Cecil Sharp: lecture delivered to the Hampstead Conservatoire.

Transcribed, annotated, and with an introduction by C. J. Bearman.

Introduction

Cecil Sharp began to get lecturing work at the Hampstead Conservatoire in 1893 and became its Principal in 1896. One of his duties was to lecture on the music of all ages, from ancient times through the medieval and Early Modern to the 'classical' age. Most of the surviving lectures (in Sharp Miscellaneous CJS/4, VWML) are purely conventional discourses on the work of composers such as Bach and Beethoven, but Sharp sometimes spoke on general matters, touching on his own experiences and the music of his own time. This lecture, not titled by Sharp but given the label 'Musical Morals' by his biographer A. H. Fox Strangways, is one such, to be found at CJS/4/27. To my knowledge, only one other lecture of this kind exists (CJS/4/33, labelled 'Musical Information' by Fox Strangways). The lecture we would most like to have, 'Folk Song to Art Song', delivered 20 November (probably 1900), has disappeared.

Most of Sharp's audience would have been young women aged between about 16 and 25. But such lectures could also be public events, the TV documentaries of their day. 'Folk Song to Art Song', for example, was advertised by handbills. So it is likely that, besides Sharp's students, there was also a paying contingent of adults.

The only thing that can be said with certainty about the date of this lecture is that it must be before 1904-5, when Sharp ceased to write out his lectures in full. I believe it dates from the mid 1890s, on the strength of what Sharp says about meeting some Wagnerites 'a year or so ago' on pp.23-4. It is written out on what used to be known as common notepaper, a size a little larger than modern A5. My thanks go to Lewis Jones for converting this document to PDF format and posting it on the Folkopedia site.

The Lecture

[1] Let me begin my lecture this afternoon by reading to you an extract from an evening paper which appeared some day last month:

> At St James' Hall a big crowd of well-known artists including Miss Macintyre, Miss Clara Butt etc . . . contributed to the programme of Mr Percy Notcutt's concert, and a long and diversified afternoon's music which was enjoyed by a large audience was the result. But why, oh why, does Mr Edward Lloyd lend his countenance, even on occasions of this kind to songs of such blatant emptiness and

aggressive **[2]** vulgarity as "The Holy City"?[1] Yet it must be confessed that it was cheered by yesterday's audience – even rapturously.

The critic you will notice makes a two-fold censure. He upbraids in the first place Mr Edward Lloyd for singing a vulgar song, and in the second place the audience for rapturously applauding him. In my opinion his censure in each case was thoroughly deserved and not one whit too caustically expressed; and I can only register the pious wish, that, in the interest **[3]** of music in London, our musical critics would more often follow his admirable and outspoken example.

I know there are many people who, whilst not completely justifying him, will yet acquit Mr Lloyd of all blame in the matter. They will say that in one sense he is but a servant of the Public, and that his living, his success as a public singer, and the welfare of his wife and family – if he is so blessed – all depend upon his ability to induce large numbers of people to spend their money in return for the privilege of hearing him sing. They will say that in **[4]** wasting his incomparable voice upon such songs as The Holy City, he is but doing what the public demand of him. If any one is to blame, therefore it is the public not Mr Edward Lloyd, who does but supply what they want & what they are ready to pay for. Educate your public then and do not needlessly waste your breath in denouncing the singer.

Others of a less practical & commercial turn of mind will demur to all of this, and whilst thoroughly agreeing with the necessity and advisability of educating the public taste will at the same time hold that the singer has more power than anyone else to do this very **[5]** thing, and that in electing to follow rather than lead his public he is wasting a valuable opportunity of striking a blow in the cause of music – the Art he presumably worships. They will aver that as a general principle a performer who sings or plays a piece of music which he <u>knows</u> to be bad and unhealthy, thereby wantonly and needlessly commits, artistically speaking, a grave and unpardonable crime.

Now this is a question of Musical Morals, rather than Judgment, **[6]** which is the subject upon which I desire to speak this afternoon. Let us therefore leave Mr Edward Lloyd to settle the point with his own conscience and pass on to consider the question from another point of view, that of the Public.

[1] Edward Lloyd (1845-1927), concert and oratorio singer. 'The Holy City' (1892). Music by Stephen Adams (pseudo. of Michael Maybrick, 1844-1913), words by Frederick E. Weatherley (1848-1929).

That the Public should receive a song like the "Holy City" with thunderous applause, and perhaps at the same concert the performance of an excellent piece of music with complete indifference would surprise no one who is acquainted with our Concert audiences in London. It is this characteristic; this inability on the part of [the] public to discriminate between good and bad, which causes musicians who have the welfare and advancement of English music at heart, to despond and sometimes to despair that they will ever see their desires satisfied. **[7]** There is no denying it I fear, the fact that the average amateur musician in London is strangely uncritical. This is the more curious for in matters other than musical, it has been often remarked that the present age is one of the most critical periods in the history of Western civilisation. Yet although "the man in the street" may talk intelligently and with some measure of discrimination about a recent novel, the latest book of poems, or of the pictures at last Season's Academy this intelligence and discrimination seem to entirely forsake him when he begins to talk about the latest movements in the musical world.

It therefore seems to me that a few words **[8]** about musical judgment may not be out of place; especially in this conservatoire, where they will be addressed to students who in the near future will have the power of making their opinions felt in the concert hall, if not as performers certainly as auditors.

[Pagination begins again at this point]

[1] Broadly speaking there are two methods of forming a musical judgment; not entirely distinct from one another, yet capable of being considered separately.

The first may be described as the scientific analysis of musical form and treatment. This of course is only possible to the experienced musician more or less versed in the subtleties of Harmony, counterpoint, orchestration, form and the like.

The other I will call the perception of the spiritual or aesthetic nature of music, the recognition of its inner and deeper meaning. To perceive music in this way is a faculty that is largely intuitive, and is to be found only in those persons who are especially endowed by nature with an **[2]** impressionable musical temperament. Nevertheless with few exceptions I believe this faculty is latent in all of us, embryonic in some, in most of us perhaps, and more developed in others, but still existent in varying degrees in pretty well everybody. The first of these two methods is the one usually adopted by the Professional critic, the writer of musical notices in the daily journals.

The second, in a thin diluted form by the non-professional lover of music, the concert and drawing room dilettante; and in a more elevated manner by the occasional poet or literary man.

Here is a specimen of the former, what I have called the professional or scientific method.

[Criticism of Henry Purcell, *Toccata for Double Organ*, by H. Davan Wetton, *Musical News* 2 February 1895. Continues through 3a to [4]

Now contrast this with a criticism of the other kind.

[Criticism of a performance by Paganini (works not specified) by Heinrich Heine, *Florentine Nights* p.205. Continues through 4a, 4b 4c and 4d to [5] You will readily agree with me that nothing could be more opposite than the two methods of criticism exhibited in the extracts I have just read to you.

It is scarcely worth while to spend any time estimating the respective advantages of the two methods. In my lectures last Easter I endeavoured, I hope with some success, to impress upon you the value of scientific analysis **[6]** in helping you to know good music from bad. This afternoon I propose to say something about the other side of the question. In doing so I do not wish to disparage the advantages of the method I have already advocated; Indeed both methods have their value, and the ideal critic is undoubtedly the man who makes free and intelligent use of both. It is just because Robert Schumann was an emotionalist as well as a consummate musician that the world judges him to have been the greatest musical critic who ever lived. **[6a]** It is also true I think that either method exclusively employed, may be productive of very false or at any rate misleading remarks.

For instance, many of you will recall occasions when music, which has been adjudged by critics of unimpeachable authority **[7]** to be technically correct, and scientifically and learnedly constructed, has nevertheless altogether failed to touch you in any way, or give you any specific musical pleasure. On another occasion you have perhaps derived intense gratification from listening to music which has been pronounced with equal authority, to be technically incorrect and clumsily fashioned. If you are of a modest disposition you will be tempted to distrust your own judgment, & inclined to believe your instinct at fault in leading you to like the latter and distrust the former.

The fact of course is that the scientific method has its limits. It begins and ends with technical analysis, which by itself can no more appraise the aesthetic value

of a musical work **[8]** than a surgeon by examining the anatomy & physiological aspect of the human body can form any estimate of the temperament or soul that is hidden there. A great deal of the worst the most pompous, the driest & most uninteresting music that finds its way on to our own concert programmes, is admirably constructed, and emerges unscathed from the fiery crucible of the orthodox critic. **[9]** On the other hand what I have called scientific criticism is exceedingly valuable at times. To know as a matter of fact beyond dispute, that a certain work is well or badly made, must always be of vast assistance to the Critic in confirming or modifying an opinion founded on the judgment of the senses only. A really fine work will always bear looking into. An application of the microscope will generally disclose greater and unexpected beauties and so add to the gratification already derived from a mere superficial judgment.

Now let us consider first of all the nature of what I may called[sic] aesthetic criticism, and then let us deduce laws[?] which may be helpful **[10]** to us in developing it.

I have already called it an instinct. It cannot therefore be developed and reared unless the seed has been first planted in us by nature. Now there are very few of us, probably none in this room, who receive no impression whatever from listening to music. We are always conscious of some sensation pleasurable or otherwise: And the mere presence of this power to like or dislike argues the possession of the instinct. The question that remains is therefore for us to consider how we may best transform this somewhat vague and nebulous sensation into something that has substance and that may ultimately be honoured by the name of a music judgment. Now I have my own theory as to how this may be **[11]** accomplished and I will try to explain it to you in as simple a manner as I can.

First of all I would say: Place the utmost value and dependence upon your first impression. Be of course <u>quite</u> sure that it is your own impression and not the reflection of some one else's. Distinguish also between what you do really feel and what you may think you <u>ought</u> to feel. Do not be dismayed or distrustful if you find that this impression differs from that of your immediate acquaintances, or from that of your teachers, or the newspaper critics even. You need not jump to any conclusion as to the wrongness of your own opinion or as to the rightness of the others, or vice versa – simply say to yourself, this is <u>my</u> opinion; wrong or right I can for the present hold no other. If it happens **[12]** to be different to the opinion of others much cleverer and

older than yourself, well I am very sorry for it, but I can't help it. I suppose I am made that way.

Now do not think I underestimate the difficulty of the course I am advising you to follow. I am only too keenly conscious of how hard it is to trust your own judgment, especially when it happens to conflict with opinions[?] At the same time I am firmly convinced that it is the one and only way by which you can lay a firm foundation for the building up of this all important faculty of musical judgment. It is the first vital & necessary step. I assume you have the instinct. The first thing then is to learn how to interpret it fearlessly and with perfect honesty & truth; and with the avowed intention of following it **[13]** withersoever it may lead you.

I have no great knowledge of continental concert rooms, but on one occasion I attended a performance of *Carmen* at the largest Opera House in Europe, the San Carlo at Naples.[2] The huge theatre was filled with an audience drawn I would say from the middle and lower classes of Neapolitans. It was a very tolerable performance and I greatly enjoyed the musical treat, but what struck me at the time more than anything else was the rapt attention with which the audience followed every note of the music and every action on the stage, and at the appropriate intervals, the celerity and decision with which they marked their opinion of **[14]** the performance by hisses or bravos. I cannot say that in all cases I agreed with the general verdict when it happened to be unanimous, but the behaviour of the audience convinced me that the verdict whatever it was, was a truthful and unprejudiced interpretation of first impressions. In support of this I will relate but one incident. In the first Act one of the chief singers was at the conclusion of her songs greeted with groans and noisy expressions of disapproval. I thought she sang as well as many of the principals and felt rather sorry for her. I was therefore overjoyed in the second Act to hear one of her efforts greeted with tumultuous applause. Such a reversal of previously expressed opinion argued a lack of prejudice, and the possession of **[15]** fair open-mindedness which I could not but admire.

I have no very high opinion of Italian music, but I have always felt since I heard that performance of *Carmen* that there is hope musically speaking for such a people.

[2] Probably on 20 February 1891: see letter to Mrs Howard, 21/2/91, Sharp Correspondence Box 2 Miscellaneous.

I will not draw a picture of an English audience say at Covent Garden in the Season. I will leave you to do that for yourselves. The contrast is obvious.

The point I wish to emphasize by this illustration is that the behaviour of the Neapolitan audience proved to me that it consisted of individuals habitually accustomed to think for themselves and at the receipt of an impression able to give an individual judgment thereon. From the general demeanour of the audience I should say it would be wrong to credit **[16]** them with an acquired or cultivated taste; yet as I said just now there was hope for them because they gave expression to opinion, real genuine and defined opinion.

This habit of thinking for oneself is an eminently valuable one, as useful and desirable as it is, unhappily, difficult to acquire. Fear of consequences, Fashion, modesty and natural distrustfulness of one's own powers, habitual mental inertia, these are the dragons in the path, the obstacles that have to be overcome before you can hope [to] acquire that habit of mind which will alone make you a critic. There is a story told **[17]** of Mrs Shelley the mother of the Poet, which will serve to illustrate my point. It is said that Mrs Shelley was choosing a school for her son and asked the advice of a friend of hers who gave it in these words, "Oh send him somewhere where they will teach him to think for himself." Mrs Shelley at once answered "Teach him to think for himself? Oh my God teach him rather to think like other people!"[3] I wonder how many of us, consciously or unconsciously set up the same ideal before ourselves!

A very little reflexion will suffice to show what a very small amount of real musical judgment there is in the world or at all events in this corner of it. Let me give you a few instances **[18]** which at once occur to me.

There is first the very general mistake of judging a musical work by the composer's name. I have scores of times seen people withhold their remarks upon a work which has just been performed until they have learned the name of the composer – forgetting that it is the work not the composer they are thinking of judging. This fault arises from the fact that it is fashionable to admire all the works of some composers and to sneer at all the works of others. You may safely distrust the critical powers of those who gush or sneer in this wholesale indiscriminate manner. I know it is generally accounted a heresy to find faults or weaknesses in any work by Bach,

[3] This anecdote is usually attributed to Mary Shelley (1797-1851), the poet's wife, with regard to their son Percy Florence (b. 1818).

Beethoven **[19]** Schubert and the classic composers – yet Bach, Beethoven and the rest of them, had their weaker moments. Their work was not always equal and passages that are if not exactly commonplace are very ordinary and far below their usual standard are to be found in the works of all of them. This remark can with equal truth be made of the works of Shakespeare of Milton and indeed of all & every great poet artist or painter who ever lived. Even Homer nodded!

Examples.

There is another mental state which is very common, but which is essentially uncritical. I refer to the notion that good music is always **[20]** found & only to be found in grand forms, such as the sonata, the symphony, quartet and so on, that so called classical music is good, and light music bad. We may secretly in our heart of hearts prefer the latter, but wild horses would not force us to give public expression to such as ignorant opinion. I remember a youthful but enthusiastic friend of mine, after listening to a very tuneful piece of music, crying out "Oh isn't that awfully jolly"; - and then after a few moments dolefully adding "but I suppose it isn't good, for it isn't dry enough!"

I am not of course referring to the large class of people who make no pretence of being musical and who fearlessly own that they prefer a piece of music with a tune in it! I am talking of those who plume themselves on having advanced **[21]** beyond such a primitive state, and who habitually distrust music that is tuneful and pleasing. London is chock full of them. It would be difficult to imagine a more absurd, a more ignorant or arrantly snobbish notion than this. Why! some of the most beautiful the most inspired music is to be found enshrined in the smaller forms, the waltz, the polka, the Jig & so on. Search in the scores of our best English comic-opera writers and you will find innumerable examples of graceful delicious melodies – tunes that no one, except the musical snob, could possibly sneer at. Listen to this melody from Cellier's *Dorothy*.[4] Here is another one.

I will go further and say that there are many **[22]** music hall songs that possess genuine musical value; that are far healthier in sentiment, more original in construction and robuster in rhythm than many a drawing room royalty song. Most of you have heard of Chevalier songs – Take the "Old Kent Road" for example with the

[4] Alfred Cellier (1844-1891) conducted and directed many Gilbert and Sullivan operas. His own opera *Dorothy* (1886) was extremely popular and was probably the model for Sharp's opera *Sylvia* (1890). Sharp met Cellier in Australia.

refrain "Wot Cher", let me play it to you and call your attention to the swing of its rhythm the grace and ease of its melody.[5]

Play it.

Now let me contrast with this refrain – I will not inflict the whole of its turgid beginning upon you – of the Holy City. (Play it).

Now who that is honest could possibly pretend that a melody – save the mark – such as this is comparable with Chevalier's. Yet imagine **[23]** what would happen if Mr Edward Lloyd were to sing "Wot Cher" in St James Hall, instead of the "Holy City". The London musical world would be horrified, would receive a shock that would take it years to recover from, and Society would cry aloud for the incarceration of the singer in Colney Hatch! Harley street would provide a regiment of doctors, benevolent, grey bearded leeches both ready and eager to sign the order of commitment![6]

Then there is the musical fanatic, the narrow-souled bigot who adores and worships the works of the one unlucky composer of his choice and sneers disdainfully at the works of all other composers ancient & modern alike. Nowadays the Wagnerite is the best example I can think of. I remember being in the company of some of these choice souls a year **[24]** or so ago and hearing them criticize the music of *Fidelio* with which a German company, after performing nearly all the works of Wagner had wound up the season at Covent Garden.[7] They found the music of Beethoven thin and weak and uninspired, chiefly because – so far as I could extract a reason from them – his scoring was less full or less noisy as some would say than Wagner's. Well might he himself exclaim "Defend me from the Wagnerites". A more absurd reason to found a judgment upon, it would be hard to imagine. Every honest critic will of course have his partialities, but that is a different thing to professing an unbounded love for one composer and a detestation of all the rest! If there is one mark more than another by which you may recognize the honest and able critic it is his cosmopolitan taste **[25]** his ability to find something to his liking in pretty well all kinds of music. Frankly I always suspect the Wagnerite, the Browningite, the Shelleyite, and all the other idol-worshippers, of humbug, because if they are capable of really appreciating

[5] Albert Chevalier (1861-1923), actor and music hall singer. The song is 'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road' (1891), words and music by Charles Inglis.
[6] Colney Hatch was the lunatic asylum which served Middlesex including London north of the river. The signatures of two doctors were required to 'certify' patients and commit them to an asylum.
[7] This may refer to 1892 when a Wagner season at Covent Garden ended with *Fidelio*. See letter to Mrs Howard, 21 July 1892, Sharp Correspondence Box 2 Miscellaneous.

the beauties of the one poet or the one musician of their choice they must from the very necessity of things have sufficient appreciative faculty to enjoy the strains of other composers poets.

Now these three types that I have adduced – the one-composer man – the man who only loves classical music – and the man who thinks every note written by the great composers equally good – I say these types, and I could easily increase the last, belong essentially people who do not **[26]** think for themselves, but who blindly follow a fashion, or imbibe their ideas in some way or another from others. The fact is that there is nothing that people, especially the young, fear more than being convicted of bad taste. I remember as a boy being dragged round the cathedrals and churches of England by my father who had a keen and genuine love for the beauties of Gothic architecture.'[8] I remember that I used in secret to wonder why at one moment he would expand and glow with admiration at some fusty old moulding or finial, and a minute or so later turn his back in disgust upon something which seemed to me far cleaner and neater and prettier. **[27]** I used sometimes, to gain his pleasure, to assume an interest which I fear I was far from feeling, and occasionally I would go so far as to hazard an opinion of my own. But on these occasions I always seemed to be wrong and to admire what according to him was villainous 18th century work. Then I tried hedging, taking my cue from him, and holding my own opinion in reserve until I gathered from his looks what his feelings were, and then launching out boldly. This was a much more successful plan and I felt I was rapidly rising in his estimation; but I secretly suffered many a twinge of conscience.. I remember that **[28]** this question of taste exercised me a great deal. What was taste? Wherein lay the difference between good and bad taste? Should I ever be a man of good taste like my father or a Philistine as I learned most of his friends were? These were the questions which naturally enough I asked myself. I did not <u>then</u>, as I do <u>now</u>, perceive the true answer. I had taste all the time, not a cultivated or a mature taste, because I myself was young and only half educated; but I knew well enough what I liked and what I didn't like, and that was proof that I wasn't deficient. The pity of it was of course that I hadn't the pluck to trust to it; that I was in fact ashamed of it, simply because it differed **[29]** [from] my father's and his archaeological friends. Of course it did! I

[8] 'Almost the chief memory of Cecil Sharp's days at Uppingham [School] was of the week-ends with his father in a dogcart, visiting the great churches of the eastern counties.'.Mansfield Forbes, *Clare College* 1326-1926, p.268.

was a boy in experience and character, and I shudder to think what an objectionable prig I should have been had my taste at that early period of my life coincided with my father's.

Do you remember the old fairy tale which tells of the Fairy Godmother who endowed her protege with the faculty of always saying what he thought regardless of circumstances. If that same fairy godmother would but come down to us and infect all the amateur musicians in London with that inestimable **[30]** faculty, I believe that the course of music would straightway advance by leaps and bounds! Meanwhile what amusing places our concert rooms would be during the intervals!

Now I do not propose to carry my subject any further this afternoon. Next week it will be my endeavour to show how you may develop the faculty of criticism, always supposing of course that you begin by being honest and by following the advice that I have this afternoon ventured to give you. Before however I conclude I should like to answer a few objections which will very naturally occur to some of you. **[31]** First, I can imagine some of you saying 'What is the value of an ignorant opinion such as I know mine must be, even although it is an honest one? To such a very natural objection I would at once reply by citing the well known habit of Turner the great landscape painter who although he heartily despised the professional critic and the fashionable amateur invariably showed his pictures to his housekeeper and invited her opinion thereon, before he allowed them to leave his studio. I believe further that it is a well authenticated fact that he not only invited her opinion but often made alterations in his pictures in accordance with her criticism. The truth that Turner and indeed all artists perceived was that a real honest & **[32]** true opinion can never be an ignorant or a valueless one. Artists do not paint, nor musicians compose, to please newspaper or professional critics. There is a true story of an amateur musician, a friend of Wagner, who at the close of the celebrated first performance of the Nibelungen Tetrology at Bayreuth in 1875 expressed to Wagner the unfeigned admiration for the work and the intense pleasure which he had derived from hearing it. He added however, "But of course I am not a technical musician and therefore I suppose my opinion is not worth much." "On the contrary", said Wagner, "you belong to just that class of auditor that we musicians write for **[33]** and wish to please. It is only when we fail to interest 'the man in the street' that we adjudge our work to have failed in its aim".

If after this you are still inclined to undervalue the weight of your own opinion let me refer you to the columns of the daily newspapers for comfort. The memories of newspaper readers are notoriously short-lived, were it otherwise the musical critic would have been starved out of existence ages ago. Take the well known instance of Paderewski.[9] On his first appearance the critics united in finding nothing to admire and everything to blame in his playing – one of our best known critics going to far as to say he did not play the piano but only thumped the keys. However the public to their **[34]** credit judged otherwise and in a few weeks time he was all the rage. Then these selfsame critics began to write him up, and the one I alluded to just now went so far as to preface a very laudatory notice with some such words as these "As we confidently remarked at his first appearance M. Paderewski is a phenomenal pianist, and executant of the first order etc etc." To multiply instances of this sort would be an easy matter. Just think of the scores of works produced at our great provincial festivals of late years, that have since sunk into oblivion but which were heralded with confidence by the critics as inspired works of consummate value and as sure to live for ever!.

Search the records of history in years gone by. It would be hard to find a single instance of a great **[35]** musician, from Mozart to Schumann who was appreciated at his true value by his contemporary critics?

After all the important question is not whether an opinion is good or bad valuable or worthless, so much as whether it is a true and genuine criticism. An opinion of itself is neither true nor untrue, that is to say a given opinion may be true for this person to hold, and false for that one. An opinion is speaking strictly the result of the effect of a particular work of art upon some particular personality. No two men or women are alike in this world therefore their opinions of any work of art must of necessity differ. In fact it is just when numbers of people echo the same opinion about a work of **[36]** art that one begins to suspect some of them of want of truth.

One word in conclusion, addressed especially to the younger students. It will often happen, indeed it must of necessity often happen that your professor will give you a work to study bearing perhaps an honoured name which he will truthfully tell you possesses great beauties, beauties which the world has agreed to consider

[9] Ignacy Jan Paderewski (1860-1941), pianist, later President of Poland. Sharp was to meet him in America in 1918.

priceless, but beauties nevertheless which do not appeal to you. After what I have said to you this afternoon you will not of course expect me to counsel you to hide or simulate your dislike; yet on the other hand you will greatly misunderstand my meaning if you say "I don't like it**, [37]** it is dry and doesn't interest me and therefore I won't learn it, but I will ask my teacher to give me something in its stead." I should say on the contrary that your duty lies in the opposite direction. I would say appeal to your professor, tell him your difficulties, say you know that it must be your taste and not his which is at fault and ask him to try and explain to you - so far as explanation is possible - the beauties which he has assured you that it possesses; and then proceed patiently to learn and study it, and I think by the time you have mastered the technical difficulties you will in all probability have learnt with the help of your teacher that which will constrain you to modify if not reverse your original judgment. The fact is that the particular kind of beauty **[38]** possessed by the pieces which you students are required and rightly required to study, is the very kind of beauty which is least likely to appeal to an untutored taste. The taste for Form, symmetry of outline, is emphatically an acquired rather than an intuitive faculty, and the way, the only way to acquire it is to make close acquaintance with works which possess it. So plod away at your Clementi, Hadyn & Mozart Sonatas, try your hardest to understand them, invoke the aid of musicians and students older and richer in experience than yourself, have faith in the world's judgment and in the end, beauties before hidden will become apparent to you, and a new faculty will be born **[39]** and you will find yourself possessed of a power which will be a source of never ending enjoyment, a power which neither time, nor man, nor circumstance can take away from you.