C. H. H. PARRY.

THE LOTOS EATERS

TWO SHILLINGS.

LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER & CO.
REQUIEM MASS

FOR

SOLI, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

COMPOSED BY

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK.

Paper cover, 55.; paper boards, 55.; cloth, gilt, 75. 6d. Full Score, £3 3s. Vocal and Orchestral Parts in the Press.

* * Ali communications respecting performances of this work should be addressed direct to the Publishers.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.

The "Requiem" of Antonín Dvořák is a chef d'œuvre, difficult, no doubt, and imposing much labour upon those who grapple with it for mastery, but all the more on that account, perhaps, the thing I have said; at this no amateur is likely to be surprised. I am not going to set up a comparison between the "Stabat Mater" and the "Requiem." Although the "Requiem" draws more largely from his predecessor upon the resources of higher art, it belongs to the same class of work, and whoever would approach the latter in a spirit of preparedness should do so through the earlier. The two are consecutive links in a golden chain. Following them, we go from glory to glory, and the end we trust is not yet. Dvořák has established himself as the greatest religious composer of the age, not so much, perhaps, in the matter of technique as in the sublime expression of exalted feeling.

STANDARD.

A work in every sense worthy of the gifted Bohemian composer, and one of the noblest settings ever penned of the Roman Catholic Office for the Dead. . . . Even an essay would fail to give an adequate impression of Dvořák's latest masterpiece. . . . The inspiration of Dvořák's music consists in the strong individuality of expression which shows itself in almost every line of the score. . . . The "Requiem" (at the Albert Hall) was followed with close attention by a large audience, and, as far as could be judged, made a profound impression.

DAILY NEWS.

To describe the mastery and thoroughly characteristic manner in which Dr. Dvořák treats his orchestra—often in a daring spirit of originality, but always with the happiest effect—is not now necessary. It will suffice that, despite certain minor blemishes, the opinion offered by the analyst, that the "Requiem" is "truly a solemn masterpiece," will be endorsed by connoisseurs, and generally, it is hoped, by the more thoughtful majority of the public.

LETTER FROM POST.

The expectations which had been formed of the new "Requiem," composed at the request of the committee for the Festival by Antonín Dvořák, were fully realised, and Birmingham may once more be congratulated upon having cast into existence another work of genius which will stand as a monumental treatment of the time-honoured service in commemoration of the dead.

DAILY CHRONICLE.

Antonín Dvořák has at length provided his famous "Stabat Mater" with a fitting companion. . . . From any composer it would be an honourable contribution to art, but from Dvořák it is especially welcome as serving to make manifest that the noble work by which he has hitherto been best known to English concert frequenters was not a solitary specimen of genius in the treatment of sacred subjects.

THE ATHENÆUM.

If it be true, as alleged, that the idea of writing a Requiem originated when the news of the death of Cardinal Newman reached the Bohemian composer, the world is indirectly indebted to that distinguished ecclesiastic for one of the noblest and most beautiful tributes to the dead that ever proceeded from the hand of a musician. . . . The effect of the entire combination (as the "Dies Irae") is, as we have said, stupendous, and has never been surpassed in any setting of the same words.

WEEKLY DISPATCH.

The work itself is a worthy companion to the celebrated "Stabat Mater," through which is greater of the two I shall not pretend to decide. . . . The great merits of the score consist in the wealth of rich and striking harmony and the strong infusion of fresh and original melody. I have no space to describe it number by number, but I would point to the "Dies Irae" as one of the grandest settings ever penned of this awful hymn, and to the "Requiem," and the "Offertorium" as containing music unbreakably beautiful. The mind that conceived these things is that of master.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

A second hearing deepens our admiration for this wonderful "Requiem." It is strangely original, and quite unique any other setting of the Mass for the Dead. . . . The "Requiem" in particular is one of the most exquisite passages of vocal harmony that can be found in the range of ronic. . . . The masses of harmony towards the close ("Quam olim Abraham") are piled up in a way which excites us more and more, and there was little reason for surprise when it was demanded.

LONDON & NEW YORK: NOVELLO, EVER AND CO.
NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

THE CHORIC SONG
FROM
THE LOTOS-EATERS
BY
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
SET TO MUSIC
FOR
SOPRANO SOLO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA
BY
C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

Price Two Shillings.

LONDON & NEW YORK
NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

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LONDON:
NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.,
PRINTERS.
THE LOTOS-EATERS.*

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon,
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.
A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Shaw-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumberous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountaintops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-climb the shadowy pine above the woven copee.
The charmed muset linger'd low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inaud, and the yellow down
Border'd with paint, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galangale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark-faced pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.
Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whose did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to morn and rave
On alien shores; and if his bilow spoke,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep asleep he seem'd, yea all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.
They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren Sam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more";
And all as once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

CHORIC SONG.

i.
There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit sits,
Than tardy eyelids upon tardy eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the insects creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy lang in sleep.
Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone?
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual toil,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

ii.
Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is wood from out the bad
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care.
Smile-steady'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, wanning ever-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

iv.
Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vanished o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveeth onward fast,
And in a little while our line are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become

---

* The words are printed by permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave.
In silence, ripen, fall and cease!
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful case.

v.
How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-closed eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the marsh-bush on the height;
To hear each other’s whisper’d speech;
Eating the Lotus day by day,
To watch the clinging nipsles on the beach,
And tender curling lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap’d over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shot in an urn of brass!

vi.
Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer’d change.
For surely now our household hearts are cold;
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange;
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over head
Have eat our substance, and the misrule sings
Before them of the ten years’ war in Troy.
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little tale?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile:
’Tis hard to settle order once again.
There is confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unsaid breath.
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

vii.
But, peep on beds of anemone and moly,
How sweet (while warst art hale us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro’ the thick-ripened vine—
To watch the emerald-colour’d water falling
Thru’ many a won’n anemone-wreath’d, divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch’d out beneath
The pine.

viii.
The Lotus blooms below the barren peak;
The Lotus blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone:
Thro’ every hollow cave and alway long
Rosed and round the spic’d downs the yellow Lotus-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll’d to starboard, roll’d to larboard, when the surge was soothing free,
When the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotus-land to live and he reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hur’d
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curt’d
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world;
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Eighth and famine, plague and earthquakes, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clashing lights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a delightful song
Stirring up a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho’ the words are strong:
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sew the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil.
Storied yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil:
Till they perish and they suffer—some, ’tis whisper’d—down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, sinner, is more sweet than soil,
We share
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.
THE LOTOS-EATERS.

CHORIC SONG.

Andante tranquillo.
C. H. H. Parry.

SOPRANO.

There is sweet music here—That softer falls than

ALTO.

There is sweet music here—That softer falls than

TENOR.

There is sweet music here—That softer falls than

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petals from blown roses on the grass,

poco a poco cres.

night-dews on still waters between walls of shadowy granite, in a

poco a poco cres.

glittering pass: music that gentler on the

glittering pass: music that gentler on the

S160.
Why are we weighed upon with balmness, And utterly con-

Why are we weighed upon with balmness, And utterly con-

Why are we weighed upon with balmness, And utterly con-

Why are we weighed upon with balmness, And utterly con-

Why are we weighed upon with balmness, And utterly con-

Allegro.

suum'd with sharp distress, While all things else have rest from
suum'd with sharp distress, While all things else have rest from
suum'd with sharp distress, While all things else have rest from
suum'd with sharp distress, While all things else have rest from
suum'd with sharp distress, While all things else have rest from

wear - i ness! All things have rest; why should we tell a-
wear - i ness! All things have rest; why should we tell a-
wear - i ness! All things have rest; why should we tell a-
wear - i ness! All things have rest; why should we tell a-
wear - i ness! All things have rest; why should we tell a-


Nor sleep our brows... in slumber's holy balm; Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings. "There is no joy, but calm?" Why should we only toil,
in the middle of the wood. The
folded leaf is wound from out the bud. With winds
up on the branch, and there grows green and broad,
and takes no care, Sun sleep'd at noon.
and in the moon Nightly dewed; .

. and turning yellow Falls, and floats a-down the air.

Lo! sweetened with the summer light, The

full-juiced apple waxing over low, Drops in a silent autumn night.

All its allotted length of
Let us alone. Time

and in a little while our lips are

driveth onward fast, and in a little while our lips are

driveth onward fast, And in a little while our lips are

G
drum. Let us a.

drum. Let us a.

drum. Let us a.

G

cres. media.

Ss90.
What is it that will last?
What is it that will last?
What is it that will last?
What is it that will last?

All things are taken from us, and become portions and parts of the
All things are taken from us, and become portions and parts of the
All things are taken from us, and become portions and parts of the
All things are taken from us, and become portions and parts of the

dreadful Past.
dreadful Past.
dreadful Past.
dreadful Past.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream, with half-closed eyes ever to seem falling asleep

in a half-dream! To dream and dream, like yonder amber light, which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height; To hear each other's whispered speech:
Rattling the Lotos day by day, To watch the ending

Ripples on the beach, And tender carving

Lines of creamy spray; To bend our hearts and spirits

Wholly To the influence of mild-minded not-anxious; To muse and brood and live again in
me-moir, with those old fa-ces of our in-tan-cy.

Heap-er with a mound of grass.

Two hand-fuls of white dust, shut... in an urn of

brass!
Chorus. Tenor.

Moderato.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives.

And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears; but all hath suffered change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us; our looks are

For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us; our looks are
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.

Or else the island prince o'er-bold.
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.

Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The gods are hard to reconcile:
Tis hard to
settle order once again.
There is confusion worse than
settle once again.
There is confusion worse than
depth, trouble on trouble, pain on pain...
Long hours into a-gold breast, sore back to heart's worn out by many wars And

1st Tenor.

eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars.

2nd Tenor.

eyes grown dim from gazing on the pilot stars.

1st Bass.

expression

eyes grown dim from gazing on the pilot stars.

2nd Bass.

eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars.

S160.
SOPRANO SONG.

Andante.

But, propped on beds of amaranth and myrrh, sweet
(while warm airs lull us, blowing low)
With half-dropt eye-lids still,

Be-neth a heaven dark and holy, To watch the long bright river drawing
slowly His waters from the purple hill,

To hear the dewy echoes calling From cave to cave thro' the

$460.$
VIII. Chorus.

Soprano. 

 Alto. The lotus blooms below the barren peak: 

 Tenor. The lotus blooms below the barren peak: 

 Bass. The lotus blooms below the barren peak: 

 The lotus blooms below the barren peak: 

 Lo-tos blows by every winding creek: All day the wind breathes low with 

 Lo-tos blows by every winding creek: All day the wind breathes low with 

 Lo-tos blows by every winding creek: All day the wind breathes low with 

 Lo-tos blows by every winding creek: All day the wind breathes low with 

 Sea 

 mellower tone: Thro' ev'ry hollow cave and al-ley lone Round and round the 

 mellower tone: Thro' ev'ry hollow cave and al-ley lone Round and round the 

 mellower tone: Thro' ev'ry hollow cave and al-ley lone Round and round the 

 mellower tone: Thro' ev'ry hollow cave and al-ley lone Round and round the
Spicy downs the yellow Lo to dust is blown.
Spicy downs the yellow Lo to dust is blown.
Spicy downs the yellow Lo to dust is blown.
Spicy downs the yellow Lo to dust is blown.

Chorus, Tener.

We have had a cough of action, and of motion we, Roll'd to starboard,
We have had a cough of action, and of motion we, Roll'd to starboard,

Roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seeking free,
Roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seeking free.
Where the wailing monster spouted his foam from mountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with equal mind.
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined On the
hills like gods together, careless of man.
Soprano.

kind.

Asto. For they lie beside their nectars, And the

saf a tempo.
bolts are hurled. Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are

light - ly curled. Round their gold - en houses, glowed with the

glaunc - ing worl'd.
Changing lights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.

Soprano Solo.

But they smile, they find a music centered in a

Sign.
doleful song. Steaming up a remembrance and an ancient tale of
wrong. Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong;
Chant ed from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed and reap the harvest with ex dig ing toll,
Sowing yearly little does of wheat, and wine and oil;

Aminesudo
BB f p ppp

Till they perish and they suffer, his whisper'd—down in

hell Suffer endless anguish, oth'ers in E

Poco meno mosso.

tranquillo.

ly—sun valleys dwell

Resting weary limbs at last —

on backs —

Fl.
Sure - ly, sure - ly, slum - ber is more
Sure - ly, sure - ly, slum - ber
Sure - ly, sure - ly, slum - ber
Sure - ly, sure - ly, slum - ber
sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-

is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-

is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-

ocean, wind and wave and o'er:

ocean, wind and wave and o'er:

ocean, wind and wave and o'er:

ocean, wind and wave and o'er:

ocean, wind and wave and o'er:

5100.
brother mariners, brother mariners, we will not
brother mariners, brother mariners,
brother mariners, brother mariners,
brother mariners, brother mariners,
brother mariners, brother mariners,
SOPRANO SONG.

We will not wan-der more.

We will not wan-der more.

We will not wan-der more.

We will not wan-der more.

8540.
PRODUCED AT THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL, 1852.

GETHSEMANE
A CHURCH CANTATA

THE WORDS WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY
JOSEPH BENNETT

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY
C. LEE WILLIAMS.

Price Two Shillings. Paper Boards, Two Shillings and Sixpence.
Full Score and Orchestral Parts may be had on hire.

THE TIMES.

"Gethsemane," as the new work is called, is, at least, as meritorious as its predecessor, and will, no doubt, attain a like success. The libretto, partly taken from the Gospels and partly written by Mr. Joseph Bennett, consists of a partly mystical and wholly sentimental summary of the events in the Passion which took place in the garden—the Agony and the Betrayal. It opens with a funeral address to the garden, there are several contemplative choruses and chorales, and relief is given to the narration by two energetic solos, in which St. Peter's impassive utterances are paraphrased. The opening chorus is really impressive, with its solid harmonies supporting an ornamental theme which seems to be identified with the garden itself. The chorales are for the most part original, and are generally set for four-part choir (sometimes for male voices alone), supported only by the organ pedals. The first of the vigorous baritone solos, "Clove, armed host," gives the suggestion for a succeeding chorus in the same militant vein, which culminates, perhaps not very appropriately, in the "Old Hundred" tune, sung in unison. A descriptive and fairly effective soprano solo, "In deepening peace," leads to the scene of the Agony, in the musical treatment of which a welcome retourne a capriccio. The work of the Saviour is given to the tenor soloist, and are followed by a chorus set at first for male voices alone. The second of the baritone songs, "Awake, awake!" leads to the resurrection of the Saviour's solitude, the subject of which is soon taken up by the contralto voice, in an air of considerable beauty. "As Thou wilt, Father!" and the close of which an "Amen!" is sung in five-part harmony without accompaniment. At the description of the appearance of the strengthening angel, a harp solo is introduced, and this passage is almost the only instance in which the composer has yielded to convention. The succeeding chorus, "In the day of consternation," allotted again to male voices, is in the form of a litany—a form which, in the earlier work. An expressive air for contralto, supported by the Saviour's words, "It is enough," leads to the final chorus, which, like the former one, ends with a hymn-tune, the familiar "Rockingham" being used this time. The appropriateness of this tune will appear when it is remembered that it is usually associated with a well-known hymn on the Crucifixion.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.

The Gloucester conductor's second work is a marked advance upon his first. Mr. Williams has a remarkable and truly musical faculty of expressing devotional feeling without going beyond the use of comparatively simple means. Hence the story of Gethsemane was musically told this evening with a directness and force that held the audience spellbound.

STANDARD.

Mr. Williams's Cantata is evidently meant as a companion to his devotional and pleasing work, "The Last Night at Bethany," produced three years ago—that is to say, it is intended less for the concert-room than for church use at special seasons, musical elaboration being studiously avoided so as not to exceed the capabilities of fairly efficient choirs. Mr. Joseph Bennett, as in the previous work, has mislaid tasteful verses from his own pen with portions of the Gospel narrative. "Gethsemane" is certain to be in request wherever music is recognized as a handmaid to religion.

MORNING POST.

It is of course intended for church use, and is therefore designedly simple in style: though he avoids elaborate choral writing, the composer has by no means sacrificed vigour to simplicity. The chorus of "Saviour, Christ!" is a powerful piece of writing, and several of the solos have a very distinct individuality. The Cantata is admirably adapted for Lenten use in churches where choral services are a prominent feature. It is commendably free from that particular kind of sentimentality which so often is the bane of compositions of this class.

DAILY NEWS.

No detailed description is necessary of a work of this character, which being intended for ordinary church as well as for Festival use, is in the main part studiously simple and unpretentious, although when occasion arises, as in the fine choral of the "Christian Church," the composer furnishes a worthy example of his sound musicianship. ... The whole work is admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was avowedly written, and there is every reason to believe that it will become quite as popular as its predecessor.

DAILY CHRONICLE.

Mr. Bennett's narrative of the departure for the Mount of Olives and of the scene in the Garden is partly original verse, excellently adapted to music, and partly well-chosen sentences from Scripture, the blending of the two being so dexterous that there is nothing to interfere with the steadily flowing current of the touching story. As effectively as before Mr. Lee Williams shows his aptitude for dealing with a sacred theme in a manner readily understood by the unlettered worshipper in the slightest degree susceptible to the influence of music.

LONDON & NEW YORK: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.
PRODUCED AT THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL, 1892.

JOB
AN ORATORIO
FOR TENOR, BARITONE, AND BASS SOLI, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA
BY
C. H. H. PARRY.

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.
Full Score and Orchestral Parts may be had on hire.

THE TIMES.
The form of the work, or rather the manner of its division, is decidedly original, and it is a bold proceeding to dispense with Eliza and the three friends, who serve as the chorus of the drama; their place is taken, to some extent, by the musical choir. . . . The more or less declamatory section, which is relieved by several important episodes of varying character. One of these, " Man—that is born of woman," is especially beautiful, but the whole monologue is an extraordinary exhibition of sustained power and effect, such as very few composers of any period have surpassed. The succeeding chorus, beginning: " Who is this that darkeneth counsel? " embodies the magnificent series of manifestations of the Divine power. . . . The various instances of God's omnipotence are treated with consummate skill, and a fine climax is reached at the words " Then shall God also confess that thine own right hand hath saved thee," which are set to a passage of broad seven-part writing, without accompaniment. . . . The impression produced by the work was very great, and it must be said deliberately that recent years have not seen a composition more free from flaw or weak point of any kind, or one which more conclusively proves that the oratorio form can still inspire works of the highest genius.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.
Dr. Parry's music is of the sort which cannot readily be dealt with by a critic who would do it justice. In its general character, in its details, and in special peculiarity, it calls not for a hurried, but for a leisurely survey. The reason is that our brilliant English composer—perhaps the foremost musical man in these islands—never brings forward a new work which can be labelled as belonging to any such-and-such a category and then put in its proper shelf with a few commonplace works. Whatever Dr. Parry does has a stamp of his own, and the stamp, I do not hesitate to say, is that of genius—that of a man who thinks for himself and has thoughts which, unlike many others, is one day a profoundly impression upon an audience which included a host of musicians drawn from all parts by the reputation of our "English Bach."

DAILY CHRONICLE.
"Job" is different to anything described as oratorio or cantata set before the public during recent years. . . . Much of Dr. Hubert Parry's work is comparatively new; it is entirely novel. The suffering caused by the heavy and constant production of austere and beautiful compositions by Dr. Parry is a well-known matter of fact. . . . It is an easy matter to imagine that the success of "Job" will be much greater than that of his other works, and that it will be of the most remarkable piece of writing that he has yet given us. It is impossible within the limits of a brief and hurried notice to do justice to this astonishing chorus. The general verdict will no doubt decide "Job" to be Dr. Parry's masterpiece.

DAILY GRAPHIC.
We can find no higher praise for Dr. Parry's composition than to say that the noble text has not proved a giant's rub to his music. The latter seldom sinks to the level of mere appropriateness; it almost invariably lends force to force and beauty to beauty.

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