

LECTURES ON MUSIC¹

I

THE PLACE OF MUSIC IN LIFE

THE part that music can play and ought to play in the general course of our life has by many people been seriously misunderstood. They have regarded it as something external and insignificant; at best a luxury, at worst an idle entertainment capable of giving transitory and superficial pleasure, but not of striking any deep roots in human nature. We are, indeed, told that one of the sterner races of antiquity prohibited its use altogether, on the ground that its whole effect was to relax the fibers of manhood; and, although this error has been contradicted by centuries of civilized experience, the fact that it was ever promulgated is worth our attention.

Berlioz once divided persons of imperfect musical sympathy into the two classes—*ceux qui ne sentent pas* and *ceux qui ne savent pas*. This distinction, which runs back through the ages, is the cause, in one form or another, of almost all the obstacles that have retarded the progress of musical art. As here stated it is, no doubt, unduly trenchant—it deals with the extreme cases and ignores the “thousand diamond-weights between”; but it does emphasize the dangers which, in any art, beset erudition without poetry

¹ A course of three lectures delivered, under the auspices of the Rice Institute Lectureship in Music, April 7, 8, and 9, 1926, by Sir Henry Hadow, C.B.E., F.R.S.L., Hon. D. Mus. (Oxford, Durham, and Wales); Hon. LL.D. (St. Andrews and Liverpool); Hon. D. Litt. (Bristol); Vice-Chancellor of the University of Sheffield.

and emotionalism without knowledge. The mediæval treatises on music, for example, from Martianus Capella, who wrote in the fifth century, to Alstedius, who wrote in the seventeenth, are with rare exceptions arid dissertations on grammar and accident, filled with technical terminology of note and rhythm and proportion, but singularly reticent on the subject of beauty. Indeed, the last-named of these authors, writing in the full light of Byrd and Palestrina, can find no better definition of Music than "a mathematical science subordinated to arithmetic".¹ Meanwhile the listener, warned off the whole domain by this *chevaux-de-frise* of unfamiliar terms came to regard the whole of musical science as a priestly hieroglyphic which he was not expected to understand, took refuge in the native wood-notes of upland and forest, in the simple enjoyment of folk-song and folk-dance and came, in doing so, much nearer to the heart of the matter. And before them the composer trod his own path, handing down a tradition which was almost certainly empirical in origin, enriching and moulding it through successive generations of transmitted skill, glowing with that inexplicable flame which we call genius, and leading the host as the pillar of fire led the Israelites through the desert.

Music is at once the oldest and the youngest of the Arts. It is the oldest because its origin may be traced to the heightened speech with which primitive man announced some moment of danger or triumph, before the first ordering of rhythmic speech or the first elk on the cave-wall. First the emotionalized cry of terror or delight; then its modification for use as warning or stimulus or jubilation; then the fitting of articulate words into the mould, and

¹ *Scientia Mathematica subalternata Arithmeticae*. See *Alstedius Encyclopaedia*, Bk. xx. It is dated 1620, a quarter of a century after Palestrina's death.

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the songs of the camp-fire or the hunting field. Again the most primitive savages of whom we know, and from whom we acquire part of our evidence about antiquity, have a keen sense of coördinated rhythm, not only for the strengthening and accelerating of effort, but for the sheer joy in the movements of limb and body; and in this way we can account for the prevalence and universality of the dance. Sir Hubert Parry has well summed up the inter-relation of these early practices: ¹

“The examination of the music of savages shows that they hardly ever succeed in making orderly and well balanced tunes, but either express themselves in a kind of vague wail or howl which is on the borderland between music and informal expression of feeling, or else contrive little fragmentary figures of two or three notes which they reiterate incessantly over and over again.” And later: “Pure unalloyed rhythmic music is found in most parts of the uncivilized globe and the degree of excitement to which it can give rise when the mere beating of a drum or tom-tom is accompanied by dancing is well known to all the world. It is also a familiar fact that dancing originates under almost the same conditions as song or any other kind of voice utterance, and therefore the rhythmic elements and the cantabile elements are only different forms in which the same class of feelings and emotions are experienced.”

Yet Music is also the youngest, in the sense that of all arts it has most recently developed into forms which we can understand and enjoy. The earliest piece of music which is of first-rate value to us is dated 1240, and there is nothing like it for another two hundred years. The great polyphonic school of the sixteenth century is still a monument of wonder and delight; its idiom has some of the

¹ Parry, *The Art of Music*, Chapter I, p. 7.

remoteness and stateliness of a dead language. The symphonic forms of Beethoven, the orchestra of Berlioz, the Music drama of Wagner, the *nuove musiche* of the present day are all landmarks in the course of an art which is perpetually advancing. It is not a question of genius—there has never been a greater genius than Beethoven—but of the resources at its command. In Music every age has added its own treasures to the wealth that it has inherited, and has bequeathed a fuller heritage for the administration of its successor. The idiom of music has changed far more rapidly than that of language, its method than those of painting or sculpture or architecture: and the result is not to make the old masters obsolete, for they are firmer in our affections than ever, but to show how the spirit which animated them can lead their followers into new paths. We must, no doubt, affirm this distinction as relative, not as absolute, but we can draw some measure of its extent if we reflect that Westminster Abbey dates from the same period as the discovery of Organum, and that Titian was contemporary with the early madrigalists.

I hope that it will not be thought fantastic if I find a very rough parallel in the history of the sciences. Chemistry, Mathematics, Biology have made enormous advances during the last three centuries, yet all these can trace their course in an almost continuous line to early Arabian or Greek or even Egyptian investigators. Compare with them the story of Electricity. It cannot be said to have begun before Gilbert's conjectures in 1600; there is an honourable succession through Boyle and Kleist and Franklin and Galvani and Volta, but the door of a new world was opened when Faraday published his researches in 1831. Every decade since then has seen new discoveries, new resources,

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new opportunities of use, and the extension of our knowledge has taught us that we are now only on the threshold of the subject and that the prospects of its future development are illimitable. In like manner I believe, not that Music is going to see composers of greater genius than before—that is beyond conjecture and in any case irrelevant—but that we are only just beginning to learn how it can be employed for the furtherance and enhancement of our civilized life. To this point I shall return in my third address, and shall endeavor then to indicate how this new knowledge may be turned to account: at present I am concerned only to state the belief as a profound and sincere conviction.

The manner in which music affects us may be discussed under three main heads: the physical, the emotional, and the spiritual. I am not here prejudging the question how far these can be regarded as actually distinct—I am fully mindful of Aristotle's warning that divisions of the soul may be but aspects of the same entity—but for the present purpose they may be considered separately. It is no paradox to say that when I cut my finger the pain which I feel is physical rather than emotional or spiritual, and no further committal than this is required by the argument before us.

Physiologists have said that, so far as their evidence attests, two functions would seem to be attributable to the nervous system of the ear. One is the purely specialized auditory function which passes on to the brain those impacts from air-waves which are there translated into sound. The other, proceeding along the afferent nerves to the semi-circular canals, is apparently concerned with our power of coördinating bodily movements and especially of preserving

equilibrium.¹ Experiments have shown that lesions in the canals are attended by a loss of coördinating power, and there seems to be enough evidence to establish a causal connection. Be this as it may—and it is too technical a subject to be argued by a layman—we may safely hold that there is a close connection between the ear and the well-being of the nervous system in general. The first sign of Schumann's insanity was the persistence in his brain of a single musical note, and Smetana had exactly the same experience. Auditory hallucinations are, I believe, more common than visual: bodily weariness after a certain degree is accompanied by the mis-hearing of tones and can be cured by music which both restores the specific sense and brings about a general condition of repose. There are famous historical instances: King Saul healing his shattered nerves at the sound of David's harp; Charles IX of France sending for Orlando di Lasso to cure him of his insomnia; Philip V of Spain, whose sickness required for its daily medicine four songs from the great Farinelli. Sometimes the story has another edge, as when we read of "Ethodius the 25th King of Scotland" who could not sleep without the pipes at his bedside, and who was first lulled and then murdered by a treacherous virtuoso. Like the hero of Prior's epigram:

Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

But the questions with which we are now concerned are physiological rather than ethical.

It is not, therefore, surprising that throughout all the ages there have been sporadic and empirical attempts to utilize Music as a curative agency. Many examples are

¹ See for instance Lavignac's *Music and Musicians*, English translation, pp. 39-43.

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collected and annotated in an exceedingly rare book by a German doctor named George Frankh, who practised in the early part of the eighteenth century.¹ Within its limits the work is as full of queer miscellaneous erudition as Burton's *Anatomy*: it quotes instances of musical cures from Pythagoras and the Asclepiads, notes that Pythagoras used to play the harp every night before going to bed and every morning on getting up,² besides doing so at intervals during the day when he wanted his mind to be specially active: and so carries the evidence through Galen and Martianus Capella to Isaac Vossius and George Baglivus, the famous professor of medicine at Rome, who discusses in detail the physical effects of air-vibrations induced by music, and the possibility of discovering "laws of nature" by which they can be usefully applied. "Sheer mediæval superstition," someone will say, "as out of place in our enlightened and scientific age as the Elixir of Life or the Philosopher's Stone or the Talking Head of Roger Bacon". Let me, therefore, supplement it by a first-hand experience of the last few years. Shortly after the war I was invited to attend the concert of a male-voice choir at Chelsea Hospital. It was a simple programme—a dozen part-songs prepared with the keenest verve and enjoyment by some twenty or thirty men. Every one of them was a patient in the hospital: every one had come there so broken with aphasia that he could neither speak nor understand a word. Their cure had been effected by music: their first sign of consciousness was the recognition of a marching tune, their first utterance the completion of such a tune deliberately broken

¹ *Satyra Medica*, Leipsic, 1723. It contains twenty essays on purely medical subjects, six dissertations, of which that on Music is No. II, and a posthumous oration on the disadvantages of study (*De Studiorum Noxa*) edited by his son.

² Hawkins, *Life of Ken*, quoted by Boswell, says that Bishop Ken used to sing a hymn to the lute "every morning before putting on his clothes".

off, and so by degrees they had been brought back to the use of speech and the restoration of health. It is true that many of Dr. Frankh's claims are extravagant and ridiculous; this does not prevent us from holding that music can exercise a beneficent effect in certain cases of nervous disorder, and that we do not yet know within what limits its power may be circumscribed.

Closely connected with this is the sheer physical pleasure which the ear receives from certain qualities and combinations of sound: the *timbre* of voice or violin or clarinet,¹ chords as rich as the eye of a peacock's tail, harmonic passages like sunset clouds, the flow of melodies which, apart from their meaning, are as limpid as a brook among the moorlands. Think of the love-scene in *Tristan*, of the end of the first strophe in the *Schicksalslied*, of the clarinet tune in Schubert's Octet, of the famous return of the first subject in the G major Quartet of Beethoven: I am speaking for the moment not about the emotional or intellectual force of these passages, but of their pure sensuous delight. It is true that there are some persons who stand outside this influence—some ears to which music is "*un bruit désagréable qu'on fait exprès*": but to the vast majority of normally constituted people this special joy of hearing is not only real but intense.

There is an ambiguity in the English word "pleasure" from which more precise languages, like the Greek, are entirely free. Sometimes we use it of the subjective feeling ("I shall have much pleasure in . . ."), sometimes of the object which stimulates the feeling ("It will be a great pleasure to . . ."), and the question so dear to moralists as to a qualitative distinction between pleasures is largely

¹Madame de Deffaud, in one of her letters to Horace Walpole, says that the clavecin, however well played, "cannot rival the beauty of the harp". This is clearly a question of *timbre* alone.

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obscured by this confusion. For there is obviously no pleasant object the content of which is exhausted by the sensation. It is, in addition, either wholesome or unwholesome, either ennobling or degrading, either self-centred or beneficent, and by reference to these distinctions we may gauge at any rate a part of its psychological value.

Among all sources of physical pleasure music is, perhaps, the purest. It admits, as we shall see later, of varying grades, especially in its emotional appeal, but in its immediate influence on the auditory nerve it would rank, by general acknowledgment, at least on a level with visual beauty, and by most people who are keenly susceptible of both it would have the preëminence. And if this be challenged, or set aside as incapable of argument, we may at any rate hold, as psychologists have held since Aristotle, that these two avenues of sense belong to a higher part of our nature than those of touch and smell and taste, which we share more closely with the rest of the animal world. From which it would follow that, on grounds of sense alone, the musician has a special responsibility. It is not reform but anarchy to extend the bounds of the art so as to include sounds which are intrinsically degraded or cacophonous—sounds “jangled out of tune and harsh” which stab the ear with meaningless discord or isolated and unintelligible noise. Grant that as experience progresses we can adapt ourselves to new combinations of sound, we can do this only if they form part of a coherent design and so bring into play other kinds of receptivity. That has nothing to do with the cult of ugliness for its own sake which is threatening to invade more than one domain of art, and which is the most obvious because the easiest of all ways by which mediocrity and imposture can attract attention. If there were nothing else to urge against the jazz band—

and there is everything—it would put itself outside the pale of music by the coarseness and vulgarity of its utterance.

Sense and emotion are so closely interconnected that a great American psychologist has ranged them together as cause and effect.¹ Experiment has abundantly shown that there are certain rhythms and cadences, certain combinations and successions of tone, which are generally stimulative of emotion and which, with some aid, it may be from association and circumstance, the hearer can more or less specify for himself. This is notably the case in song and dance where the music, as it were, crystallizes round the words or the enacted scene, where its rhythm reënforces gesture, where its tone illustrates the pathos or humor of the poetic phrase: the sorrow of Handel's "He was despised", the love sickness of Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade", the jollity of Papageno's introductory song, the farcical burlesque of Beckmesser's Serenade—instances are too frequent to need exemplification. But it is also true that within limits the same conclusion holds of some instrumental music where we have no such adventitious or external means of suggestion. No one can doubt that the slow movement of Beethoven's first quartet is tragic, or that the scherzo of his fifth symphony is eerie, or that the finale of his eighth is amusing: we may even proceed to analyze, if we think it worth while, some of the points of phrase or colour by which our respective feelings are excited. Many writers, indeed, who can see thus far and no farther, have maintained that

¹ The passage is well known, but may nevertheless be worth repeating. "Common sense says, we lose our fortune, are sorry and weep; we meet a bear, are frightened and run; we are insulted by a rival, are angry and strike. The hypothesis here to be defended is that this order of sequence is incorrect, that the one mental state is not immediately induced by the other, that the bodily manifestations must first be interposed between; and that the more rational statement is that we feel sorry because we cry, angry because we strike, afraid because we tremble, and not that we cry, strike, or tremble because we are sorry, angry, or fearful as the case may be." (William James, *Principles of Psychology*, ii, pp. 449-50.)

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the whole essential influence of music is emotional, and have sharply contrasted it with poetry, "which", as they say, "appeals to the intellect". This antithesis I believe to be fundamentally untrue; the significance of music is less concrete but not less real than that of poetry: if there be any preëminence it is on the side of that "inarticulate unfathomable speech", as Carlyle called it, "which takes us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for moments gaze upon that". But this belongs more appropriately to our third address which deals with the place of music in education. It is enough to say here that the whole range of our emotional nature lies open to musical influence, that this influence can be exerted nobly or ignobly, temperately or extravagantly, and that its artistic value and import will depend largely on the choice which it determines. "Sir", said Dr. Johnson, irritated by some artificial ecstasies from Boswell, "I should never listen to music if it made me feel such a fool". But it is no mark of folly to be deeply moved by the Austrian Hymn, or the Marseillaise, or the Lacrymosa of Mozart's Requiem, or the slow movement of Brahms' Horn Trio: and though we cannot closely particularize the emotion we are none the less conscious of its existence.

To our intellectual nature music appeals through its purity and opulence of style, and its ordered coherence of architectural structure. It no more follows that a piece of music is fine because it contains certain emotional phrases or poignant harmonies than that a play is Shakespearian by virtue of the line

And so good morrow t'ye, good master Lieutenant.¹

¹ See *Martinus Scriblerus on the art of Sinking*, written by Pope and Arbuthnot. It is an admirable satire on certain literary follies, and might with advantage be extended to those of musical composition.

or that flat verse can be raised to poetry by being winged with such words as "glory" or "empyræan". The value of a musical composition, like that of every other work of art, must be gauged less by its individual details than by its coherence and vitality as a whole. In all ages there have been artistic bunglers like the painter in Horace who set together a man's face, a horse's neck and a fish's tail; nor is it any excuse to plead that tail, neck and face could please when regarded separately. Almost everyone who takes the trouble to write or compose has his moments of invention—stronger or weaker according to the degree of his talent—the great artist is he who knows what to do with them: how to hold them in check and counterpoise, how to place each point where its significance will be most vital, and above all how to see, and to make us see, that the structure on which he is concentrating our attention is an organic whole. In a perfect melody no note can be omitted or altered without loss: each presupposes or leads into its context as inevitably as the words of a well-constructed sentence. A bad melody is sometimes monotonous, sometimes incoherent; sometimes, though this is almost incredible, it succeeds in being both at once: in any case, one measure of its badness is that it does not construe—that, as people say, it "doesn't make sense"—or that, if it does, the sense is so poor and feeble that it fails to engage our interest. And exactly the same holds good of the larger canvas. As the notes or figures in a melody, so the melodies in a fugue or a symphony movement are held together by a living and organic law—a law which is always outstripping the text-book and leaving the pedant to "toil after it in vain", but the expression of which is a part of the dignity and responsibility of true genius. The plot of a great musical composition is, of its kind and within its idiom, as perfect

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as that of Epic or Drama : it may lead to a climax as quiet as that of *Paradise Regained* or of the *Coriolan* overture, as tempestuous as that of *Hamlet* or of the *Appassionata*, in either case, and along the whole line between them, it achieves its end by mastery and domination of its materials. The supreme temples of music are like the Parthenon as Pericles built it—lovely in hue and pillar and colonnade, lovely in architrave and cornice and sculptured frieze, loveliest of all in its complete and majestic perfection.

Yet all these—sense, emotion, intellectual grasp—are but the successive courts which lead to the central mystery. In Music more, I think, than in any other art there is an inherent quality which is beyond all analysis or description : which is correlative with the inmost aspiration of the spirit of man. We are dimly and imperfectly conscious of something in ourselves which we call Divine ; which is on the further side of reason as emotion is on the hither side ; which ennobles, absorbs, transfigures our whole being so long as we are under its influence. It finds, I believe, its fullest embodiment in our religious experiences, in those moments of intimate communion with God which, and not petition, are of the central essence of prayer. These moments the purest and most spiritual music can recall as can nothing else in the world ; we are not stirred by picture or poem or temple as we are by the *Missa Papæ Marcelli*, or the last chorus in the *St. Matthew Passion* or the *Sanctus* of Beethoven's great Mass, or the slow movement of his *Choral Symphony* : by these and such as these we are lifted altogether out of the world of experience—we “are caught up into Paradise and hear unspeakable words”. It is for this reason that such music is a most valuable instrument of religious worship, lifting and purifying our souls that they may be a fit habitation for the Divine presence. And it is

for this reason that the heavier responsibility lies on those who would intrude into the Sanctuary with kinds of music which are trivial or vulgar or sentimental; which mince and posture before the altar itself, and turn the act of worship into a serenade.

Music, in one form or another, can touch every aspect of human life. It can be a fitting vehicle for religious observance, it can greatly enhance the splendor of pageant and display, it can excite or soothe, comfort or stimulate; it can rouse our minds to the keenest pitch of interest and expectation, it can not only sweeten our lives with pure and noble pleasure but feed our spirits with the contemplation of Divine beauty. Like every other language it is equally susceptible of use and of misuse: there is no form so austere that it cannot be made dull or vulgar in the handling, there is none so light that genius cannot touch it with magic. People sometimes speak as if all good music were grave and complex—or at any rate as if they believed their opponents to think so: it would be not less absurd to say that all good literature is tragic, to banish from its domain all that company of jest and mirth and honest laughter to which Milton in *L'Allegro* offers a poet's welcome. In music there is abundant room for every mood and we need be at no pains to set one against another. But in music, as in literature, every mood may be nobly or ignobly cultivated—tangled with weeds of illiteracy and impurity or abundant with blossoms of exquisite and entrancing loveliness. It is of high importance to us, both in the conduct of our lives and in the cultivation of our characters, that we should study to discriminate between the various forms of this most potent influence. "True education", says Aristotle, quoting from Plato, "is that we shall learn to form a right judgment about our pleasures and pains", and of all our

pleasures those which are wrought by music are among the most keen and the most penetrating.

NOTE A

The most purely sensuous effects in Music are probably those produced by the *timbres* of different voices and instruments and by the "colour" of harmonies and their combinations. On the first of these there is no need to dwell at any length: it is beyond question that many people are affected by the actual sound of a great singer's voice or of a great violinist's fiddle, apart from any intellectual or even emotional perception of theme or subject. This may, no doubt, be enhanced by some accessory of skill or reputation: one famous and much advertised singer of the eighteenth century was, we are told, applauded "for five minutes" after singing the first note of his first song at Covent Garden: there is a story that Rubini, after his powers even of vocalization had left him, once held a Parisian audience spell-bound with his "high B \flat ": and the records of our own time could provide a number of other instances. But the centre of pleasure in all such cases is the sheer sensation elicited by the quality of the sound. It seems to be closely analogous to that which we derive from the taste of a peach or the perfume of a flower.

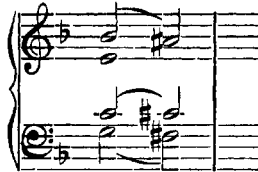
Rather more subtle, but in its way equally sensuous, is the delight which comes from certain effects of harmony, whether as single facts of experience or as parts of a modulating context. I would illustrate these by the most elementary examples, because modern harmony is comparatively unfamiliar to many hearers and its combinations of sound tend to an excess of stimulus which needs a little experience to be wholly pleasurable. This has happened in

every age: the ear has to attune itself to the new idiom and every generation has made and will continue to make its own adjustments. There are a good many harmonic experiments at the present day which recall the recipes of the Roman *gourmand* Apicius: there can be no doubt about their luxury, but they contain too many spices to be immediately palatable. Let us, therefore, begin with simpler fare and with flavours more easily distinguished.

Consider for a moment the following cadences:



You will readily perceive that each of these has a slightly enhanced colour-value as compared with its predecessor. The dominant seventh in II stirs a nerve which is not touched by the pure authentic cadence of I: there is a further vibration in the augmented interval of III, and another in IV where the bass note almost, for an instant, gives the impression of another tonal centre. Now take the following enharmonic modulation, much beloved by the "Neo-Russian Innovators" of the 'Sixties:



It has much the same effect on the ear as a piece of shot silk on the eye—a shimmer of remote hues which somehow seem to melt out of one another. Again for effects of juxta-

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position take the chromatic number from Brahms' Handel variations, which is like a piece of purple velvet, or many passages in Schumann's *Noveletten* (e.g. the purple second theme of No. 6) or Horatio Parker's well-known harmonization of the chromatic scale:



Here some of the pleasure is undoubtedly due to the Contrary motion, but an appreciable part of it comes from the actual colour-value of the harmonies.¹

Emotional effects are more difficult to analyze: on the one side they grow out of sensation, on the other they seem to merge into intellectual apprehension and their frontier lines are even less exact than those of most psychological faculties. Many melodies and melodic phrases drive to the very heart of emotion—particularly if their arrow is winged with some feather of association or memory—a song of childhood in old age, or of home heard in a foreign land. But there are many forms of emotional appeal which are due not to association but to some intrinsic quality which rises through sensation into feeling. Wagner was a supreme enchanter in this field of magic—probably no great composer has ever shown such power of emotionalizing music: of making it “play upon our heart-strings” apart from any question of style or structure. Think of the opening bars of *Tristan*, or the reiterated phrases of the death song in the

¹ One of the most remarkable examples of delight in pure colour, apart from its emotional effect, is César Franck. See for example the *Prélude* in E major, and the whole of the *Pianoforte Quintet*.

same opera, or the slow descending theme in the third act of *Walkyrie*, or the poignant passion motif of *Parsifal*: they are all ready illustrations and there are hundreds like them. Or take, in a very different field, the "Quis est homo" of Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*:



Notice the emotional appeal of the appoggiaturas at A and B. The whole effect would be gone if Dvorák had written:



But then, being Dvorák, he would never have done so.

On the intellectual side it is impossible even to touch within the limits of this address. To describe it would be to indicate the whole scheme of musical style and musical construction, and to pass beyond these into that sphere of the "numinous", which Dr. Otto has placed at the climax of all religious and artistic experience,¹ and of which in Music Bach and Beethoven are the most sublime examples. Something more will be said about it in the third lecture,

¹ Otto, *The Idea of the Holy*, Chapters II and III.

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but it is far too large a subject to form part of a course, and its further elucidation must be left to that educational scheme which it is here my principal aim to encourage.

NOTE B

Since writing the above address I have read Mr. Edward Dickinson's very interesting work on the Spirit of Music. There is a passage in the Introduction which is so apposite to the purpose which I have in hand that I cannot refrain from the pleasure of quoting it: "The art which the American people have seized upon with the greatest avidity is Music. It has entered every phase of social and individual life. It is a means of enjoyment in moments of leisure, of personal expression, of popular education. From the rude folk ballad of the mountaineer to the superfined exhibition of learning and skill in city concert hall, it meets every shade and degree of taste. It allies itself with poetry, the drama, and the cinema, with religious ceremony, with every occasion in which enthusiasm is to be aroused in the cause of social enterprise. This art, beloved of all men in all ages and climes beyond any other medium for expression in beauty, has had a growth in our country in esteem and practice which none of the other arts have equalled. The rapidity and extent of this growth is a matter of common observation: it is only those directly concerned who are fully aware of the place that music has gained in the large movement of public and private education."