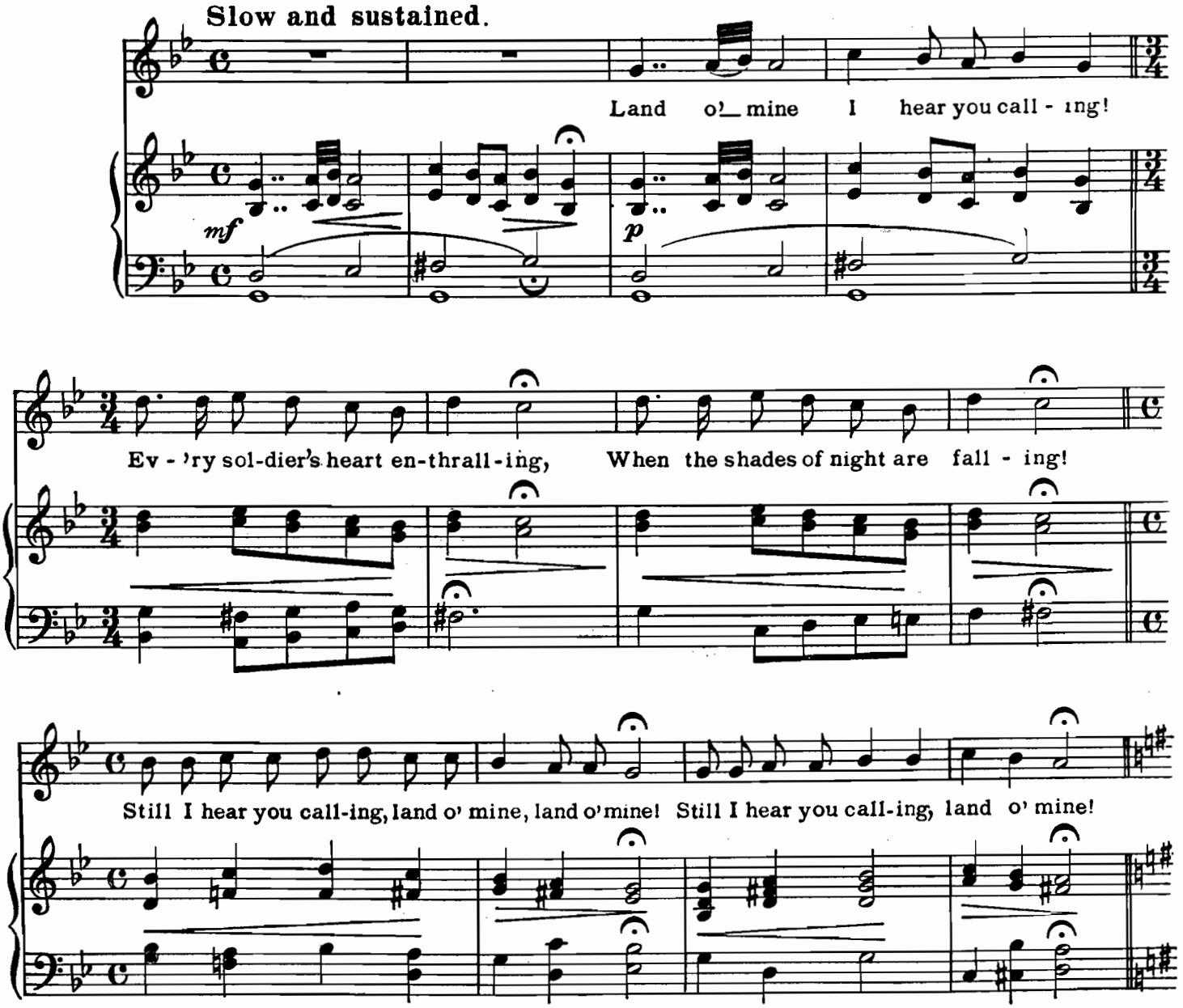
Unless more attention is paid to keeping worthy schemes in being and in a healthy condition, the thousands of students who are being turned out by our schools and by countless private professors will have spent their money in vain, and much splendid talent wasted and lost.

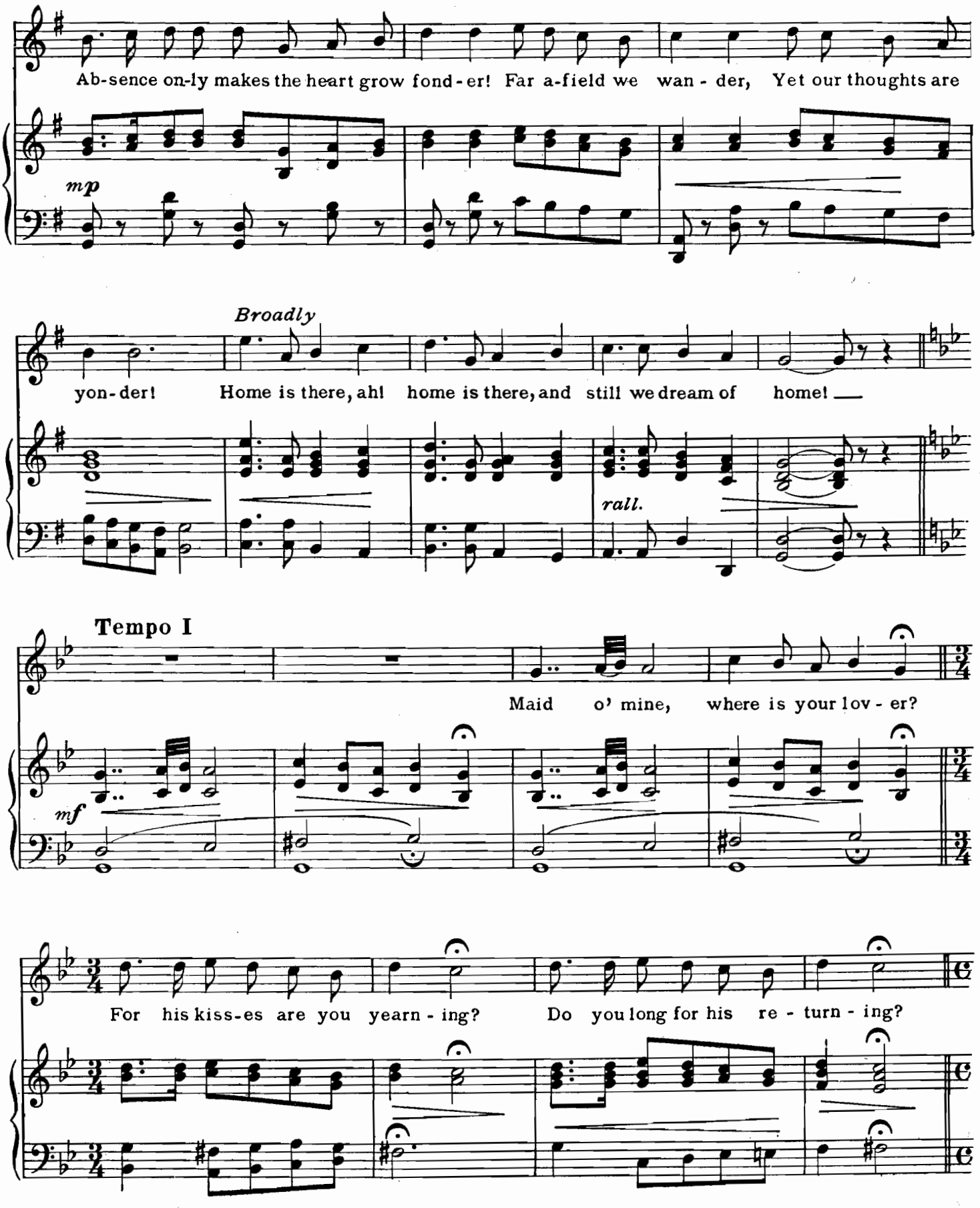
THE LADY OF THE ROSE

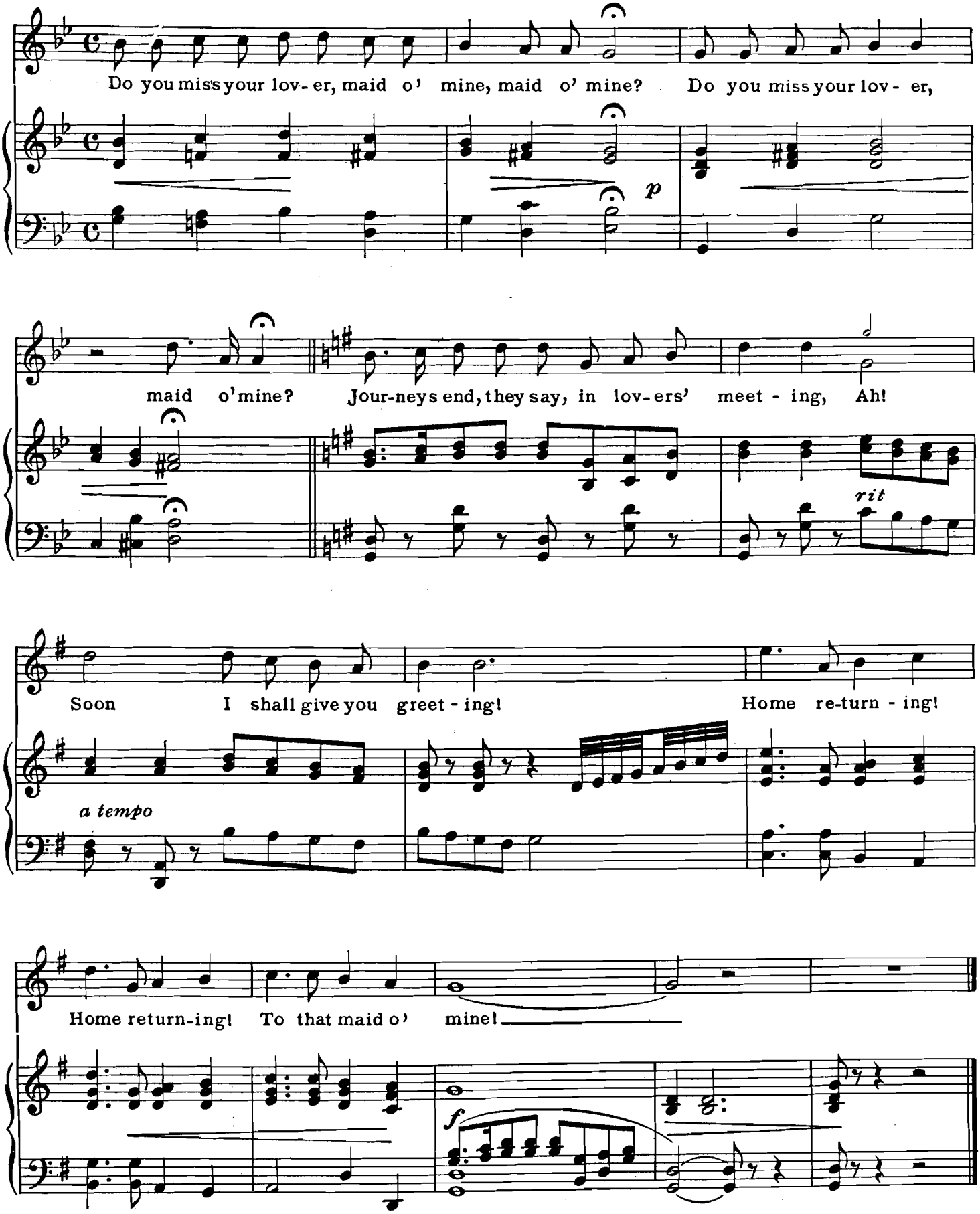
Land of Mine

WORDS BY
HARRY GRAHAM

MUSIC BY
JEAN GILBERT




Ab-sence on-ly makes the heart grow fond-er! Far a-field we wan - der, Yet our thoughts are
mp
Broadly
yon-der! Home is there, ah! home is there, and still we dream of home!
rall.
Tempo I
Maid o' mine, where is your lov - er?
mf
For his kiss-es are you yearn - ing? Do you long for his re - turn - ing?



A separate edition of this song is published at 2/- net,
and copies can be obtained of any Music Dealer.

The Story of "Carmen"

CARMEN works in a cigarette factory in Seville. Of gipsy blood, she is passionate, wayward, fickle, courageous, reckless, and dazzlingly beautiful. Men, of no matter what condition, find it hard to resist her; but she is as capricious as fair, and none of her many *amours* has lasted long. The girls, her fellow-workers, love and admire her, and if some are jealous, they must perforce hide their jealousy, since none has a chance when bewitching Carmen is in question.

Her latest *affaire* is with handsome Don José, of the Spanish army, who, for her sake, has deserted his own intended, mild, patient, loving, blue-eyed Micaela. His conscience smites him, for until he came under the gipsy's spell he had dearly loved the girl whom he had asked to be his wife; but, even though Carmen treats his passion lightly, and by her daring coquetries gives him frequent cause for jealousy, he is so deeply enamoured by her wild, uncommon charms, that daily he grows more completely her slave.

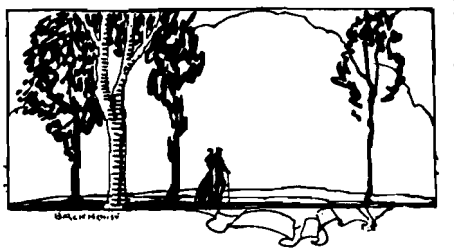
Micaela's Unavailing Effort

Micaela, in a despairing attempt to bring her truant lover back to reason—and to herself—leaves her home and seeks him out in Seville, where he is stationed. To aid her case she brings with her the portrait of his mother whom, in his heart of hearts, he adores, and timidly she gives him the kiss his mother sent him. For a little while Don José hesitates. Micaela's affection is so pure, so strong, that it appeals to his better self, and he resolves to be true to his promise and have no more to do with Carmen and her dangerous black eyes.

But Fate throws them together almost immediately. There has been trouble in the factory. The gipsy has teased unmercifully one of the girls in the workshop, and they have come to blows. In the end Carmen has stabbed her, though not seriously, and she is taken off by the guard under arrest.

In the guard-house Carmen comes across Don José, and, laughing at her custodians, she loses no time in captivating the young soldier with a dance and a song, in which she makes love to him with all the arch boldness of her warm-blooded nature. In the end, Don José, risking his military career, contrives that she shall escape, and the very same evening we find him with her at Lillas Pastia's inn, amidst a crowd of her gipsy friends. Some of them are smugglers, and as Don José is now practically a deserter, he makes up his mind to join the band, caring little what befalls him so long as he may be near the charmer, herself a fugitive and an outcast since slipping from the clutches of the authorities.

But having achieved her conquest, Carmen, as is her wont, soon begins to tire of Don José's devotion. As her frank friends remark, with a laugh, in six weeks she has usually had enough of any man, and is ready to find another victim. Nor is she long in marking him down. He is the bull-fighter, Escamillo, of Granada, whom she might have had on her list long ago, had she cared.



Carmen Tires

Meanwhile, Don José, torn between love and duty, breaks away from Carmen and the gipsy smugglers, to go, at Micaela's entreaties, to see his old mother, who is dying and asks incessantly for her soldier son. Already he has discovered Carmen's perfidy, and the passion he had for her has turned to hate. He swears to be revenged on her and on her *torero*. On his way home Don José is arrested, and has to undergo two months' imprisonment for desertion and neglect of duty, the field all this time being left clear for his rival.

Soon the two men meet and the inevitable quarrel ensues. They fight with knives, and, as they are evenly matched, the result hangs in the balance until Escamillo's weapon breaks. So great is Don José's fury that he would undoubtedly have slain the bull-fighter had not Carmen stayed his hand. The rivals part on terms of deadly enmity, promising to meet again and fight out their quarrel to the death.

The last words tauntingly uttered by Escamillo as he departs are to invite all who care to see him at the coming bull-fight, where he will play the chief part as Espada.

Outside the arena on the great day we find Carmen, who, disdaining the warning uttered by a fellow gipsy, Frasquita, is resolved to see the fight. Reckless as ever, she has no fear of Don José, though he has threatened her. Besides, has she not read her fate in the cards, the verdict being death!

As she lingers at the entrance Don José arrives. He has come to make a last appeal to Carmen to give up the bull-fighter in his favour. The love-tortured soldier will do anything she asks—renounce his family, join the gipsy band, go with her to the ends of the earth, if only she will love him as before.

In His Hour of Triumph

Carmen will have none of him. At present she is Escamillo's, body and soul, and she will give Don José no sort of hope. From the ring inside come shouts of triumph. The *torero* has vanquished his bull, and the people are frantic with delight. Carmen, all eager to see her new hero in his hour of triumph, tears herself away from her old love, who by now is on his knees beside her, imploring her to stay. Fiercely she throws at his feet the ring he once gave her, and rushes to the arena door.

Mad with rage and disappointment, Don José springs to his feet, overtakes Carmen as she hammers at the woodwork, and, taking a dagger from his belt, stabs her to the heart, with a bitter curse.

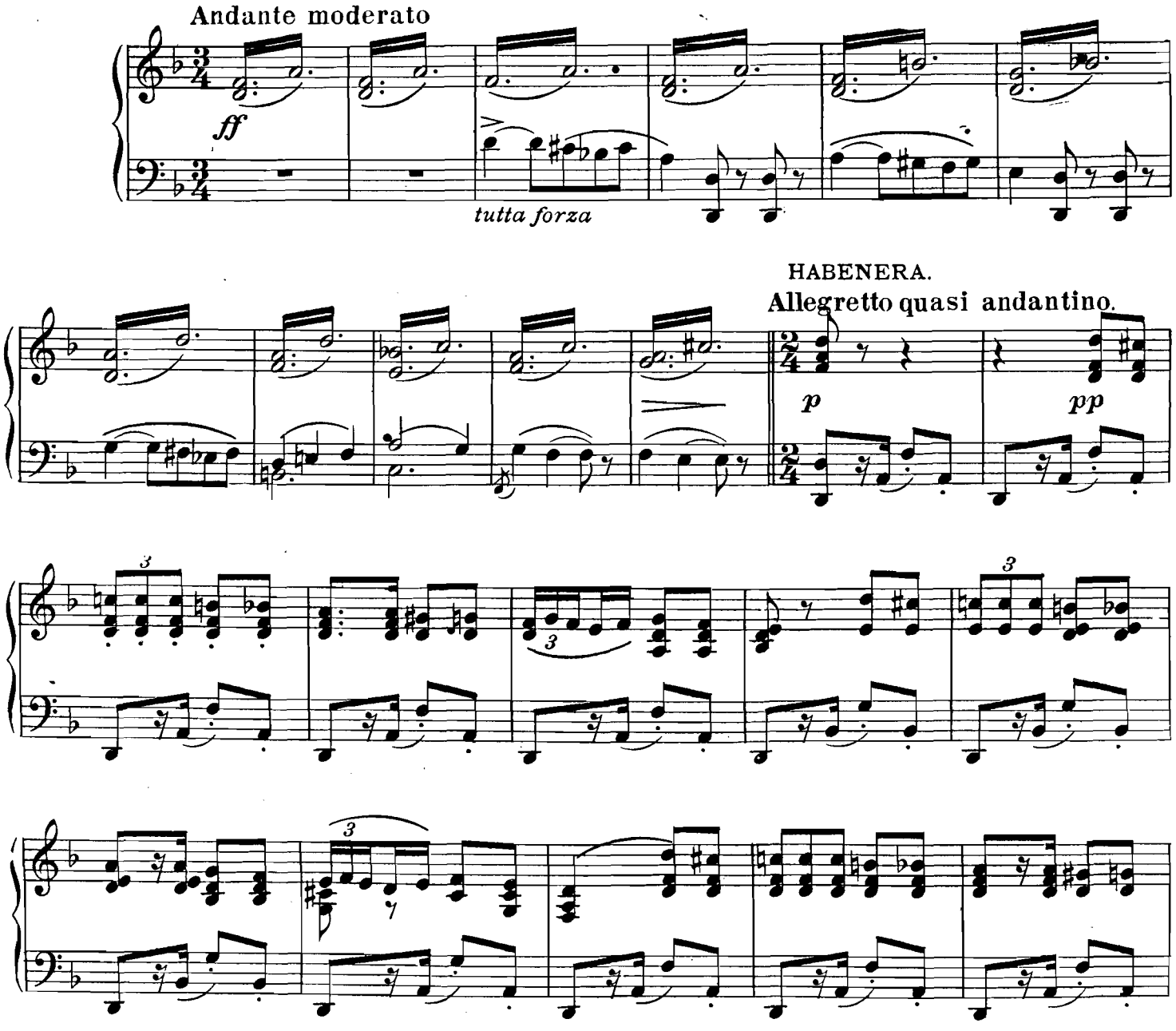
The arena doors are thrown open. Escamillo, escorted by a jubilant crowd, comes out, to find Carmen lying dead before him.

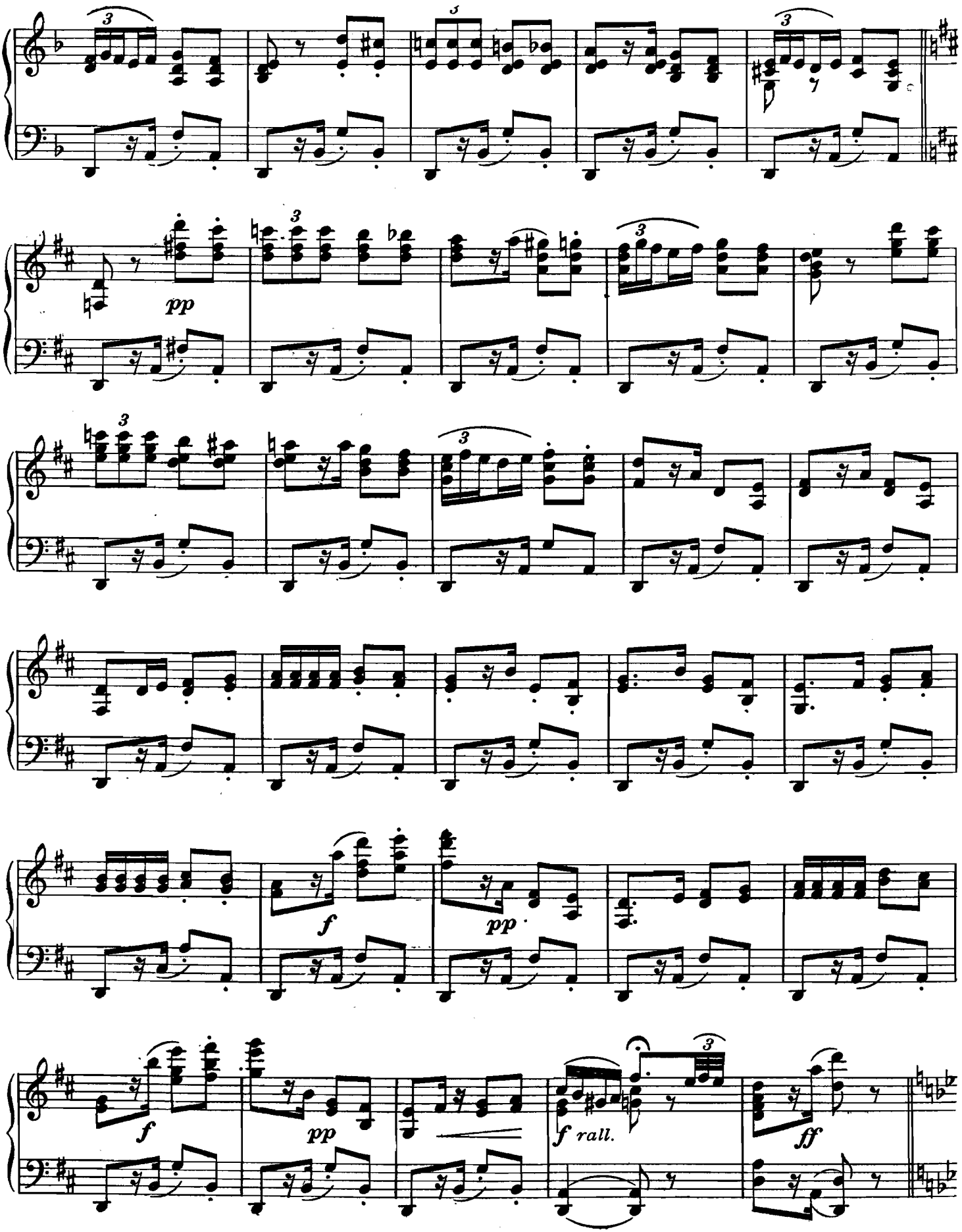
EDGAR PRESTON.

Selection from Carmen

MUSIC BY
BIZET

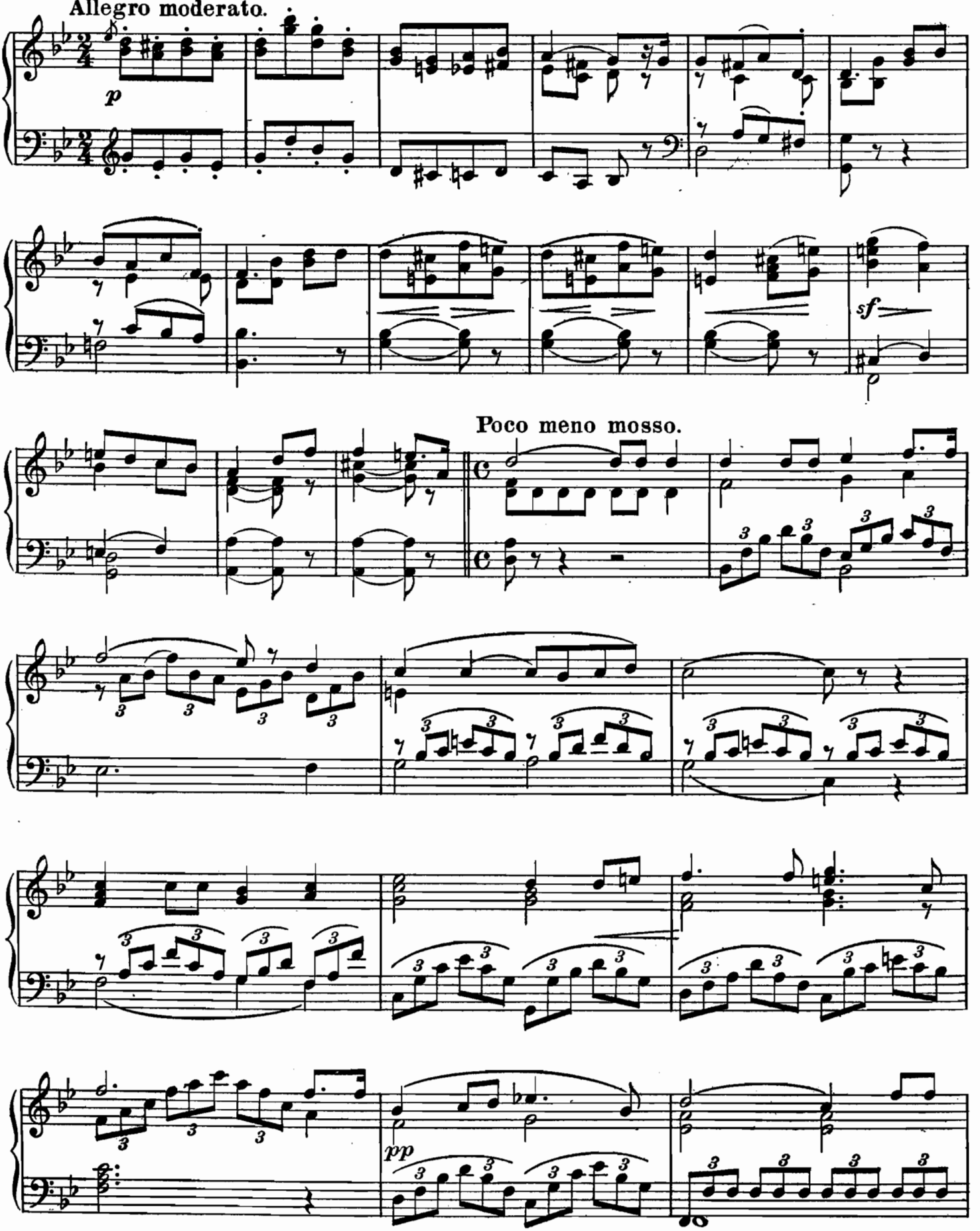
SPECIALLY ARRANGED
BY HERMAN FINCK

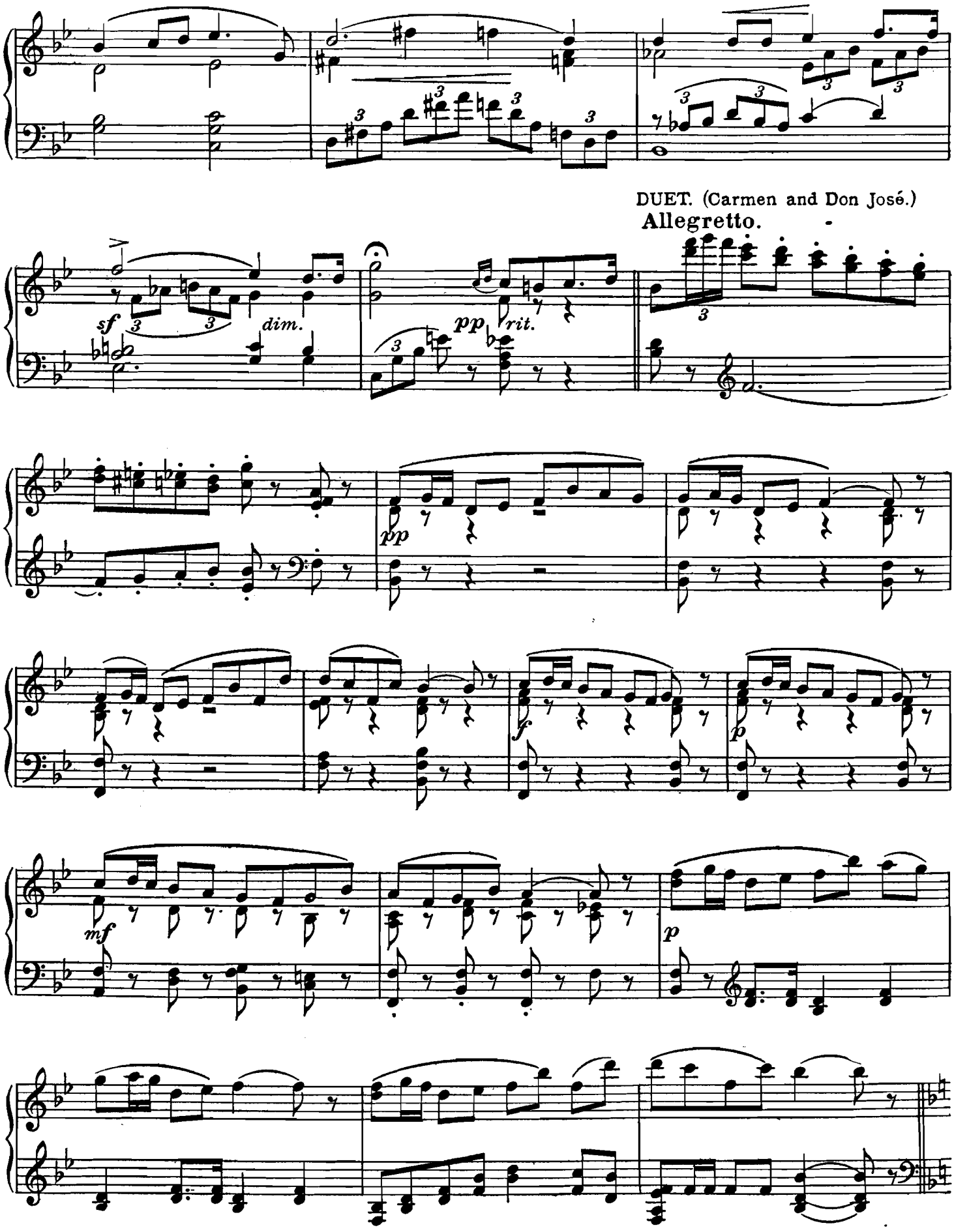



pp
f
pp
f
pp
f rall.
ff

DUET–(Micaela and Don José.)

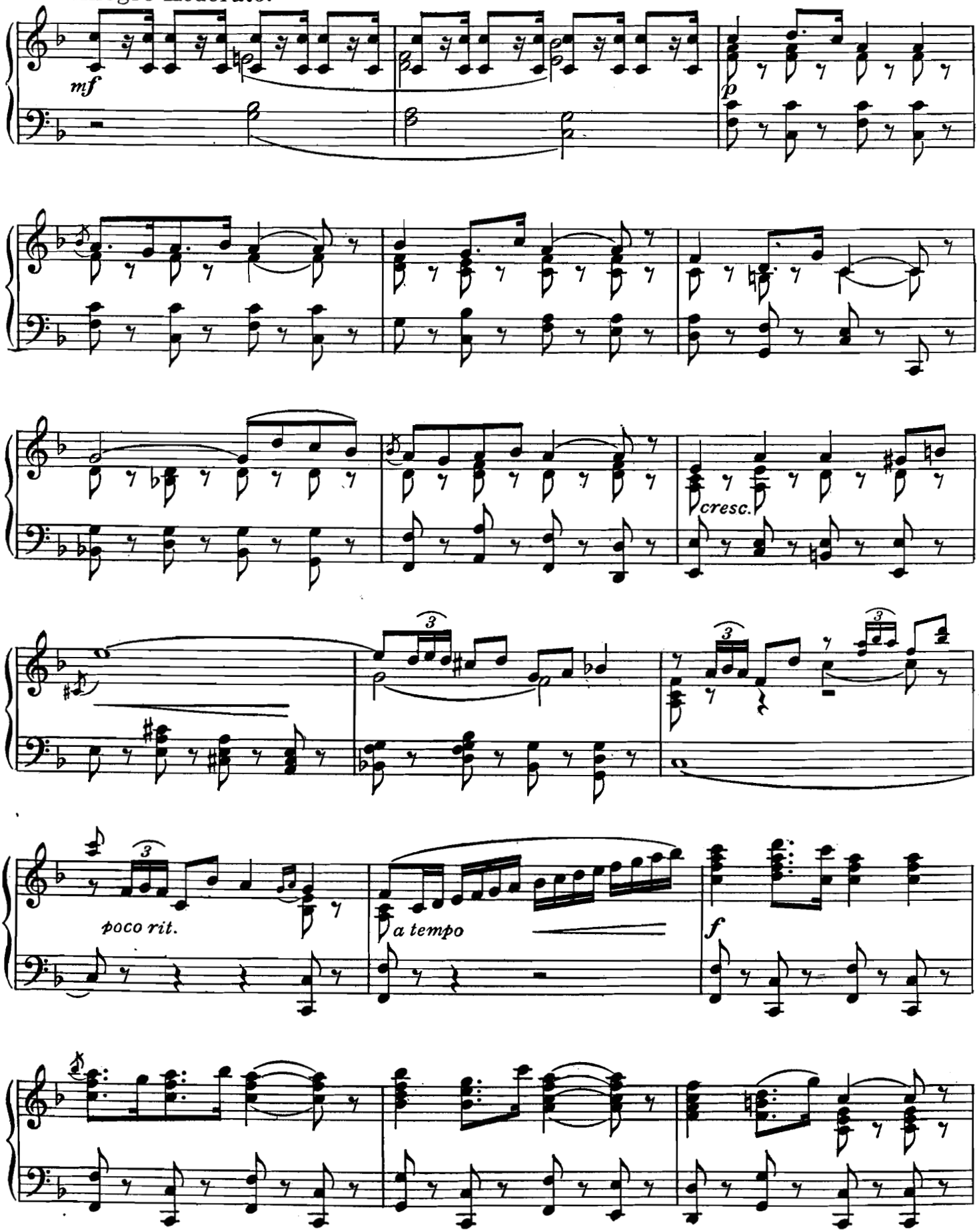
Allegro moderato.

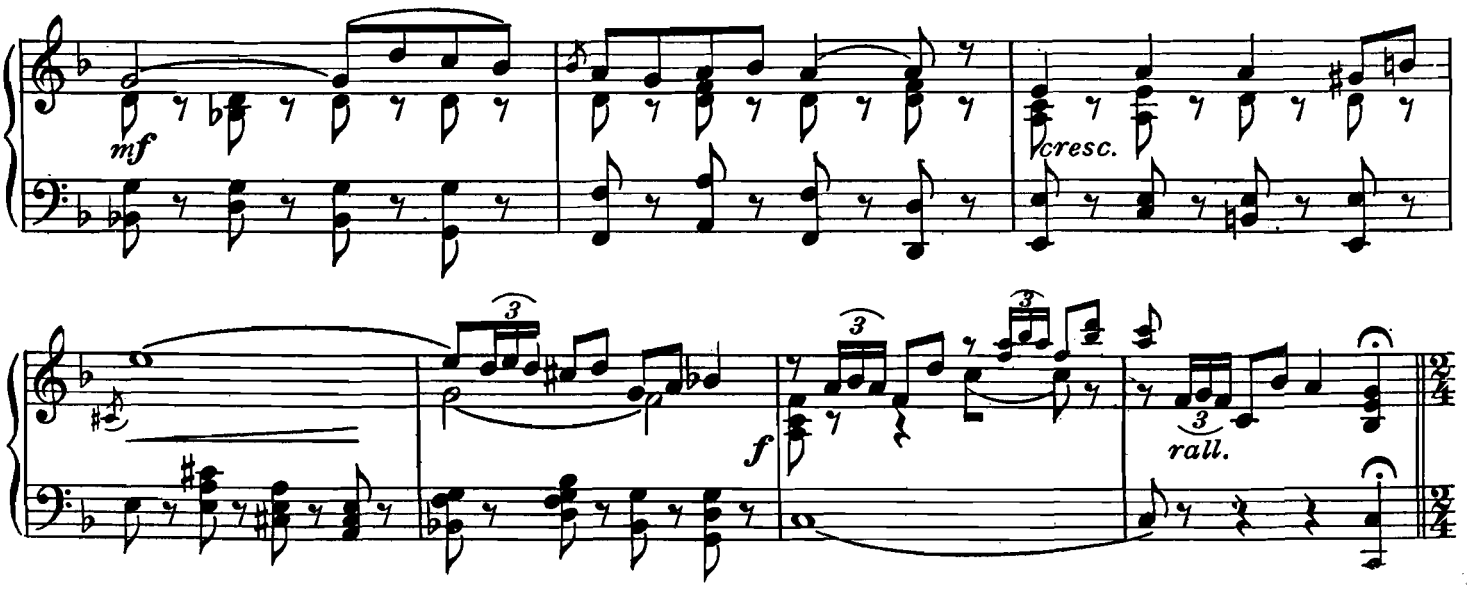



DUET. (Carmen and Don José.)
Allegretto.
sf
dim.
pp
rit.
pp
f
p
mf
p

THE TOREADOR'S SONG.

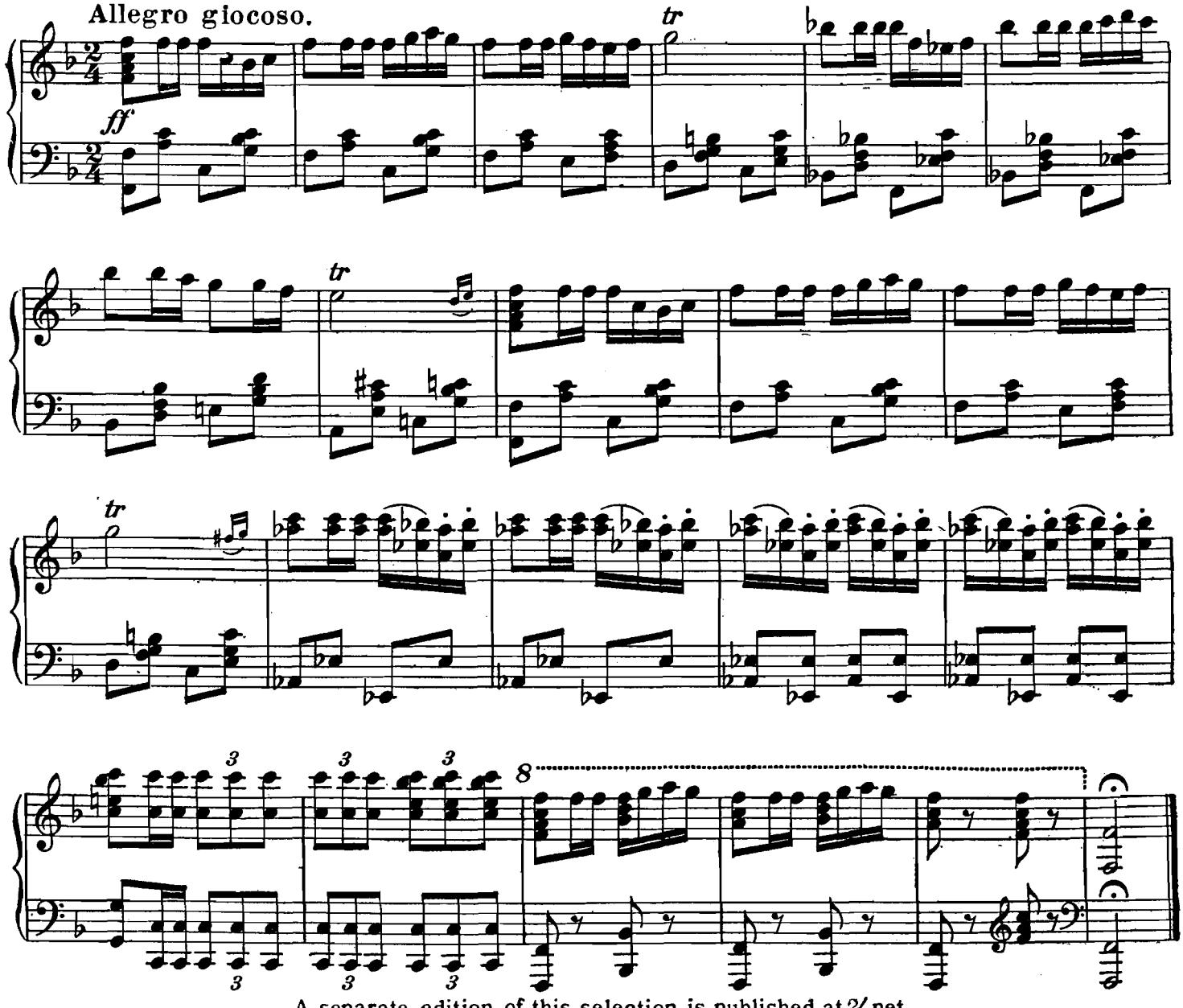
Allegro moderato.





MARCH. (Act IV.)

Allegro giocoso.



How I Write My Songs

By
NOEL COWARD

MUSICAL inspiration is a peculiar sort of thing. It just comes. One cannot sit down and think and think until melodies come to the mind. I am much too busy for that, and, besides, that method would never bring success—at least, not in my case.

I just go on with the business of living, like other people do, until something occurs to me. It may be while I am at dinner, or on a 'bus, or even while I am having a bath. If I am anywhere near a piano I fly to it and play the tune with one hand. That "fixes" it, as a photographer would say, and I can proceed with the rest in a more leisurely way.

The next step is to get the harmony exactly as I want it, playing it over and over again if necessary. After that my task is practically ended. I play it to a trained musician, who writes the notes down and then repeats the piece to me so that I can make quite sure that he has reproduced it correctly.

I may be asked why I do not do this theoretical work myself. How boring! Besides, I happen to know practically nothing about such matters. I have never had a lesson in pianoforte playing in my life. I once went to the Guildhall School of Music for a few lessons in harmony and composition, but found them so dull and tiresome that I gave them up.

One does not need a deep knowledge of the mysteries of theory and musical form in order to compose light songs of the revue and musical comedy type. What *is* necessary is a perfect ear for pleasant sounds. When I think of what seems to me to be a good tune, the most suitable harmony suggests itself at the same time—in a rough form, at any rate. I don't know whether I am breaking conventional rules of theory, and care less. The sound's the thing.

Nearly all my life I have been able to pick tunes up readily after hearing them at a music-hall or theatre, and to play them on the piano. Lots of people can do that to a certain extent, though the difficulty in most cases is to reproduce the harmony correctly, for every popular success has some little peculiarity in that respect that may cause trouble. But the right gift, an absolutely correct musical ear, solves the problem in a moment.

I do not know when I began to compose, but I must have been very young. I used to write songs in collaboration with Miss Esme Wynne, who has been my friend since my nursery days. She wrote lyrics, and I tried to set them to music. I remember she wrote one which ran:

> Our little love is dying,
> On his head bloom lately crimson
> roses faded quite.

I knew nothing about rhythm in those far-off days; the tune seemed to me the only thing that mattered. The music I composed caused the words to read like this:

> Our little love is dying on his head.
> Lately crimson roses faded quite.

Perhaps I was in a hurry. Unfortunately, I have always been pressed for time, and I usually work at a rapid rate. I wrote the whole of "On With the Dance" (now being presented at the London Pavilion)—music, lyrics and book—in a month. My play, "I'll Leave it to You," was written in a few weeks.

It was really through hurry that a certain unfortunate incident happened on the river some time ago. Miss Betty Chester and I were engaged to appear in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," and as the time for preparation was so short we decided to go to Oxford, where we could study our parts without interruption.

We were in a canoe one day, studying for all we were worth, when the craft upset, and our manuscripts got so wet that they were useless. Result, several days' delay until we obtained new copies.

But I was talking about musical inspiration. One of my greatest successes was "Parisienne Pierrot," sung in "London Calling." The idea of that came to me during a visit to a cabaret in Berlin. I noticed a doll hanging on a curtain, and it seemed to impress itself on my mind. Soon afterwards, a melody which appeared to associate itself with the doll incident occurred to me, and—well, I just played it.

I thought of the tune of my latest success, "Poor Little Rich Girl," while I was having tea. The usual dash for the piano, and the thing was done. But for some reason I wrote this song in four flats, whereas I had always kept to three flats previously.

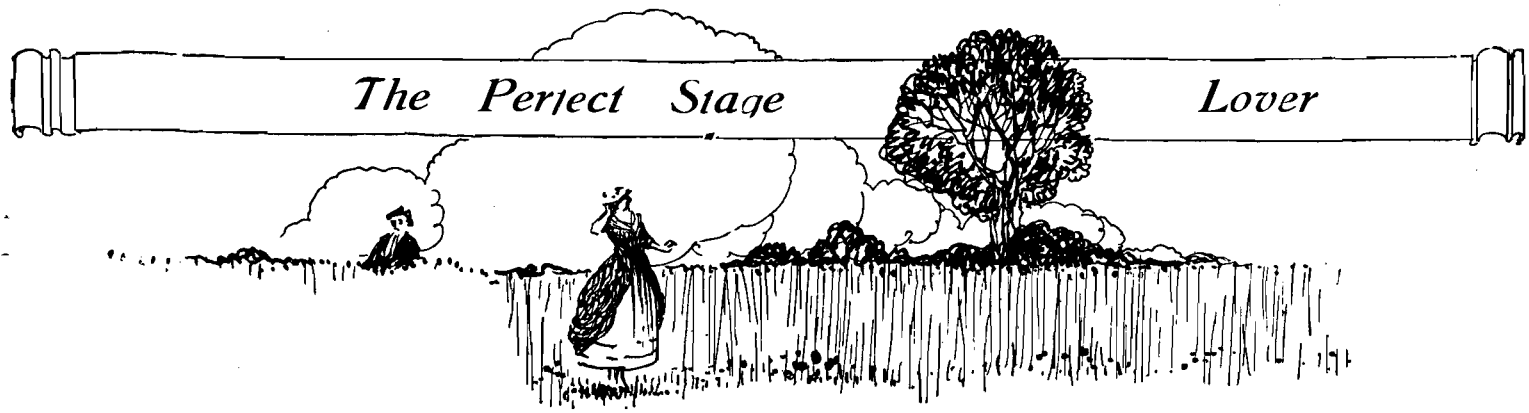
There is no scientific explanation of it at all. Some of us have these strange peculiarities, and some have not. I don't even know how I got my musical talent, unless it has been handed down from a grandfather who was organist for many years at the Crystal Palace.

But I wonder if it is fair to his memory to say so?

Photo] [*Maurice Beck and Helen Macgregor*

NOEL COWARD

The Perfect Stage Lover



By GREGORY STROUD
Who plays the lover in "Katja the Dancer"

To be the perfect stage lover the first important thing that he must possess, to my idea, is an intensity of feeling. This gift must not be merely acquired, but must be an actual part of him.

Granted that he possess this attribute, he must temper it with restraint, for without the necessary restraint vou cannot convey to your audiences that intensity of passionate feeling.

Upon the intensity of feeling revealed by the one depends the feeling of the other. Upon what you give depends that which is returned by your partner. If it is given out and returned, the ideal is reached.

There are some who say that actual lovers in private life make the best lovers on the stage, but I cannot agree.

Real Love Would Not Do

The real love between two lovers off the stage would carry no conviction before an audience. It is lacking in restraint, and, although perfectly real and sincere, would actually look theatrical and insincere on the stage.

One has to work up an atmosphere of love on the stage, and the love existing between two characters has to be conveyed in a subtle manner.

It is action as much as words that works up the real atmosphere and creates the perfect love scene. It is the apparently insignificant gestures and incidents which, small in themselves, make up the mosaic, as it were, of the perfect love scene.

There is another important thing which cannot be emphasised too strongly.

An actor and actress who play together in a love scene on the stage must be good friends off the stage.

Stage Lovers Must Understand One Another

There need be no actual sentiment between the two players, but they must understand each other perfectly; and while they play at lovers on the stage, and do it so convincingly as to make the audience imagine they must be actual lovers, they must drop the mask immediately they leave the stage and be just good friends. A chummy feeling between an actor and actress means such a lot to them.

Above all, when they are love-making on the stage they must remember that they are merely acting. It has occasionally happened that players have actually fallen in love with each other as the result of continually playing in a love scene together.

I can remember a very amusing incident that happened to me when I was playing opposite Miss Vera Pearce in "Maggie," on tour in Australia.

I had to make my appearance in the garb of a French flying officer, and in this rôle was wearing a sword.

My entrance to the stage was made by way of some stairs leading down to where the heroine was waiting for me.

When the Effect was Ruined

It was a very beautiful love scene, but on one occasion the effect was ruined by the sword becoming entangled with my legs and tripping me up as I approached my stage lover with outstretched arms! I can tell you that I looked far from being a perfect lover on that occasion.

Of all the lover parts I have played, one of my most successful rôles was in "The First Kiss" at the Oxford Theatre some months back. There is nothing so conducive to a really moving love scene as the languorous and scented atmosphere of the East, for this was an Eastern play. In this kind of play one gets the right atmosphere. It is so expressive, if I may call it so, and the feeling is deeper.

I had to play opposite Miss Desirée Ellinger, and every night when I had acted my scene with her I was actually shaking with excitement. I was playing the part of Prince Nurriden, and Miss Ellinger was Mari Posa, a slave girl.

That was one of the greatest love scenes of my career. Altogether we held the stage for about thirty minutes. It was exhausting, I can tell you.

There are, of course, big love scenes in "Katja," and I am so carried away with the emotion of the moment that I forget the audience.

Stage Kisses Are Real Kisses

It is difficult to "work up" a love scene when playing in a new play, and one does not get into the right mood until the second or third night of the show.

One cannot play a love scene with any feeling on a cold, empty stage and in front of other people, but when you are by yourselves on the stage, in the right setting and atmosphere, you can let yourself go.

Stage kisses are real kisses—they couldn't be otherwise if one's acting is to be convincing; you cannot finish a love scene without them. Even real kisses, however, carry no real significance to the players. You think nothing of it.

Playing the lover on the stage is specialised work, and I was engaged for "Katja the Dancer" entirely on account of my work in "The First Kiss."

My First Love Scene

I have always had a hankering after the romantic side of plays, and I realised one of my greatest ambitions when I was given the part of Nur-al-Din in "Chu Chin Chow" in Australia. I was terribly nervous. It was the first love scene I had played in, and it was not easy. What made it all the more difficult was the fact that I had to sing love songs and make love to Mayana outside her window, with a wall separating me from her.

I felt that I wanted to get near her; it is so difficult to play a love scene with a high wall separating you from your partner. But these little difficulties the perfect lover has to overcome.

I think that this little article of mine should help any of you "would-be" stage lovers to qualify for stellar honours in that direction.

D/R

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CONTENTS OF PART THREE

KATJA THE DANCER
"Just for To-Night" - - - - - - - - *Jean Gilbert*

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE
"Red Rose" - - - - - - - - - *Messager*

ROMEO AND JULIET
The Celebrated Waltz Song - - - - - - - *Gounod*

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The World-Famous Gavotte - - - - - - *Ambroise Thomas*

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CONTENTS OF PART FOUR

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"Farewell, My Love" - - - - - - - - *Franz Lehar*

THE MEISTERSINGERS
The Prize Song - - - - - - - - - *Wagner*

CARMEN
The Song of the Toreador (*Arranged by Ernest Austin*) - - - - *Bizet*

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D/B

MUSIC LOVERS *This glorious melody* must *be added to your repertoire!*

PASSIONE

VALSE INTERMEZZO

By VIRGILIO RANZATO

READ *The romance and The Triumph of* PASSIONE

Naples, the home of "O Sole Mio," "Serenade Toselli," and so many other popular masterpieces, has for years produced nothing so fine and emotion-stirring as this remarkable new work. Rich with a beauty that defies mere description, this rapturous Italian melody, tinged with the primitive fire and hot passion of its country's temperament, will hold every listener spellbound with the admiration that all masterpieces exert over the human mind.

"Passione" *is* a masterpiece! De Groot, the violinist, whose orchestra at the Piccadilly Hotel has become a welcome synonym for Sunday evening to the largest audience in the world—the hundreds of thousands of "listeners" who patronise the radio—realised this when he was holiday making in Paris a short time ago.

Dropping into a little cabaret one night, where a Tzigane orchestra was playing, he heard a tune which, enchanting him with its sheer loveliness and originality, prompted him to inquire the composer's name. Unfortunately the leader of the band was unable to satisfy him. He had been merely reproducing the tune as best he could from his own memory. Then began an amazing search through Europe for the composer! At last De Groot found him in Copenhagen. Arrangements for publishing the melody were immediately put into operation, and before long it created a furore in London, where it was introduced and broadcast by De Groot himself.

The melody was "Passione," one of the most exquisite and epoch-making it has ever been our privilege to publish. Certainly it never fails to give pleasure to lovers of picturesque music, and its popularity is not merely increasing—it is literally *soaring* towards unanimous public favour.

"Passione," which is published at two shillings, can be obtained either as a song entitled "*Roses of To-day*," as a pianoforte solo, or as a violin solo with pianoforte accompaniment. W. H. Squire, the famous 'cellist has also arranged the melody for the violoncello. These versions may be purchased at your local music dealer, or post free, 1½d. extra each copy, from the publishers, *Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd.*, 16, *Mortimer St., London, W.*1.

***Ask your local band to* PLAY IT!**