

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN SOCIETY



MAGAZINE No 51 - AUTUMN 2000

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Dear Member,

The publication of this Magazine coincides with the Centenary of Sullivan's death, and for this reason the contents are naturally concentrated on the milestones of his career. The Centenary also affords the opportunity for a few reflections on the subject of Sullivan's reputation as it has fluctuated during the past century, made possible by the work of the Sullivan Society since its foundation.

At the time of his death on 22 November 1900 Sullivan was certainly the most popular English composer, and perhaps the one whose reputation stood highest in general critical esteem. The elaborate burial in St Paul's cathedral is evidence that he was held to be a figure of national importance. However his position at the head of English music had been under attack for the best part of ten years as Stanford and Parry, aided by influential admirers in the press, claimed that they themselves were responsible for a musical Renaissance to which Sullivan, in particular, represented a positive obstacle. What Stanford and Parry meant by 'Renaissance' was that they wrote symphonies, concertos and quartets in imitation of the heroic German masters, especially Beethoven and Brahms. This, in their opinion, entitled them to take the moral high ground in respect of a composer like Sullivan, who wrote professionally, for money. The officially agreed foundation date of the English Musical Renaissance is the performance of Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens* on 17 May 1887; other significant landmarks from Sullivan's point of view were the appointment of John Fuller-Maitland as music critic of *The Times* in 1889, and Parry's appointment as Principal of the Royal College of Music in 1894 - after which, as T.F. Dunhill noted, it was scarcely considered decent to mention Sullivan's name in the building. Throughout the 1890s supporters of the Renaissance gained increasing power and influence, so that Stanford, for example, found it relatively easy to secure the constructive dismissal of Sullivan as conductor of the Leeds Festival in 1899. Stanford's own claim to the position was not that he was a better conductor - he patently wasn't - but that he was more worthy in his musical allegiances.

By the time of Sullivan's death the promoters of the Renaissance,

although recognised by contemporaries as a clique, had gained control of the commanding heights of the musical economy. This meant that like all winning sides they had it in their power to write their own version of events. The result was that Elgar received an oblique welcome, while Sullivan was effectively airbrushed out of English music altogether. Ernest Walker's *History of Music in England* (1907) set an example of dismissal which was followed in all subsequent textbooks, reinforced by a general atmosphere of hostility which had its origin in the teaching institutions.

Parallel to the establishment dogma regarding Sullivan was the attitude of the G&S fans, whose devotion to the one true D'Oyly Carte Company left them indifferent to his 'other' achievements. These fans in their turn were despised by the establishment, thereby adding another dimension to the contempt in which the composer was held. By the time the Sullivan Society was founded in 1977 Sullivan had become a virtually unknown quantity outside the familiar repertory of the D'Oyly Carte Company. There was nevertheless a prevailing impression that he constituted something very nasty in the English musical woodshed.

In beginning its task of exploration, therefore, the Society had everything to do, against a general background of low expectation. Since that time, as one work after another has been brought to performance and recorded, the negative judgements of men like Walker and Fuller-Maitland have been exposed as the propaganda myths they always were. So far from being supernaturally dull and worthless, the music of Sullivan is emotional, lively, dramatic, and above all unified. There is no sharp stylistic break between the comic operas and the 'other' music, and those operas which do not have words by Gilbert are full, like Tutankhamen's tomb, of wonderful things. It is perfectly true that none of this music - not even the *Irish Symphony* or the Cello Concerto - has much to do with Brahms and Beethoven. It is rather the product of a very different mental outlook, which in its pragmatism and unpretentiousness is actually more 'English' than the academic efforts of the 'Renaissance' school.

A period of a hundred years is often said to be the test of an artist's reputation. Anyone who can survive for a century is probably secure for the future. This is certainly true of Sullivan. In spite of every effort by the English musical establishment to destroy him, his work survives. The knowledge of his achievement shared by members of the Sullivan Society is not yet widespread, but the foundations for a wider understanding have now been laid. The Symphony has just received its third commercial recording, and the BBC has gone so far as to record *The Rose of Persia*. A commercial recording of *The Golden Legend* will be made next year. It is too soon to judge exactly where the process of rehabilitation will end, and what the final judgement will be. In one limited sense the 'Renaissance' critics were right - Sullivan was not an exponent of Holy German Art, and it is not realistic to claim otherwise. On the other hand romantic German values, so dominant for so long, are now beginning to yield to the advances made by many other types of music. As a popular composer in all his aspects Sullivan is well placed to benefit from this change. The best estimate of the present writer is that during the next hundred years - if the classical tradition of music survives at all - Sullivan will regain something very like the pre-eminent position he held at his death. **D.E.**

RUDDIGORE

New Performing Edition From Oxford
University Press Edited By
David Russell Hulme

Review By

Martin Yates

In Sullivan's centenary year one of the best ways of honouring the composer, besides performing his music, is to publish a new and scholarly edition of one of his works. This is what Oxford University Press have done with the new *Ruddigore* edited by David Russell Hulme.

The choice of *Ruddigore* to begin what I hope will be a full series of all the operas, was an excellent idea because of the various 'lost' sections of the score which have been emerging over the last few years, and of the awareness that we have of the many 'additions, revisions and amendments' which the work has been subject to over the early years of the 20th century. For the first time in 113 years we can now get closer to the work as Gilbert and Sullivan intended it.

When I conducted the work in Retford in 1986 I remember having to research many sources in order to move closer to the original. It was relatively easy as far as the libretto was concerned, but musically it was harder. I was able to put back various 2nd verses and, surprisingly, I obtained the orchestral parts (from D'Oyly Carte) for the original overture and Basingstoke finale. However I had to orchestrate Robin's song from a tape of the BBC 3 performance by Stanford Robinson, and I couldn't do much about the numerous small changes which abounded throughout the score. Also the full content of the ghost scene was unknown, and did not emerge until the Sadlers Wells performances and recording in 1987. Even then performing material was tightly controlled.

I suspect that the above problems have been encountered many times over the years, but that is all past thanks to this new edition. All that is needed to create an original *Ruddigore* is contained in the vocal score, full score and orchestral parts of the new OUP edition, with its appendices of the 'lost' sections. I say 'original' though it is made very clear that there can be no definitive performing material because of the way Gilbert and Sullivan worked. The creative process involved many changes and amendments, and in the absence of an 'official' final draft we can only reach a consensus by examining various sources. David Russell Hulme uses many sources for both text and music, but his primary sources are:

- | | |
|------------------|---|
| For the Music | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a) The Autograph Score b) Vocal Score 1 printed in 1887 (Arr by George Lowell Tracy) = VS1 |
| For the Libretto | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a) A libretto/Prompt Book with extensive details of the production recorded by W.H. Seymour (Stage Manager) = Lib/Pt1 b) Libretto printed by Chappells issued while the production was still playing at the Savoy = Lib3 |

The edition uses **Lib 3** as the basis for the spoken text. Any additions from **Lib/Pt1** are not differentiated in the actual text, but more substantial ones are identified by an asterisk. However all are noted in the extensive Critical Commentary which also includes all other variants in dialogue which are found in other sources. So, for instance, if the producer wishes to restore Gideon Crawle to Act Two, the 2nd verse to the opening duet with Robin is in the Appendix, and all other references in the dialogue are found within the critical commentary.

The vocal score incorporates the libretto, which is a tremendous advantage during the rehearsal period when hopping between score and separate libretto is an annoying and time consuming operation. The editor has also taken the opportunity to correct inconsistencies. For example in Act Two Sir Roderic instructs Robin to 'carry off a lady', but this changes to 'maiden' when Robiun instructs Adam to 'go to yonder village . . .' and 'maiden' when he has presented Robin with Dame Hannah. Sir Roderic then asks what he means 'by carrying off this lady'. Punctuation is also brought into line, as in Zorah's solo 'Sev'ral months have pass'd away where in **VS1** she has both 'passed' and 'pass'd' within a few bars. Such changes may be small, but they do indicate the depth of the editorial process.

This is also evident in the painstaking and thorough editing of the musical score, which has clear background notes in the Critical Commentary. For the musician this is one of the most valuable and interesting sections of the full score. I found it much easier to use than the one which accompanies the Broude Brothers *Trial by Jury*. Things which have been problematic become clear on reading the notes. For instance, having performed 'Welcome Gentry' many times I am pleased to have the correct harmony for the altos in the 'admiration' bar missing from **VS1**. The correct harmony had been hidden away in the autograph score. I was also surprised to find that the bridesmaids' song which follows 'If well his suit has sped' with its amusing little 'chirp' at the end actually ends much sooner in the autograph score, the 'chirp' being a later addition. The printing of the full score, on white paper as opposed to cream for the Broude edition, is crystal clear - very important for a conductor.

The piano reduction for the vocal score, though based on the Tracy original (**VS1**) has been edited to remove inconsistencies, improve distribution between the hands or to mirror more clearly the orchestral setting. This can be seen in two examples from the Duet for Robin and Rose in Act One.

EX 1 = VS1

No. 4.

DUET—Rose & Robin.

ROSE.

1. I know a youth who loves a lit-tle maid— (Hey, but his face is a
 2. He can-not eat, and he can-not sleep— (Hey, but his face is a

Allegretto grazioso.

PIANO. *f* *p* *p*

EX2 = OUP EDITION

This shows more clearly what the strings are playing

No. 4 Duet: Rose & Robin

Allegretto grazioso

ROSE

ROBIN

1. I know a youth who loves a lit-tle maid— (Hey, but his face is a
 2. He can-not eat, and he can-not sleep— (Hey, but his face is a

Allegretto grazioso

Piano *f* *p* *p*

EX3 = VS1

This brings out the legato phrase from the bassoon
'Sad' rather than 'thin' is an emendation from Lib /Pt 1 & 2

Rose.

I know a maid who loves a gal-lant youth, (
 She's ve-ry thin, and she's ve-ry pale, (

EX4 = OUP EDITION

11 ROSE

I know a maid who loves a gal-lant youth, (C)
She's ve-ry sad, and she's - ve-ry pale, (C)

The image shows a musical score for a vocal piece titled 'ROSE'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef, with lyrics underneath. The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'I know a maid who loves a gal-lant youth, (C) She's ve-ry sad, and she's - ve-ry pale, (C)'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and chords.

For the pianist weaned on the earlier arrangements some of the new ones can seem quite strange, though there is no doubting the reasons for the changes, especially as many of us have complained for years that the Chappell vocal scores do not reflect the orchestral setting sufficiently. However, given this editorial stance, I found the reproduction of the hornpipe in the vocal score problematic. This section is written out fully, not just printed once with repeats as in other vocal scores; but it corresponds with **VS1** by having the 2nd repeat an octave higher. However the full score clearly shows piccolo for the first section (*f*) followed by strings (*pp*) and fuller orchestra for the end (*f*). The strings do not play an octave higher, so sure the pattern should be: octave higher (piccolo), normal octave (strings), octave higher (full orchestra).

The orchestral parts for hire have flutes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, cornets and trombones in one volume, which means that two players can read from one stand - ideal for the orchestra with a small pit. What is more significant is that the pieces in the appendices are included *within* the parts in their correct position in the opera. This means that discarded material can be performed easily by an orchestra, though the poor conductor still has to flip backwards and forwards, especially in the Ghost Scene. Perhaps it would have been better to have included this material *within* the section in both the vocal and full scores, because I suspect that most future performances will be eager to use as much discarded material as possible.

The price for one month's hire of the orchestral parts and one performance is £100; but each additional extra month's hire or performance is a further £25. The cost of the vocal score is £10.95 and £95 for the beautifully bound full score. These prices are very reasonable for the quality of the product, especially as the price of Kalmus full scores has been over £100 for an item of much lower quality.

I cannot recommend these scores highly enough, because at one stroke they supercede all others both past and present. OUP deserves support and praise for being the first *British* publisher to honour Sullivan in this way. Chappells, who have made a mint from from selling libretti and vocal scores, should have been doing this sort of thing years ago. Their

support of Sullivan in his Centenary Year is boomingly silent.

It is to be hoped that OUP will do for Sullivan what they did for Walton, and continue with editions of all the Savoy Operas, and then perhaps finish the cycle with Sullivan's non-Gilbert works. It is important that we support and encourage them now by buying and performing this *Ruddigore*.

SOURCES

Vocal Score/Full Score - OUP.

1st Edition Vocal Score arr. Tracy.

2nd Edition Vocal Score

The Complete Annotated G&S - Ian Bradley

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO

David Blackwell, Music Editor OUP for help.

OUP Publishing for allowing reproduction of material.

FRONT COVER

The drawing of Sullivan on the front cover is taken from *Heydays - A Salad of Memories and Impressions*, (Methuen, 1933), by Charles Pascoe Hawkins (1877 - 1956). On page 190 Hawkins writes as follows:

It was at Fuenterrabia that I last saw Arthur Sullivan, who used to go constantly to Biarritz for Easter. The social and sybaritic part of him responded, I suppose, to the *vie de luxe* which the place provided, and his artistic and austerer side was attracted by the folk-music, and the Mascarades and Pastorales, and the primitive rhythm of life among the Basque country.

I met him in 1899 watching the dances and festivities of the country folk at Guéthary, and again for the last time at the Good Friday procession at Fuenterrabia. He was taking notes of the music on his shirt-cuff: for he would never miss a chance of musical inspiration and suggestion, and some of his most successful things were the result of what might be termed musical sketching

He was particularly attracted, too, by trumpet music - a trait, perhaps, inherited from his father, who was a Sandhurst bandmaster. His friend Charles Saint-saëns - whose beginnings, like his own, had been in Church music, for Saint-Saëns was organist at The Madeleine at twenty-two - used to meet him almost every year in Biarritz, but at the time I write of in the 'nineties had gone to live permanently in Algiers. In 1899, with his waxen complexion and look of incessant fatigue, Sullivan looked to me an invalid, and, when not in company, a man of melancholy. But I suppose that at the time he must have seen the end approaching, for in the next year he died.

Picture and extract kindly supplied by Ralph MacPhail. The original sketch was sold at Sotheby's on 9.12.99 as lot 249. (Information Dr Terence Rees).

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S BIRTHPLACE

On the steps, forecourt, and pavement in front of No 8, Bolwell Street, Lambeth Walk, a small crowd gathered at 11 am on Saturday the 20th ult. These were people invited by the Londob Section of the Incorporated Society of Musicians. On the opposite side of the little narrow street a much larger audience stood behind a guard of police, surprised by the fame their humble terrace had acquired. They were evidently proud, too, for one man was loudly cursing his ill-luck that he lived on the other side. Some of the crowd had an eye to the main chance, for when the *Musical Herald* representative mounted some steps to take a snapshot, three landladies promptly claimed blackmail. The eyes of everybody were turned to a little tablet between the windows, near the roof of No 8. A Union Jack hid the tablet, until Dr W.H. Cummings pulled a string, and exposed the memorial, the gilt lettering, however, being unreadable on account of the glistening sunshine. The inscription is as follows:

INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS

London Section

In this house was born, 1842,

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Musician

Died 1900, and buried in St Paul's Cathedral.

Mr H.L. Doulton presented the little black marble tablet to the I.S.M., and the ceremony of unveiling was arranged by Mr F. Harold Hankins (the London Secretary), the gentleman with the silk hat standing against the door, seen in the photograph.* Just below his stands Prof. Prout shielding his face from the fierce sun. Dr Cummings also protecting his face with his hat, is just making his opening remarks. The occupiers of the house are in the doorway.

Dr Cummings said: As musicians, we are proud of the memory of the man who was born here. He achieved the very highest distinction possible in our profession. He achieved it not alone through the natural talent which God gave him, but he prepared himself for the future. From the time he commenced his career as a chorister boy at the Chapel Royal, St James's, he was studious and industrious. He devoted all his energies to the work that he had in hand; he played at the right time and worked at the right time. I have at home a MS. [*By the waters of Babylon* Ed] of his written when he was eight years of age. I was afraid to bring it, as you might pick my pocket in the train. Sullivan was fully alive to the possibilities of the future. It is one of the advantages of our country that a child born here or in any other house, however humble, may become a great musician or a great general if he exercises his talent.

Professor Prout moved a vote of thanks to Messrs Doulton (whose large works are close by) for presenting the tablet, and to the proprietors of the building for allowing it to be fixed. Prof. Prout added: I knew Sir Arthur Sullivan for a great many years. Sir Arthur Sullivan did me the honour of offering me an appointment as professor of harmony at the National

Training School, and I saw a great deal of him from that time forward. We know what he was as a musician, but many of us have only an inadequate idea of what he has done in the cause of music in this country. We most of us associate Sir Arthur's name with his operas, although he did an immense deal for English music art in other directions, and even in his operas he raised the standard above the low opera bouffe, which was the favourite pastime at the time Sir Arthur began to write. We are apt, sometimes, to forget that he was not at all less great in other directions. I would place *The Martyr of Antioch* even more highly than *The Golden Legend*. We must remember, too, his instrumental works; the music to *The Tempest*, for example, which he wrote while he was studying. All these works combined to give Sir Arthur Sullivan a very high place among the English musicians of the last century. I would also like to speak of him as a teacher, and as a man and friend. I know what he was as a teacher because, when he resigned his professorship at the Royal Academy I was chosen to succeed him, and I can speak from personal knowledge, not only of the thoroughness of his work, but also of the affection and esteem which he inspired in all who came into contact with him. For myself I have only the most kindly and grateful recollections of Sir Arthur. He was a true friend, and a straightforward, honest man, one of the greatest English musicians of the past century. It is a great pleasure to me to be here today, and to take a small share in this interesting ceremony.

Dr Pearce having seconded the resolution, it was carried, and the people then listened to a most beautiful rendering of "The long day closes" by the Guildhall Glee Singers, Messrs Sydney Hart, Cyril Flamsteed, Gilbert Lockyer, and Pelham Wilkes. The musicians did not separate, but made the day a holiday at Tunbridge Wells and Penshurst.

The Musical Herald 1 August 1901 p.236. Researched by John Gardner. *It has not been possible to reproduce this photograph, which is not particularly interesting.

The back-cover illustration of Sullivan's birthplace is taken from from *Musical Opinion*, May 1925, page 829, researched by John Gardner. The drawing is by H.T. Lilley, based on a photograph by S.W. Harvey. The *Musical Opinion* text (pp. 828/830) says that Sullivan boarded at a school run by Mr W.G. Plees at 20 Albert Terrace, Bayswater, and remained there until he was nearly twelve. The house in Bolwell Terrace was built in 1838. The front door, rescued by Spike Milligan, can be seen at the London Museum. **Ed**

CENTRE PAGES

The programme for the first performance of Sullivan's *Tempest* music at Leipzig was researched by Meinhard Saremba. It is hoped to publish further results of Meinhard Saremba's researches in the next Magazine.

INSIDE BACK COVER

The page from the *Oxford University Gazette* 24 June 1879 giving the arrangements for Sullivan's honorary degree was researched by John Gardner.

HADDON HALL - Complete recording without dialogue. The Prince Consort conducted by David Lyle. The Divine Art 21201 (2-CD set)

Those familiar with the Prince Consort's work will know that Alan Borthwick and David Lyle, through their intimate involvement with the Edinburgh musical scene, are able to call on the very best available amateur and semi-professional talent. Consequently the standards of performance in this recording are very high indeed: the principals are universally strong, and the small but all-important semi-chorus parts are well covered - for instance, Roland York (Barnabas Bellows-to-Mend) sang Friar Tuck in the Gilbert and Sullivan Society of Edinburgh's staged *Ivanhoe* last year. Peter Thomson and Heather Boyd have younger-sounding voices than we may be used to in *Sir George and Lady Vernon*, but this is quite in keeping (the characters could easily be only in their forties). Alan Borthwick sounds fresh as Oswald; Steven Griffin is strong and true as Manners. Mary Timmons (Dorothy) and Fiona Main (Dorcas) have heavier than expected voices for the parts, but perhaps this is a misconception brought about by having in the past heard the music sung by small-voiced amateurs. Ian Lawson has a light, but firm, baritone in the 'Barrington' part of *Rupert Vernon*; his duet with the McCrankie is a delight. Indeed, a special word for Maxwell Smart's McCrankie. Those who saw him play the part in the Prince Consort's live performance of *Haddon Hall* in the hall itself in 1988 are unlikely ever to forget what they saw, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I report he has now committed the role to disc. Rarely can it be truly said of any performer that he made a part his own, but Max Smart gets very close with McCrankie. He is extremely funny - or, as the Victorians would have said, 'singularly droll' in a lugubrious yet dissipated way.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Society of Edinburgh supplies a strong and very well disciplined chorus, but the highlight is the orchestral playing, which is really quite exceptional, with only a couple of tiny and almost undetectable flaws. David Lyle's tempi are lively and perfectly judged. All the music is included, with 'The Earth is fair' and 'Sweetly the morn doth break' presented as appendices to the first CD (Act 1). The set is complemented with an attractive booklet featuring contemporary sheet music illustrations. Absolutely unmissable. **S.H.T.**

THE HYMN MAKERS - Arthur Sullivan. Kingsway KMCD2277. Full Price.

The Hymn Makers series of CDs has been around for several years now, and has sought to showcase the best work of a range of hymn writers both ancient and modern. Now, for the first time, one of their discs concentrates on a single composer. Thanks to the initiative of our member the Revd. Ian Bradley, fourteen of Sullivan's best hymns have been recorded. This is an attractive selection, featuring most of the tunes that might be considered Sullivan's 'top ten' as well as some perhaps less predictable choices. The performances by the Scottish Festival Singers, conducted by Ian McCrorie, are well matched to the music, with a robust sound reminiscent of the best parish church choirs rather than the cold attenuated style of so many cathedral recordings. The modern fashion for preposterously flowery brass decorations and sugary woodwind obligati has mercifully been resisted: all the hymns are performed with straightforward organ accompaniment. Two ('Alleluia! Alleluia!' and 'The day thou gavest')

have a final verse descant, but the hymns are otherwise sung as written. It is difficult to pick a best or favourite track, but 'Lead, kindly light' is beautifully and sensitively sung, as is the unfamiliar *Lacrymae* ('Lord, in this thy mercy's day'). 'Courage, Brother' is splendidly robust, and 'Safe home', which looks nothing on the page, grows on me each time I listen. The booklet prints the text of all the hymns, and has excellent notes on each of them, plus a good background note on Sullivan and his place in hymnody. Although not credited, these are by Dr Bradley, who I know was not responsible for an omission that makes it look as if Longfellow wrote the libretto of *The Light of the World*. My only complaint is that the short playing time of 46 minutes accommodates only fourteen hymns. On the other hand, this leaves plenty of material available for a sequel . . . **S.H.T.**

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S CHRISTMAS Compiled by John Van Der Kiste: hardback viii + 150 pp; Sutton Publishing, ISBN 0-7509-2265-6. Price £6.99.

As its title suggests, this book is an anthology of material on the general theme of Christmas. So, for instance, we have here Bab Ballads with a Yuletide flavour, plus the words of several of the carols set by Sullivan. The music of the Carol for Christmas Day ('All this night bright angels sing') is reproduced. There are reminiscences from Gilbert about the pantomime season, and excerpts from Henry Lytton's and Martyn Green's autobiographies recalling Christmas on tour with D'Oyly Carte. 'I built upon a rock' is reproduced (composed during the Christmas season) as is the cover of the *Victoria and Merrie England* Lancers (showing Christmas in the time of Charles II). There are also some excerpts from *Thespis* (Christmas pantomime).

The net is extended to include figures not connected to G and/or S, and to famous contemporaries. Hence we have Mr Pooter's thoughts on buying Christmas cards, and Kate Terry's recollections of Christmas with the Gilberts. There are writings by Tennyson, Trollope, William Morris and Swinburne, Not forgetting F.C. Burnand. Mr Van Der Kiste contributes a general introduction and a commentary that will not stand much scrutiny from those who know their G&S. Frederics Sullivan and Clay are given an unwanted suffix 'k', and there are other slips. On the positive side, this introduction contains interesting notes on a number of Sullivan's own Christmases, including that of 1875, which he spent with Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay at Balcarres.

The book is nicely illustrated with photographs and drawings both familiar and unfamiliar, and attractively produced with a colourful dust jacket that reproduces in full colour a Children's *Pinafore* Christmas card. This is a book well worth adding to the collection. It also makes an excellent gift - whether or not the potential recipient is interested in G&S. **S.H.T.**

TIMOTHY SPOIL

Interviewed by *The Stage* (27 July 2000, p.20) Timothy Spall says this about *Topsy-Turvy*. While he enjoyed making the movie, Tim laughs: "I never did listen to their music. I'll be honest with you and say I can bear it a little more than I used to, but that's it."

Einladung und Programm

zur

HAUPT-PRÜFUNG

im Conservatorium der Musik zu Leipzig

Sonnabend den 6. April 1861

im Saale des Gewandhauses.

(I. Prüfung.)

(Orchester-Composition. Solo-Spiel und Solo-Gesang.)

Concert für das Pianoforte von W. Sterndale Bennett (F moll, erster Satz), gespielt von Herrn *Walter Bache* aus Birmingham.

Concert für die Violine von L. van Beethoven (erster Satz), gespielt von Herrn *Ernst Friedrich Fabritius* aus Wiborg in Finnland.

Concert-Arie von F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, gesungen von Fräulein *Sara Oppenheimer* aus Esens in Ostfriesland.

Concert für das Pianoforte von Field (Asdur, erster Satz), gespielt von Fräul. *Leonora Schmitz* aus Edinburg.

Musik zu Shakspear's „Sturm“, componirt von Herrn Arthur S. Sullivan aus London (unter Leitung des Componisten).

Hieraus:

- a) **Einleitung.**
- b) **Lied des Ariel**, gesungen von Fräul. *Minna Giesinger* aus Leipzig.
- c) **Entreact.**
- d) **Grotesker Tanz.**
- e) **Entreact und Epilog.**
- f) **Tanz der Nymphen und Schnitter.**

Concert in Form einer Gesangsscene für die Violine von L. Spohr, gespielt von Herrn *Carl Rose* aus Hamburg.

Concert pathétique für Pianoforte von J. Moscheles (erster Satz), gespielt von Herrn *C. Aug. Heinrich Werner* aus Genf.

Scene und **Arie** aus dem „Freischütz“ von C. M. v. Weber, gesungen von Fräul. *Minna Giesinger* aus Leipzig.

Concert für die Violine von F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (zweiter und dritter Satz), gespielt von Herrn *Henri Schradiek* aus Hamburg.

Einlass halb 6 Uhr. Anfang 6 Uhr.

Das Directorium des Conservatoriums der Musik.

Sonate (Op. 24, F dur) für Pianoforte und Violine, von L. v. Beethoven, vorgetragen von den Herren *Rudorff* aus Berlin und *Rose* aus Hamburg.

Etude für Violine mit Pianofortebegleitung, aus: «Bunte Reihe» von Ferdinand David, die Violinpartie unisono gespielt von den Herren *Wünsch* aus Leipzig, *Wehrle* aus Donaueschingen, *Schradieck* aus Hamburg, *Rose* aus Hamburg, *Payne* aus Leipzig, *v. Maszkowski* aus Lemberg, *v. Makomaski* aus Siemon, *Fabritius* aus Wiborg, *Ewald* aus Hannover und *David* aus Leipzig.

Chor aus Elias (No. 9) von Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Wohl dem der den Herren fürchtet und auf seinen Wegen geht! Den Frommen geht das Licht auf von dem Gnädigen, Barmherzigen und Gerechten.

(Die Chöre gesungen von den Schülerinnen und Schülern des Conservatoriums.)

Anfang um 6 Uhr. Ende nach 8 Uhr.

FUNERAL OF SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

*

IMPRESSIVE SCENES

*

VICTORIA STREET TO ST JAMES'S

*

Yesterday the mortal remains of Sir Arthur Sullivan were fittingly laid to rest in St Paul's Cathedral. From the residence of the deceased in Victoria-street, Westminster, a funeral cortège, itself a striking testimony of public esteem, moved by way of Buckingham-gate and St James's Park to the Chapel Royal, where, by the kindly desire of the Queen, the first portion of the burial office was read. Thence, after a service attended by representatives of Her Majesty, of members of the Royal Family, and of the German Emperor, the procession passed by the Thames Embankment route to the metropolitan Basilica, where a vast body of mourners joined in the concluding obsequies, comprising selections from the dead musician's works. The progress of the cortège through the streets, both in the West End and in the City, was watched by crowds of people, whose sympathetic and reverent attitude indicated the sorrow pervading all classes of the community. There was an exceptionally large number of floral tributes, and their conveyance required no fewer than five vehicles. A wreath from the Queen was early placed on the coffin by Sir Walter Parratt, and another, composed of white flowers gathered at Sandringham, was sent by the Prince of Wales. The Emperor William's wreath fittingly found a place beside these Royal mementoes.

The funeral procession left 1, Queen's-mansions, Victoria-street, shortly after half-past eleven. Considerably prior to that hour people began to assemble in the immediate neighbourhood of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan's residence, not out of mere curiosity, but, as was perfectly evident from their bearing, in order that they might, even in the capacity of bystanders, show their respect for the memory of a man at once amiable and brilliant. A posse of police was in attendance, but its presence might almost have been dispensed with, so orderly and sympathetic were the assembled spectators. Not a few sympathisers made their way into Brewer's-green-mews, where the cortège was in process of marshalling, and where funeral cars laden with a wealth of flowers stood resplendent in the bright November sunshine. Since overnight the long list of floral tributes already recorded in these columns had been substantially added to, and now there were no fewer than four vehicles, including the funeral car itself, covered

with these kindly offerings, with a fifth equipage in readiness, which subsequently proved to be required for a like purpose. Among those sending wreaths and crosses whose names have not already been published in our columns were: The Countess of Essex, Theresa Countess of Shrewsbury, the Glasgow Society of Musicians, Mr Edward Dicey, Mr & Mrs F.C. Burnand, Mr Ernest Gye, Mr Robert Newman, Mr J.J. Robertson, the Batley Choral Society, Mr Andrew Lang, Mr and Mrs Fred Horner, late colleagues and directors of Messrs Hopwood and Crewe (Limited), the Organist and Choir of Westminster Abbey, Miss Leonora Braham, Mr and Mrs Coleridge Taylor, "H.E.T.," Bournemouth, Pupils of the Royal College of Music, South Kensington, Council of the Royal College of Organists, the Orchestra at Drury Lane Theatre, Mr and Mrs George Grossmith, Mr Lionel Monckton, Mr James R. Dow, and many others.*

Very beautiful in design were many of the floral tributes, and the inscriptions were often as noteworthy as they were appropriate. Mr Alfred de Rothschild sent a wreath as "a slight tribute to the memory of a great man, appreciated by everyone, and beloved by all this friends." A lovely wreath of roses came from Mr and Mrs Pinero, and one of white rose-buds from Captain Basil Hood, the late composer's last collaborator. A heart of white lilies-of-the-valley was contributed by Miss Lily Grundy, and a laurel crown, with branches of orchids and palms, by Sir George and Lady Lewis. Lord Glenesk forwarded a cross of grey sea moss, with lilies. Mr and Mrs Alfred Visetti sent a wreath of pink chrysanthemums and heather. An empty nest of white chrysanthemums, with a white dove leaving the nest, was from "Clothilde and Louis." A harp of white chrysanthemums, orchids and lilies from "The Rose of Persia" Touring Company, and a lyre inscribed "Come, gentle sleep" from Miss Thudichum, who was Rebecca in "Ivanhoe." A violin in violets, resting on a cushion of chrsanthemums, was the tribute of Messrs Simmons (Limited). A cushion of violets and lilies-of-the-valley came from Mr and Mrs François Cellier; a lyre in white chrysanthemums and violets from the Savoy orchestra; and a banner of white chrysanthemums, with the first two bars, with notes in violets, of "Onward Christian Soldiers," from Miss Radclyffe Hall. Mr and Mrs Edward Lloyd sent a lyre of white chrysanthemums, with roses and lilac; Mr and Mrs Julius Wernher a white cushion of chrysanthemums, with four bars "I shall hear that great amen"; and Mrs T. Hay Ritchie, an Irish harp of bright yellow chrysanthemums and purple violets. A large wreath of lilac and lilies was from Mr and Mrs D'Oyly Carte, and a wreath of violets and lilies, with a white anchor in the centre, was inscribed "with deepest sympathy from the management and staff of the Savoy Hotel." There was a wreath of laurel and violets, "In affectionate memory," from the British and Foreign Musicians' Society Widows and Orphans Fund. Mrs and Miss Barston Brook sent an anchor of white chrysanthemums and violets, inscribed, "In sincere memory of forty-four years' friendship." Miss Ella Russell's tribute took the form of a Bible of white chrysanthemums and violets, with rosebud clasps, purple ribbon and bouquets, inscribed, "O Gladsome Light." Mr N. Vert forwarded a tall, broken column, with garlands of pink roses, and the staff and management of Claridge's Hotel a shattered column of lilies-of-the-valley. Mr George Jacobi and the Hippodrome orchestra sent a lyre of white lilies and chrysanthemums, with strings of violets. A wreath indicating Sir Arthur Sullivan's racing colours, in pink and mauve roses, came "From Lorry and Reggie." A lyre of laurel and lilacs from Mr Leslie Stuart was "In memory of a

great man"; and a lyre of lilies and chrysanthemums conveyed "A token of respect from the members of the Wigan and District Amateur Operatic Society." A wreath of palms came "With the deep sympathy of the Orchestral Society." There was a large white lyre, with strings of violets, from the committee and management of the Royal Academy of Music; and a full-length trumpet of rosebuds from Mr J. Henry Iles, on behalf of the bandsmen of the United Kingdom, inscribed "The trumpet shall sound when he appeareth." A large cross of laurel leaves and orchids was the offering of Miss Olga Nethersole; and there was an immense wreath from "The Savoyards."

Among other floral tributes there came from Mrs Ronalds a very large heart of white lilies, with branches of pink roses, and the inscription, "That one lost chord divine, 1877-1900," together with a copy of that song, which Sir Arthur gave her on its original publication. Baron and Baroness von Eckhardstein contributed a lyre of laurel and white lilies, with "Memories" inscribed in gold cord; Dr Eaton Fanning, a crown of chrysanthemums and violets; and Miss Ada Crossley, a large cross of laurel standing on a foundation of lilies, the words "The Golden Legend" inscribed on white ribbon. A wreath of violets and lilies from nephews and nieces came from Los Angeles. One of lilies, lilac, and chrysanthemums was inscribed "With deepest regrets from the Drury Lane Theatre Company (Limited), Arthur Collins, managing director." A harp, with strings of violets, bearing the words "Sad memories o'er us stealing," was sent by the Torquay Amateur Operatic Society; and a wreath from the members of the Gaiety Theatre Orchestra came as "A token of deep respect." Mr D'Oyly Carte's "C" Repertoire Company forwarded a goodly-sized harp of white chrysanthemums and lilies; and Madame Melba, a wreath of white lilies, gardenias and lilac.

The three cars with their beautiful burthen, coming at the head of the procession, were first of all taken into Victoria-street, and upon the fourth, drawn by four horses, and also bearing a profusion of floral tokens, were reverently placed the remains of the deceased musician. The coffin, borne out by the Spencer-street exit, consisted of a mahogany casket, with silver-plated mountings, and was surmounted by a long Calvary cross. The inscription was as follows:

SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, Kt.,

Mus. Doc. M.V.O.

Born 13th MAY 1842

Died 22nd November 1900

For the mourners there were eight carriages in readiness, their occupants being:

First Carriage - Mr Herbert Sullivan, nephew; Mr John Sullivan, uncle.

Second Carriage - Mr Wilfred Bendall, secretary; Mr B.W. Findon, cousin; Mrs Holmes, and Miss Jane Sullivan, cousin.

Third Carriage - Household servants - Miss Raquet, Mr Jaeger, Annie, and May.

Fourth Carriage - Pall-bearers - Sir George Martin, Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir John Stainer, and Colonel Arthur Collins.

Fifth Carriage - Pall-bearers - Sir George Lewis, Sir A.C. Mackenzie, Sir Frederick Bridge, and Mr F. Cellier.

Sixth Carriage - Mr Edward Dicey and Mr C.W. Mathews, executors.

Seventh Carriage - Mrs D'Oyly Carte, Mr Rupert D'Oyly Carte, and Mr Buckstone Browne, medical attendant.

Eighth Carriage - Mr Wagg, Mr Walker, and Mr Dresden.

Finally came some half-dozen private carriages, and a vehicle containing additional wreaths. The procession, arranged by Mr William A. Birch, the undertaker, moved away amid every manifestation of sympathy from the assembled public, while it was noticeable that most of the blinds of the houses in the immediate neighbourhood were closely drawn. The route to the Chapel Royal was by way of Buckingham-gate and St James's Park, and at many points there were gathered groups of people who gave public testimony to their respect for the deceased. The sentinels at Buckingham Palace saluted the cortège as it passed, and there was scarcely a cabman who met the procession who did not raise his hat. At Stableyard-gate, where there was quite a concourse of people, the funeral went by Clarence House, and thence into the Ambassador's Court of St James's Palace, which was reached precisely on the stroke of noon.

MUSICAL SERVICE AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL

At the hour of eleven yesterday morning St James's showed but few signs of the impending obsequies. In Friary-court the band of the Grenadier Guards was playing music that precluded fittingly enough the day's solemn ceremony, and a large gathering of listeners stood by and gave ear. But Colour-court, where lies the main entrance to the Chapel Royal, was still quiet, and scarcely a footstep rang upon the old stone pavement. The mist of approaching winter filled the air, though there was promise of sunshine as the morning wore on. A little later and the Grenadiers had borne away their burnished instruments, while their audience, too, had disappeared. Then, at length, the venerable red brick of Colour-court looked down upon a little knot of mourners, who came by ones, by twos, and by threes, and gathered round the chapel door. Of the throng or crowd there was no sign, for the tickets issued were few - merely a group of those who sorrowed for a lost friend, as well as for a master in his art. The early comers stood and waited for the opening of the chapel. Many greetings were quietly exchanged, and many words of heartfelt sorrow were passed from lip to lip as the assembling congregation spoke of the man and the musician now departed. Amid the recalling of old memories and the praises of the dead the flying minutes were spent. Then the half-hour chimed from the neighbouring clocks, and the verger came to give admission to those who held tickets. Slowly the group of mourners passed out of the old-world shadows of Colour-court, and slowly they were ushered to their seats in the Chapel Royal. The growing sunlight was making its way into the little edifice

through the stained glass of the windows; but candles were burning as well, and so all could see how the chapel was decked for the day's solemn ceremonial. On and around the altar were flowers in profusion; a lyre fashioned of mauve and white blossoms stood immediately in front of the table; while a number of palms lifted their green leaves on high. Thus, made beautiful with countless chrysanthemums and lilies, the chapel awaited the mortal remains of him whose young voice bore its part in the Royal choir nearly half a century ago.

Looking along the seats in the chancel and casting the eyes upwards to the galleries, one saw many familiar faces. Not only music but the sister arts as well had sent their representatives; while Royalty was quick to display its sense of what was in truth a national loss. In the Royal gallery were Sir Walter Parratt, representing the Queen; Sir Hubert Parry, representing the Prince of Wales; together with Colonel the Hon. C. Eliot, the Hon. Alexander Yorke, General Bateson, and Prince Lynar, who were present respectively in the names of Prince and Princess Christian, the Duchess of Argyll, the Duke of Cambridge, and the German Emperor. Elsewhere sat the Dean of Westminster, the American Ambassador, Theresa Countess of Shrewsbury, the Countess of Essex, the Count and Countess of Strafford, Lord Rowton, Lord Glenesk, Lady Katherine Coke, Sir Edward Lawson. Sir Frederick and Lady Dixon-Hartland, the Hon. Sir Charles and Lady Freemantle, Lady Lewis and her daughters, Lady Bancroft, Lady Barnby, Sir Douglas Straight, Signor F. Paolo Tosti, Mr and Mrs C.W. Mathews, Mr Pinero, Mr Wilhelm Kuhe, Mr John Francis Barnett, Mr and Mrs F.C. Burnand, Mr J.C. Parkinson, Mr and Mrs T. Chappell, Mr and Mrs Comyns Carr, Madame Ella Russell, Mr August Manns, Mr Otto Goldschmidt, Mr Ernest Ford, Mr George Grossmith, Mr Rutland Barrington, Mrs Beerbohm Tree, Captain Basil Hood, Mr Lionel Monckton, Mr Charles Wyndham, Mr N. Vert, Mr Lionel Benson, Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, Mr Edward Dacey, C.B., the Hon. Oliver Borthwick, Mr and Mrs Thorold, Mr Georges Jacobi, Mr Walter Pallant, Mr Wilhelm Ganz, Mr Gaston Foa, Mr Arthur Wagg, Sir Herbert Oakley, Mr I.D. Walker, Mr Cecil Clay, Mr G.R. Sims, Mr Arthur S. Grove, and many more, who had come to pay affection and admiration's last tribute to the departed musician. On behalf of the Philharmonic Society, Mr Eaton Fanning, Mr Charles Gardner, Mr Alfred Gilbert, and Mr Alberto Randegger were present, Mr Francesco Berger, the society's honorary secretary, being, to his regret, prevented from attending. The Crystal Palace directorate and other bodies also sent delegates in token of their respect and regret. Although the number of tickets had been regulated with caution, it seemed that many entered the body of the chapel for whom it was either difficult or impossible to find seats. Accordingly, when twelve o'clock struck, the floor of the little edifice was more than filled.

For some minutes before the arrival of the cortège the organ was heard speaking words of gentle resignation, as did so much of the music that Arthur Sullivan gave to the service of the Church. But when the hour of noon was once come the chief mourners and their melancholy burden followed soon. Singing to solemn music the sentences beginning "I am the Resurrection and the Life," the Royal choristers, in their cassocks of scarlet and gold, paced slowly up the aisle. Behind them was borne the coffin, of which little could be seen for the flowers that covered it. The pall-bearers

were: Sir John Stainer, Sir George C. Martin, Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir George Lewis, Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Colonel Arthur Collins, and Mr Alfred Cellier. The chief mourners were Mr Herbert Sullivan (nephew), Mr John Sullivan (uncle), and Miss J. Sullivan (a cousin of the deceased), while among those who were also in close attendance upon the body were Mr Rupert D'Oyly Carte, Mr B.W. Findon, Mr Wilfred Bendall, and the members of the late composer's household. Without delay the coffin was set in the midst, and the service continued its impressive course. When the 39th Psalm had been chanted, the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, the Sub-Dean, read the Lesson - those noble words from "Corinthians," which speak comfort and consolation to the highest and the humblest. There followed an anthem, drawn from Arthur Sullivan's "Light of the World." In moving tones the phrases, "Yea though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death," were sung by the choir to music marked by pure and simple choral beauty. To no other pen could the extract be attributed; and no less characteristic of the dead composer's hand was the second anthem, with which, after the customary prayers, the ceremony in the chapel was brought to a close. This was the exquisite and tear-compelling "Wreaths for our Graves." Here, indeed, the musician speaks in his own voice - the voice that lent itself always to that which is truly and transparently beautiful. It is good to think that the pen which shall be lifted no more bequeathed to his art and his Church so much that can never lose its grace, its dignity, and its pathos. Tears sprang to many eyes yesterday as the anthem throbbed to its end:

Ours the communion of all saints,
The Church's faithful dead,
To cheer us when our spirit faints,
And hope and strength are fled.
But little have we sight to see,
But faint the tones we hear;
Yet drawn by light and melody
We press one step more near.

Right well were chosen for Sir Arthur Sullivan's farewell to the chapel of his early musicianhood these lovely and human phrases.

A few moments more and the service is concluded as far as the old Palace of St James's is concerned. It only remains for Dr Creser to play the music "In Bethany," from "The Light of the World," as the coffin is slowly borne forth and the mourners leave the chapel. All that is mortal of Sir Arthur Sullivan begins its journey to the great Cathedral which is to be the musician's last resting-place in this world. "Peace to the quiet dead!"

PROCESSION TO ST PAUL'S

How deep was the affection in which Sir Arthur Sullivan was held by the countrymen to whose pure delight he ministered so constantly was shown yesterday, in a manner at once touching and beautiful, at that sad hour which saw his mortal remains borne from the Chapel Royal, where the first part of the obsequies was conducted, to the scene of his everlasting sleep. That there should gather along the line of the route thousands anxious to see something of the day's solemn rites was not in itself

remarkable; neither was it strange to find how swiftly had word been passed round that, after all, national honours were to be fittingly accorded to the lamented musician under the dome of Wren's Cathedral. Whenever the distinguished dead are carried to their final resting-place amid circumstances of pomp and solemnity, there must needs assemble imposing throngs to look upon the trappings and the symbols of mourning. But in the attitude of those who came together on this dull November day, when it seemed as though the sun were striving hard to break through the grey clouds and touch with brightness the prevailing gloom, there was something more, assuredly, than the common feeling of curiosity by which crowds, as mere spectators, are so often swayed. Here, beyond question, was evidence upon all sides of genuine sorrow at the loss of one of whom it has truly been said that for a full quarter of a century he increased the nation's gaiety, while never once sacrificing the dignity of his art. It was, in a word, to mark their sense of that irreparable loss that the majority stood and waited yesterday for the moment that was to bring the slowly-moving cortège into sight.

Naturally enough, it was in the immediate region of St James's Palace that the silent ranks of sympathisers first began to muster. Towards the shadow of its grim old walls small groups streamed by way of St James's-street and Pall Mall, long ere the hour appointed for the mournful rites within the little chapel. Indeed, onlookers were here to be observed as early as twenty minutes to eleven, which saw the time-honoured ceremony of changing guard carried through with the picturesque formalities prescribed by tradition. With singular and sorrowful appropriateness the military music that for the time being broke upon the ears of the bystanders was of a character wholly in consonance with the solemn thoughts of those who heard it. How often had not the same guardsmen set heads nodding and feet marking time to the joyous, light-hearted strains of the composer for whom all who now stood around were sincerely mourning? Time went on, and brought with it the coming of the funeral-cars and the long line of carriages conveying those whose many years of intimate friendship with the dead musician made it especially fitting that they should accompany the body to the graveside. And the sympathisers who had found their way betimes to the Chapel Royal's approaches remained at their post throughout the period taken up by the first half of the day's touching ceremony, in readiness once more to mark their sorrow and regard when the hour came for the procession to set out towards the site of interment. How slowly, to all seeming, moved the hands of the Palace clock, and how long, because fraught with such poignant sadness, appeared the interval that passed between the procession's arrival and its departure for the Cathedral.

Yet as a glance at the time showed clearly enough, no more than three-quarters of an hour elapsed between the coming and the going of the flower-laden cars and the coaches that followed in their wake. It wanted fifteen minutes to one when the first of the hearses, with its wealth of radiant blossoms, many of them fashioned into lovely symbolic devices, moved forward, closely followed by three others, bearing a like heavy burden of floral offerings. In the last, almost completely shrouded from view by the tributes that covered it, reposed the mahogany coffin, and, at the moment that brought it in sight, heads were bared on all sides in token of the respect universally felt for the departed composer. Slowly the procession

made its way along Pall-Mall, whose entire length showed a thick fringe of onlookers on either side, and proceeded thence, by way of Cockspur-street, Trafalgar-square - where it was watched by increasing numbers - and Northumberland-avenue, to the Thames Embankment. Two or three constables on foot preceded the coaches, and cleared the route for the long train of carriages. But at no point was it found necessary to interfere seriously with the busy traffic met with on the journey's first stage. Public and private conveyances alike came to a standstill here and there to allow of the passing of the cortège, and it seemed, indeed, as though there existed a widespread desire on the part of all to assist, so far as lay in their power, the dignified progress of the procession and thus avert anything in the faintest degree suggestive of unseemly confusion. For those who had seized upon Ludgate-hill as a convenient ground from which to see something of the day's sad doings there was disappointment, since, at the eleventh hour, it was wisely decided to steer clear of so narrow and congested an artery. Accordingly, upon leaving the Embankment, the mourners were driven by way of Queen Victoria-street and Godliman-street to the south side of the steps leading to the fane's west entrance. Here the arrival of the body and those in attendance on it was witnessed by a vast and respectful assemblage, whose bearing, especially at the solemn moment that saw the flower-covered coffin reverently borne up the Cathedral steps and placed in the custody of the white-robed clergy in waiting, attested the sorrow and sympathy that filled the hearts of all.

BURIAL SERVICE AT ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

"Brother, thou art gone before us!" This, which was the final note of the impressive ceremony at St Paul's, was also its earliest and most enduring impression. Among the first arrivals at the Cathedral, as soon as the doors were opened at half-past twelve, there were many friends of the deceased composer, many who knew and admired his work, still more, perhaps, who looked upon Sir Arthur Sullivan neither as a man of mark nor as a musical genius, but loved him simply as a friend. To all of these the beautiful chorus in "The Martyr of Antioch" summed up their deepest and most abiding thoughts. From the ranks of those who have worked for contemporary art, and done whatever service lay within the compass of their abilities for the furtherance of the beautiful and the true, there was one brother, bound to them by many sacred ties, who had left the throng and gone before - "where beyond these voices, there is peace." The end had come to him in the plenitude of his powers, with only half his work, as we say from a human standpoint, completed. To them was left the absence and the loss - the gap in the ranks of artists, the brother taken away before his time. Round the mouth of the grave which yawned beneath the Dome, just west of the Choir, the loving hands of Mr and Mrs T. Chappell had inscribed in flowers the touching legend "His sun is gone down while yet it is day." No testimony could have been more happily conceived or more true.

Very dark and sombre, vast and vacant and chill, was the Cathedral as the crowd of mourners and sightseers found their way, north, south, and west, to their respective seats in the mighty structure. Sir William

Richmond's windows looked pale and colourless against the dull light. The brilliant frescoes round the Dome, the four Evangelists and their prototypes in the Old Testament, seemed neither to catch nor reflect any hue of warmth or brightness. Towards the western door down the nave stretched aisles of silence and darkness; towards the east, the lights above the Altar and the lamps on each side of the choir showed like glimmering points amidst a dim and depressing haze. As the time wore on the sun, which, outside the building, had struggled through the foggy air enveloping the City, gave here and there a wintry gleam upon the walls within; but the shafts of light were only fitful and momentary, flashing a mockery of radiance through the upper spaces of the Dome, or bringing a sudden and fugitive glory upon the Altar. The darkly-clad crowd waiting in solemn stillness for the ceremony to begin were in entire harmony with the shadows and the gloom. The picture throughout was set in a low key, with sombre, monotonous effects of grey and black, not wanting in impressiveness, though, except for the scarlet and gold of the Scots Guards, wholly devoid of colour

A quarter of an hour passed in a silence that might be felt, and then, at 12.45, the sub-organist, Mr Charles Macpherson - Sir George Martin was one of the pall-bearers - began a few plaintive strains from Tschaiowsky by way of prelude on the grand organ. To that succeeded a singularly effective rendering of Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" by the splendid band of the Scots Guards. For reasons not difficult to surmise, Chopin's music appeared much more in keeping with the funeral of Sir Arthur Sullivan than that of either Mendelssohn of Beethoven, which was given later. The solemn, massive harmonies of the great masters, beautiful as they sounded on the organ, did not suggest so quickly or decisively, the precise mental associations we desired. Something tuneful and melodious, something which would give expression to the lighter side of the dead musician's genius, seemed to correspond better with the mournful honours the audience had assembled to pay - to hint, at all events, at the graceful, rhythmic versatility of a man popular through the length and breadth of the land. We could not forget, even in this solemn hour, that Arthur Sullivan's richly-endowed nature included mirthful and happy as well as deep and religious elements - melodies of which the unthinking world knew much more than of the Cathedral music or "The Light of the World."

It was a long and weary wait before the procession, slowly pacing its way through greasy and encumbered streets from the Chapel Royal, St James's, arrived at the portals of St Paul's. Not till half past one were the great western doors thrown open. Then, headed by the choir, Minor Canons Kelly, Besley, Morgan Brown, Milman, and Gilbertson, Prebendaries Ingram, Covington, Tucker and Glendenning-Nash, Canon Newbolt, Archdeacon Sinclair, and Dean Gregory, the coffin, entirely hidden by a profusion of beautiful crosses and wreaths, was borne, with every mark of dignity and respect, up the nave. Though some of those who had attended the service at the Chapel Royal had gone home, many friends of Sir Arthur Sullivan followed his mortal remains to their last resting place. The musicians were strongly represented - Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Walter Parratt, Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir John Stainer, Dr Charles Lloyd, Mr Randegger, and many others. The pall-bearers, whose names have been given above, were, of course, at their posts, as also the chief mourners, Mr

Herbert Sullivan, Miss J. Sullivan, and Mr John Sullivan - nephew, cousin, and uncle of the deceased. There were also, amongst others, Lord Glenesk, with his son, Hon. Oliver Borthwick; Prince Lynar, representing the German Emperor; Mr Asquith, Madame Antionette Sterling, Mr Barton McGuckin, Colonel Arthur Collins, Hon. Alexander Yorke, Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr J. Comyns Carr, Mr Edward Dicey, Mr Charles Matthews, and Mr Haddon Chambers. With the preliminary sentences of the burial service to Dr Croft's setting the simple ceremony began; then came, when the choir had regained their places, the anthem "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death," from Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Light of the World." The Dean read in impressive, resonant tones the lesson from the First of Corinthians, while Archdeacon Sinclair and Dr Sheppard shared between them the concluding portions. The coffin, which had remained on trestles while the service was proceeding, was lowered to the crypt. "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes" - the final Benediction by the Dean - and then the act of interment was over.

But for all those who stood around the grave and watched the obsequies of the great musician the supreme moment was yet to come. Never, surely, with more absolute fitness was a tribute rendered to a dead man than the singing, without instrumental accompaniment, of the beautiful anthem from "The Martyr of Antioch" by the chorus of the Savoy Theatre, "Brother, thou art gone before us - where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." In much that was solemn and impressive, this, perhaps, formed the most effective act of homage, the choicest and most eloquent prayer. For we seemed to realise the two sides of Sir Arthur Sullivan's brilliant nature, the two Sister Muses by whose inspiration he wrote. There was not so much contrast or discord between them as some have been in haste to imagine. In the lighter music of opera and burlesque there was the touch of noble and masterful purpose; in the solemn chant or anthem there was a feeling for melody and tune, serving to link the religious mood with the hours of everyday. Here at least, as the well-trained chorus of the Savoy Theatre, the female voices almost choked with emotion, sang the sweet words of sorrow and faith and hope, there was a complete fusion of brightness and gloom, of the grave and the gay, of the happy and the solemn. It was right that this should be the last chaplet laid on the musician's bier, harmoniously welding together the varied triumphs of the operatic composer with the strains of religious feeling and awe. So Sir Arthur Sullivan was laid to rest, and the Metropolitan Cathedral holds in trust for the nation the mortal remains of a man whose memory England will keep green as a strenuous worker for the beautiful and the good.

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Dr Frederic H. Cowen asks us to say that, owing to professional engagements in Scotland, he was unavoidably prevented from being present at Sir Arthur Sullivan's funeral.

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From: *The Daily Telegraph*, 28 November 1900, pages 9 & 10. Researched by John Gardner. *Wreaths from Edward Elgar and Violet Beddington are recorded on 27 November page 9. Stanford and the Leeds Festival Committee are conspicuously absent. **Ed.**

DÉJA VU

. . . . and so there may be fairies in the world, and they may be just what makes the world go round to the old tune of

*C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour
Qui fait le monde à la ronde.*

and yet no one may be able to see them except those whose hearts are going round to the same tune. (Charles Kingsley, *The Water Babies*, 1863, Ch 2)

FOR THE RECORD

Musical Opinion January 1941 p.153 carries an article on *Ivanhoe* by Stanley Bayliss. The article offers a reasonable but unoriginal discussion of the opera and concludes in the following words: On the whole, if we think of *Ivanhoe* as a *romantic* opera rather than as a *grand* opera, we may, perhaps, be prepared not to dismiss it too contemptuously or too cursorily. (Researched by John Gardner.)

On 13 December 1902, at the Crystal Palace, the Dulwich Philharmonic Society gave a performance of *Ivanhoe*, conducted by Arthur Fagge. Soloists: Hon Margaret Henniker (Sop); Ida Soldi; Jenny Atkinson; Whitworth Witton (Ten); Henry Plevy; Meurig James; Charles Copland; Frederick Ranalow; Arthur Winkworth. (Researched by John Gardner.)

THE TEMPEST

The editor has received a letter from the archivist of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra enquiring about the first American performance of the complete *Tempest* music. It seems the C.S.O., then the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, performed the *Tempest* in 1907, and that the music was used for a performance of the play produced by Ben Greet in 1905. Does any member have information about earlier U.S. performances. If so, please contact: Andrea Cawelti, Rosenthal Archives, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, 220 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Il 6064-2508. Or: acawelti@csso.org

JUST PUBLISHED

Cambridge University Press have published *The Films of Mike Leigh* by Ray Carney and Leonard Quart. (C.U.P. 2000 price £11.95.) The authors are aware of Mike Leigh's interest in Gilbert and Sullivan, but do not discuss *Topsy-Turvy*, presumably because their book was virtually in the press at the time the film came out.

SEEN IN A BOOKSHOP

What appears to be a second edition of Jane Stedman's biography of Gilbert published by OUP.

APOLOGIES

Owing to the space necessarily devoted to the Sullivan centenary, a number of contributions have had to be held over to the next Magazine. Apologies therefore to everyone concerned, and a promise to rectify matters as soon as possible. **Ed.**

CALENDAR.

June	27..Friday	9.30 a.m.	..Examination for Craven Scholarships begins.
July	5..Saturday	10 a.m.	..Convocation: Affixing of Seal; Approval of Electors to Studentship, and of Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian; Decrees; Voting on Statute respecting Teacher of Hindustani and Persian.
"	"	10 a.m.	..Congregation: Degrees; Order to continue Term until July 16.
"	7..Monday	..	The Rev. W. W. Merry, Lincoln College, University Preacher at St. Mary's (Assize Sermon).
"	16..Wednesday	10 a.m.	..Congregation: Degrees.
"	"	..	TRINITY TERM ENDS.
"	17..Thursday	..	Names of Candidates for the Derby Scholarship to be sent in.

NOTICE.

The next number of the GAZETTE will be published as soon as possible after the end of Term.

It will be accompanied by a Title-page and Index to Vol. IX.

I. Convocation.

I. ACTS.

I.

Honorary Degrees.

In a CONVOCATION holden in the Sheldonian Theatre on Wednesday, June 18, it was resolved (*nemine contradicente*) to confer the degree of D.C.L. *honoris causa* upon the following persons:—

The Right Honourable FREDERICK TEMPLE HAMILTON, Earl Dufferin, K.P., G.C.M.G., K.C.B., of Christ Church, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg.

The Right Rev. JOSEPH BARBER LIGHTFOOT, Lord Bishop of Durham, D.D., late Fellow of Trinity College and Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge.

The Honourable Sir ARTHUR HAMILTON GORDON, G.C.M.G., Governor of Fiji.

The Right Honourable WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty.

The Right Honourable WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER, M.P.

Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, President of the Royal Academy.

W. F. SKENE, Esq., F.A.S.E., F.R.S.E.

M. IWAN TOURGUENEFF.

II.

Honorary Degrees.

In a CONVOCATION holden on Thursday, June 19, it was resolved (*uemine contradicente*) to confer the degree of Doctor of Music *honoris causa* upon the following persons:—

Sir HERBERT OAKELEY, M.A., Christ Church, Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh.

GEORGE ALEXANDER MACFARREN, Mus. Doc., Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc., Trinity College, Cambridge.

II. A G E N D A.

I.

Affixing of Seal.—July 5.

In a CONVOCATION to be holden on Saturday, July 5, at Ten o'clock, it will be proposed to affix the University Seal to the Leases of Lots 35 and 36 in the Wellington Square Estate, in the parish of St. Giles, Oxford, to Mr. JOHN DOVER.

E. EVANS,

DELEGATES' ROOM,
June 16, 1879.

Vice-Chancellor.

A Musical Pilgrimage in Vanishing London



The Birthplace of Arthur Sullivan, 8, Bolwell Terrace, Lambeth.
(The house is indicated by the tablet)

(Drawn by H. T. Lilley)