

A BOOK OF MUSIC

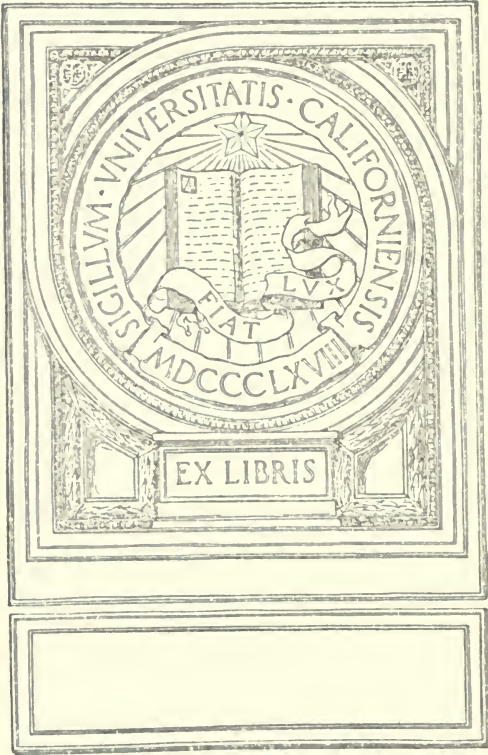
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RICHARD WATSON GILDER
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A BOOK OF MUSIC

By R. W. Gilder



THE NEW DAY
THE CELESTIAL PASSION
LYRICS
TWO WORLDS
THE GREAT REMEMBRANCE

THE ABOVE ALSO IN ONE VOLUME ENTITLED

FIVE BOOKS OF SONG
IN PALESTINE AND OTHER POEMS
POEMS AND INSCRIPTIONS
"IN THE HEIGHTS"

ALSO SELECTIONS ENTITLED

FOR THE COUNTRY
A CHRISTMAS WREATH
A BOOK OF MUSIC

A BOOK OF MUSIC

BY

RICHARD WATSON GILDER



NEW YORK
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MCMVI

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
PRELUDE	3
MUSIC AND WORDS	9
LISTENING TO MUSIC (Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony"; From "The New Day")	12
"BECAUSE THE ROSE MUST FADE"	13
ILL TIDINGS (The Studio Concert)	16
LIFE AND DEATH (From "Non Sine Dolore")	18
ESSIPOFF	20
"TO-NIGHT THE MUSIC DOTH A BURDEN BEAR"	22
ADELE AUS DER OHE	23
MUSIC AND FRIENDSHIP	26
THE STAIRWAY (M. K. W.)	27
THE VIOLIN (From "The New Day")	28
HANDEL'S LARGO	30
PADEREWSKI	32
THE 'CELLO	36
A MEMORY OF RUBINSTEIN	38

	PAGE
"THE PATHETIC SYMPHONY"; (Tschaikovsky)	39
AN HOUR IN A STUDIO, Singing of the Plainsmen, (F. Lungren)	40
THE UNKNOWN SINGER	42
THE VOICE	44
WAGNER	46
"MOTHER OF HEROES" (Sarah Blake Shaw)	47
BEETHOVEN (Vienna—1900)	48
— THE ANGER OF BEETHOVEN	50
MACDOWELL	52
A MOOD	55
— MUSIC IN SOLITUDE	56
MUSIC AT TWILIGHT	60
MUSIC IN MOONLIGHT	64
MUSIC IN DARKNESS (Adele Aus der Ohe)	67

COVER DESIGN BY ALICE R. GLENNY

A BOOK OF MUSIC





PRELUDE

WITHOUT intent, I find a book I've writ
And music is the pleasant theme of it ;
For though I can no music make, I trust
Here 's proof I love it.

Though no reasoning fine
Should any ask to show this art divine,
Yet have I known even poets who refuse
To name pure music as an equal muse.
If music pleased them, 't was not deeply felt,
And in its charms they deemed it shame to melt ;
For that, they held, it is an art where might

*Even children give its votaries delight,
And therefore lacking in the things of mind.
But 't is not argued well. There is a kind
Of music that a little child can give,
Echoing great masters ; but the masters live
Not in such echo—elfish, immature ;
'T is but a part of them. Ah, be ye sure
Though lovely, not the loveliest ; that must wait
For him who noble moods can recreate
With solemn, subtle, and deep-thoughted art
That wins the mind or ere it takes the heart.
For that a child may gracious music make
Is but a sign that music doth partake
Of something deep, primeval, that began
When God dreamed of himself, and fashioned man.
'T is near the source of being ; it repeats*

*The vibrancy that runs in rhythmic beats
Through all the shaken universe ; and though
Its language shall take not the ebb and flow
Of speech articulate, it is that tone
Cleaves closer to life's core ; the thing alone
Well-nigh it is, not thought about the thing ;
No pictured flight across a painted sky,—
The bird itself, the beating of its wing ;
The pang that is a cry ;
Not human language, but pure ecstasy.*

*In this my BOOK OF MUSIC which hath come
As doth a lover's litany by some
Miraculous chance, with added song to song,
I trust I have my Lady done no wrong,—
My Lady of Melody I worshiped long.*

*Blameless the artist praises the sweet rose
If in his art he aim not to compose
An image, all inanimate, that seeks
To copy shrewdly those inviolate cheeks
Or the rich, natural odor imitate ;
But shows, as best he can, its grace and state,
The love that in him burns for this fair flower,
And all his joy therein, for one brief hour.
Nor shall the poet subtly strive to phrase
For any heart save his what music says ;
For, — as before the autumn skies and woods, —
A meaning gleams through our own human moods :
Yet is the meaning real ; and many a wound
Wherewith our spirits are beaten to the ground
Heals 'neath the sanctity of noble sound.*

*Ah, not to match the music of the wires
Or trembling breath, the instruments and choirs,
But to tell truly how that moves the soul
In the impassionate and rhythmic word,
By poesy's proper art,—which must be heard
Even as music is! Not to forget
The viol and the harp, the clarinet,
The booming organ; too, the intertwined
Voices wherewith the sounding, rich clavier
Under the master's hand enchants the ear,—
If so may be to catch a fleeting strain
And in new art imprison it again!
Then let him list to music who would rhyme;
For every art, though separate, may learn,
From the great souls in all, how to make burn*

*Brighter the light of beauty through all time.
And scorn not thou to read of music's power
Over one soul that in great humbleness
His memory brings of many a happy hour,
Hoping these echoed tones some wounded heart may
 bless.*

MUSIC AND WORDS

I

THIS day I heard such music that I thought :
Hath human speech the power thus to be

wrought,

Into such melody,—pure, sensuous sound,—

Into such mellow, murmuring mazes caught ;

Can words (I said), when these keen tones are

bound

(Silent, except in memory of this hour)—

Can human words alone usurp the power

Of trembling strings that thrill to the very soul,

And of this ecstasy bring back the whole ?

II

Ah no, ('t was answered in my inmost heart,) Unto itself sufficient is each art,
And each doth utter what none other can—
Some hidden mood of the large soul of man.
Ah, think not thou with words well interweaved
To wake the tones wherein the viol grieved
With its most heavy burden; think not thou,
Adventurous, to push thy shallop's prow
Into that surge of well-remembered tones,
Striving to match each wandering wind that
 moans,
Each bell that tolls, and every bugle's blowing
With some most fitting word, some verse bestow-
 ing

A never-shifting form on that which passed
Swift as a bird that glimmers down the blast.

III

So, still unworded, save in memory mute,
Rest thou sweet hour of viol and of lute ;
Of thoughts that never, never can be spoken,
Too frail for the rough usage of men's words—
Thoughts that shall keep their silence all
unbroken
Till music once more stirs them ;—then like birds
That in the night-time slumber, they shall wake,
While all the leaves of all the forest shake.
Oh, hark, I hear it now, that tender strain
Fulfilled with all of sorrow save its pain.

LISTENING TO MUSIC

(RUBINSTEIN'S "OCEAN SYMPHONY;" FROM "THE NEW DAY")

WHEN on that joyful sea
Where billow on billow breaks ; where
swift waves follow

Waves, and hollow calls to hollow ;

Where sea-birds swirl and swing,

And winds through the rigging shrill and sing :

Where night is one vast starless shade ;

Where thy soul not afraid,

Though all alone unlonely,

Wanders and wavers, wavers wandering ;

On that accurséd sea

One moment only,

Forget one moment, Love, thy fierce content ;

Back, let thy soul be bent,—

Think back, dear Love ; O Love, think back to me.

“BECAUSE THE ROSE MUST FADE”

I

BECAUSE the rose must fade,
Shall I not love the rose ?

Because the summer shade

Passes when winter blows,

Shall I not rest me there

In the cool air ?

II

Because the sunset sky

Makes music in my soul,

Only to fail and die,
Shall I not take the whole
Of beauty that it gives
While yet it lives ?

III

Because the sweet of youth
Doth vanish all too soon
Shall I forget, forsooth,
To learn its lingering tune ;
My joy to memorize
In those young eyes ?

IV

If, like the summer flower
That blooms,—a fragrant death,—

Keen music hath no power
 To live beyond its breath,
Then of this flood of song
Let me drink long !

V

Ah, yes, because the rose
 Doth fade like sunset skies ;
Because rude winter blows
 All bare, and music dies—
Therefore, now is to me
Eternity !

ILL TIDINGS

(THE STUDIO CONCERT)

I N the long studio from whose towering walls
Calm Pheidias beams, and Angelo appalls,
Eager the listening, downcast faces throng
While violins their piercing tones prolong.
At times I know not if I see, or hear,
Yon statue's smile, or some not sorrowing tear
Down-falling on the surface of the stream
That music pours across my waking dream.
Ah, is it then a dream that while repeat
Those chords, like strokes of silver-shod light
feet,

And the great Master's music marches on—

I hear the horses of the Parthenon?

.

But all to-day seems vague, unreal, far,

With fear and discord in the dearest strain,

For 'neath yon slowly-sinking western star

One that I love lies on her bed of pain.

LIFE AND DEATH

(FROM "NON SINE DOLORE")

WHAT, then, is Life,—what Death?
Thus the Answerer saith ;

O faithless mortal, bend thy head and listen :

Down o'er the vibrant strings,

That thrill, and moan and mourn, and glisten,

The Master draws his bow.

A voiceless pause ; then upward, see, it springs,

Free as a bird with disimprisoned wings !

In twain the chord was cloven,
While, shaken with woe,
With breaks of instant joy all interwoven,
Piercing the heart with lyric knife,
On, on the ceaseless music sings,
Restless, intense, serene :—
Life is the downward stroke ; the upward, Life ;
Death but the pause between.

ESSIPOFF

I

WHAT is her playing like?

I ask—while dreaming here under her
music's power.

'T is like the leaves of the dark passion-flower
Which grows on a strong vine whose roots, oh,
deep they sink,
Deep in the ground, that flower's pure life to
drink.

II

What is her playing like?

'T is like a bird

Who, singing in a wild-wood, never knows

That its lone melody is heard

By wandering mortal, who forgets his heavy
woes.

“TO-NIGHT THE MUSIC DOTH
A BURDEN BEAR”

TO-NIGHT the music doth a burden bear —
One word that moans and murmurs : doth
exhale

Tremulously as perfume on the air
From out a rose blood-red, or lily pale.
The burden is thy name, dear soul of me,
Which the rapt melodist unknowing all
Still doth repeat through fugue and reverie ;
Thy name, to him unknown, to me doth call,
And weeps my heart at every music-fall.

ADELE AUS DER OHE

(LISZT)

I

WHAT is her playing like?
'T is like the wind in wintry northern
valleys :

A dream-pause ; then it rallies
And once more bends the pine-tops, shatters
The ice-crags, whitely scatters
The spray along the paths of avalanches,
Startles the blood, and every visage blanches.

II

Half-sleeps the wind above a swirling pool
That holds the trembling shadow of the trees ;
Where waves too wildly rush to freeze
Though all the air is cool ;
And hear, oh hear, while musically call
With nearer tinkling sounds, or distant roar,
Voices of fall on fall ;
And now a swelling blast, that dies ; and now—
no more, no more.

(CHOPIN)

I

AH, what celestial art !
And can sweet thoughts become pure tone and
float,

All music, into the tranced mind and heart !
Her hand scarce stirs the singing, wiry metal—
Hear from the wild-rose fall each perfect petal !

II

And can we have, on earth, of heaven the whole !
Heard thoughts—the soul of inexpressible
 thought ;
Roses of sound
That strew melodious leaves upon the silent
 ground ;
And music that is music's very soul,
Without one touch of earth,—
Too tender, even, for sorrow and too bright for
 mirth !

MUSIC AND FRIENDSHIP

THRICE is sweet music, sweet when every
word

And lovely tone by kindred hearts are heard ;

So when I hear true music, Heaven send,

To share that heavenly joy, one dear, dear friend!

THE STAIRWAY

BY this stairway narrow, steep,
Thou shalt climb from song to sleep ;
From sleep to dream and song once more ;—
Sleep well, sweet friend, sleep well, dream deep !

THE VIOLIN

(FROM "THE NEW DAY")

BEFORE the listening world behold him
stand ;

The warm air trembles with his passionate play ;
Their cheers shower round him like the ocean
spray

Round one who waits upon the stormy strand.
Their smiles, sighs, tears all are at his command ;
And now they hear the trump of judgment-day,
And now one silver note to heaven doth stray
And fluttering fall upon the golden sand.

But like the murmur of the distant sea

 Their loud applause, and far off, faint, and weak

 Sounds his own music to him, wild and free—

Far from the soul of music that doth speak

 In wordless wail and lyric ecstasy

 From that good viol pressed against his cheek.

HANDEL'S LARGO

WHEN the great organs, answering each to
each,

Joined with the violin's celestial speech,

Then did it seem that all the heavenly host

Gave praise to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost :

We saw the archangels through the ether wing-
ing ;

We heard their souls go forth in solemn singing ;

“ Praise, praise to God,” they sang, “ through
endless days;

Praise to the Eternal One, and nought but
praise ;”

And as they sang the spirits of the dying
Were upward borne from lips that ceased their
sighing ;

And dying was not death, but deeper living—
Living, and prayer, and praising and thanks-
giving !

PADEREWSKI

IF songs were perfume, color, wild desire ;
If poet's words were fire
That burned to blood in purple-pulsing veins ;
If with a bird-like thrill the moments throbbed
to hours ;
If summer's rains
Turned drop by drop to shy, sweet, maiden
flowers ;
If God made flowers with light and music in them,
And saddened hearts could win them ;

If loosened petals touched the ground

With a caressing sound ;

 If love's eyes uttered word

No listening lover e'er before had heard ;

If silent thoughts spake with a bugle's voice ;

If flame passed into song and cried, "Rejoice !

 Rejoice !"

 If words could picture life's, hope's, heaven's

 eclipse

When the last kiss has fallen on dying eyes and

 lips ;

If all of mortal woe

Struck on one heart with breathless blow on blow ;

 If melody were tears, and tears were starry

 gleams

That shone in evening's amethystine dreams ;

Ah, yes, if notes were stars, each star a different
hue,

Trembling to earth in dew ;

Or if the boreal pulsings, rose and white,

Made a majestic music in the night ;

If all the orbs lost in the light of day

In the deep, silent blue began their harps to play ;

And when in frightening skies the lightnings
flashed

And storm-clouds crashed,

If every stroke of light and sound were but excess
of beauty ;

If human syllables could quick refashion

That fierce electric passion ;

If other art could match (as were the poet's duty)

The grieving, and the rapture, and the thunder

Of that keen hour of wonder,—
That light as if of heaven, that blackness as of
 hell,—
How the great master played then might I dare
 to tell.

II

How the great master played ! And was it he
Or some disbodied spirit which had rushed
From silence into singing ; and had crushed
Into one startled hour a life's felicity,
And highest bliss of knowledge—that all life,
 grief, wrong,
Turn at the last to beauty and to song !

THE 'CELLO

WHEN last I heard the trembling 'cello play,
In every face I saw sad memories
That from dark, secret chambers where they lay
Rose and looked forth from melancholy eyes.
So every mournful thought found there a tone
To match despondence ; sorrow knew its mate ;
Ill fortune sighed, and mute despair made
moan ;
And one deep chord gave answer, "Late,—too
late !"

Then ceased the quivering strain, and swift
returned

Unto its depths the secret of each heart;

Each face took on its mask, where lately burned

A spirit charmed to sight by music's art;

But unto one who caught that inner flame

No face of all can ever seem the same.

A MEMORY OF RUBINSTEIN

HE of the ocean is, its thunderous waves
Echo his music; while far down the shore
Mad laughter hurries—a white, blowing spume.
I hear again in memory that wild storm;
The winds of heaven go rushing round the world,
And broods above the rage one sphinx-like face.

“THE PATHETIC SYMPHONY”

(TSCHAIKOVSKY)

WHEN the last movement fell, I thought:
Ah me!

Death this indeed; but still the music poured
On and still on. Oh, deathlier it grew
And then, at last, my beating heart stood still,—
Beyond all natural grief the music passing,
Beyond all tragedy, or last farewell.
Then, on that fatal tide, dismayed I felt
This living soul, my own, without one tear,
Slowly, irrevocably, and alone,
Enter the ultimate silence and the dark.

AN HOUR IN A STUDIO

(SINGING OF THE PLAINSMEN)

EACH picture was a painted memory
Of the far plains he loved, and of their life,
Weird, mystical, dark, inarticulate,—
And cities hidden high against the blue,
Whose sky-hung steps one Indian could guard.
The enchanted Mesa there its fated wall
Lifted, and all its story lived again ;
How, in the happy planting time, the strong
Went down to push the seeds into the sand,
Leaving the old and sick. Then reeled the world

And toppled to the plain the perilous path.
Death climbed another way to them who stayed.
He showed us pictured thirst, a dreadful sight ;
And many tales he told that might have come,—
Brought by some planet-wanderer,—fresh from
 Mars,
Or from the silver deserts of the moon.

 But I remember better than all else
One night he told of in that land of fright,—
The love-songs swarthy men sang to their herds
On the high plains to keep the beasts in heart ;
Piercing the silence one keen tenor voice
Singing “ Ai nostri monti ” clear and high :
Instead of stakes and fences round about
They circled them with music in the night.

THE UNKNOWN SINGER

ONE singer in the oratorio,
Her only did I see, nor can forget ;
Nor knew her name, nor have I seen her more,
Nor could I in the chorus find her voice.
Her swaying, gracious form, her face alight
As with an inner flame of melody—
These seized me ; seemed the white embodiment
Of all the angelic voices richly poured
In a great rushing and harmonious flood.
That human form, all beautiful and bright,

Lived the pure, conscious, glorious instrument
Wherethrough the master made his message
felt—

Conscious, but with no shallow vanity,
A breathing image of a thought in sound,
A living statue, symbol of a tone.
That which she sang she was ; and, unaware,
Made music visible not less than heard.

THE VOICE

RICH is the music of sweet instruments,—
The separate harp, cornet, oboe, and flute,
The deep-souled viola, the 'cello grave,
The many-mooded, singing violin,
The infinite, triumphing, ivoried clavier;
And when, with art mysterious, some god
Thrills into one the lone and various tones,
Then is no hiding passion of the heart,
No sigh of evening winds, no breath of dawn,
No hope or hate of man that is not told.

But when a human voice leaps from that surge
'T is as a flower that bursts from th' trembling
earth;

Something more wonderful assails the soul,
As, with exultant cries, up-curving, swift,
The shrill Walküre clamor against the sky,
Or pale Brünhilde moans her bitter fate.

WAGNER

THIS is the eternal mystery of art :
He told the secretest secret of his heart,—
How many mortals, with quick-flaming brow,
Whispered, lo, this am I,—and that art thou.

“MOTHER OF HEROES”

SARAH BLAKE SHAW

MOTHER of heroes, she,—of them who
gave

Their lives to lift the lowly, free the slave.

Her, through long years, two master passions
bound :

Love of our free land; and of all sweet sound.

'T was praising her to praise this land of grace ;

And when I think on music—lo, her face!

BEETHOVEN

(VIENNA—1900)

I CAME to a great city. Palaces
Rose glittering, mile on mile. Here dwells
the King,

The Emperor and King ; here lived, here ruled

How many mountainous far-looming fames !

Here is the crown of shadowy Charlemagne.

What housing of what glorious dignities !

Yet in a narrow street, unfrequented,

No palace near—one name upon a wall,

And all these majesties seem small and shrunk ;

For here unto the bitter end abode
He who from pain wrought noble joy for men,
He who from silence gave the world to song ;
For in his mind an awful music rose
As when, in darkness of the under-seas,
Currents tremendous over currents pour.
He heard the soundless tone, its voice he was,
And he of vast humanity the voice,
And his the empire of the human soul.

THE ANGER OF BEETHOVEN

THIS night the enchanting musicians rendered a trio of Beethoven,—
Light and lovely, or solemn, as in a Tuscan tower
The walls with gracious tapestries gleam, and the
 deep-cut windows
Give on landscapes gigantic, framing the four-
 square world,—
When sudden the music turned to anger, as
 nature's murmur
Sometimes to anger turns, speaking, in voice
 infuriate,

Cruel, quick, implacable ; inhuman, savage, re-
sistless,—

And I thought of that sensitive spirit flinging
back in scorn tempestuous,

And in art supreme, immortal, the infamous
arrows of fortune.

MACDOWELL

REJOICE ! Rejoice !
The New World hath a voice ;
A voice of tragedy and mirth,
Sounding clear through all the earth ;
A voice of music, tender and sublime,
Kin to the master-music of all time.

Here ye, and know,—

While the chords throb with poignant pause and
flow,—

Of the New World the mystic, lyric heart,

Breathed in undaunted art:
Her pomp of days, her glittering nights ;
The rich surprise
And miracle of iridescent skies ;
Her lovely lowlands and imperial heights ;
Her glooms and gladness ;
Her oceans thundering on a thousand shores ;
Her wild-wood madness ;
Her streams adream with memory that deplores
The red inhabitants evanished and undone
That follow, follow to far lands beyond the set-
ting sun.
And echoes one may hear of ancient lores
From the Old World's well-loved shores,—
Primal loves, and quenchless hates ;
Striving lives, and conquering fates ;

Elves innocently antic
Or wild-eyed, frantic ;
Shadow-heroes, passionate, gigantic,—
Sons and daughters of the prime
That moved the mighty bards to noble rhyme.

Rejoice ! Rejoice !

The New World hath new music—and a voice !

A MOOD

WORDS praising music, what are they but
leaves

Whirled round the fountain by the wind that
grieves.

Frail human speech falls idly as the snow

On the red lava's flow, —

Still pours the music on, all passion and flame ;

As music passes, that which music came, —

Ever the same, with message never the same.

MUSIC IN SOLITUDE

IN this valley far and lonely
Birds sang only,
And the brook,
And the rain upon the leaves ;
And all night long beneath the eaves
(While with soft breathings slept the houséd
cattle)
The hived bees
Made music like the murmuring seas ;
From lichened wall, from many a leafy nook,

The chipmunk sounded shrill his tiny rattle ;
Through the warm day boomed low the droning
flies,
And the great mountains shook
With the organs of the skies.

Dear these songs unto my heart ;
But the spirit longs for art,
Longs for music that is born
Of the human soul forlorn,
Or the beating heart of pleasure.
Thou, sweet girl, didst bring this boon
Without stint or measure !
Many a tune
From the masters of all time
In my waiting heart made rhyme.

As the rain on parchéd meadows.
As cool shadows
Falling from the summer sky,
As loved memories die,
But live again when a well-tunéd voice
Makes with old joy the grievéd heart rejoice,
So came once more with thy clear touch
The melodies I love—
Ah, not too much,
But all earth's natural songs far, far above !
For they are nature felt, and living,
And human, and impassioned ;
And they full well are fashioned
To bring to sound and sense the eternal striving,
The inner soul of the inexpressive world,
The meaning furled

Deep at the heart of all,
The thought that mortals name divine,
Whereof all beauty is the sign,
That comes—ah, surely comes—at music's
solemn call.

MUSIC AT TWILIGHT

I

OH, give me music in the twilight hour !
Then, skilled musician! thou of the magic
power,

Summon the souls of masters long since gone
Who through thine art live on !

As the day dies I would once more respire
The passion of that spirit whose keen fire
Flashes and flames in yearning and unrest
And never-ending quest.

Or listen to the quick, electric tones,
Or moods of majesty, of him who owns
The secret of the thrill that shakes the earth
And moves the stars in mirth.

And I would walk the shore of sound with him
Whose voice was as the voice of cherubim:
Musician most authentic and sublime
Of all the sons of time.

Bring their deep joys, the breath of solitudes
Dear dreams and longings, and high, hero moods;
Aye, bring me their melodious despairs
To die in twilight airs.

For, given a rhythmic voice, re-uttered so,
Sorrow itself is lost in the large flow
Of nature ; and of life is made such part
As doth enrich the heart ;

And on the tide of music, to my soul
Shall enter beauty's solace,—life be whole,
Not broken by chords discordant, but most sweet,
In sequent tones complete.

II

Great is the true interpreter, for like
No other art, two sentient souls must strike
The spark of music that in blackness lies
'Mid silent harmonies,

Till, at a cunning touch, the long-lost theme
Newly imagined, and new-born in dream,
Clothed gloriously in garment of sweet sound
Wakes from its darkened swound.

So would I ask, Musician ! of thy grace
That thou would'st bless and sanctify the place
With august harmonies, well-loved of old ;—
But from thy manifold

Miraculous memory fail not of thine own
Imaginings enraptured of pure tone,
That I may nearer draw to music's shrine,
And mystery divine.

MUSIC IN MOONLIGHT

WAS ever music lovelier than to-night !
'T was Schumann's Song of Moonlight ;
o'er the vale

The new moon lingered near the western hills ;
The hearth-fire glimmered low ; but melting
tones

Blotted all else from memory and thought,
And all the world was music. Wondrous hour !
Then sank anew into our tranced hearts

One secret and deep lesson of sweet sound—
The loveliness that from unloveliness
Out-springs, flooding the soul with poignant joy,
As the harmonious chords to harsh succeed,
And the rapt spirit climbs through pain to bliss :
Eternal question, answer infinite ;
As day to night replies ; as light to shade ;
As summer to rough winter ; death to life,—
Death not a closing, but an opening door ;
A deepened life, a prophecy fulfilled.

Not in the very present comes reply
But in the flow of time. Should the song cease
Too soon ; ere yet the rooted answer blooms,
Lo, what a pang of loss and dissonance !
But time, with the resolving and intended tone
Heals all, and makes all beautiful and right.

Even so our mortal music-makers frame
Their messages melodious to men ;
Even so the Eterne his mighty harmonies
Fashions, supreme, of life, and fate, and time.

MUSIC IN DARKNESS

I

AT the dim end of day
I heard the great musician play :
Saw her white hands now slow, now swiftly pass ;
Where gleamed the polished wood, as in a glass,
The shadow hands repeating every motion.
Then did I voyage forth on music's ocean,
Visiting many a sad or joyful shore,
Where storming breakers roar,
Or singing birds made music so intense,—

So intimate of happiness or sorrow,—
I scarce could courage borrow
To hear those strains; well-nigh I hurried
thence
To escape the intolerable weight
That on my spirit fell when sobbed the music :
late, too late, too late,
While slow withdrew the light
And, on the lyric tide, came in the night.

II

So grew the dark, enshrouding all the room
In a melodious gloom,
Her face growing viewless ; line by line
That swaying form did momentarily decline

And was in darkness lost.

Then white hands ghostly turned, though still
they tost

From tone to tone ; pauseless and sure as if in
perfect light ;

With blind, instinctive, most miraculous sight,
On, on they sounded in that world of night.

III

Ah, dearest one ! was this thy thought, as mine,
As still the music stayed ?

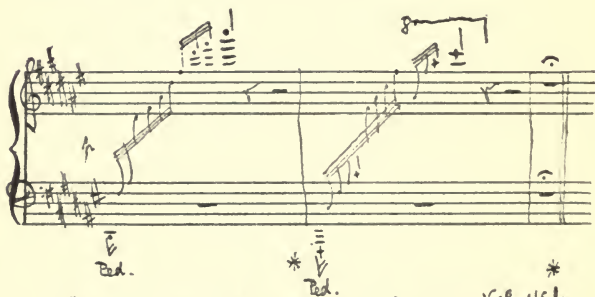
“ So shall the loved ones fade,—

Feature by feature, line on lovely line ;

For all our love, alas,

From twilight into darkness shall they pass !

We in that dark shall see them never more,
 But from our spirits they shall not be banished, —
 For on and on shall the sweet music pour
 That was the soul of them, the loved, the van-
 ished ;
 And we, who listen, shall not lose them quite
 In that mysterious night.”



From: Am Springbrunnen, eine Erinnerung an Villa d'Este,
 by Adele aus der Ahe.

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