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“ JULIAN ”

What is Julian ?

The year 1891 was a great year for hymnology; you might say that in that year hymnology graduated from the status of a hobby to that of a science, for it was in that year that the house of John Murray published *A Dictionary of Hymnology*, by the Reverend Doctor John Julian, Vicar of Wincobank, Sheffield. Two supplements added to this already formidable volume make the book which now stands on my shelves; it measures, in inches, $9\frac{1}{2}$ by 6 by $3\frac{1}{2}$, it weighs five pounds, it contains 1,768 pages and three indexes, and in it you can read the first and last words on hymnological learning available in the year of its final edition, 1907. You can read of any hymn conceivably available to Protestant congregations at that time; you can read of Watts and Wesley, and, if you choose, of Valentin Thilo and William Morley Punshon. You can read the almost incredible fact that over thirty hymns of William Chatterton Dix were in common use in 1900. In fact, if you respect hymnology as being more than a pastime, you *must have Julian*.

Why this notice ?

Now consider the following facts.

1. *Julian's* last edition was published 42 years ago.
2. The study which was in its infancy when the book was first published, and to whose development it so largely contributed, has during these sixty years made great advances. These, and the large

quantity of new material which has been written in the twentieth century, especially in America and in the younger churches, detract from the almost proverbial infallibility and exhaustiveness justly credited to *Julian* on its first publication.

3. My copy, for which I have had to wait many years before securing it six months ago, cost me forty-five shillings.

Julian, in brief, is unwieldy, out of date, and out of print. Now you will read in the document which presents the aims of this Society that we are pledged to remedy this; and for the twelve years of our life as a Society this pledge has weighed on our consciences. How, then, can we revive, renew, and re-publish *Julian*?

Progress.

Up to now we have talked much, and the perplexities and difficulties which we have encountered only we know who have attended the conferences. We of the Executive, who met at Jordans during the last week in June, 1949, wish to take you into our confidence without being tedious, so we will mention summarily the questions we have tried to answer. Are we to print a third Supplement? Or shall we print a new book of a popular kind at a fairly low price? The first would be increasingly unwieldy; those who use *Julian* would then have to consult *four* indexes. The second, we felt, hardly carries out our pledge. So we have decided that our best plan is to publish a new book, called, perhaps, *Julian Revised*, which shall contain all the information which is normally required to-day by the serious student of hymnology. It will give, first, everything in the old *Julian* that is required for ordinary information, together with information about material written since 1907. It will contain new articles incorporating the results of the most recent research, and re-written articles and notices correcting what are now found to be certain inaccuracies in the older book. But for the more obscure details and *obiter dicta* it will provide references to the old book, which can still be looked up in the libraries.

The Publisher.

Now at this point we must hear the Publisher. We have already had a personal consultation with Sir John Murray, who has always taken a lively interest in *Julian* and has given us all the encouragement which, in the present, awkward times, he can give with honesty. Sir John has quite properly declined to go further with the matter unless we can find the sum of £2,000. This would leave a sum of about equal size to be found by the publishing House; the proposition is therefore not only legitimate but also generous. It will be quite clear to all readers that the book will not pay for itself, if it pays at all, for many years after its publication.

Our own Finances.

Our Treasurer tells us that we have £360 in the fund set aside for the *Julian* revision, and that with our other funds we should be able to increase the money available to something over £500. Therefore we have to find £1,500 of new money. You must know this and bear it in mind, but we are not now asking you to find this money for us. We have five years' work before us and until we are able to say that only the lack of money stands between us and publication, we are making no financial appeal. But if any reader, having read the rest of this report, is satisfied that he could properly make a donation now, or if any feels moved to plan a subscription to be sent annually for the next five years in order to encourage the new editors, no such contribution would be received otherwise than with great gratitude.

Editorial Work.

Turning now to the work that lies before us, we begin by reporting a piece of news so grievous as to be all but crippling. Dr. Phillips, who last year agreed to act as Editor-in-Chief, has had to resign this commission because of a serious collapse in health, and we may not hope that he will be able to take it up again. Dr. Phillips's learning and enthusiasm, which he so generously placed at our disposal at Oxford, are virtually irreplaceable, and at this moment we have been unable to think of a successor to the editorship.

But we have not despaired, and we propose to enter on the first stage of the work immediately, which work I must now describe. And here, having (I hope) won the sympathy of the reader by refraining from a financial appeal, I propose to disconcert him with an appeal of another kind. We must have help in this work.

The first stage, on which we are about to embark, is to go through the latest edition (1907) of *Julian* assessing its contents under the following categories:

- (a) That which we must retain unaltered;
- (b) That which we can omit from the new book, referring to it by a page-reference to the existing *Julian*, and
- (c) That which must be corrected in detail or entirely re-written.

Now we have no editor-in-chief to whom we can depute this work. But in the first instance we can do it by team-work. Mr. Frost, Mr. Bunn, and the Editor of the *Bulletin* are prepared to take a hand in it, but if it is left to them each will have to read and assess nearly 600 pages of double-column printing in small type. If, therefore, we could gather a team of, say, ten readers, the work laid on each would be substantially reduced. We do not, of course, need a very large team, and I must make it clear that the work does require

a fairly wide and accurate knowledge of the field in addition to a good deal of patience and critical sense. But if any reader, having properly paused over these pre-requisites, feels able to take even a few pages and read and assess them, sending his results in by the 1st of June, 1950, he is asked to write to the Editor of the *Bulletin* at once. We want to start on the work by September, and when the team is gathered we shall apportion the work, giving to each member a group of alphabetical sections to work through in each of *Julian's* three parts. Full instructions will, of course, accompany the assignment.

One modification is required, of course, to this preliminary scheme. There are certain subjects upon which certain people are acknowledged specialists and authorities. To such of these people as would join us we will give their own subjects to read and assess throughout the book, and the specialised material so assigned would, of course, be carved out of the assignments given to unspecialised readers. When you reply, therefore, will you kindly state whether you wish to be regarded as a specialist or as an ordinary reader?

By the way, it should be made quite clear that the fact that replies are in this case to be addressed to the Editor of the *Bulletin* does not imply that he is acting, or is willing to act, as Editor of *Julian Revised*. On the contrary, he is unable, having neither leisure nor qualifications, to undertake this work.

For the Future.

We should like to have this first stage completed before next year's Conference if at all possible. When it is completed we shall hand the results to our editor-in-chief, whom by then we hope to have appointed, and he will be responsible for collating the old material and getting the new and corrected material written. The result will be *Julian Revised*, a book which will be adequate for all ordinary purposes, and which will refer the reader to the older book for such out-of-the-way information as is to be found there. It will be, we intend, scholarly and authoritative, easily referred to, properly indexed, and trustworthy. It will not, of course, be in any sense "light" reading.

When this work is completed we propose to show it to the Publisher and simultaneously to launch an appeal for financial backing.

Our friends in America will, we hope, be interested in these matters. We hope they will feel able to co-operate with us in the later stages of the work; probably their distance from us will make it unlikely that they will be called in for the preliminary hack-work which I have been describing. But they may be assured that we shall consult them at every stage and rely on them for their indispensable help in our adventure.

E.R.

JORDANS, 1949

A Conference of the Executive of the Society was held at Jordans from June 28th to 30th, 1949, in order to discuss two important questions—*Julian*, and plans for next year. Eight members were able to come, and we greatly enjoyed the restful atmosphere which we associate with *Jordans*.

What we said about *Julian* will be gathered from the opening article, which the Editor thought it best to present separately in order that it might gain prominence. We hardly think that a reader will have reached this page without already having observed what we propose doing about *Julian*, so there is no need to say more about that here.

Concerning next year, however, we have made some tentative plans which we sincerely hope will meet the wishes of the members of the Society as a whole. We hope to go to Cambridge and hold there a public conference of the kind we held at Oxford in 1948. Much depends, of course, on our finding hospitality, and until that is settled we may not announce definite dates. We can say, however, that we are making application to Jesus College to accommodate us from Tuesday to Friday in the first week of July. Readers will, of course, expect modifications or even cancellations, but we ought to be able to announce definite plans by October.

Subject to these material considerations, we mean to celebrate, as is our duty, the two important hymnological centenaries of 1950, that is, the 1650 Scottish Psalter and the death of J. S. Bach. We have persuaded our learned Chairman, Mr. Frost, to undertake an illustrated talk on the history of psalmody up to 1950, and we hope to arrange a speaker on the subject of Bach and his predecessors in German hymnody. Both of these subjects should have an appeal in Cambridge beyond the bounds of our Society. We hope, further, that a public hymn-singing will be arranged on the first evening, in the manner we tried at Oxford, devoted, at any rate chiefly, to Psalm tunes and Bach chorales. Could anything be more attractive? We hope to supplement these larger occasions with certain less formal meetings at tea-time when we can avail ourselves, perhaps, of the specialised knowledge of some of the Cambridge members of the Society. All this is provisional, of course, but we hope that something like this plan will be possible. We have not been to Cambridge since 1939.

We cannot mention a Jordans Conference without a word about our dear old friend Gillman, whose passing took away something irreplaceable from Jordans. We learned during the Conference that he had graciously left the Society a sum of £25 and some important books from his library, as well as many interesting papers of his own. No, Jordans was not the same without him, and we all felt constantly the hope that our deliberations would have pleased him.

E.R.

REVIEWS

The Eucharistic Hymns of John and Charles Wesley, to which is appended Wesley's Preface extracted from Brevint's "Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice" together with "Hymns on the Lord's Supper," by J. ERNEST RATTENBURY, Epworth Press, 1948, pp. x + 253, 15/-.

This book will interest members of the Society chiefly, perhaps, because it reprints in full the 166 hymns in the Wesleys' *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745). But it is without doubt to be properly described not as a book on hymnology but as a treatise on the Wesleyan doctrine of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, for which the evidence is, of course, John Wesley's preface to his edition of Brevint, and the hymns of John and Charles.

Subject to this definition, however, we can highly recommend the book to all lovers of Wesley and all who take more than a passing or academic interest in hymns. For the message which Dr. Rattenbury brings out of the hymns is a compelling one for Christian people, whether they be Methodists or not, and he presents it well. The message is the power of the Sacrifice of Christ as it is realised for us in the Christian Sacrament, and the reviewer would place the climax of the book in chapter VI, "Sacrifice and the Altar," which is a powerful piece of writing indeed. The presence of three appendices, occupying 25 pages, on "American orders," "Apostolic Ministry" and "Constant Communion" indicates that the emphasis throughout the book is sacramental and liturgical rather than barely hymnological.

The book is marred by too frequent lapses of English grammar and syntax, but it is pleasantly produced and in general eminently readable.

A History of Byzantine Music and Hymnography, by EGON WELLESZ, O.U.P., 1949, pp. xiii + 358, five plates, £2 2s. 0d.

Here we have the first extended work in English by the internationally-acknowledged authority on this subject. Dr. Wellesz has, of course, written much in his native tongue, and contributed many articles to learned journals in English. But here, in a beautifully-produced book, he gives us the essence of his learning, and it is, of course, not only learning but also discovery. For Dr. Wellesz is a pioneer in this branch of musical learning.

Perhaps it is primarily a book for musicians, but we mention it in this journal not only because it does indeed deal with hymns—even if they are hymns of a somewhat specialised kind—but because of its remarkably illuminating early chapters on the relation between the musicians and the church in the early centuries of Christendom. We have long needed scholarly work on the musical criticism of the

early church, and we have it here. Careful study of the reasons which lay behind the extreme caution with which the early church approached music is rewarded by a new apprehension of what music can do in Christian worship, and what it must not be allowed to do. This study is, in fact, directly connected with the kind of criticism which this Society offers from time to time upon the music of hymns. Nothing could be more salutary than the reference of such criticism not to personal taste or preference but to the precedent of the primitive church and the theology with which the church was in those days informed. Dr. Wellesz is an excellent historian, well versed in church-history as well as the history of music, as well as being one of the most highly respected of modern composers and musicologists. His book is expensive, but it contains many pages of music-type as well as a few choice illustrations of manuscripts, and is presented in a manner worthy of the highest traditions of the Oxford University Press.

E.R.

Sweet Singer, a play by FRANK CUMBERS. (Epworth Press, 32 pp. 1/-).

We warmly commend this short play in three acts about Isaac Watts. It opens in the early Southampton home where his studious piety was nurtured in that sturdy Independency for which his father had suffered imprisonment. Here at twenty-one the son offers his first hymn for the family's approval. Act II shows him twelve years later as minister of the important Mark Lane congregation, and tells how his hopes of marriage with Elizabeth Singer were disappointed. A third scene introduces his hostess, Lady Abney, and also Whitefield and the Countess of Huntingdon. Act III is a pleasant picture of Sunday evening in a modern manse, where a group of young people are encouraged to appreciate Watts's hymns. Altogether a scholarly and well-proportioned piece capable of very effective action. Two small misprints appear on pp. 16 and 28.

L. H. BUNN.

VICTORIAN HYMN-TUNE COMPOSERS—IV

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN

1842—1900

By the EDITOR

Of all the Victorian composers on whose work we are drawing for this series of experimental papers, none presents greater problems to a critic who seeks truth and justice than Sir Arthur Sullivan. No church music of the nineteenth century is more likely to tempt the critic to the deadly sins of impatience and patronage; and

indeed truth and justice demand the verdict that none of his church music anywhere rises above the second-rate. Why then write about him? Two considerations impel me to continue this study; first the remarkable paradox which this music presents, coming as it does from the pen of a man who in another sphere was an acknowledged genius, and second the conviction that an examination of his music will lead us into regions which we have not yet explored, but in which we must travel if we are to arrive at a sound judgment on Victorian hymnody in general.

We will, then, first consider the material facts about Sullivan's church music and especially his hymn-tunes. Then we will try to substantiate our judgment that they are second-rate or worse. Finally we will try to give a clue to the reason which lay behind this strange failure.

Concerning his hymn-tunes, then, let us begin from the neutral, if arid, ground of statistics. Among hymnals in contemporary use, that which gives Sullivan the best representation is the *Church Hymnal for the Christian Year* (1917) with 34 tunes. Next comes the *Congregational Hymnary* of the same year with 26 tunes and five "arrangements," furnishing music, by duplication, for forty hymns. Well behind these come the Revised *Church Hymnary* (1927) with seventeen tunes and the *Methodist Hymn Book* with fifteen. Another considerable gap separates these from *Hymns A. & M.* (six), *English Hymnal* (three) and *Songs of Praise* (one, of which less than half is Sullivan's). A rough and ready inference from these figures is that those hymn-books which represent the more advanced musical taste leave Sullivan alone, while those which make the greatest use of nineteenth-century methods use him freely. This is not by itself a safe guide to the judgment that Sullivan's tunes are bad, but it may be regarded as an index of the opinion of musicians. And the inference that Sullivan's church music is rapidly passing out of use is certainly supported by the evidence of his larger ecclesiastical works—the *Festival Te Deum*, the *Golden Legend*, *The Light of the World*, and *The Prodigal Son*, which, except for an occasional excerpt, are now virtually dropped from the repertoires of choirs.

Now it would be a thankless business to devote to Sullivan's hymn-tunes the individual attention which we have given to those of the other composers with whom we have dealt in this way. We will therefore base our critical remarks on a few of the best known and deal somewhat summarily with the others in current use. Note first that all the tunes in *A. & M.* appear in that part of the book which has remained unchanged since 1875, and can therefore be regarded as Sullivan's early work. Three are known universally—LUX EOI (137), GOLDEN SHEAVES (384) and ST. GERTRUDE (391). These are three of his best tunes; they all share a certain purposefulness and all have some sense of form. Yet all are marred here and

there by weak craftsmanship. LUX EOI ("Alleluia, Alleluia!") has a good movement which is badly held up in the fifth line by a series of repeated notes; GOLDEN SHEAVES ("To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise") suffers less from repeated notes, but is weakened in its effect by the unskilful and uncomfortable placing of the high notes, especially in the sixth line. This abundant use of the high registers gives to several of this composer's tunes a rather hectic tone, and in some churches this quality is imparted to the Easter celebrations as a whole by the use of three Sullivan tunes, all of which have this character: LUX EOI is of course one, and the others are FORTUNATUS (Rv.CH. 115) and RESURREXIT (A.M. 138).

But RESURREXIT brings us to Sullivan's chief defect, which spoils almost all his tunes, namely the persistent use of repeated notes in the melody. In this tune they combine with a very high pitch to produce an unusually insistent and irritating stridency. But of course their *locus classicus* is in Sullivan's one memorable tune, ST. GERTRUDE (A.M. 391). Believing as we do that not the most famous or familiar hymn-tune is beyond the bounds of reasonable criticism in these pages, we go forward boldly and say that in this tune, and here alone in the whole compass of his church music, Sullivan speaks with power. We shall probably arrive eventually at the conclusion that the predominant characteristic of Sullivan's church music is a dreariness which precludes the expression of strong views one way or the other; on the whole the critics are less passionate about Sullivan than about Dykes, and Sullivan has probably far fewer die-hard supporters. But here, in "Onward, Christian Soldiers" he has written a tune which, I suppose, survives even the grossest pagan illiteracy. Everybody knows it and large numbers of people love it. It was only in our last number that an eminent contributor offered a criticism of the words. They may indeed be trite and even unreal; so, in a sense, may the tune. But we must in honesty record that even if Sullivan is here saying something ineffably commonplace, he says it, just once, in a memorable and compelling way. Therefore we say that here he speaks with power. The power derives entirely from the repeated notes in the first line; and the vulgarity is most conspicuous in the farcical bass-part of the first two lines of the chorus, but whatever else we say of the tune we must admit that *it works*.

But there is, of course, in ST. GERTRUDE a shameless secularism which Sullivan never entirely escaped. His tunes often show bad technique, but even more often they show a more elusive quality of incongruity. Too often we can hear the tunes as part of *Ruddigore* or *The Yeomen*. We shall return to the implications of this in a moment. To complete our case against the hymn-tunes themselves, however, we may simply mention a few outstanding ones without necessarily picking out the worst. BISHOPGARTH (Co.H.¹ 225) is

¹ Congregational Hymnary.

another, like ST. GERTRUDE, founded on repeated notes, but its jauntiness is rather less blatant and more sly than that of the more familiar tune. SAINTS OF GOD (Rv.CH. 75) lacks the jauntiness altogether and becomes merely dreary; its fifth line is a masterpiece of anti-climax. MOUNT ZION (Rv.CH. 582) and FALFIELD (Co.H. 523) are both tunes whose melodic movement and tonality are wrecked by repeated notes, not this time in long series but in those small groups of two or three which are even more dangerous to melodic vitality.

Harmony of the most banal kind is too often to be met with; the dominant seventh and six-four chords are very much in evidence in his quieter tunes, of which PROPIER DEO ("Nearer, my God, to Thee," Rv.CH. 475) and ST. EDMUND ("I'm but a stranger here," Co.H. 462) are adequate examples. The latter tune presents us with sixteen dominant sevenths and eight six-fours in forty-three chords. AUDITE ("I heard the voice," CCY.¹ 264) is a bad copy of Dykes's tune to the same words, worse in every direction. SAFE HOME ("Safe home, safe home in port," M. 977) is another example of melody and harmony sagging together. ST. FRANCIS (A.M. 325, RvCH. 308) has an anti-climax comparable to that of SAINTS OF GOD but worse infected by bad harmony.

And if you want music which is far beyond the border of secularism, being eminently suitable for the stage of the Savoy Theatre and not at all to public worship, you can find examples in ST. THERESA ("Brightly gleams our banner," Co.H. 683) and ANGEL VOICES (Co.H. 647), both tunes which are in the main falling out of use but are still in some quarters outrageously kept alive in children's worship.

This is enough on this subject, which the reader will see is an unprofitable one. We look in vain for a really good tune by Sullivan; we have seen one memorable one, and we can find, perhaps, one tune which escapes both incongruity and also musical bathos. SAMUEL ("Hush'd was the evening hymn," Rv.CH. 251) is as good as anything Sullivan wrote for the church. For once we have a melody that moves quietly and without halting, harmony that adequately supports it, and a setting which is neither too heavy nor too light for the words. We give the verdict for SAMUEL against the whole of Sullivan's church-music.

But now let us go further into the matter. Why was it that Sullivan wrote so much trivial and second-rate music for the church and such miraculously felicitous music for the secular stage? Two facts must be borne in mind. One is the clear inference from the music we have been examining, the other a biographical and psychological fact concerning Sullivan himself.

¹ Church Hymnal for the Christian Year.

Listeners to the excellent dramatic biography of Gilbert and Sullivan which the B.B.C. has given twice in the last two years will not have failed to notice from it what a strangely distorted person Sullivan himself was. His behaviour to Gilbert was the behaviour of a "temperamental artist" in the worst tradition. But it will be remembered that behind Sullivan's awkwardness and capriciousness was a divided and frustrated mind. It had always been Sullivan's ambition to write music for the church on the grand scale. In his youth many had encouraged him to do it, and he had begun to do it. After the first success of the Savoy operas persons of the most exalted rank had returned to the attack and convinced him that his real work was to write music as good as this for the church and the serious stage. Sullivan became more and more critical of the frivolousness of Gilbert's libretti. He criticised their fantastic qualities and called for more "reality," in deference to which criticism Gilbert began to produce libretti which lacked the gay sparkle of his earlier works. *The Yeomen* (1888) and *Ruddigore* (1887) were neither so successful nor so essentially Gilbertian as *Iolanthe* (1882) and *The Mikado* (1885); nor indeed was their music so essentially the music of Sullivan. It began indeed to show the very slightest signs of sharing the qualities of his church music. *The Gondoliers* (1893) was a fine return to the earlier gaiety, but the two last operas, for whose names most of us have to go to the dictionaries, showed that the partnership had already done its work before it was finally and irretrievably dissolved.

Not to go into details, we point out this fact only, that what dissolved that partnership, what made Sullivan virtually repudiate the best music he ever wrote, was the composer's consuming desire to write for the church. And he was persuaded beyond hope of conversion (nor did anyone, so far as we know, attempt to convert him) that there was nothing in common between his stage-music and what he must offer to the church.

For Sullivan lived in the age when the relations between the church and art in general were at their most strained. Increasing secularism and autonomy in art were answered by a defensive exclusiveness in the church, and this was especially true of the stage. Victorian contempt for the humanities was widely different from the puritan wrath of Prynne's *Histriomastix* (1633). The Puritans sought to purify, the Victorian church, in the main, sought to exclude. The secular stage in puritan times, especially after the Restoration, was a great deal more bawdy than the nineteenth century stage, but the Victorian church showed no less horror of it and all those who were connected with it. And when Sullivan was a young man it was true enough that the English stage had virtually nothing later than Sheridan fit to perform. In grand opera it could borrow from the Continent, in light opera it had to be content with Offenbach. For the rest there was the music hall.

Sullivan, of course, did for light opera what Shaw and Granville-Barker did for the serious stage; working with care and love he gave it new life. But unlike the playwrights he saw no vocation in this work. He interpreted the social ostracism of the stage as demanding in his own case that his church-music must be as different as possible from his stage-music. To realise this vocation he had to wrench himself out of the Savoy-style into what he conceived to be a church-style.

The clue to our question is in the fact that this was a thing he could not do. He could not be, as he wished, two composers whose techniques had nothing in common. But he tried. Consider for a moment two of Sullivan's most famous songs. "Orpheus with his lute" has been criticised by musicians and *literati* for its somewhat infelicitous setting of the words, but as a piece of music it is as free and faithful as anything in the Savoy Operas. It is not heard as much now as it should be, but especially in those parts of it which deal with nature, and perhaps less in those parts which deal with the bowing of heads, it is graceful, charming, and *natural*. Then turn to *The Lost Chord*, which is supposed to be a "religious" piece. The atmosphere of the Victorian city church demands at once thirteen F's in a row. Return to the hymn-books and recall those two tunes which Sullivan "arranged" and brought into use for churches. NEARER HOME ("For ever with the Lord," A.M. 231) and LEOMINSTER ("A few more shall roll," E.H., *mirabile dictu*, 361) are excellent examples, with their sticky harmonies and deadly melodies, of what hymn-tunes should not be. This, then, is what Sullivan thought the church wanted. Not content with composing tunes which we can only suppose to have been deliberately made dreary, he brought in from other sources tunes which manifested this quality in a greater degree than his natural musical character would allow him to achieve.

The fact is, then, that that very defect which we have noted in so many of his tunes, melodic monotony and deadness, is a deliberate device, not, as probably in Dykes, a sorry accident. For Sullivan's great genius was towards melody. The music which was running in his head when he wrote the first Savoy operas was not that of Gounod and Spohr, the great church musicians of his senior generation, nor that of his contemporaries Dykes and Ouseley; no, it was the music of the world's greatest melodist, Schubert. Only a few years before *Trial by Jury* he had helped (1866) to discover the lost parts of Schubert's *Rosamunde*, and if you listen to the overture to that work you can hear tune after tune that could have come straight from Sullivan's pen. And you can hear tune after tune in the Savoy Operas that Schubert would have been proud to have written. In those operas Sullivan was in touch with the healthiest music of the century, music that was a direct link with the ceremonious gaiety of the eighteenth century, music that had lain buried for forty years and that he not only physically disinterred but honoured with many imitations.

This was the sacrifice he thought he must make to the church. Melody, having associations with the stage, must be severely limited. "Religious" music was not melodic but, in the style of *The Lost Chord*, meditative. Religion needed from him not the boldness which melodic shape always carries, but the submission which a flat melody with shifting harmonies suggested to him. In the seventeenth century, when melody first took on its modern meaning, the tacit answer of the church was polyphony. But in the nineteenth century polyphony had been forgotten, and the answer to melody was simply no-melody.

Now if this had been a real submission, a sacrifice founded in truth, its fruit would have been gracious and abundant. The Puritans abjured polyphony and expressed their fighting faith in the psalm-tunes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which will last as long as there is music in the world. The new church music of our own day, repudiating the emptiness of much modern extravagance, is achieving a new purity which is the result of renunciation. But Sullivan missed the clue to the truth. Sullivan's church music is from beginning to end artificial and mannered. Often he gives up the struggle and writes for the theatre, as we have seen in some of his hymn-tunes, and as you can see also in, for example, "We therefore pray Thee help Thy servants" from the *Festival Te Deum*. His only way of expressing the religious dimension was in depriving his music of melody, as he does in the familiar "O gladsome light" from *The Golden Legend*. No, it is not here that you find Sullivan exalted. But you do find him here and there in the theatre putting forth all his power, not only in wit and grace, but in a solemnity that holds no trace of mockery. The song "In Good Queen Bess's glorious days" from *Iolanthe*, for example, was deliberately written by Gilbert in order that Sullivan might have the chance of showing his power in "serious" writing; and if even here Gilbert could not keep the mischief quite out of the picture, the musical setting is something better than anything to be found in Sullivan's work for the church or the serious stage. "All hail, great Judge" in *Trial by Jury* has the makings of an admirable chorale. The glee in *The Mikado*, "Brightly dawn's our wedding-day" is acknowledged everywhere as a capital example of *pastiche*. Sullivan could indeed be solemn and even moving on the stage, and, what is even more important, from beginning to end of the Savoy operas (counting *Gondoliers* as the effective end) there is not a single lapse of technique. Even when Schubert gives way to Rossini and even Wagner, the harmony, the orchestration, the vocal writing are always conceived with true artistic precision.

There, then, we have the paradox. At the Savoy Theatre, artistic perfection: in church, halting technique and consistent ineffectiveness. At the Savoy, a musical sensitiveness that could point Gilbert's wit and soften his mordancies; in church, "I'm but a stranger here," and, when a service is not actually in progress, "The

Lost Chord." At the Savoy, even, clues to the possibility of a great ceremonial diction, which are never followed up in church. And the solution of the paradox is neither dramatic nor musical nor historical but theological. The first and last word is this, that *that* was what Sullivan thought the church demanded. On the evidence of contemporary church music, that is what the church did demand. The medieval synthesis between drama and the church would have saved him; the Victorian confusion compassed his musical and spiritual ruin. And that is the context in which we have to see his hymn-tunes. They are the work of a man who was in his way a supreme artist, a man who was plagued with all the trials that beset an artist and all the temptations that encompass a successful one, a man who had much physical suffering to contend with, a man who could not offer to the church the first fruits of his work because he was sure the church would not take them. In the middle ages a man could perform juggling tricks to the glory of God and the satisfaction of the church; in 1880 it was essential for such a man to dress himself correctly and sing very solemnly and warily in the key of F major. The problem of Sullivan's church music is the problem of art and religion, the problem of catholicity. The church which Sullivan tried to serve seems to have dismissed the unclean thing without first waiting to discover whether or not it was penitent. Of Sullivan's music it demanded not renewal but amputation, resulting not in discipline, but in death.

IN THE WORKSHOP.

Confidence.

In these hymns there is no doggerel, no botches: nothing put in to patch up the rhyme; no feeble expletives. Here is nothing turgid or bombast, on the one hand, or low and creeping on the other. Here are no *cant* expressions; no words without meaning. . . We talk common sense, both in prose and verse, and use no word but in a fixed and determinate sense. Here are, allow me to say, both the purity, the strength, and the elegance of the English language; and, at the same time, the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity.

JOHN WESLEY.

The Pastor.

There is a style and manner suited to the composition of hymns, which may be more successfully, or at least more easily, attained by a versifier, than a poet. They should be *Hymns*, not *Odes*, if designed for public worship, and for the use of plain people. Perspicuity, simplicity, and ease, should be chiefly attended to;

and the imagery and colouring of poetry, if admitted at all, should be indulged very sparingly, and with great judgment But though I would not offend readers of taste by a wilful coarseness and negligence, I do not write professedly for them. If the Lord, whom I serve, has been pleased to favour me with that mediocrity of talent, which may qualify me for usefulness to the weak and the poor of his flock, without quite disgusting persons of superior discernment, I have reason to be satisfied.

JOHN NEWTON.

(Preface to the *Olney Hymns*.)

"*Most Offensive*" (W. T. Cairns).

If [the clergy] say that the hymns (words and music) which keep me away from church draw others thither, and excite useful religious emotions, then they must take the responsibility wholly on themselves. I would not choose for them. All I can urge is, that they should have at least *one* service a week where people like myself can attend without being offended or moved to laughter.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

(See our Occasional Paper No. 1, page 13.)

Doctor.

Poetry loses its lustre and power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that pious verse can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament.

DR. JOHNSON.

Anthologist.

Secular verse covers many provinces Sacred verse can hardly go beyond one province: to expect masterpieces in our field approximately numerous as those in the secular lyric is unreasonable. Even more unreasonable is it, when of this single province a district only is chosen out for censure, and treated as the whole domain. Hymns, wellnigh limited to the functions of prayer and praise, are precisely that region in which a practical aim is naturally, almost inevitably predominant. The writers (not to dwell upon the imperfect training of many among them) have hence far too frequently and easily made the sacrifice of pleasure to usefulness, of beauty to edification. But it should be remembered that hymns, in this respect, are subject to the common penalty, the inferiority in art, inherent in all didactic verse; although with a more pressing and powerful excuse than didactic verse can offer for its inevitable prosaicism.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

(Preface to *The Treasury of Sacred Song*.)

Missioner.

There is scarcely anything which takes so strong a hold upon people as religion in metre, hymns or poems on doctrinal subjects. Every one, who has had experience among the English poor, knows the influence of Wesley's hymns and the Olney collection. Less than moderate literary excellence, a very tame versification, indeed often the simple recurrence of a rhyme is sufficient: the spell seems to lie in that. Catholics even are said to be sometimes found poring with a devout and unsuspecting delight over the verses of the Olney Hymns, which the Author himself can remember acting like a spell upon him for years, strong enough to be for long a counter influence to very grave convictions, and even now to come back from time to time unbidden into the mind. The Welsh Hymn-book is in two goodly volumes, and helps to keep alive the well-known Welsh fanaticism . . . It seemed then in every way desirable that Catholics should have a hymn-book for *reading*, which should contain the mysteries of the faith in easy verse, or different states of heart and conscience depicted, with the same unadorned simplicity, for example, as the "O for a closer walk with God" of the Olney Hymns.

F. W. FABER.

(Preface to *Hymns*, edition of 1849.)

Connoisseur.

The qualities that we have looked for most have been simplicity, directness, and genuineness of religious feeling. A certain sort of cheap sentiment, of conventional and rhetorical form, of weak and honeyed phrase, is what we have most sought to avoid. On the other hand, we have not been afraid of what some may think prosaic baldness, if it had the stamp of reality and if it was relieved by a few good lines.

Preface to the *Oxford Hymn Book*, 1908.

Fountain-head.

A psalm is learnt without labour and remembered with delight. Psalmody unites those who disagree, makes friends of those at odds, brings together those out of charity with one another. Who could retain a grievance against the man with whom he had joined in singing before God? The singing of praise is the very bond of unity. The strings of the harp are of varying lengths, but the harmony is a unity. The musician's fingers, too, may often make mistakes on the small strings, but in the congregation that great Musician, the Spirit, cannot err. Psalmody is the rewarding work of the night, the grateful relaxation of the busy day, the good beginning and the fortifying ending of all work. It is the ministry of the angels, the strength of the heavenly host, the spiritual sacrifice.

SAINT AMBROSE (A.D. 340-397).