

WA-WAN SERIES OF AMERICAN COMPOSITIONS

9  
CEL  
TIC  
STUDIES

FOUR SONGS

BY  
*John Todhunter*  
HENRY F. GILBERT

9  
POEMS BY  
JOHN TODHUNTER  
FIONA MACLEOD  
NORA CHESON  
A VIKING SKALD

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VOLUME IV [AUTUMN QUARTER—PART I] No. 31

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INTRODUCTION

IN the sphere of its larger destiny, music has two histories; one the artistic, and the other the spiritual. Interwoven as these are, each must be regarded in itself before much that remains obscure in the world's conception of music will become clear to those who give to it their more intimate thought. Life everywhere seeks the development of an ever heightening and broadening consciousness. To feel more, to think more, to will more,—life finds its satisfaction and joy in this endless accomplishment. And music, in its spiritual evolution, finds the fulness of its growth in expanding into and filling the regions revealed by life in its aspiring course. The representation and the symbolization of these regions constitute the task of the composer, who concerns himself not with thoughts or feelings, as we understand these terms, but with states of consciousness, into the halls of which he is conducted through the vestibule of special thoughts and feelings. A musical idea is in its essence, the direct expression of a state of consciousness, which cannot be named or described otherwise than by the music. It is perhaps not too fanciful to say that a musical idea is the Name of the state of consciousness which it represents. While life, then, is engaged in the perpetual discovery of greater consciousness, music, in its spiritual growth, seeks to fulfil the revelation of that greater consciousness in terms of musical expression. Thus the composer, at the utmost of his aspiration, would exalt the power of his art until it grasps and reveals the most vital and all-inclusive consciousness that humanity has wrested from the great unknown. The composers who have aspired to this, who have wrought an all-human revelation into their work, are few indeed, and the central pathway of music's spiritual evolution has been hewn by a few individuals. Composers, for the most part, have contented and still content themselves with the representation of a phase of life here or there, regardless of the relative importance or unimportance of this phase to life as a whole. This is due to a lack of life, a lack of thought and action, of the will to include all life within oneself. And in default of life, that phase of consciousness in which we dwell appears as if it were the whole of life, and leaves us in ignorance of the very existence of the unseen wonderlands of horror and of glory that the next experience may bring crashing into our lives. The multitudes of composers who have not yet broken the shell of *their phase* and seen into the heart of life itself, are concerned with music the Art, with music as the perfect technical expression of any chance conception, without regard to its final value as an element in the growth or expansion of the human spirit. These busy workers, attaining often to a considerable individuality but never to the position of world-leadership attained by the few, nevertheless prepare the soil for the next epoch-maker, by inventing numberless little means of expanding the expressive power of music. Such means, seemingly slight in themselves, will in the aggregate lend an immense power to the first seer who enters the field of musical composition. Concerning himself now no longer with these details, however exquisite, as an end in themselves, but with an enormous consciousness of life as a whole, he employs them upon a structure which brings them into their true relations and compels each to contribute its proportionate share to an expression dictated not by an artistic ambition or talent, but by an illumination, an all-embracing vision of life.



Consider the symphonies of Beethoven. As exhibiting the resources of harmony or of orchestration they are today insignificant. But as manifestations of untrammelled creative force, as representative of the broadest outlook upon the human spirit, and its nature and destiny, they are today without parallel. They are no more of the emotions than of the intellect; no more of the intellect than of the will. They view with equal impartiality and equal sympathy all phases of consciousness. Romanticist, psychologist, philosopher, technician, spiritual aspirant, seer,—all find themselves alike reflected therein. For the Art of music as practiced today, a nervous art which ever seeks new inventions and aspires not to a universal informing spirit, the symphonies of Beethoven are without significance; their spiritual significance is wholly overlooked by our present musical art, to which they gave birth. Our musicians recognize this fact without understanding it. For let the musician of today copy, however closely, the melodic or harmonic palette of Beethoven, his rhythmic or formal structure, and if he hoped for encouraging applause, it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were thrown into the sea. He would be regarded as a pedant, and he would be one. And the same men who condemned him will turn and applaud a work utterly trivial in spirit, if it have but the earmarks of the modern about it. And between the devil of trivial modernity and the deep sea of pedantry, most of our composers and musicians fall. A little learning is said to be a dangerous thing, and perhaps it is also true that a little life is a dangerous thing. For a little life will cause us to be dissatisfied with a negation such as pedantry, while not yet dissatisfying us with so meagre an affirmation as a few clever inventions. Nothing but fullness of life, overwhelmingness of desire, can find its way out of this pit. Let the musician win for himself Beethoven's universality of outlook, his unflagging vitality and instantaneous response to the spiritual need of the moment, and he will command the destiny of music. But this is not the doctrine that we hear in the centres of musical culture, nor will it be until the spiritual evolution of music and the artistic evolution of music are one. It is scarcely a discredit to Beethoven to say that today he is of infinitely greater importance to humanity than to the musician. If the latter, as artist, would profit by that which Beethoven offers to humanity, he would take the greatest possible step forward. This roundabout way is necessitated by the action of the musician himself, in having for so long made life subservient to art that at last he can not tell slave from master, and knows not from what source to derive his power. And that which Beethoven offers to all men? That is the riddle of the sphinx, for each to read for himself. Therein lies all daring, all experience, all reward, all of pain and joy. To feel more: to think more: to will more!

The work of Beethoven is spiritually constructive for the race, but through art. Like all universal men, he develops each succeeding man in the direction of the latter's individuality. He impels onward the form of Brahms, the romance of Schumann, the cosmic consciousness of Wagner. He makes a few broad statements covering the whole range of life, and innumerable successors seize upon the different aspects presented, and spend their lives carrying them out to the limit of their possibility. These details finally come to absorb the entire interest of the art-world of music, the mind of which, as it were, now becomes so beclouded with the myriad phases of ephemeral beauty and the infinite minute possibilities of technical invention, that it can no longer grasp the sense of an art founded upon the few eternal verities of being. The faculties of the spirit, now so long trained to adjust themselves only to numberless little fleeting influences, can no longer respond to an influence which must remain powerless unless it can move the whole soul at a single stroke. Witness the readiness with which many musicians put aside Tchaikovsky in favor of later men with far less power of striking at the depths of being, but who have made more startling discoveries in the

field of technical detail. Tchaikovsky himself is undoubtedly limited in his spiritual appeal, but his desires were large enough to be worth while, and the movements of his soul were fundamental and sincere.

The modern musician is, with wonderful subtlety and skill, expanding the resource of musical art to the point where it can express every conceivable state of consciousness. Let the musician touch whatsoever current of the oversoul he may, he demands a possible musical expression at that point and strives until he accomplishes it. This is well, but it is not an end in itself. The modern composer is devoting himself to the development of a means to some greater end. It is well enough to know that we can enter any state of consciousness at will, through the gateway of music; but it will be better when we come to discriminate and choose, seeing that certain states of consciousness are in the direction of fuller and richer life; life that both reveals and satisfies an infinity of desire, and identifies us with the power and motion of the universe. The lover of music who perchance, in the course of divine adventure, awakens to the feebleness of the desire of his spirit, and at the same time to the possibility of the greatness of such desire, will too rarely find satisfaction in the world of modern music.

The time is ripe for a new prophet. The power of music has been rendered unlimited, but its largest application remains to be made. There is everywhere a distinct craving for something which we have not. The human spirit is in need, and our musical traditions fail to satisfy it. Psychology is interesting, technic is absorbing; romance and philosophy make their several appeals to us. But let us have Life! Life direct, in overwhelming quantity such that we shall forget who and what we are, with our soul-destroying burdens of minutiae, and know only and be glad that we are! The composer that we need must feed us strong food. He must speak to us not of the refinements of civilization, but of its ultimate purpose. He must address himself to an appetite greater than we ourselves have realized, and awaken the undercurrents of our life that the events of the day seldom reveal to us. He must show us our own limitations and provide the means of salvation. He must read our hidden desires, long thwarted by tradition and environment, and give us courage and joy where before all was hopeless and blank.

We must knock before it will be opened to us, and speak our deep desires in no uncertain terms before our artists will take them to heart at their true worth. And as honestly as we give encouragement where it is due, must we proclaim the truth so long as we are not satisfied.

The present issue of The Wa-Wan Press contains, in the instrumental part, Arthur Shepherd's Variations, Op. 1; and in the vocal part, four Celtic Studies, by Henry F. Gilbert. Concerning the latter, Mr. Gilbert says: "These compositions are somewhat experimental. I have endeavored to express in an art form the wondrous beautiful spirit of the ancient Celtic folk-melodies."

ARTHUR FARWELL.

Los Angeles, California,  
October 1st, 1905.



# I.

John Todhunter.

Henry F. Gilbert.

Andante maestoso.

Bring from the crag-gy haunts of birch and

Thou wild wind

*p*

*rit.*

*p con negligencia.*

*piao.*

*espress.*

*p*

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Bring, keen for-est o - ders from that realm of

thine, Up - on thy wing O

wind, O might - y mel - an - chol - y wind.

*mf* *dim.* *p* *maestoso.* *p* *maestoso.* *dim.* *mf* *cresc.* *(arpegg.)* *mf*



*dim.* *f*

Blow! through me blow!

*dim.* *f*

*mf* *dim. rit. ad lib.*

Thou blow - est for - got - ten things in - to my mind

*mf* *dim. rit. colla voce.* *dim.*

*p* *dim. e rit.* *pp*

From long, from long a go.

*p* *dim. e rit.* *pp*



## II.

Fiona Macleod.\*

Henry F. Gilbert.

*Moderato con moto. quasi maestoso. p*

O would I were the

cool wind that's blowing from the

sea. Each lone-liest valley I would search till

*rit. p*

*mf*

*dim. e rit. espress.*

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Celtic Studies, II, 3

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*rit.* *a tempo.* *mf*

I should come to thee In the

*p* *rit.* *a tempo.* *cresc.*

dew on the grass is your name, dear, I the

*f* *p* *dim.* *p* *dim.*

leaf on the tree O would I were the

*rit.* *mf broadly.* *rit.* *mf broadly.*

cool wind that's blow - - ing from the sea O

*dim.* *dim.* *molto rit.* *p*

*dim.* *dim.* *p molto rit.*



*Tempo I.*

would I were the cool wind that's blowing

*p* *Tempo I.*

far from me

*mf* *dim.*

*pp* *p* *mf* *p*

The gray silence, the gray waves the

*pp* *p* *mf*

*rit. ad lib.*

gray wastes of the sea.

*p* *dim.* *rit.* *p* *pp*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system shows a change in the piano accompaniment, with a more complex rhythmic pattern. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

# III.

7

Nora Chesson.

Henry F. Gilbert.

Andante; mesto.

My

heart is heav - y night and day, my fair love leav - ing me. That

from my path you turned a - way to dwell a-mong the Shae Where...



none grows odd and none grows cold for hope or mem - o - ry, I

am most sad while you are glad my fair love leav - ing me.

Now ev - 'ry day and all night long I

wear the bit - ter rue And hear a way - ward fae - ry song when



*rit.* *p* *a tempo.* *rit.*

I would dream of you \_\_\_\_\_ In 'all men's ears my tale is told, my...

*rit.* *p a tempo.* *rit.*

*recitante.*

griefs for all to see. \_\_\_\_\_ Sad for your sake I sleep and wake my...

*costringendo.*

*rit.* *p*

fair love leav - ing me. \_\_\_\_\_ You

*rit.*

*rit. ad lib.* *a tempo.*

come not e - ven to my dreams be - tween the night and day \_\_\_\_\_ And

*rit. col. voce.*



have you drunk of fae - ry streams that washed your love a - way. O —

*a tempo.*

heart of gold, and left you cold as wa - ter and as free? Ah! —

*recit.* wir-ras - throe, — *rit.* my heart with you my fair love leav - ing me. —

## IV.

11

Words from Ballantyne's  
"Norsemen in the West."

Henry F. Gilbert.

Moderato. Robusto con brio.

One night when one o' the I-rish Kings Was sleep-ing in his

bed Six Da-nish Kings, so...

*f* *pesante.* *rit.* *a tempo.* *ff*



Siv - gat sings, Came and cut off his head.

The I - rish boys they heard the noise, And flocked un - to the

shore; They caught the Kings and put out their eyes And left them in their

gore!

*ritard.*



*With a lilt, but not too fast.*

this is the way we served the kings An' spoiled their pleasure, the dir - ty things, When they

came to har - ry and flap their wings, Up - on the I - rish shore, O!

this is the way we served the kings An' spoiled their pleasure, the dir - ty things, When they

came to har - ry and flap their wings, Up - on the I - rish shore.

*molto rit.*



The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The second system begins the vocal entry with the lyrics "Next year the Danes took ter-ri-ble pains, To wipe that stain a -". The third system continues the vocal line with "way" and "They came with a fleet, their". The fourth system concludes the vocal phrase with "foes to meet A - cross the storm-y sea." The piano accompaniment features complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes, and uses various dynamics and tempo markings.

*ff furioso.* *risoluto.* *rit.* *Tempo I.* *rit.* *ff furioso.*

*Tempo I.*

Next year the Danes took ter-ri-ble pains, To wipe that stain a -

*rit.* *a tempo.*

way They came with a fleet, their

foes to meet A - cross the storm-y sea.



Each I - rish earl, great stones did hurl In such a mighty

rain. The Danes went down with a hor-ri-ble stow And neer came up a -

gain. O!

*With a Lot.*  
this is the way we served the kings An' spoiled their pleasure, the dir - ty things, When they



came to har-ry and flap their wings. Up - on the I - rish shore. O!

this is the way we served the kings An' spoiled their pleasure, the dir - ty things, When they

came to har-ry and flap their wings, Up - on the I - rish shore, Up -

on the I - rish shore.

# THE WA-WAN PRESS

NEWTON CENTER  
MASSACHUSETTS

## THE OBJECT OF THE MOVEMENT

THE WA-WAN PRESS, at Newton Center, Massachusetts, is an enterprise organized and directly conducted by composers, in the interest of the best American composition. It aims to promote by publication and public hearings, the most progressive, characteristic, and serious works of American composers, known or unknown, and to present compositions based on the melodies and folk-lore of the American Indians.

Many persons are already aware not only of the resource and promise, but of the increasing ripeness of the composer's art in this country. For these, and all who wish to enjoy the fruits of our undertaking as a whole, and who wish to add the unit of their personal force to the work of building up a musical art that shall represent the highest talents and ideals of American composers, our works are issued quarterly by subscription, to the amount of eighty to one hundred pages per year, at six dollars. This is a liberal reduction from sheet music prices. For artists, teachers, and others who may wish to procure single copies of our compositions, they are also obtainable in this form, at sheet music prices.

We invite correspondence from all who are interested, and will send prospectus and catalogue upon application. We will also be glad to send subscription issues or single copies of our compositions on approval.

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