CHARLES IVES

Piano Sonata No. 2

"Concord, Mass., 1840-1860"

Second Edition

MOVEMENTS

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NOTE

According to the Ives Catalogue by John Kirkpatrick, Ives's own records and memos indicate that the *Concord Sonata* was mostly composed, or more exactly recomposed, in 1911-12, from the unfinished scores of the *Orchard House Overture* (1904), the *Emerson Concerto* (1907), and the *Hawthorne Concerto* (1910). Though Ives played the whole *Sonata* for a friend in 1912, he considered the last two movements not finished until 1915. *The Essays Before A Sonata* were written in 1919. In 1920, both the *Sonata* and the *Essays* were privately printed, the engraving of the *Sonata* being done by G. Schirmer, Inc., and the printing of the *Essays* by The Knickerbocker Press.

The revised edition of the *Sonata* was prepared by Ives himself in 1940-47, with considerable help from George F. Roberts, and was published in 1947 by Arrow Music Press. This Arrow edition, subsequently acquired by Associated Music Publishers, Inc., appears here as an unaltered reprint.

It has seemed to the writer, that Emerson is greater—his identity more complete perhaps—in the realms of revelation —natural disclosure—than in those of poetry, philosophy, or prophecy. Though a great poet and prophet, he is greater, possibly as an invader of the unknown,—America's deepest explorer of the spiritual immensities,—a seer painting his discoveries in masses and with any color that may lie at hand—cosmic, religious, human, even sensuous; a recorder, freely describing the inevitable struggle in the soul's uprise—perceiving from this inward source alone, that every "ultimate fact is only the first of a new series"; a discoverer, whose heart knows, with Voltaire, "that man seriously reflects when left alone," and would then discover, if he can, that "wondrous chain which links the heavens with earth—the world of beings subject to one law." In *his* reflections Emerson, unlike Plato, is not afraid to ride Arion's Dolphin, and to go wherever he is carried—to Parnassus or to "Musketaquid."

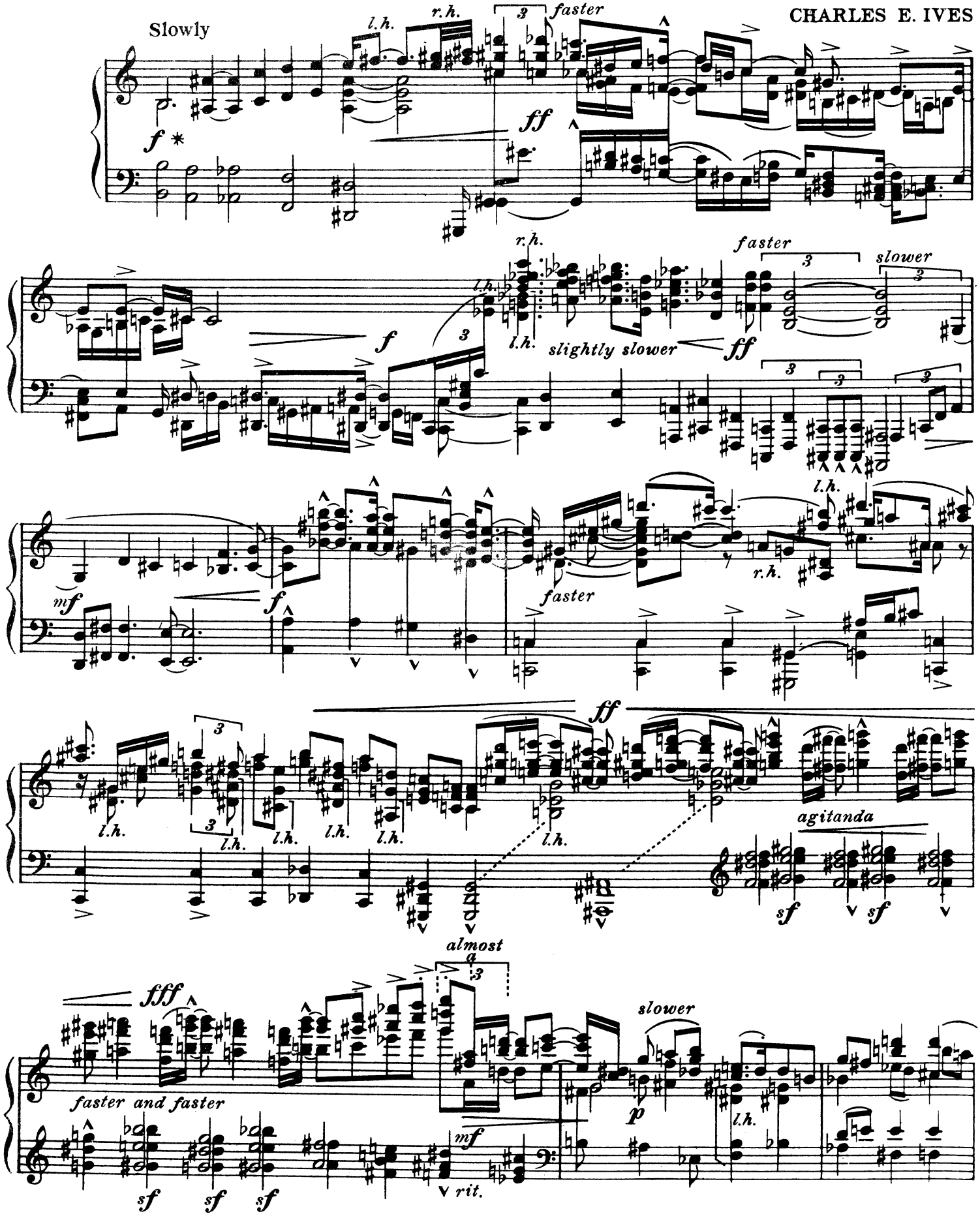
We see him standing on a summit, at the door of the infinite where many men do not dare to climb, peering into the mysteries of life, contemplating the eternities, hurling back whatever he discovers there,—now, thunderbolts for us to grasp, if we can, and translate—now placing quietly, even tenderly, in our hands, things that we may see without effort —if we won't see them, so much the worse for us. . . . . Emerson wrings the neck of any law, that would become exclusive and arrogant, whether a definite one of metaphysics or an indefinite one of mechanics. He hacks his way up and down, as near as he can to the absolute, to the oneness of all nature both human and spiritual, and to God's benevolence. To him the ultimate of a conception is its vastness, and it is probably this, rather than the "blind-spots" in his expression that makes us incline to go with him, but halfway, and then stand and build dogmas. But if we can not follow all the way—if we do not always clearly perceive the whole picture, we are at least free to imagine it—he makes us feel that we are free to do so; perhaps that is the most he asks. For he is but reaching out through and beyond mankind, trying to see what he can of the infinite and its immensities—throwing back to us whatever he can—but ever conscious that he but occasionally catches a glimpse; conscious that if he would contemplate the greater, he must wrestle with the lesser, even though it dims an outline; that he must struggle if he would hurl back anything—even a broken fragment for men to examine and perchance in it find a germ of some part of truth; conscious at times, of the futility of his effort and its message, conscious of its vagueness, but ever hopeful for it, and confident that its foundation, if not its medium is somewhere near the eventual and "absolute good"—the divine truth underlying all life. If Emerson must be dubbed an optimist—then an optimist fighting pessimism, but not wallowing in it; an optimist, who does not study pessimism by learning to enjoy it, whose imagination is greater than his curiosity, who seeing the sign-post to Erebus, is strong enough to go the other way. This strength of optimism, indeed the strength we find always underlying his tolerance, his radicalism, his searches, prophecies, and revelations, is heightened and made efficient by "imagination-penetrative," a thing concerned not with the combining but the apprehending of things. A possession, akin to the power, Ruskin says, all great pictures have, which "depends on the penetration of the imagination into the true nature of the thing represented, and on the scorn of the imagination for all shackles and fetters of mere external fact that stand in the way of its suggestiveness"—a possession which gives the strength of distance to his eyes, and the strength of muscle to his soul. . . . . A devotion to an end ends to undervalue the means. A power of revelation may make one more concerned about his perceptions of the soul's nature than the way of their disclosure. Emerson is more interested in what he perceives than in his expression of it. He is a creator whose intensity is consumed more with the substance of his creation than with the manner by which he shows it to others. Like Petrarch he seems more a discoverer of Beauty than an imparter of it. But these discoveries, these devotions to aims, these struggles toward the absolute, do not these in themselves impart something, if not all, of their own unity and coherence—which is not received, as such, at first, nor is foremost in their expression. It must be remembered that "truth" was what Emerson was after—not strength of outline, or even beauty except in so far as they might reveal themselves, naturally, in his explorations towards the infinite. To think hard and deeply and to say what is thought, regardless of consequences, may produce a first impression, either of great translucence, or of great muddiness, but in the latter there may be hidden possibilities. Some accuse Brahms' orchestration of being muddy. This may be a good name for a first impression of it. But if it should seem less so, he might not be saying what he thought. The mud may be a form of sincerity which demands that the heart be translated, rather than handed around through the pit. A clearer scoring might have lowered the thought. Carlyle told Emerson that some of his paragraphs didn't cohere. Emerson wrote by sentences or phrases, rather than by logical sequence. His underlying plan of work seems based on the large unity of a series of particular aspects of a subject, rather than on the continuity of its expression. As thoughts surge to his mind, he fills the heavens with them, crowds them in, if necessary, but seldom arranges them along the ground first. . . . . A working woman after coming from one of his lectures said: "I love to go to hear Emerson, not because I understand him, but because he looks as though he thought everybody was as good as he was." Is it not the courage—the spiritual hopefulness in his humility that makes this story possible and true? Is it not this trait in his character that sets him above all creeds—that gives him inspired belief in the common mind and soul? Is it not this courageous universalism that gives conviction to his prophecy and that makes his symphonies of revelation begin and end with nothing but the strength and beauty of innate goodness in man, in Nature and in God, the greatest and most inspiring theme of Concord Transcendental Philosophy, as we hear it.

And it is from such a world-compelling theme and from such vantage ground, that Emerson rises to almost perfect freedom of action, of thought and of soul, in any direction and to any height. . . . . Let us place the transcendent Emerson where he, himself, places Milton, in Wordsworth's apostrophe: "Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free, so didst thou travel on life's common way in cheerful Godliness."

The Godliness of spiritual courage and hopefulness—these fathers of faith rise to a glorified peace in the depth of his greater perorations. There is an "oracle" at the beginning of the *Fifth Symphony*—in those four notes lies one of Beethoven's greatest messages. We would place its translation above the relentlessness of fate knocking at the door, above the greater human-message of destiny, and strive to bring it towards the spiritual message of Emerson's revelations—even to the "common heart" of Concord—the Soul of humanity knocking at the door of the Divine mysteries, radiant in the faith that it *will* be opened—and that the human will become the Divine!

I. "Emerson"

CHARLES E. IVES



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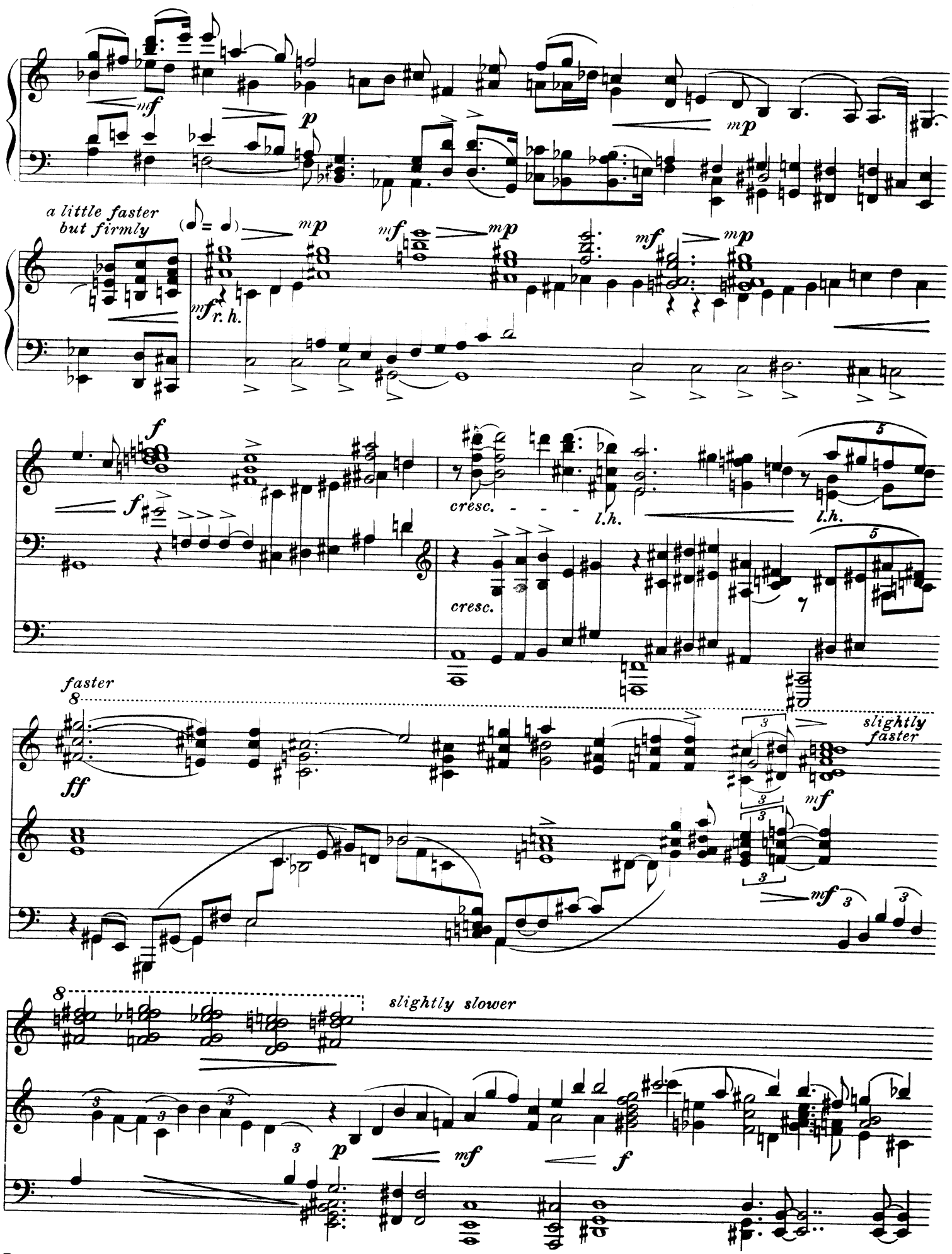
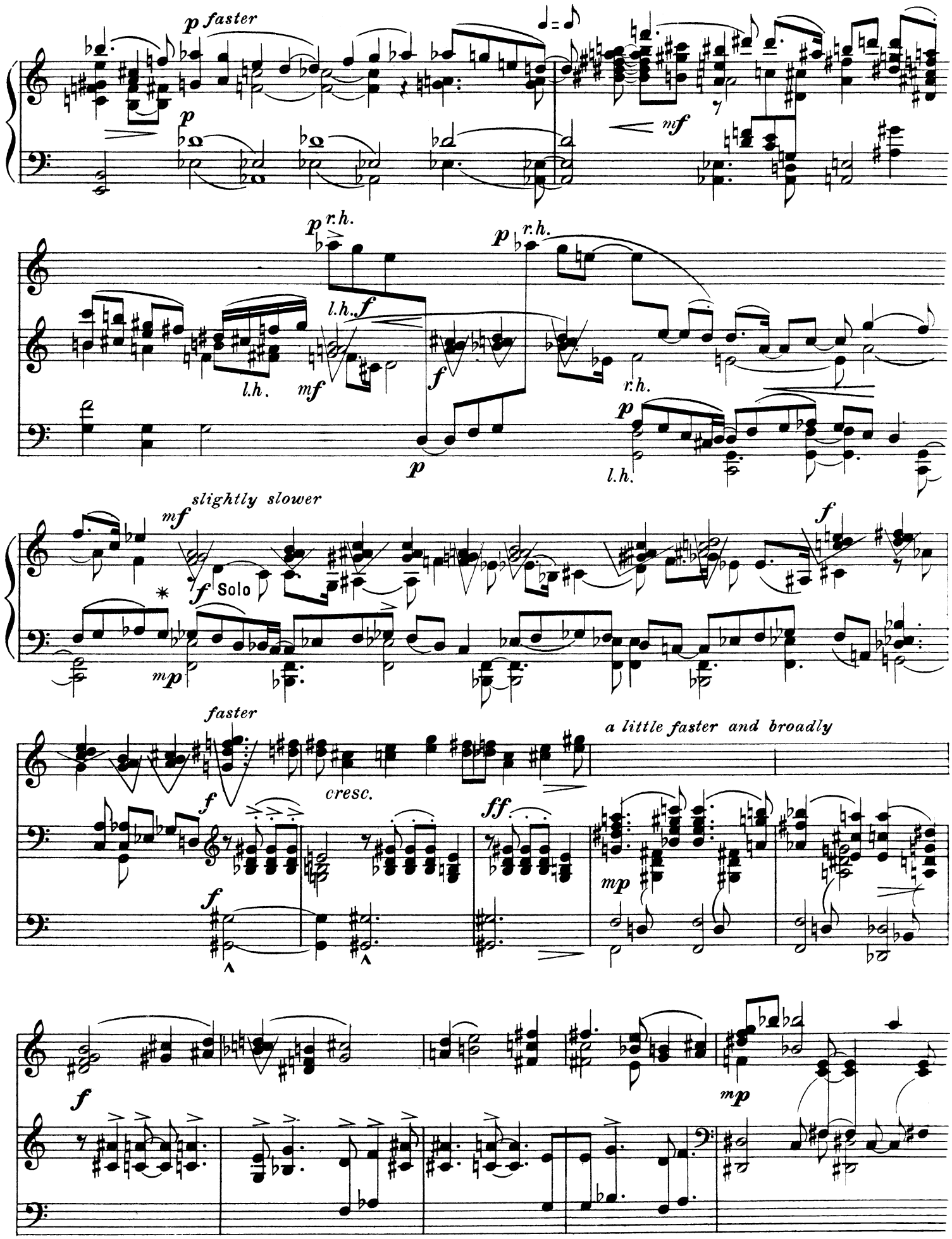
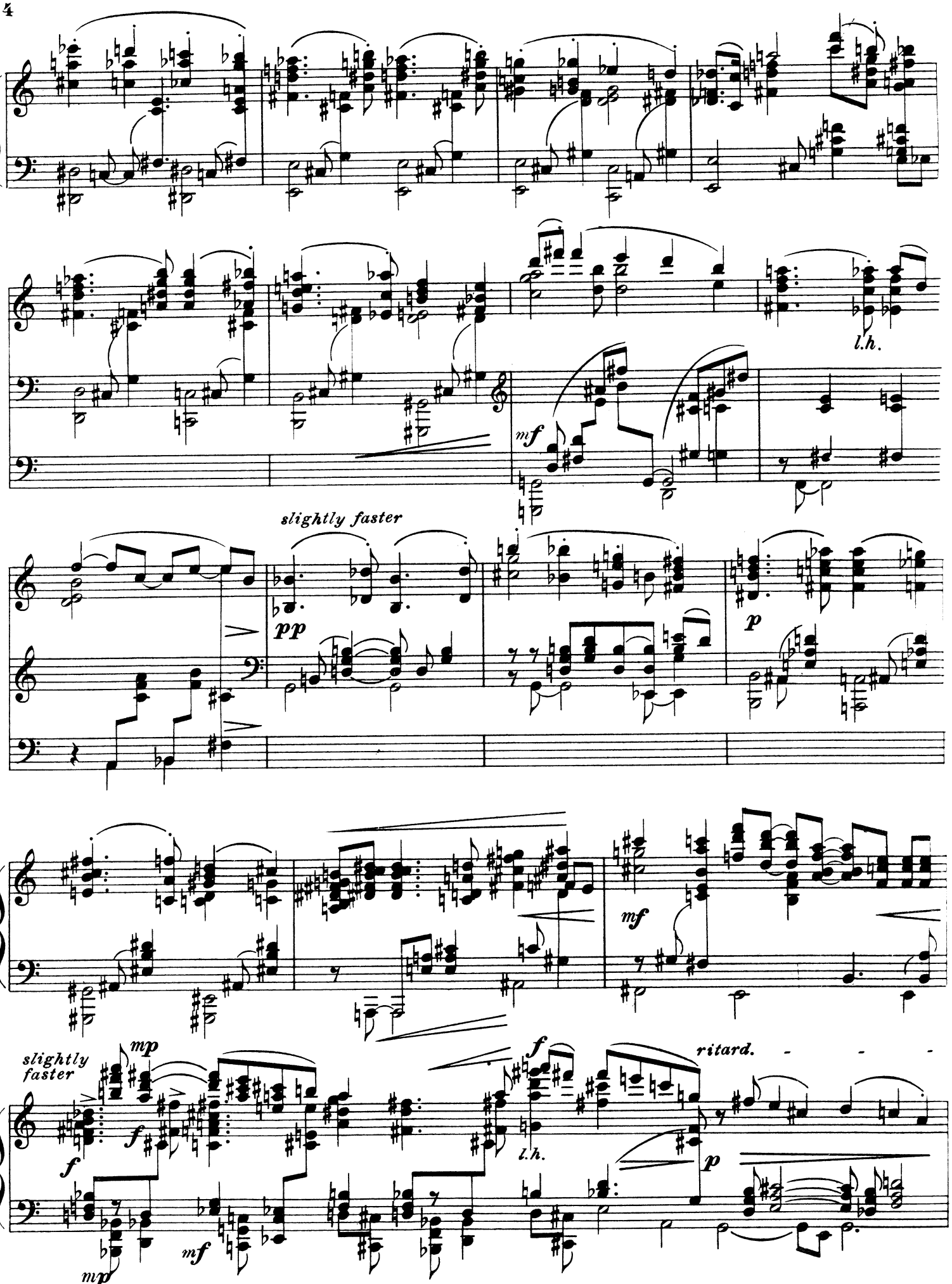
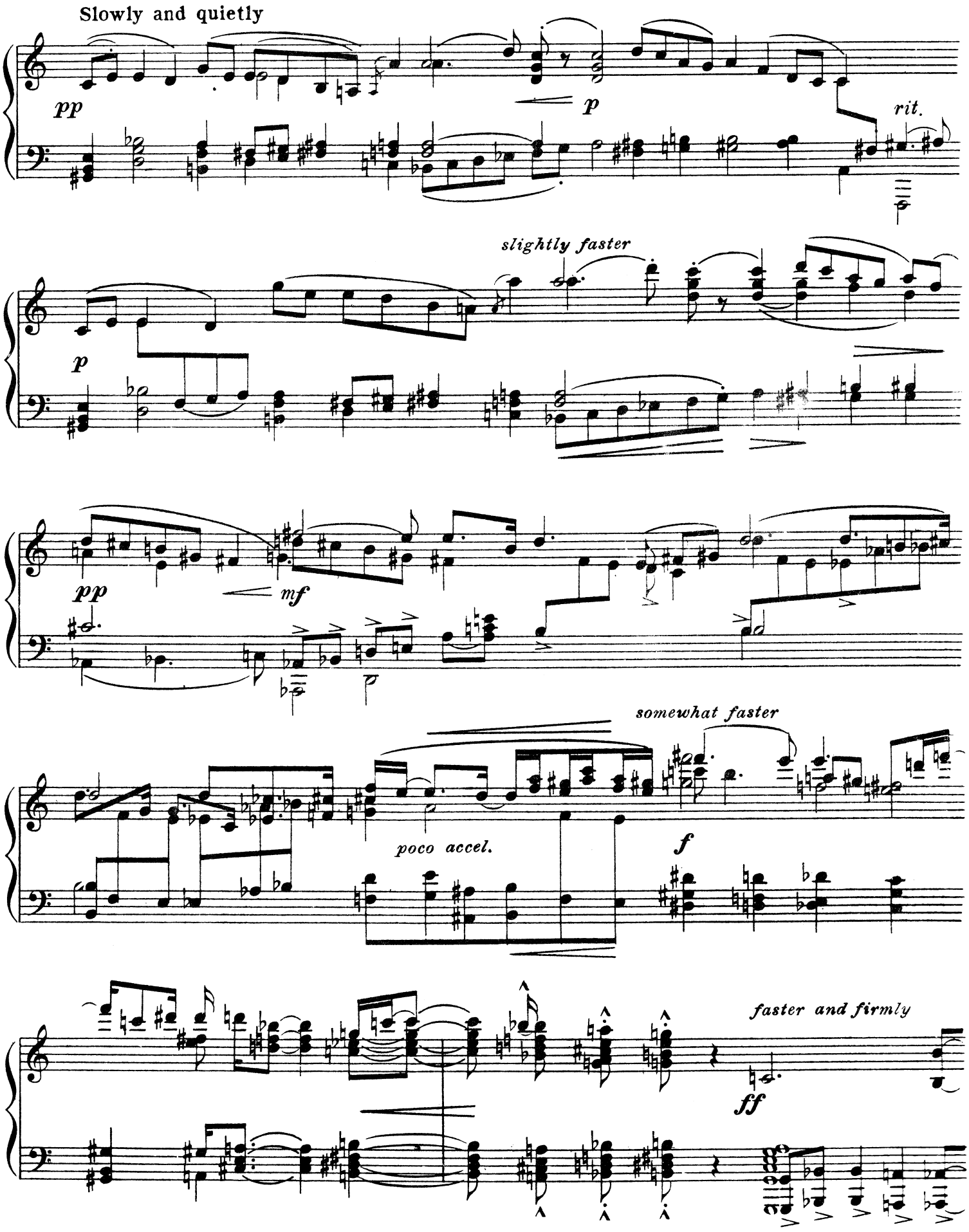
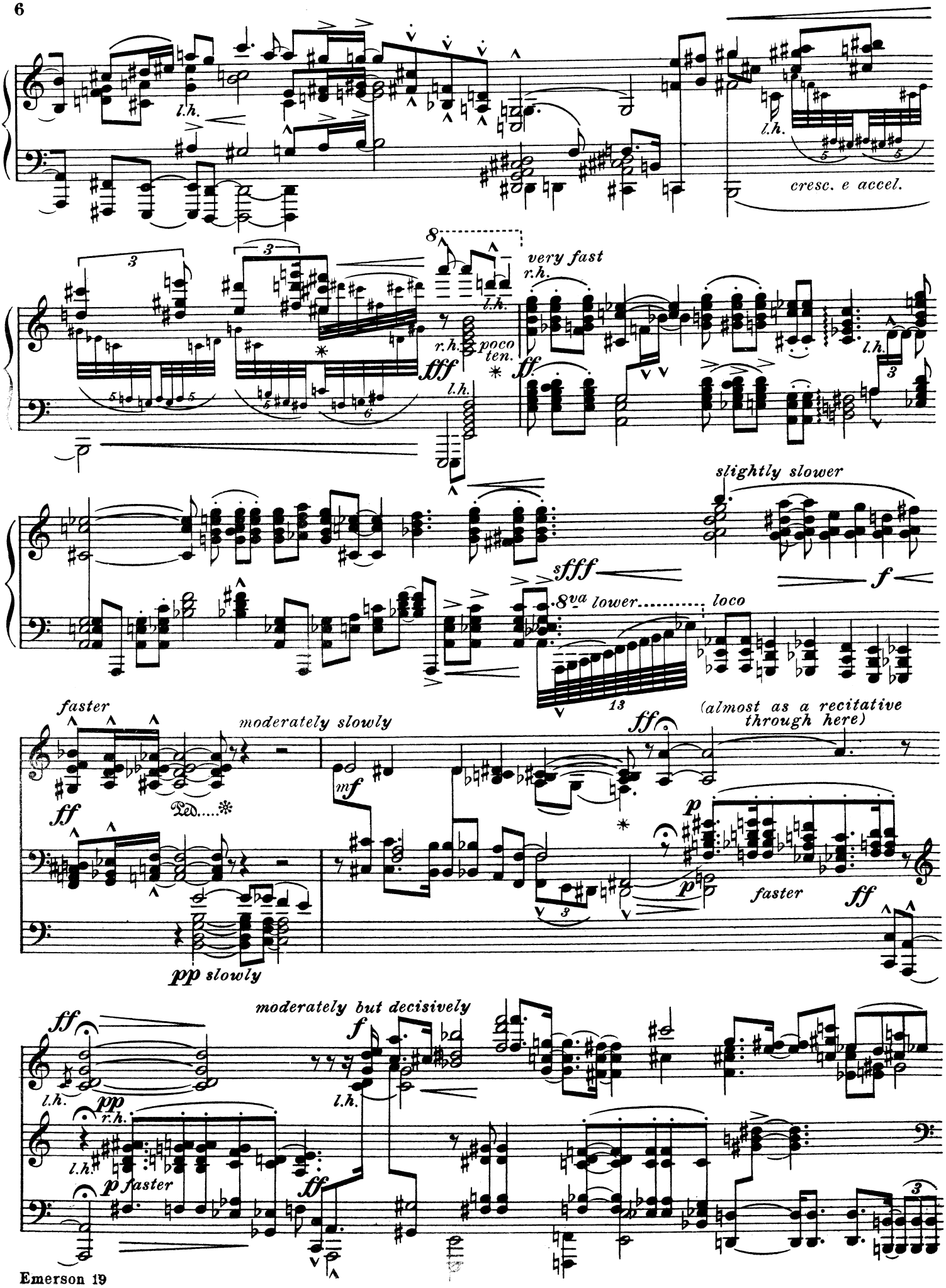
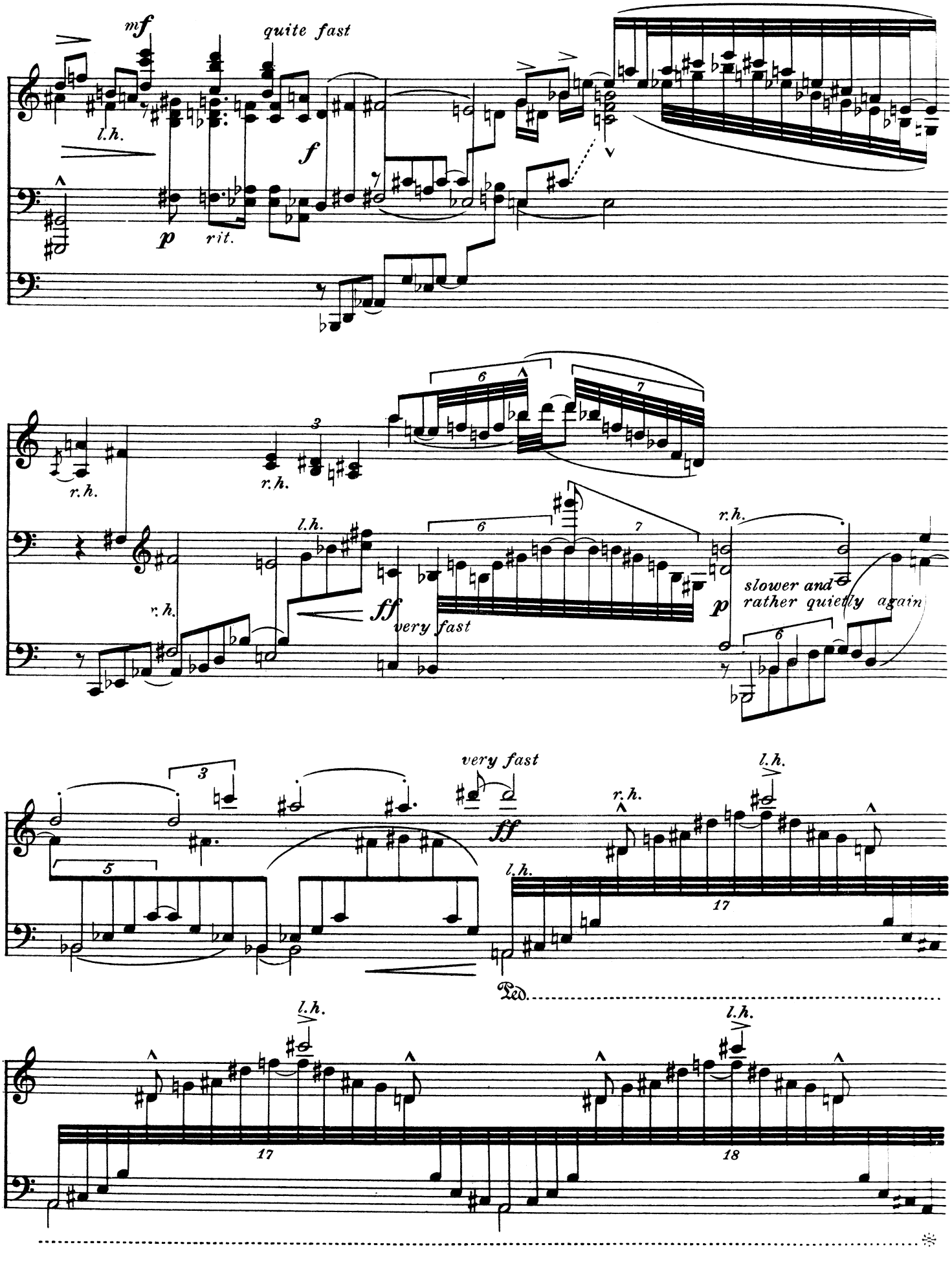

mf
p
mp
a little faster
but firmly
mf r. h.
mp
mf
mp
mf
mp
f
f
cresc.
l.h.
cresc.
l.h.
faster
ff
slightly
faster
mf
mf
slightly slower
p
mf
f

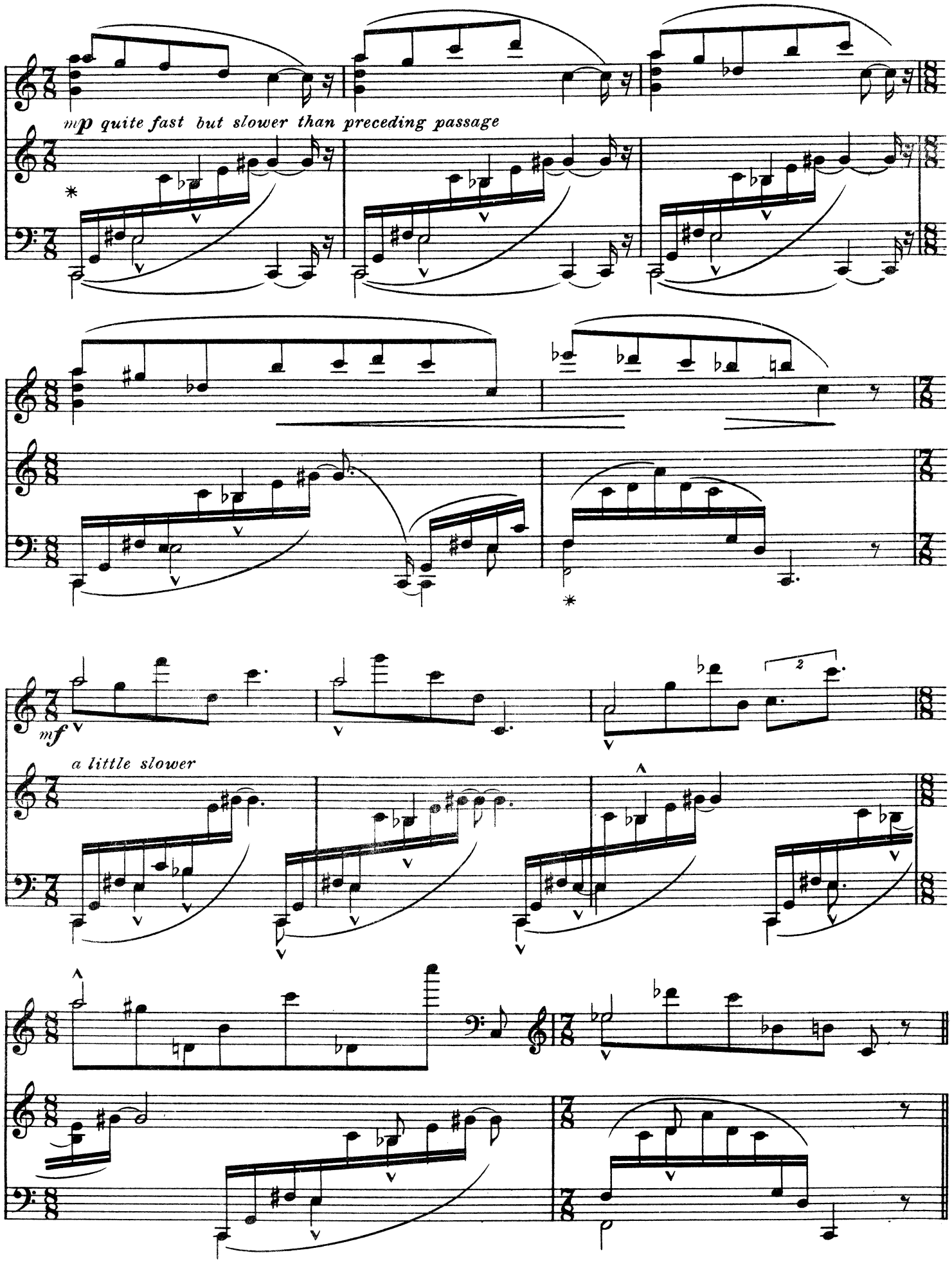

p faster
mf
r.h.
l.h.
f
mf
slightly slower
Solo
mp
faster
cresc.
ff
a little faster and broadly

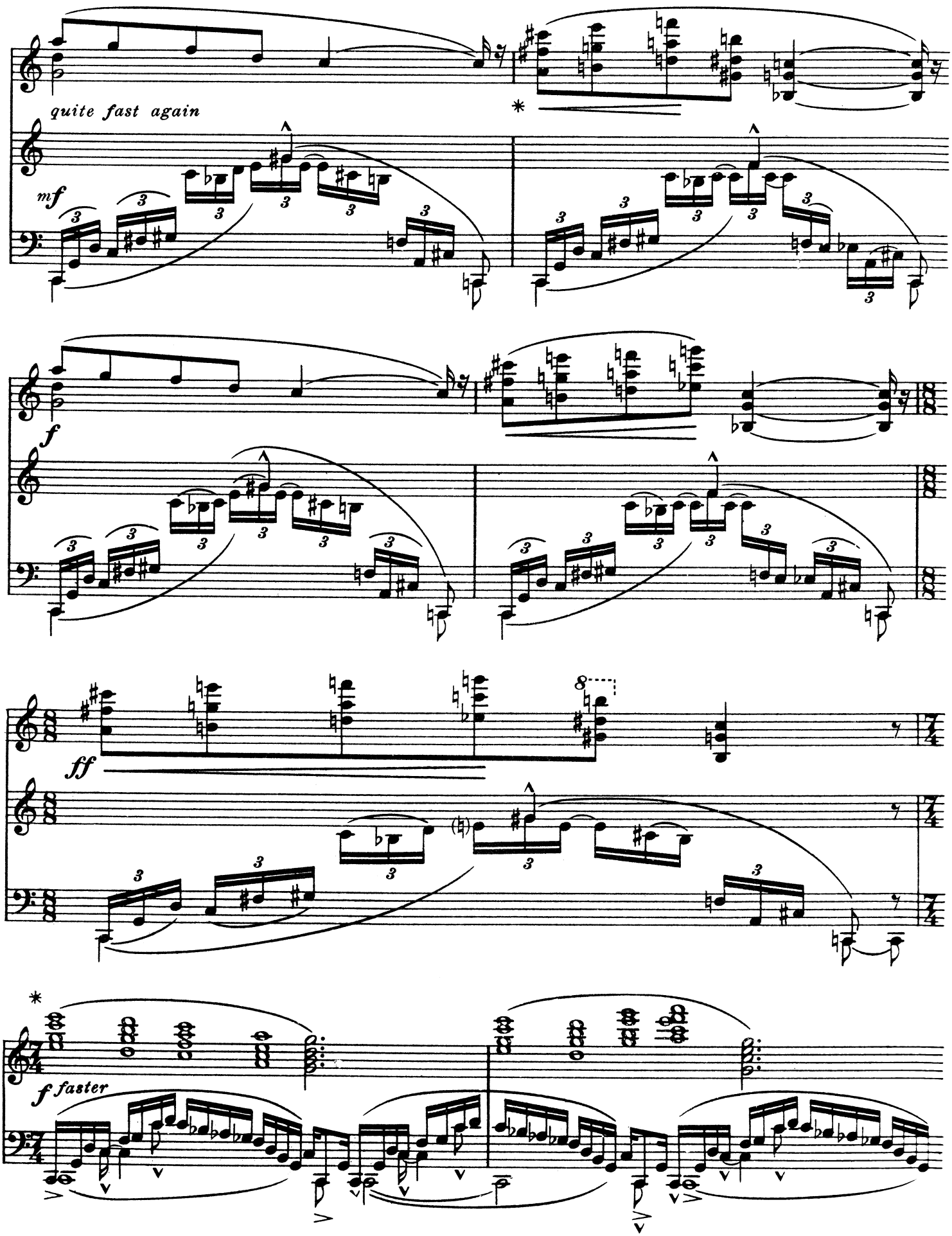

l.h.
mf
slightly faster
pp
p
mf
slightly faster
mp
f
f
mf
mp
f
l.h.
ritard.
p

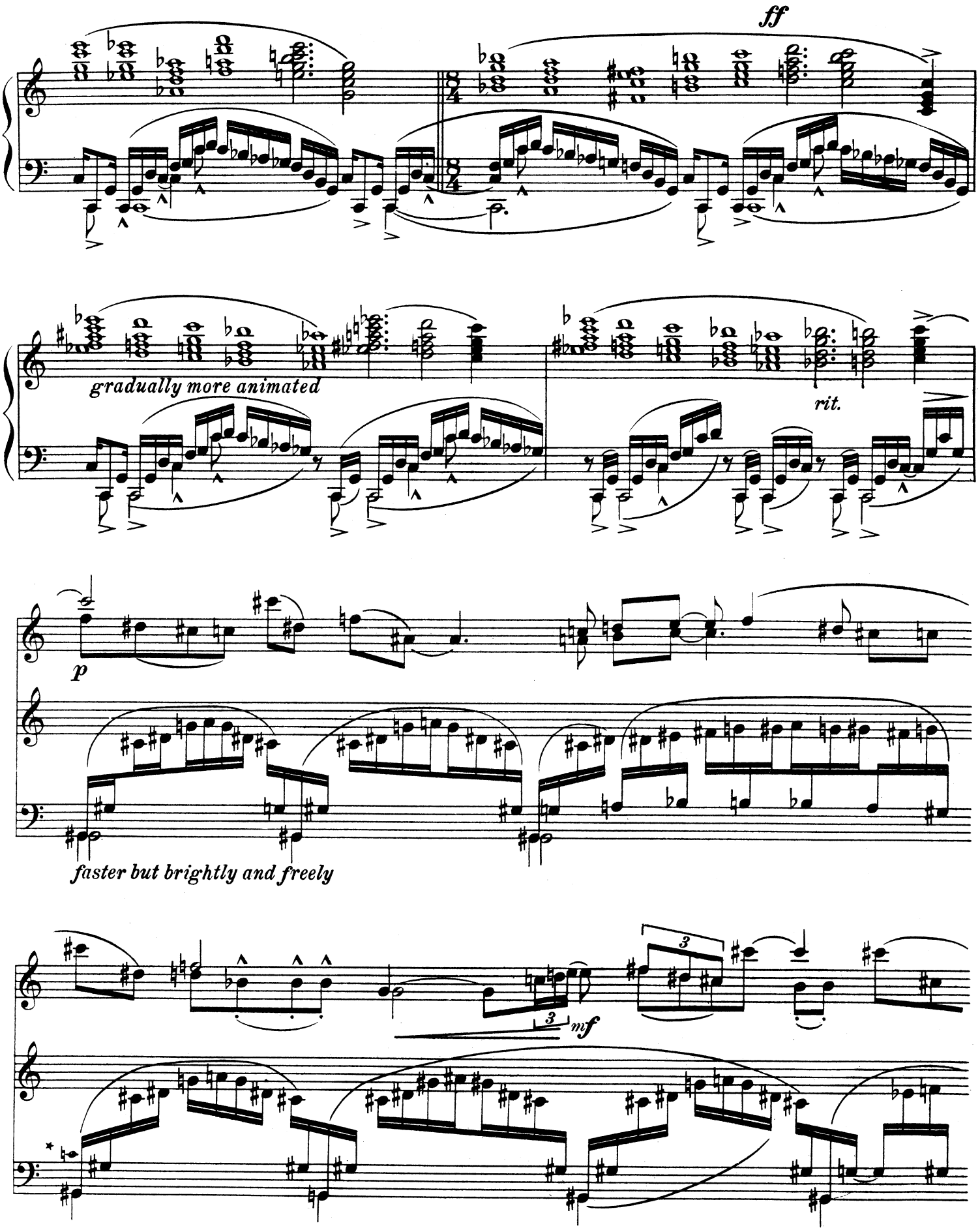

Slowly and quietly
pp
p
rit.
slightly faster
p
pp
mf
somewhat faster
poco accel.
f
faster and firmly
ff

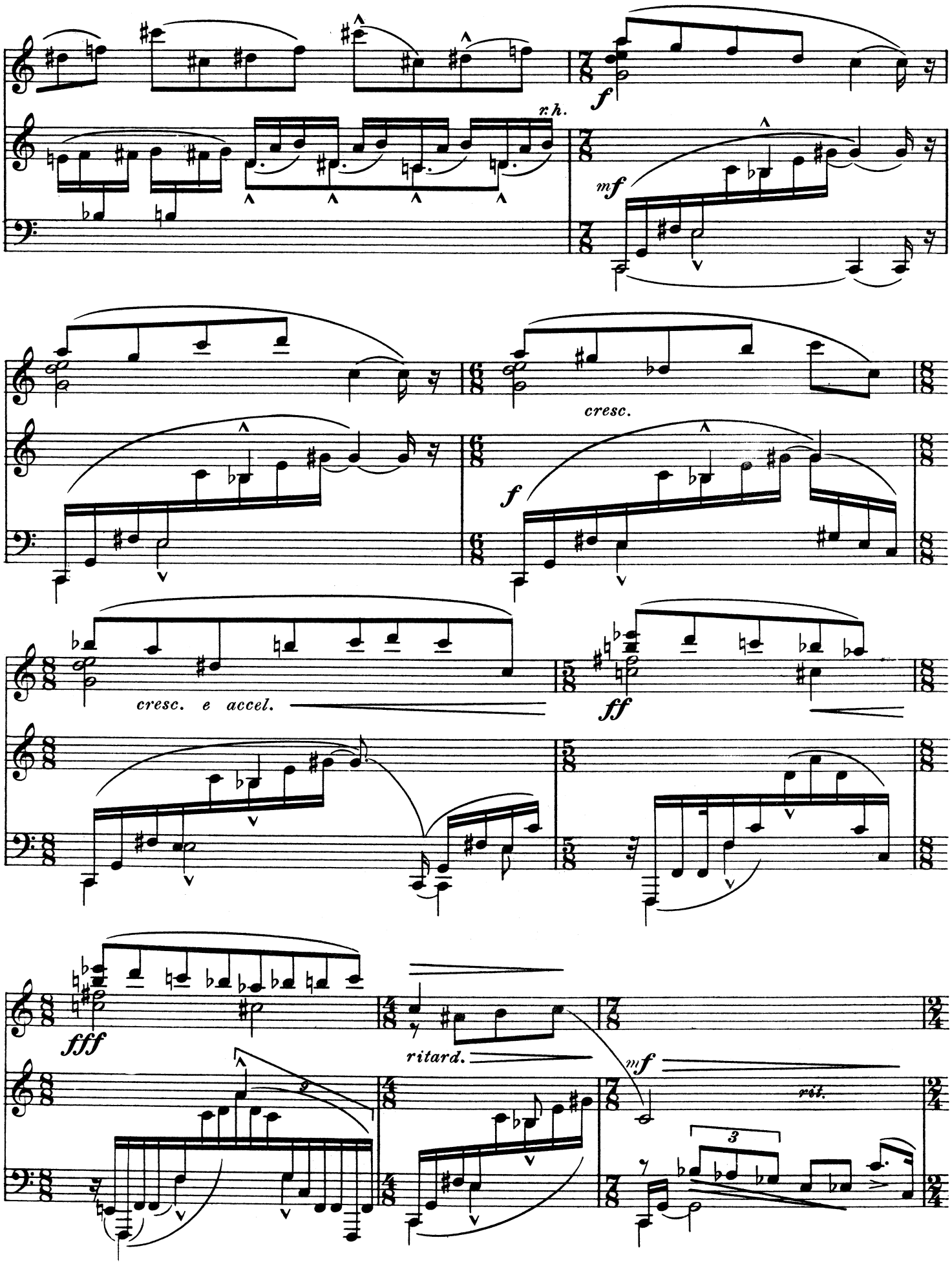

l.h.
cresc. e accel.
very fast
r.h.
fff
poco ten.
ff
slightly slower
sfff
f
8va lower
loco
faster
moderately slowly
mf
Ped.
(almost as a recitative through here)
pp slowly
moderately but decisively
p faster

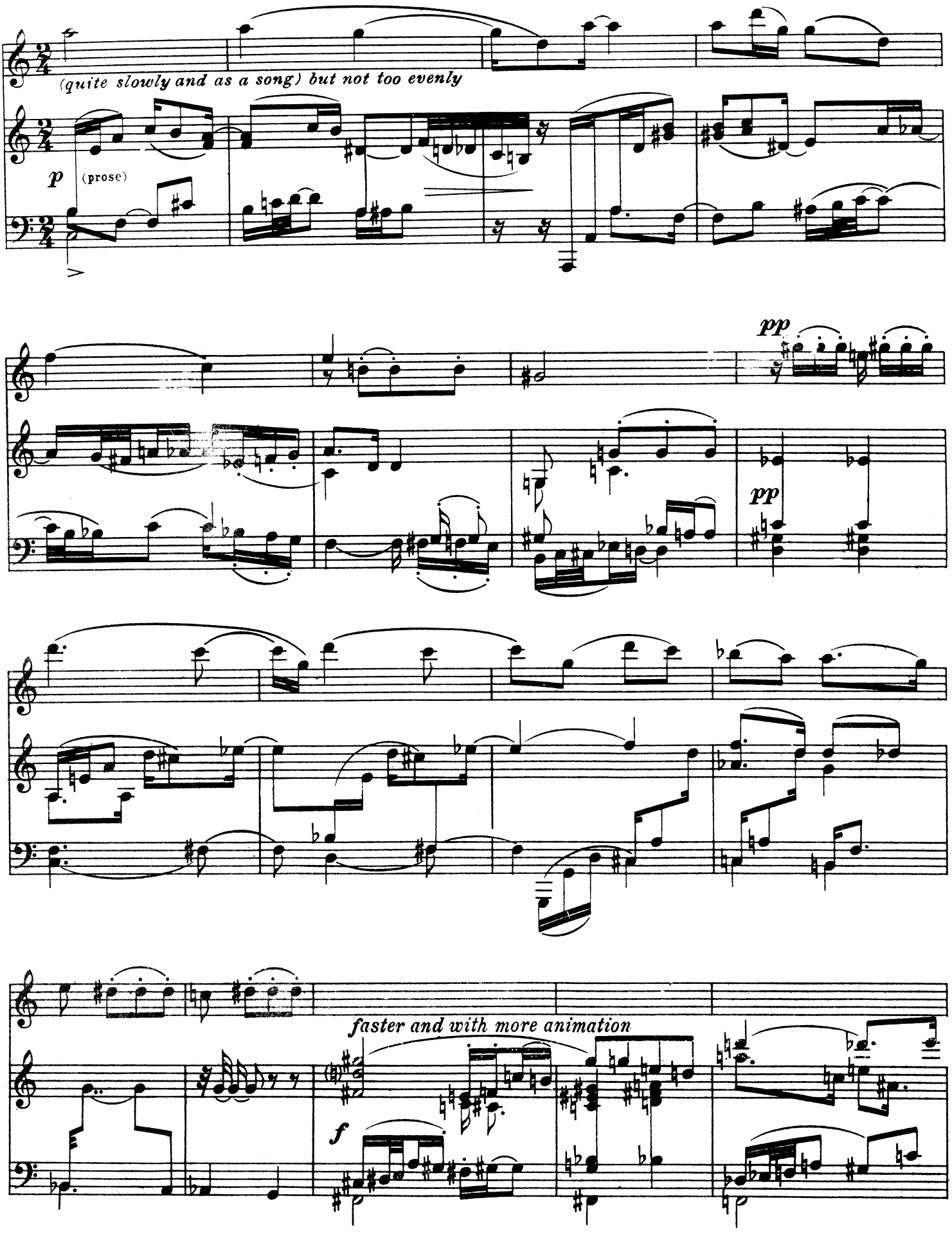

mf
quite fast
l.h.
f
p
rit.
r.h.
ff
very fast
slower and
rather quietly again
Ped.

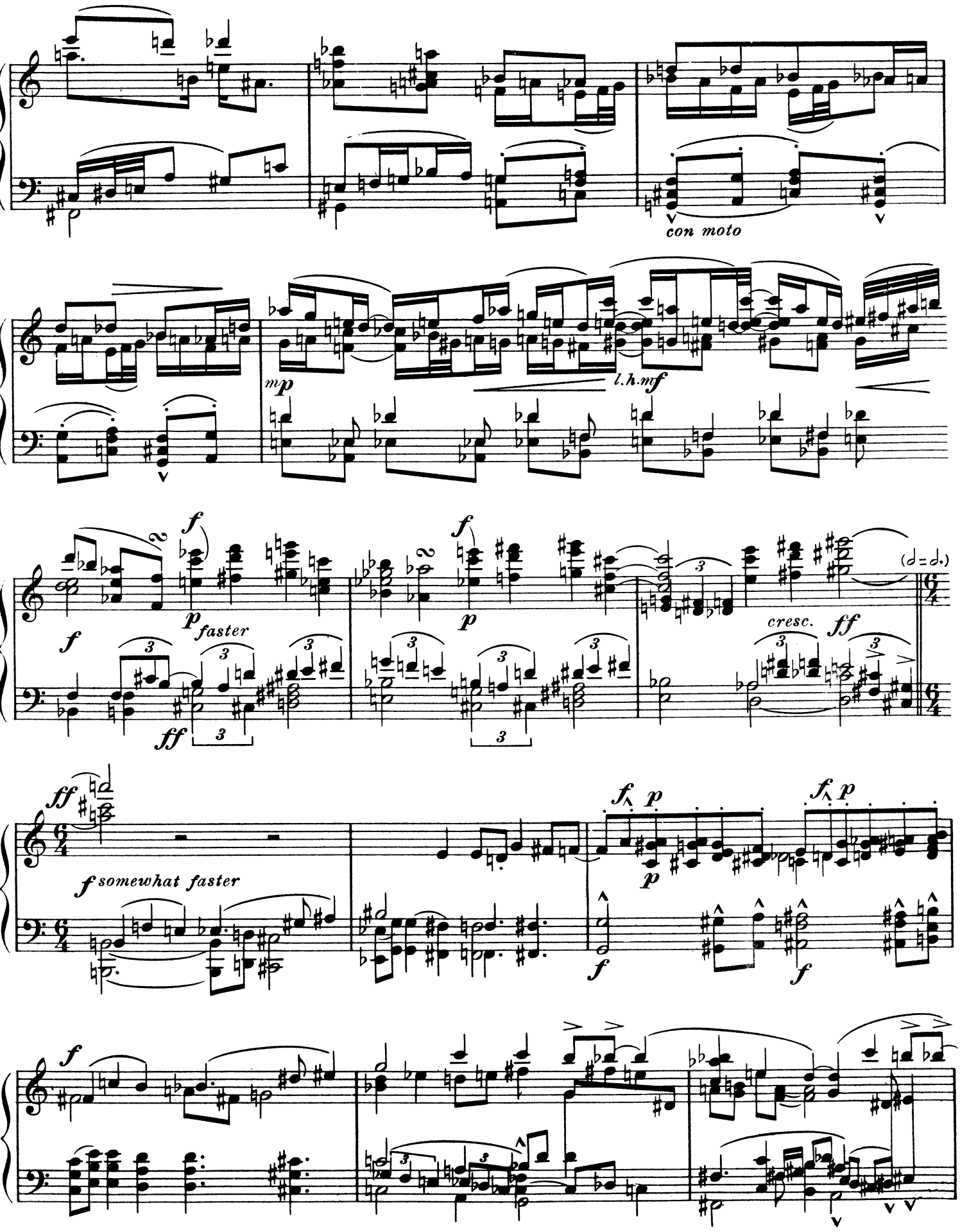

mp quite fast but slower than preceding passage
mf
a little slower

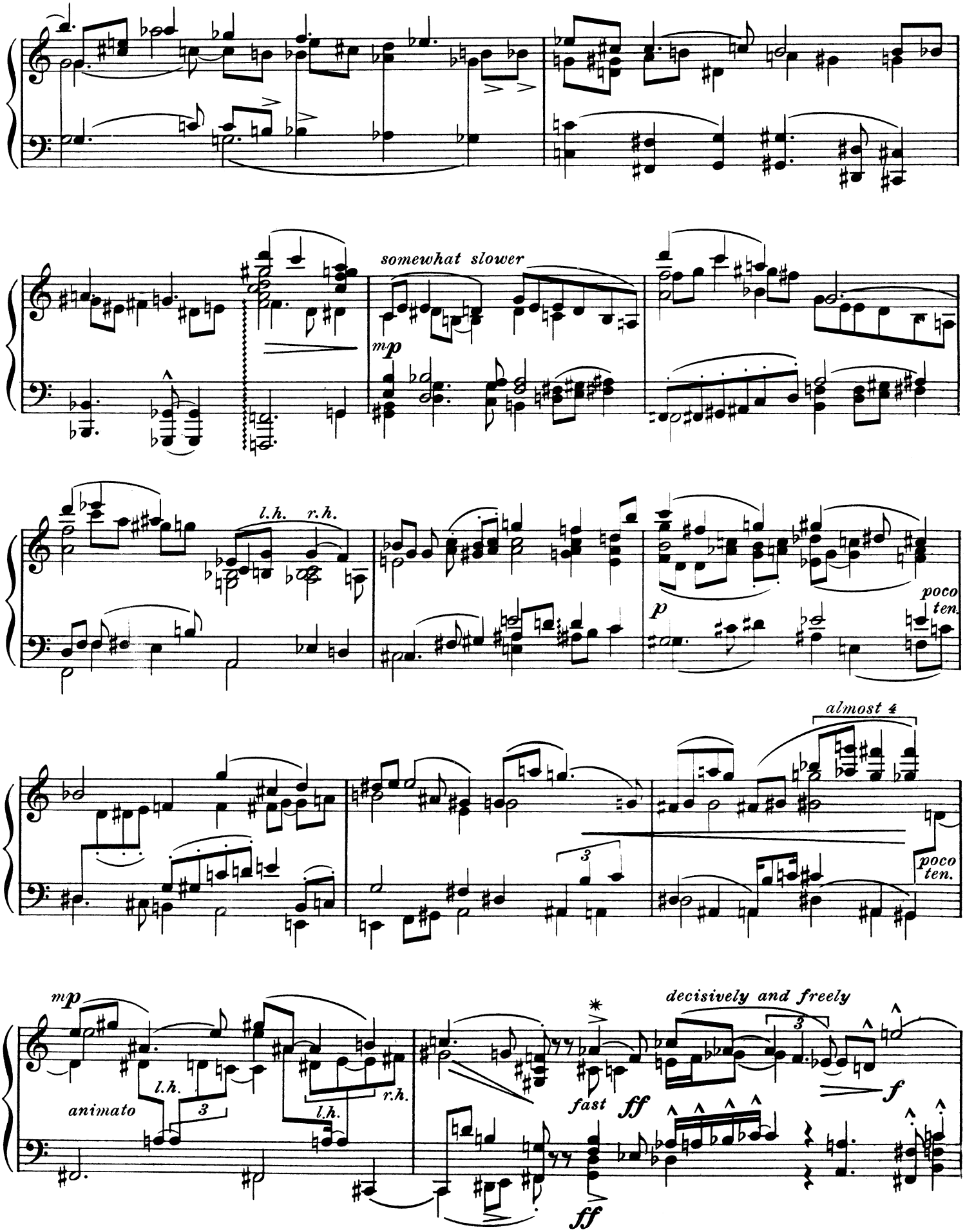

quite fast again
mf
f
ff
f faster

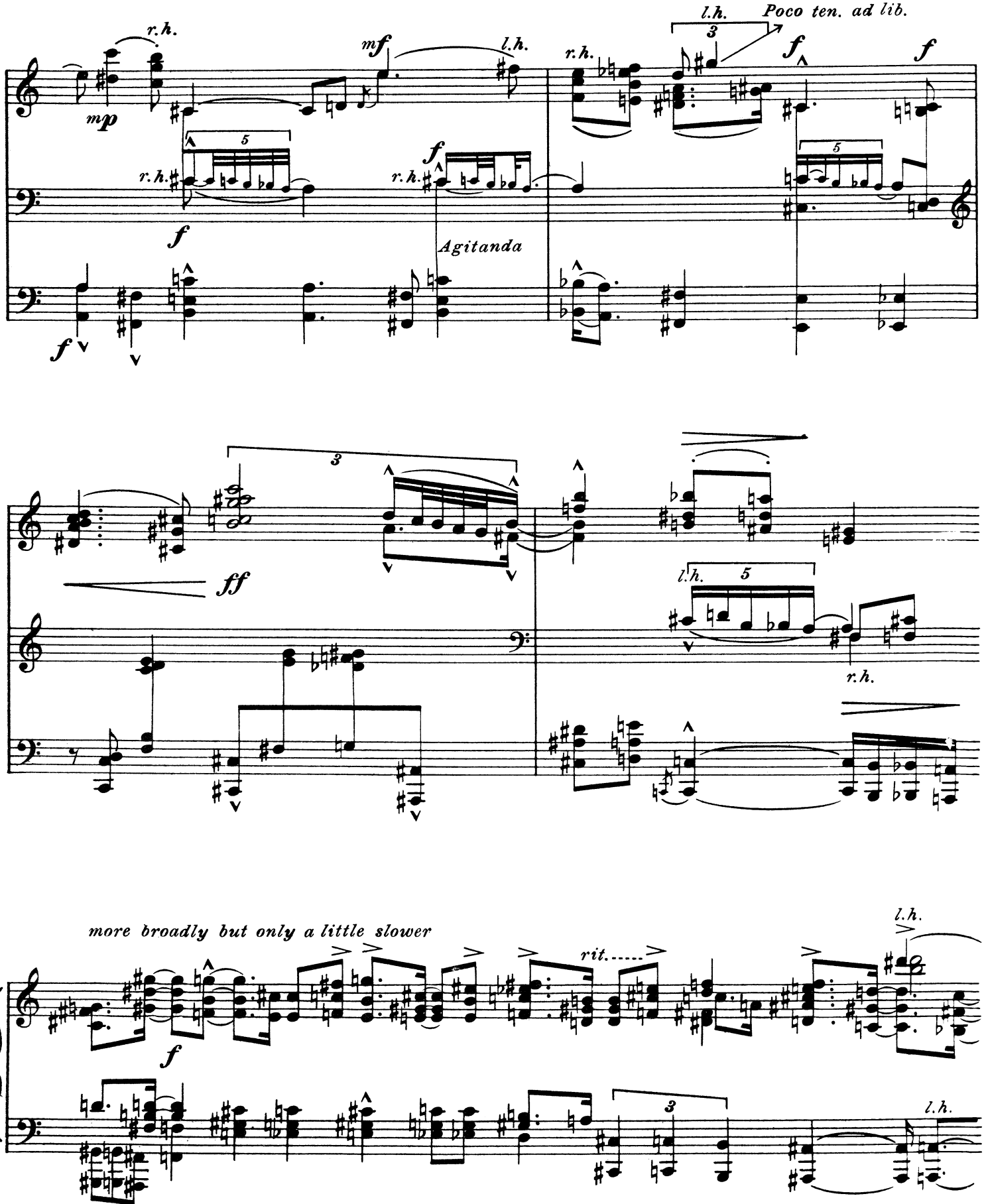

ff
gradually more animated
rit.
p
faster but brightly and freely
3
3
mf

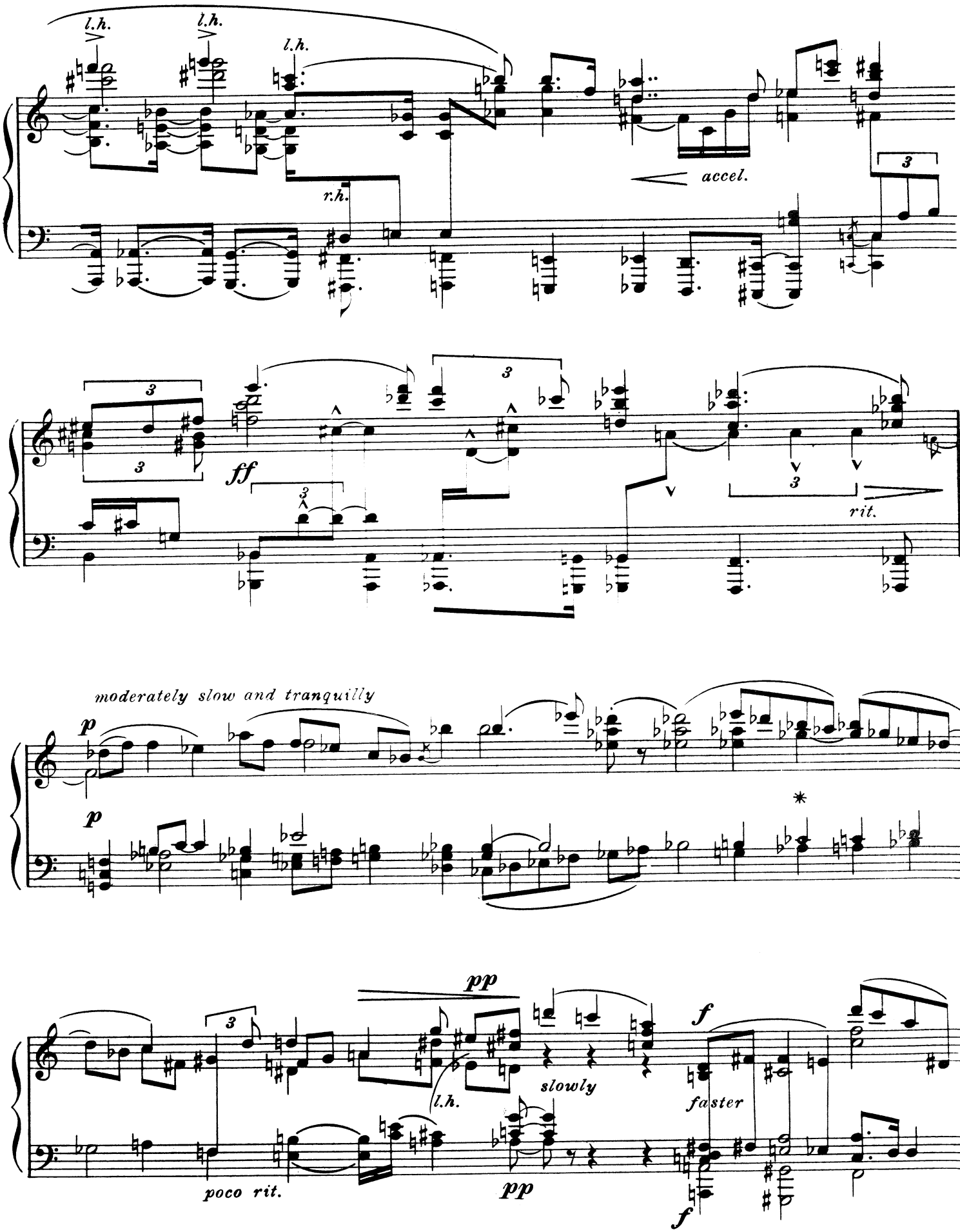

r.h.
f
mf
cresc.
f
cresc. e accel.
ff
fff
ritard.
mf
rit.
3

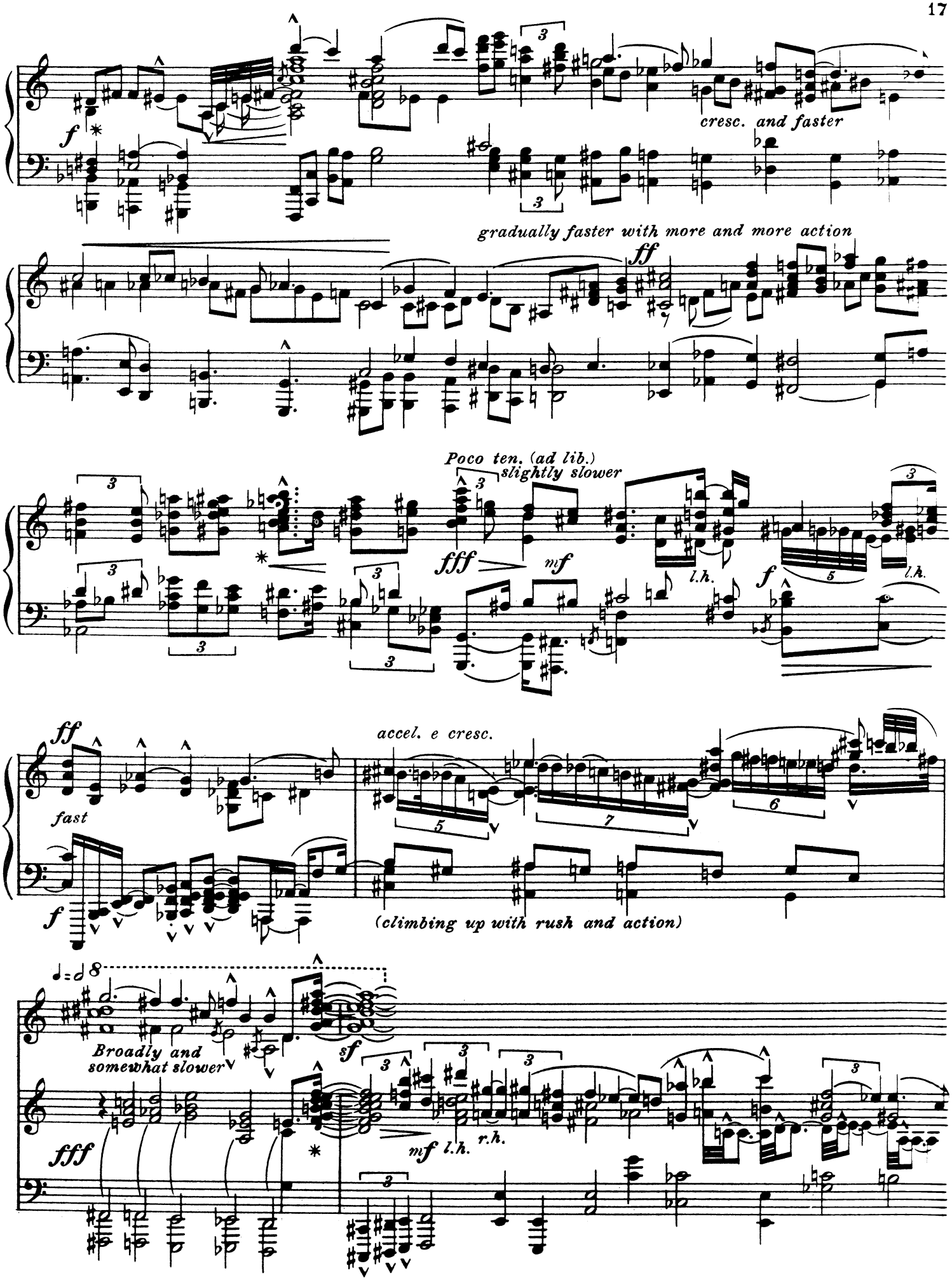

(quite slowly and as a song) but not too evenly
p
(prose)
pp
pp
faster and with more animation
f

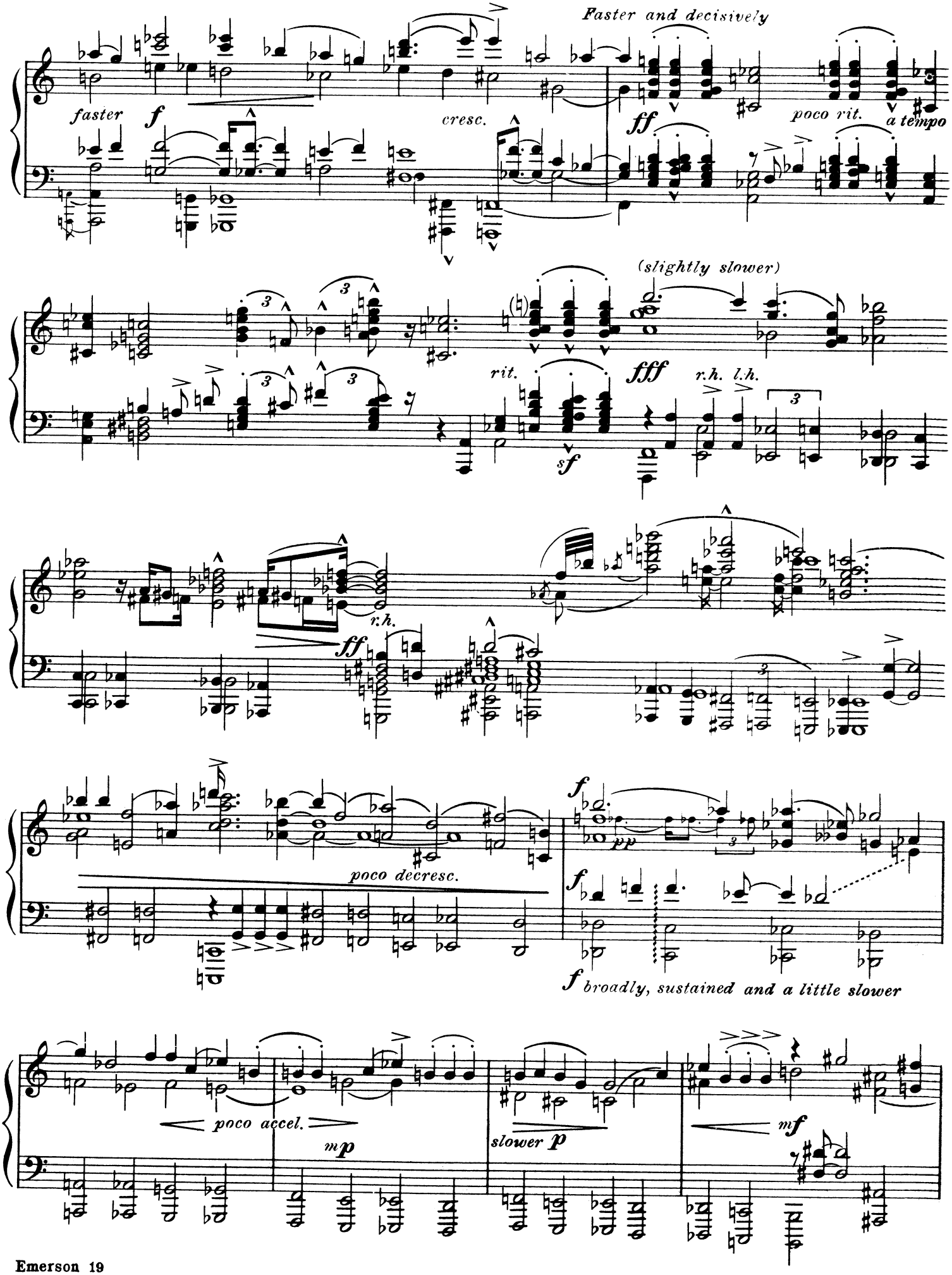

con moto
mp
l.h.mf
f
p faster
ff
p
cresc.
ff
(𝅗𝅥 = 𝅗𝅥.)
ff
f somewhat faster
f p
f

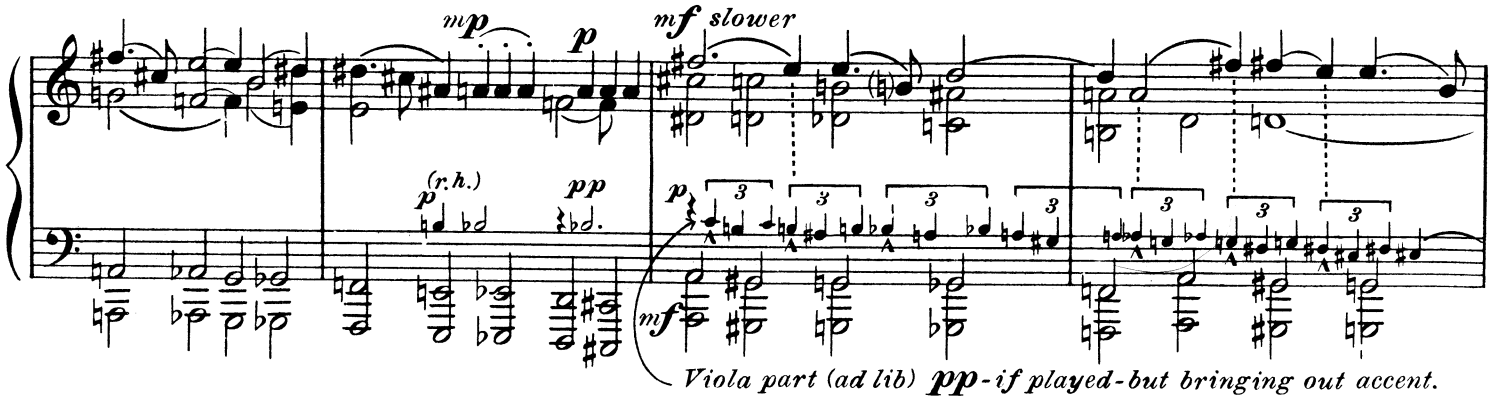

somewhat slower
mp
l.h.
r.h.
p
poco ten.
almost 4
poco ten.
mp
animato
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.
fast
ff
decisively and freely
f
ff

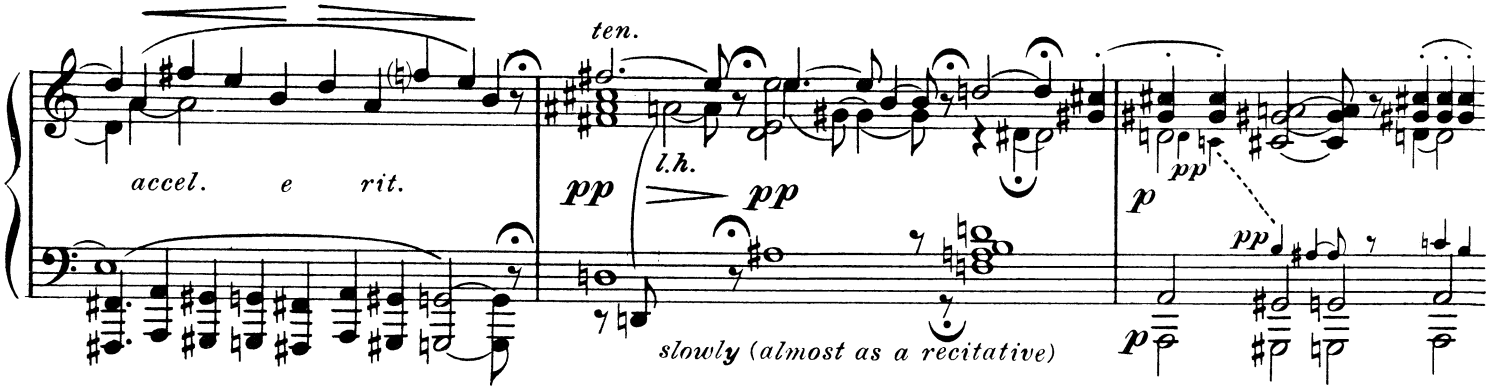

r.h.
mp
mf
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.
3
Poco ten. ad lib.
f
f
5
r.h.
f
f
r.h.
f
Agitanda
f
5
3
ff
l.h.
5
r.h.
more broadly but only a little slower
l.h.
f
rit.
3
3
l.h.

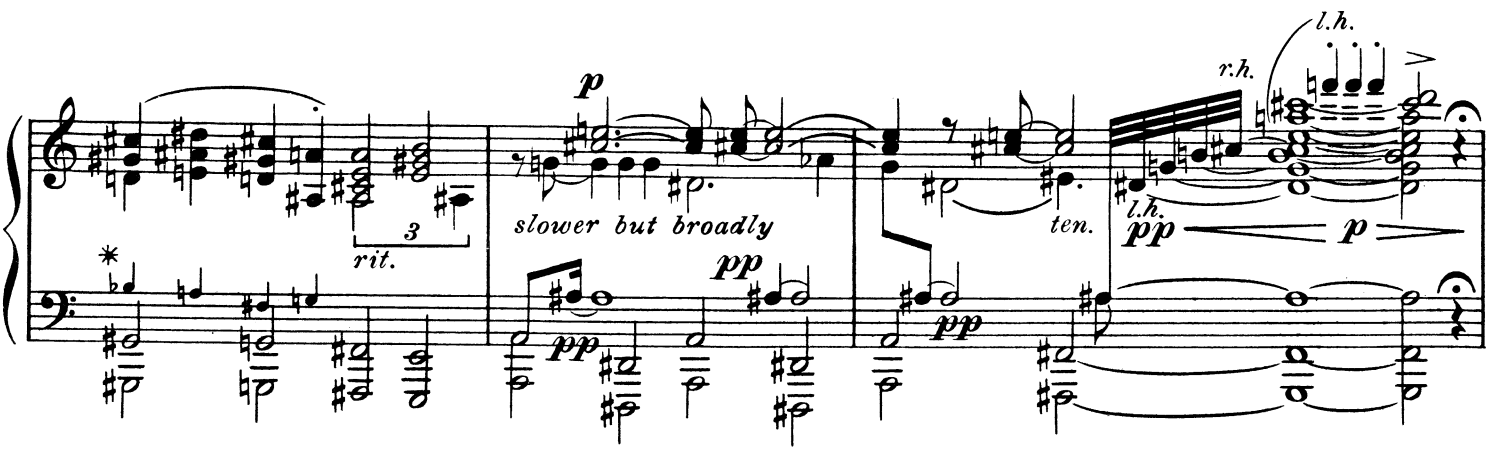

l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
r.h.
accel.
3
3
3
3
ff
3
3
rit.
moderately slow and tranquilly
p
p
*
pp
3
l.h.
slowly
f
faster
poco rit.
pp
f

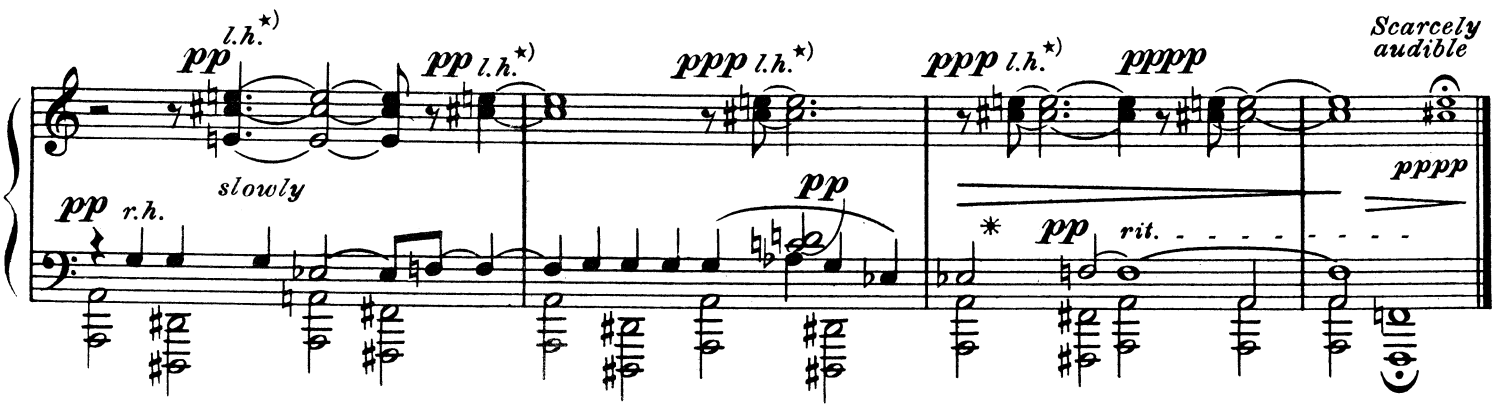

cresc. and faster
gradually faster with more and more action
Poco ten. (ad lib.)
slightly slower
l.h.
l.h.
fast
accel. e cresc.
(climbing up with rush and action)
Broadly and
somewhat slower
l.h.
r.h.


Faster and decisively
faster
f
cresc.
ff
poco rit.
a tempo
(slightly slower)
rit.
fff
r.h. l.h.
sf
r.h.
ff
poco decresc.
f
pp
f broadly, sustained and a little slower
poco accel.
mp
slower p
mf







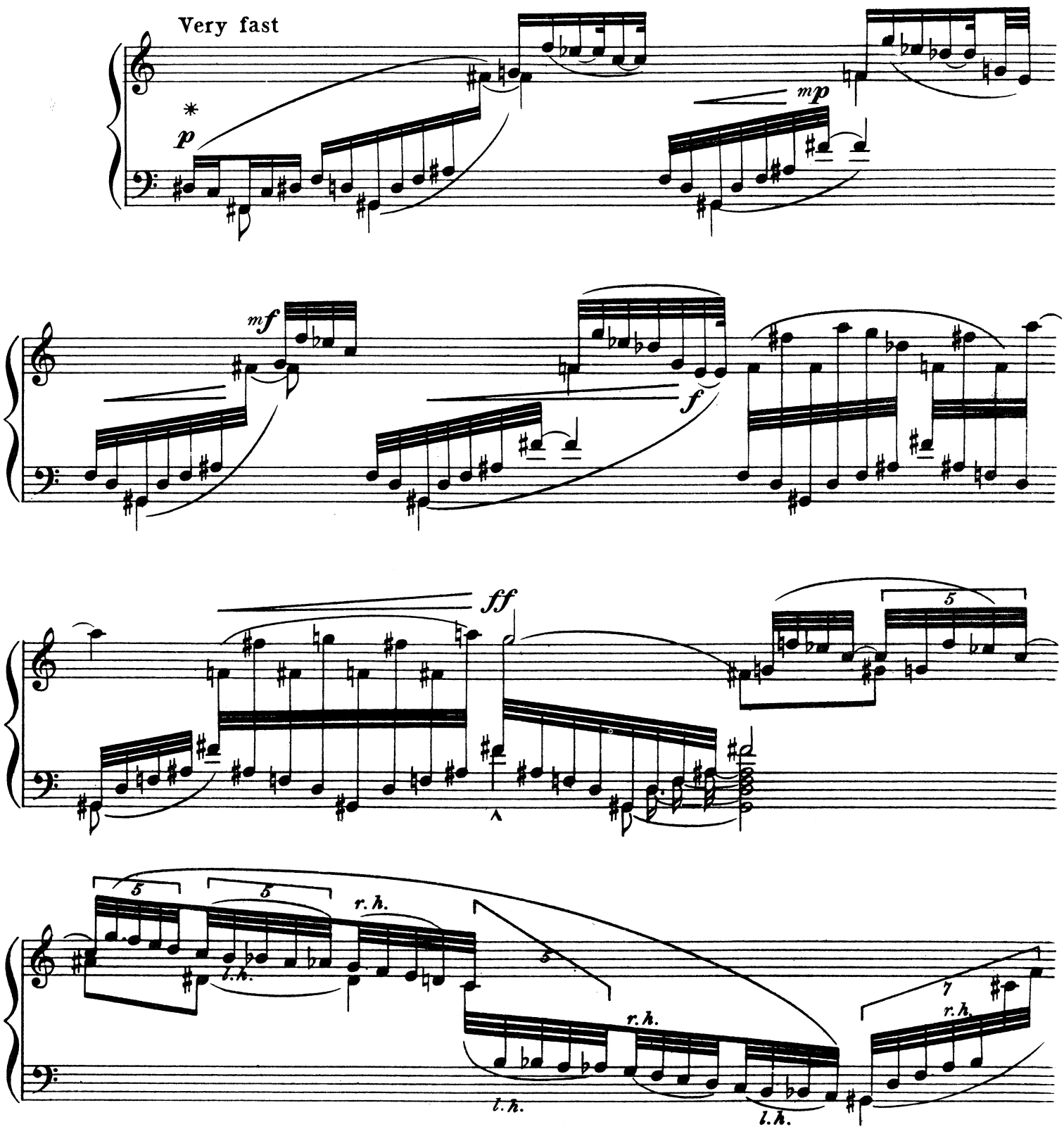


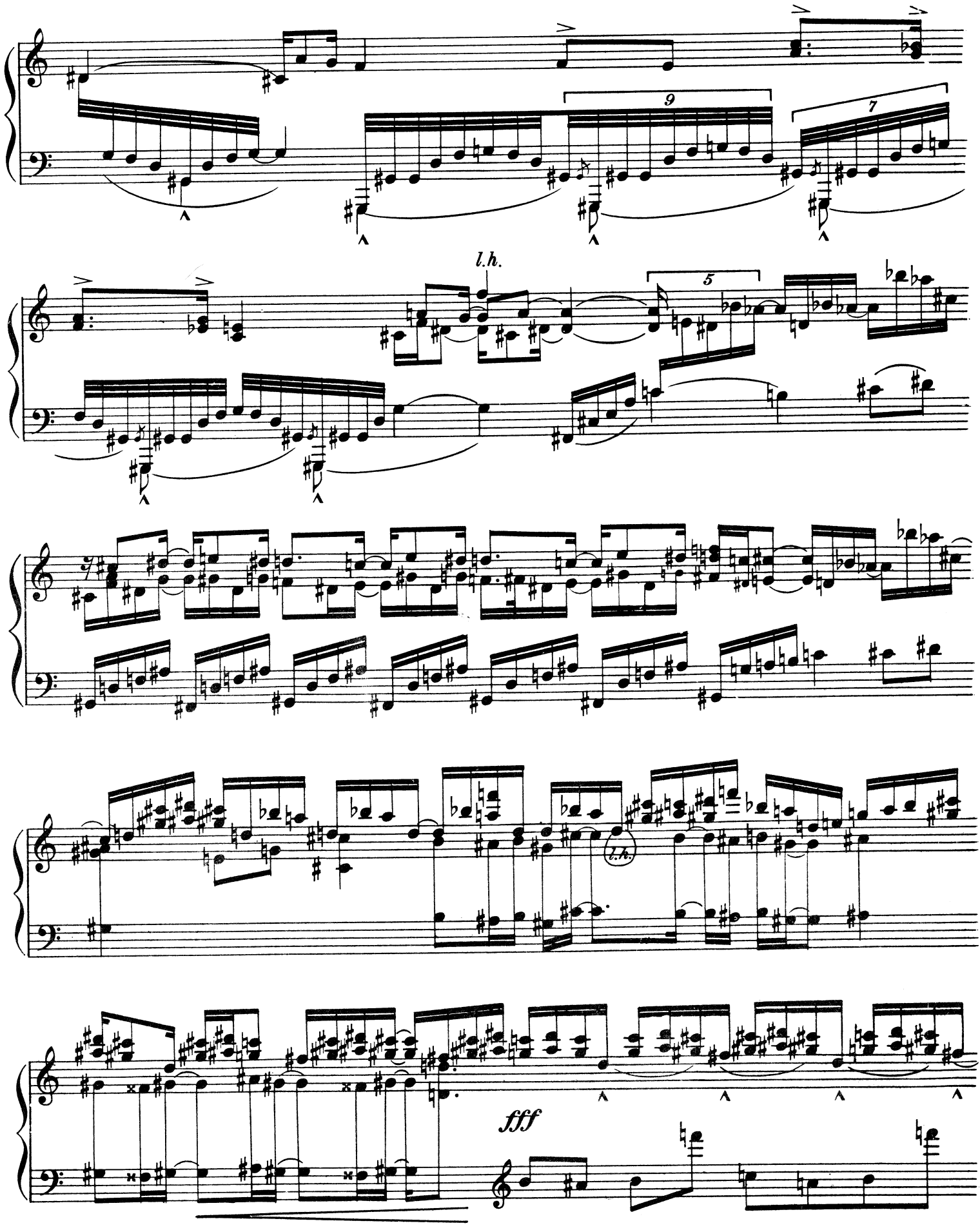
*) To be heard as a kind of an overtone

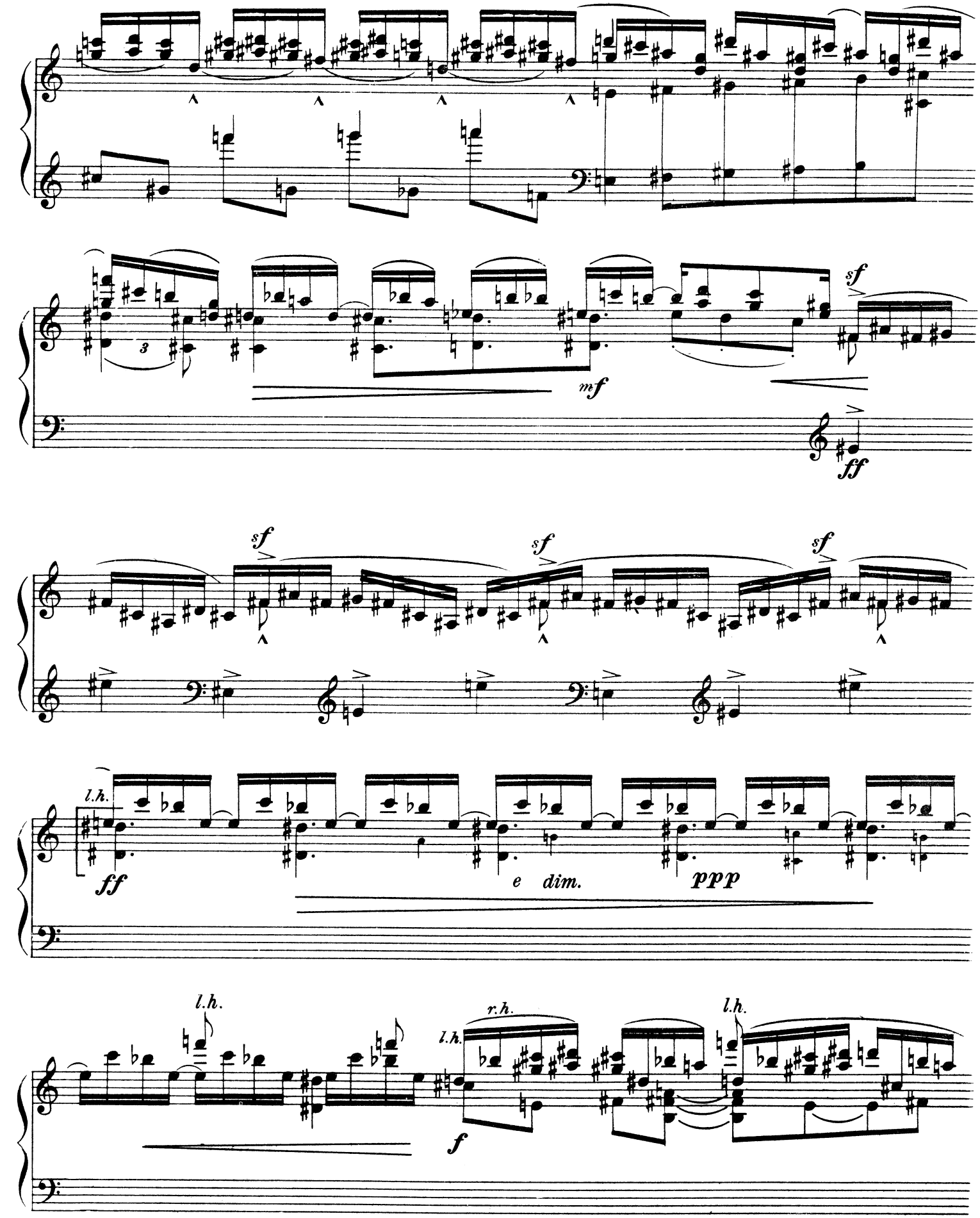
. . . Any comprehensive conception of Hawthorne, either in words or music, must have for its basic theme something that has to do with the influence of sin upon the conscience—something more than the Puritan conscience, but something which is permeated by it. In this relation he is wont to use what Hazlitt calls the "moral power of imagination." Hawthorne would try to spiritualize a guilty conscience. He would sing of the relentlessness of guilt, the inheritance of guilt, the shadow of guilt darkening innocent posterity.

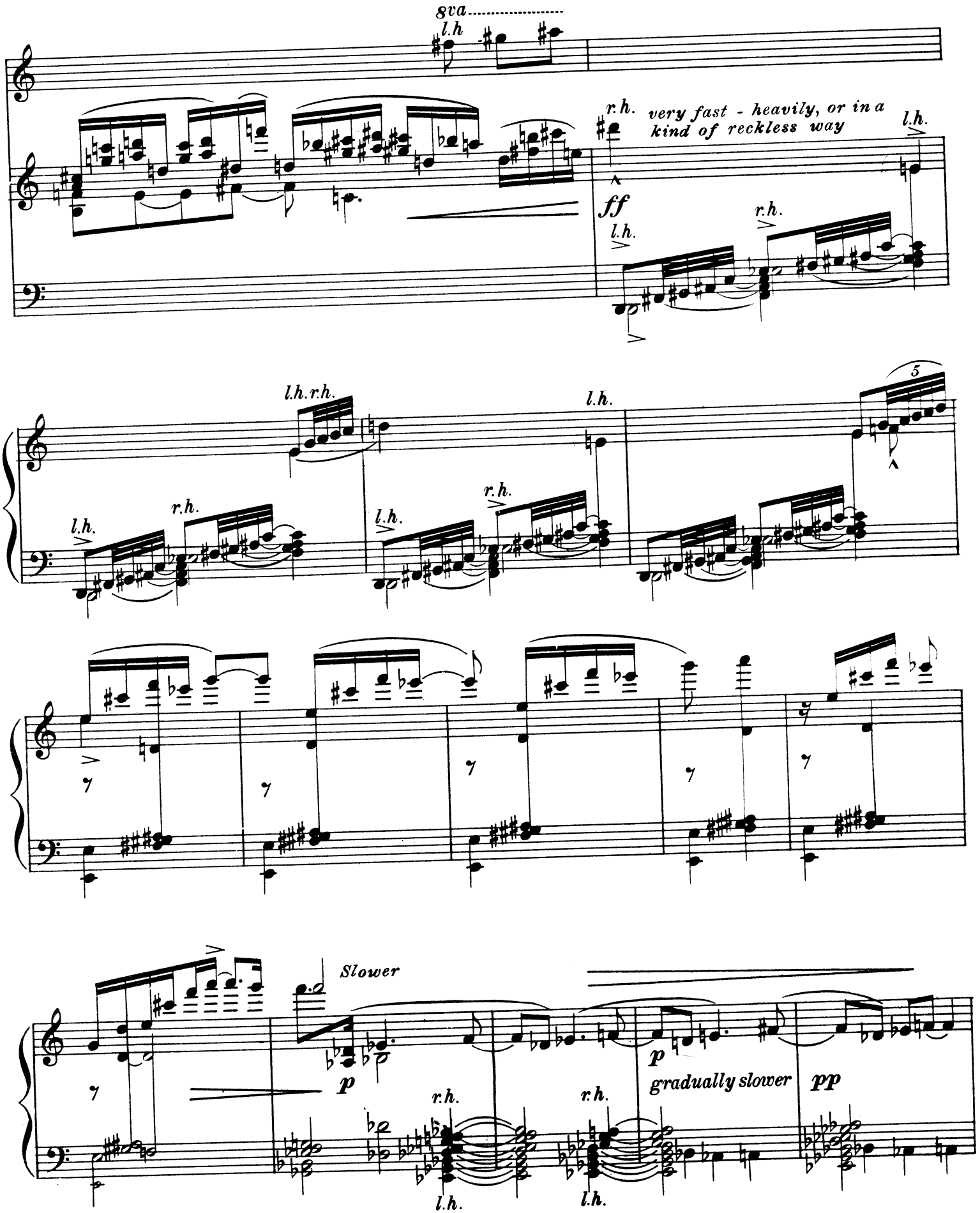
. . . This fundamental part of Hawthorne is not attempted in our music (the 2d movement of the series) which is but an extended fragment" trying to suggest some of his wilder, fantastical adventures into the half-childlike, half-fairylike phantasmal realms. It may have something to do with the children's excitement on that "frosty Berkshire morning, and the frost imagery on the enchanted hall window" or something to do with "Feathertop," the "Scarecrow," and his "Looking Glass" and the little demons dancing around his pipe bowl; or something to do with the old hymn tune that haunts the church and sings only to those in the churchyard, to protect them from secular noises, as when the circus parade comes down Main Street; or something to do with the concert at the Stamford camp meeting, or the "Slave's Shuffle"; or something to do with the Concord he-nymph, or the "Seven Vagabonds," or "Circe's Palace," or something else in the wonderbook—not something that happens, but the way something happens; or something to do with the "Celestial Railroad," or "Phœbe's Garden," or something personal, which tries to be "national" suddenly at twilight, and universal suddenly at midnight; or something about the ghost of a man who never lived, or about something that never will happen, or something else that is not.

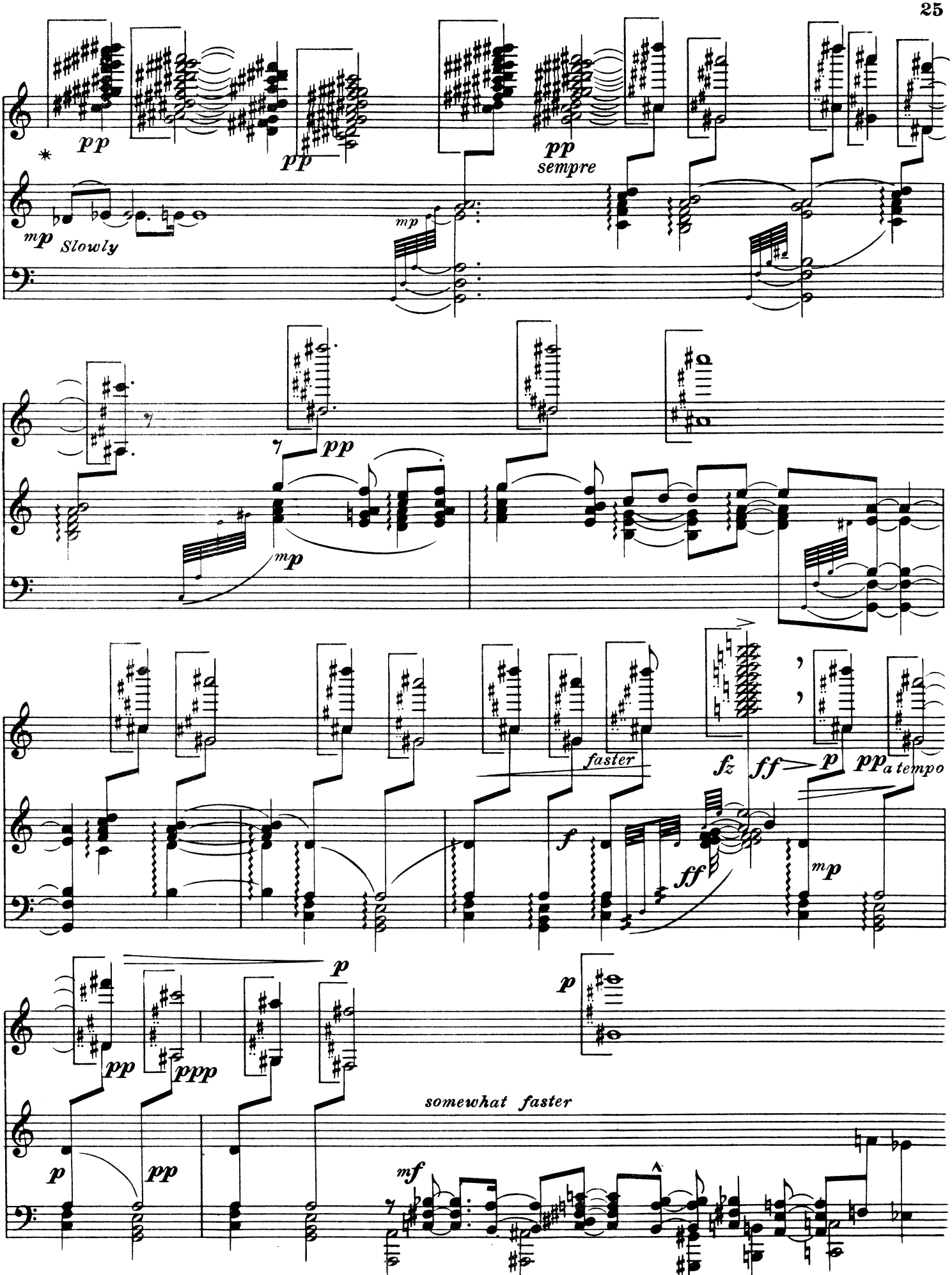
II. "Hawthorne"

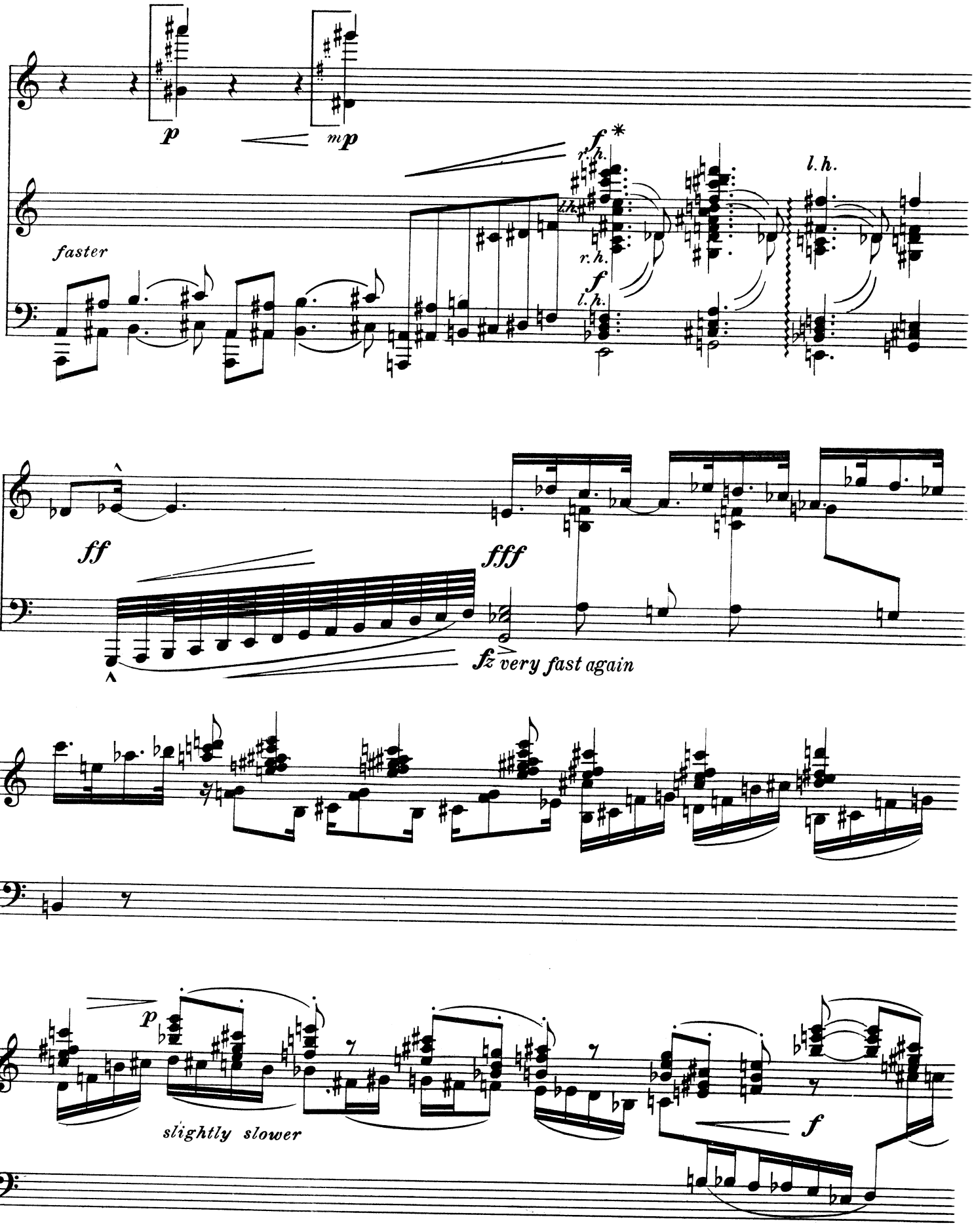


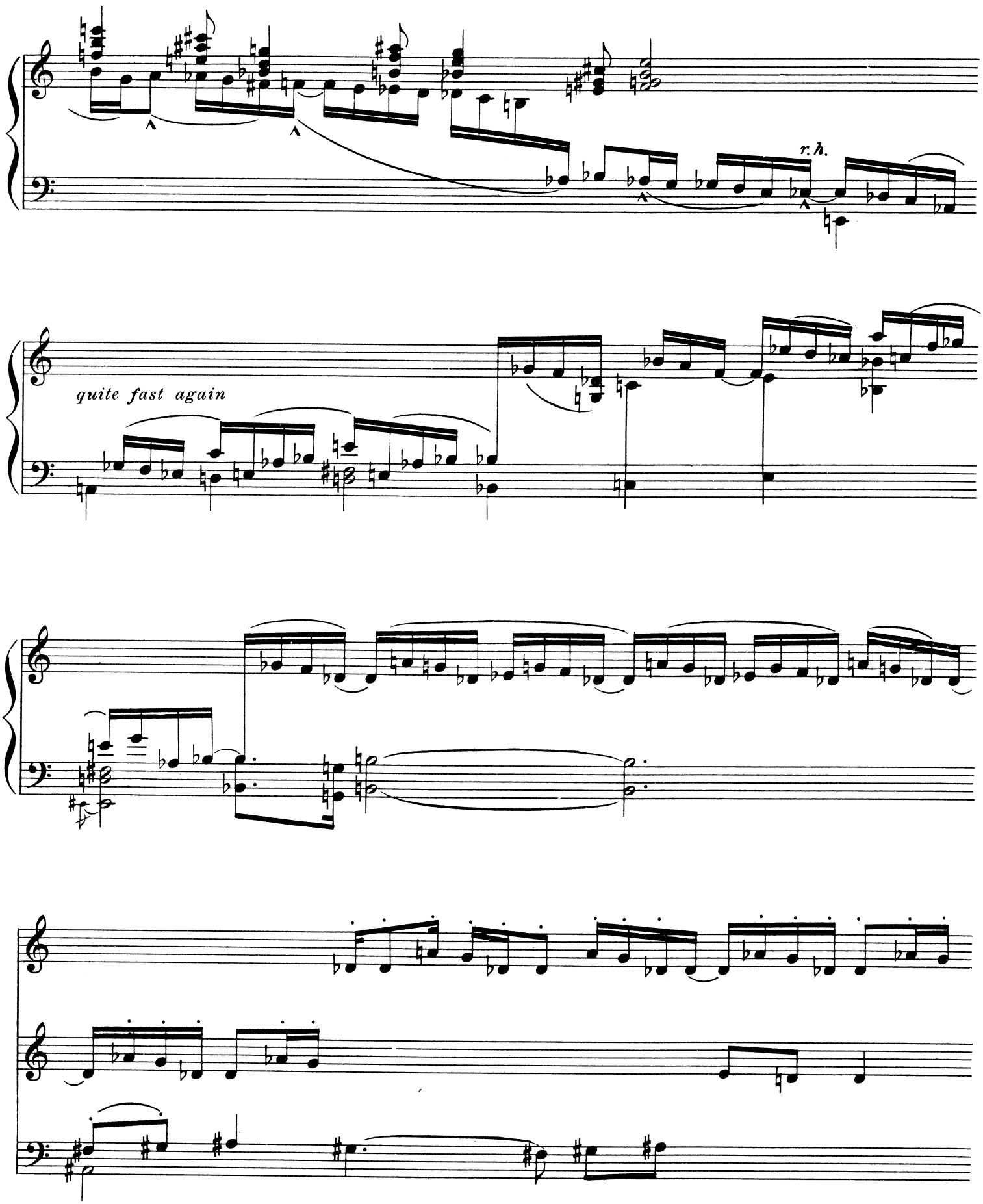

9
7
l.h.
5
l.h.
fff

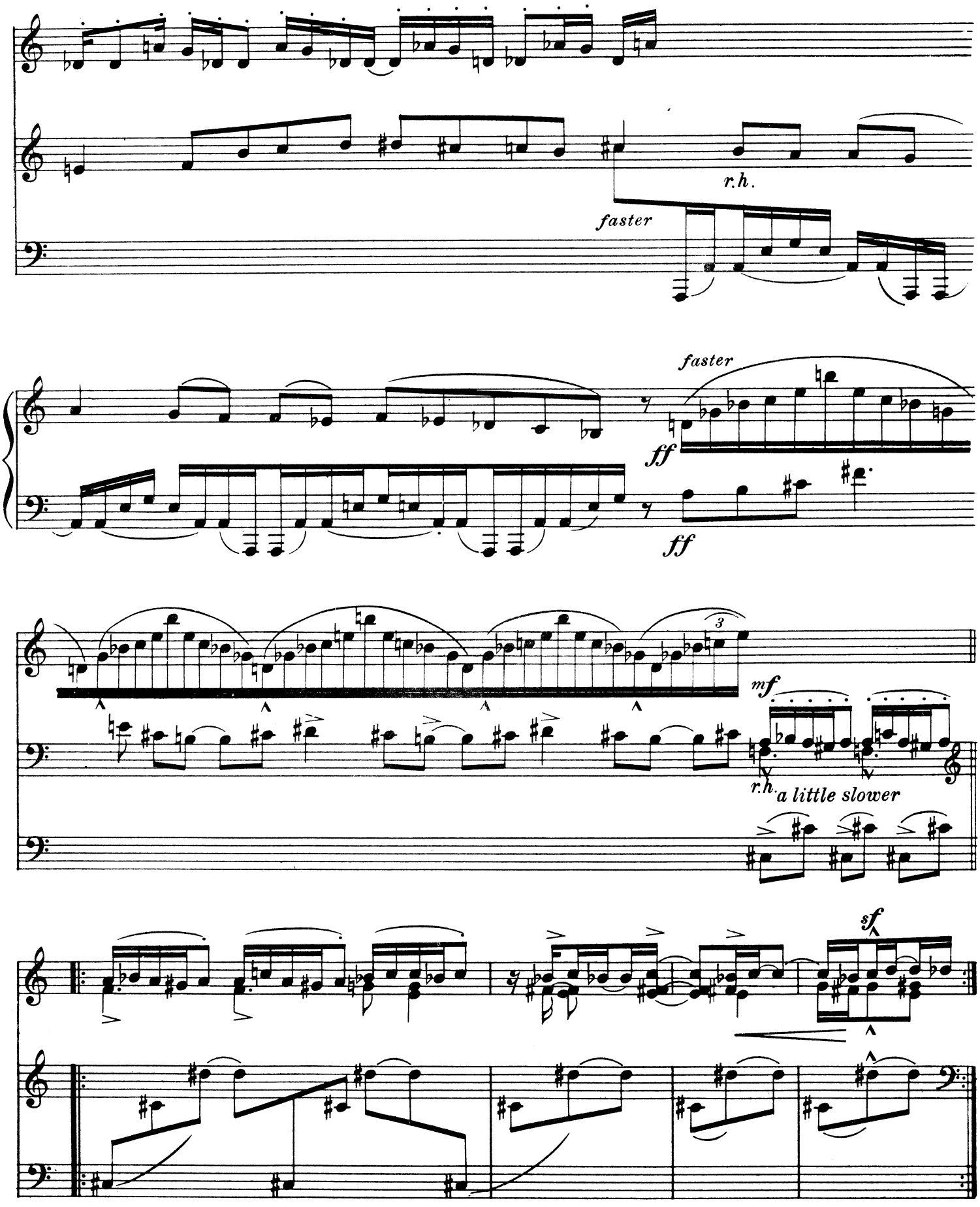

sf
mf
sf
ff
sf
sf
sf
l.h.
ff
e dim.
ppp
l.h.
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.
f

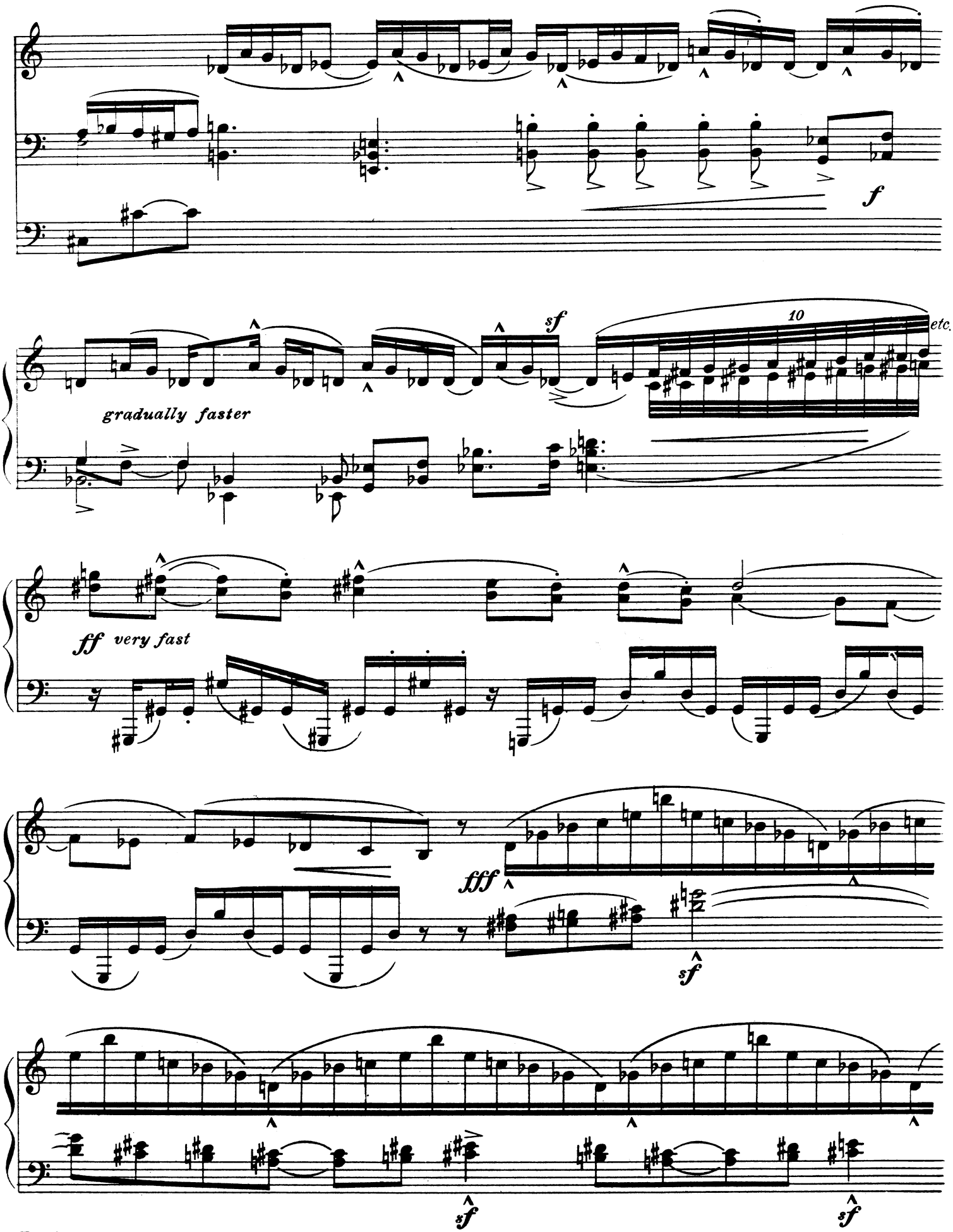

8va
l.h
r.h.
very fast - heavily, or in a kind of reckless way
l.h.
ff
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.r.h.
l.h.
5
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.
r.h.
Slower
p
r.h.
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.
p
gradually slower
pp

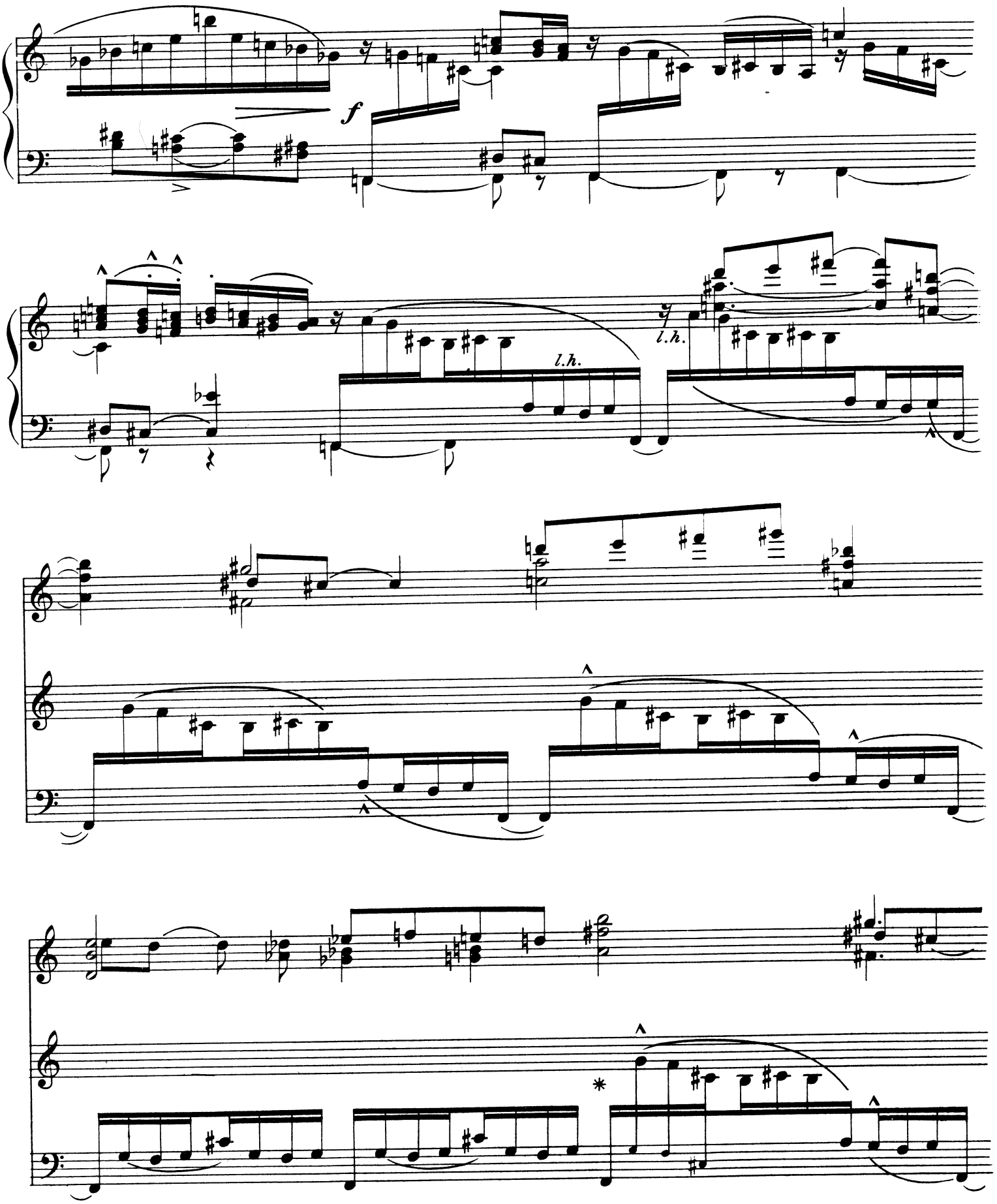

pp
pp
pp
sempre
mp
mp
Slowly
pp
mp
faster
fz
ff
p
pp
a tempo
f
ff
mp
p
p
pp
ppp
somewhat faster
p
pp
mf

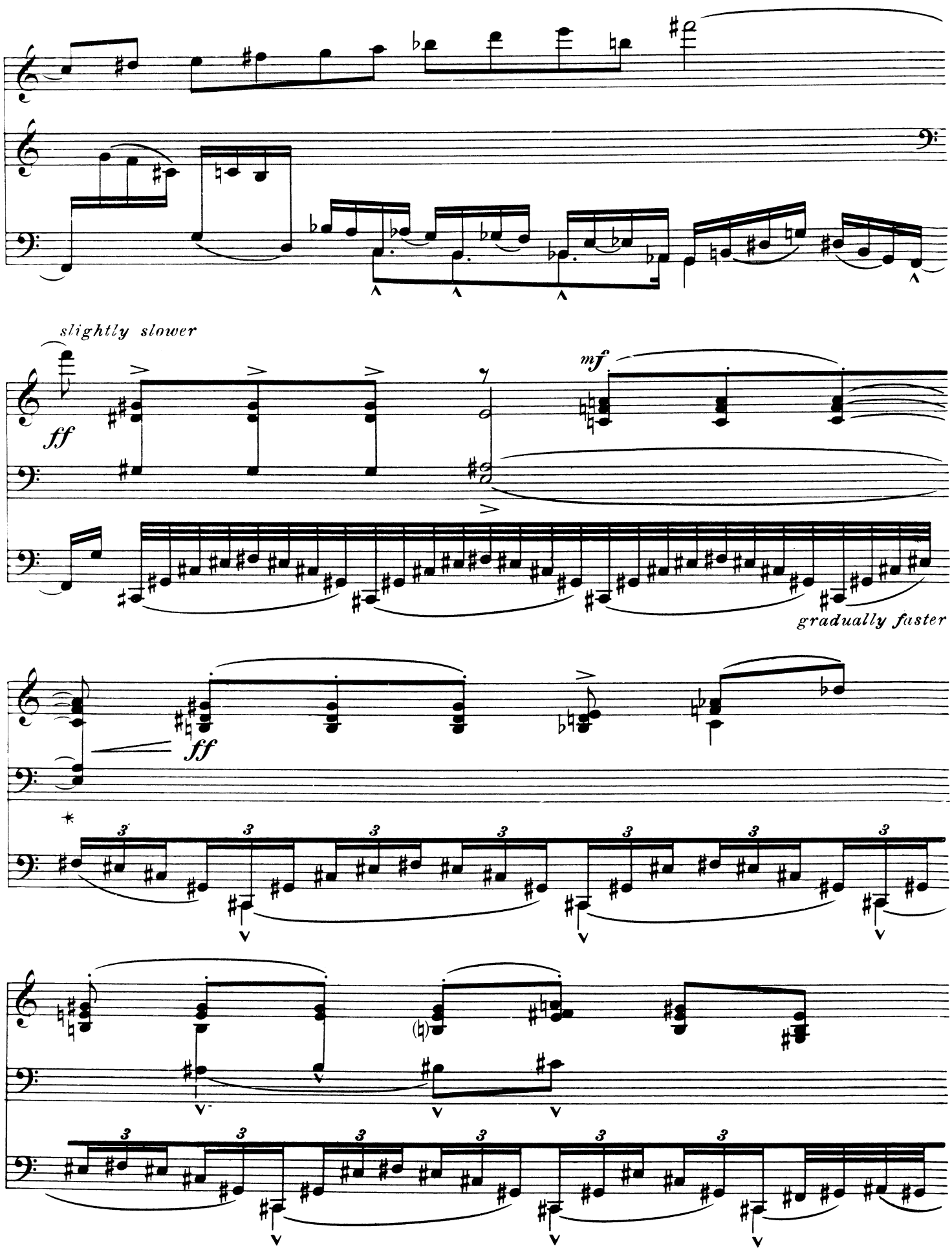

p
mp
f *
r.h.
l.h.
faster
r.h.
f
l.h.
ff
fff
fz very fast again
p
slightly slower
f

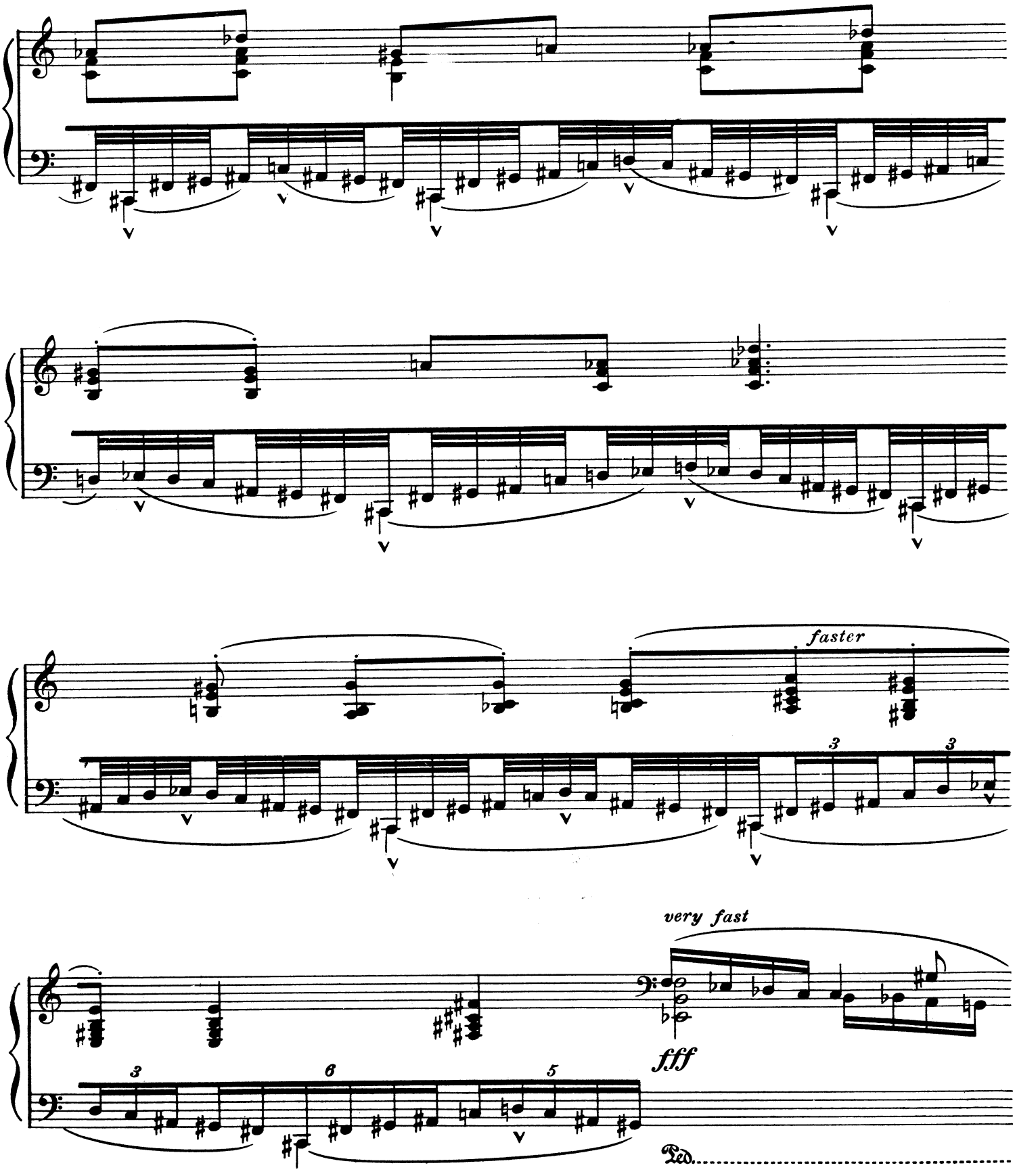

r.h.
quite fast again

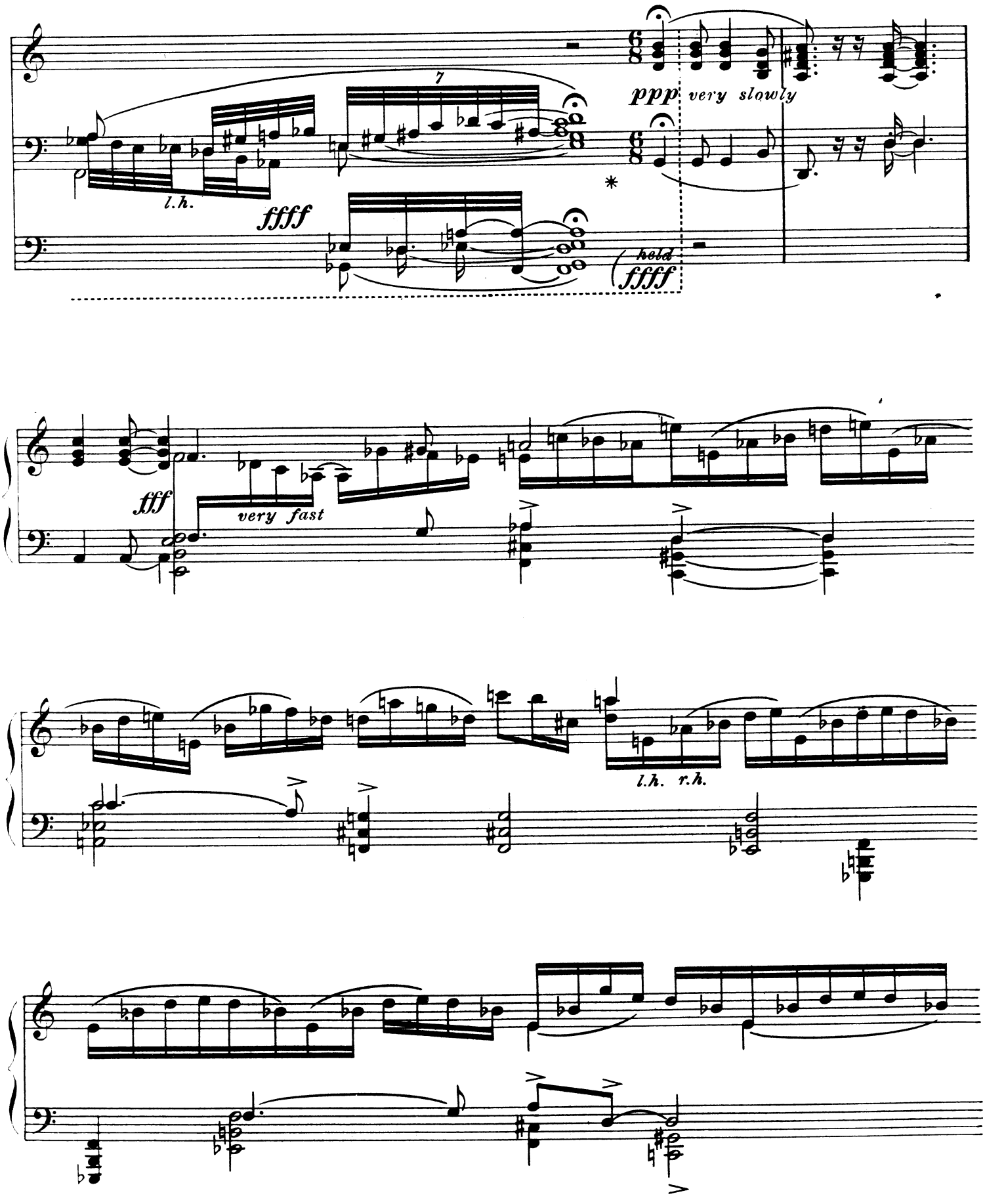

r.h.
faster
faster
ff
ff
mf
r.h.
a little slower
sf

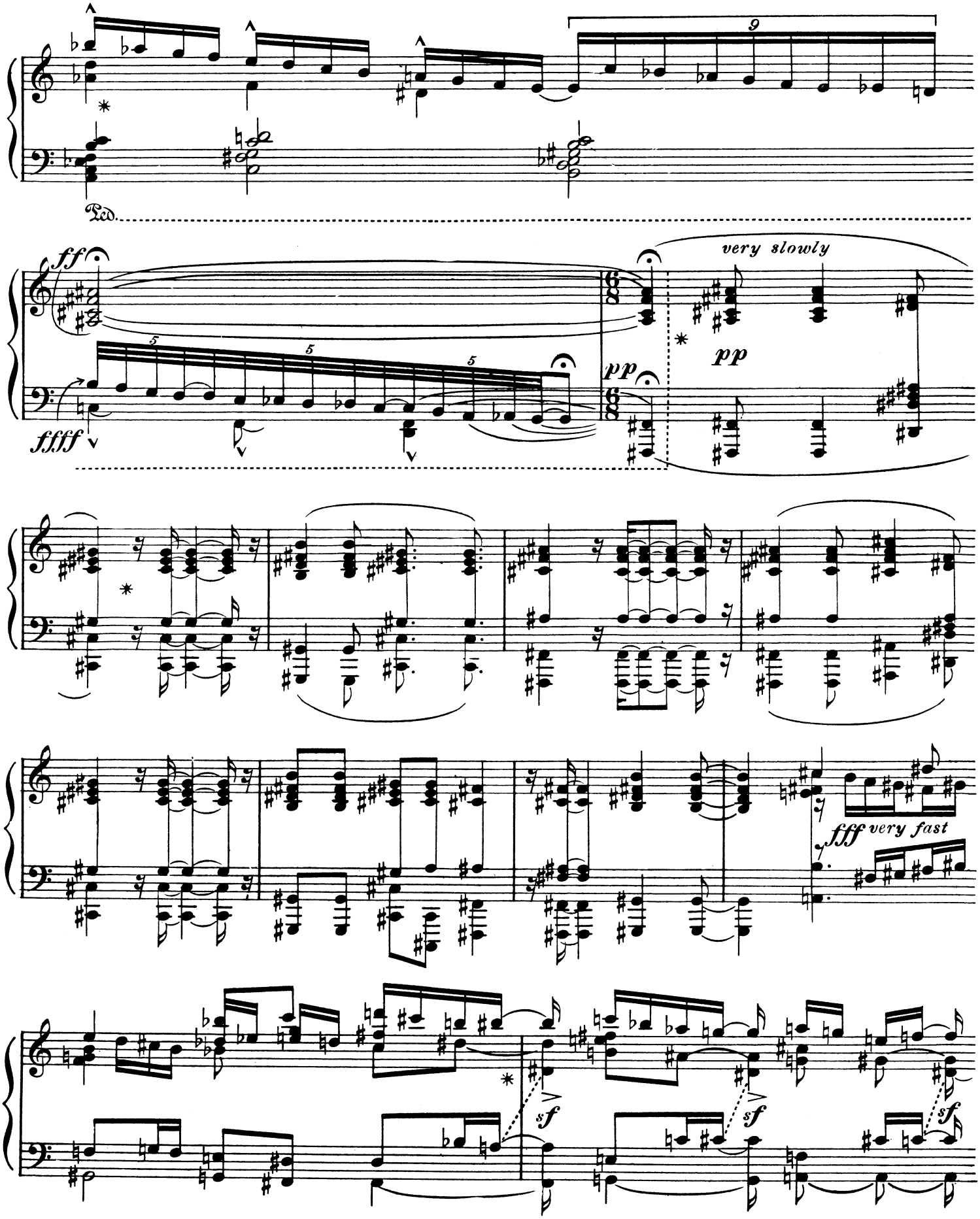

f
sf
10
etc.
gradually faster
ff very fast
fff
sf
sf
sf

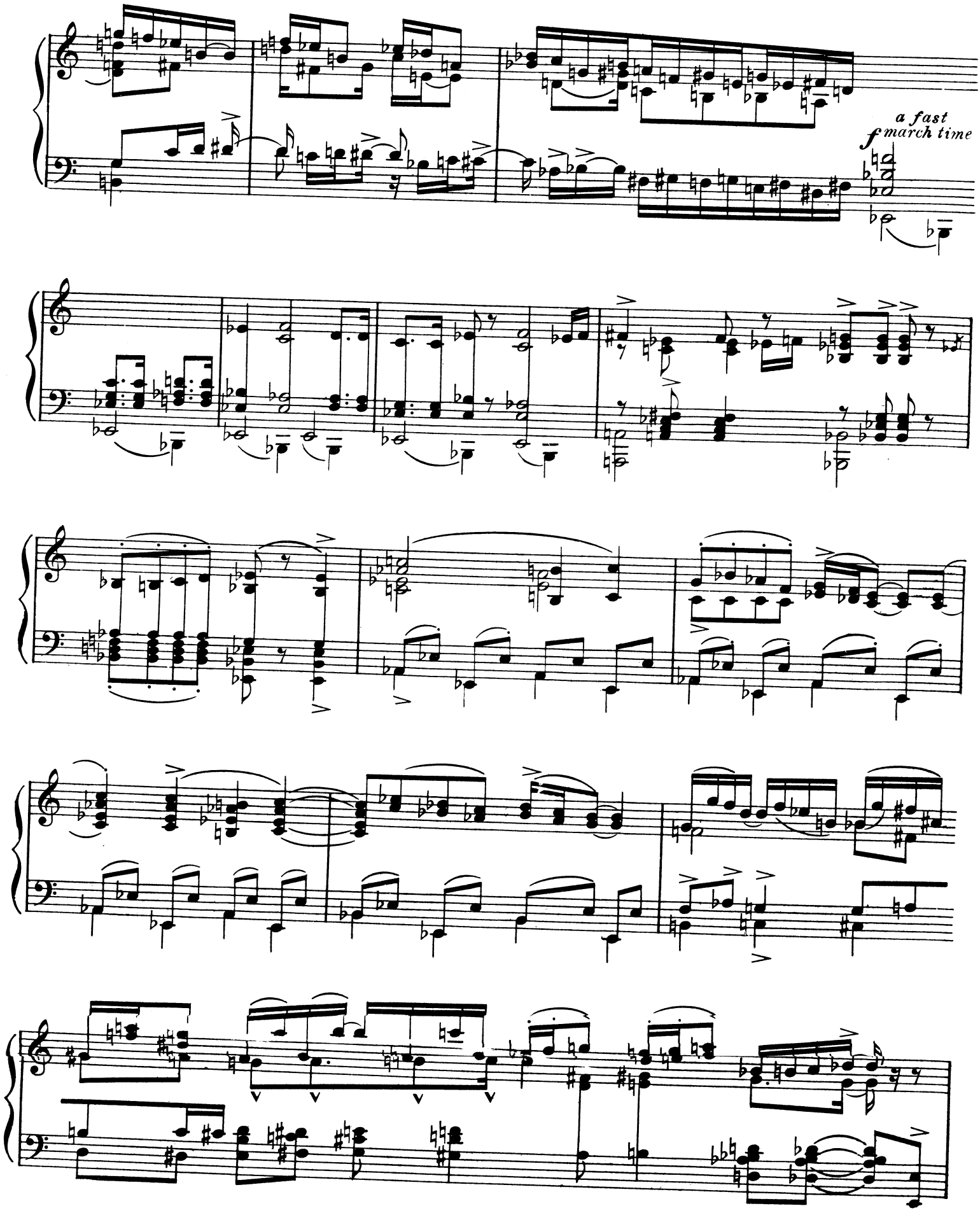

f
l.h.
l.h.

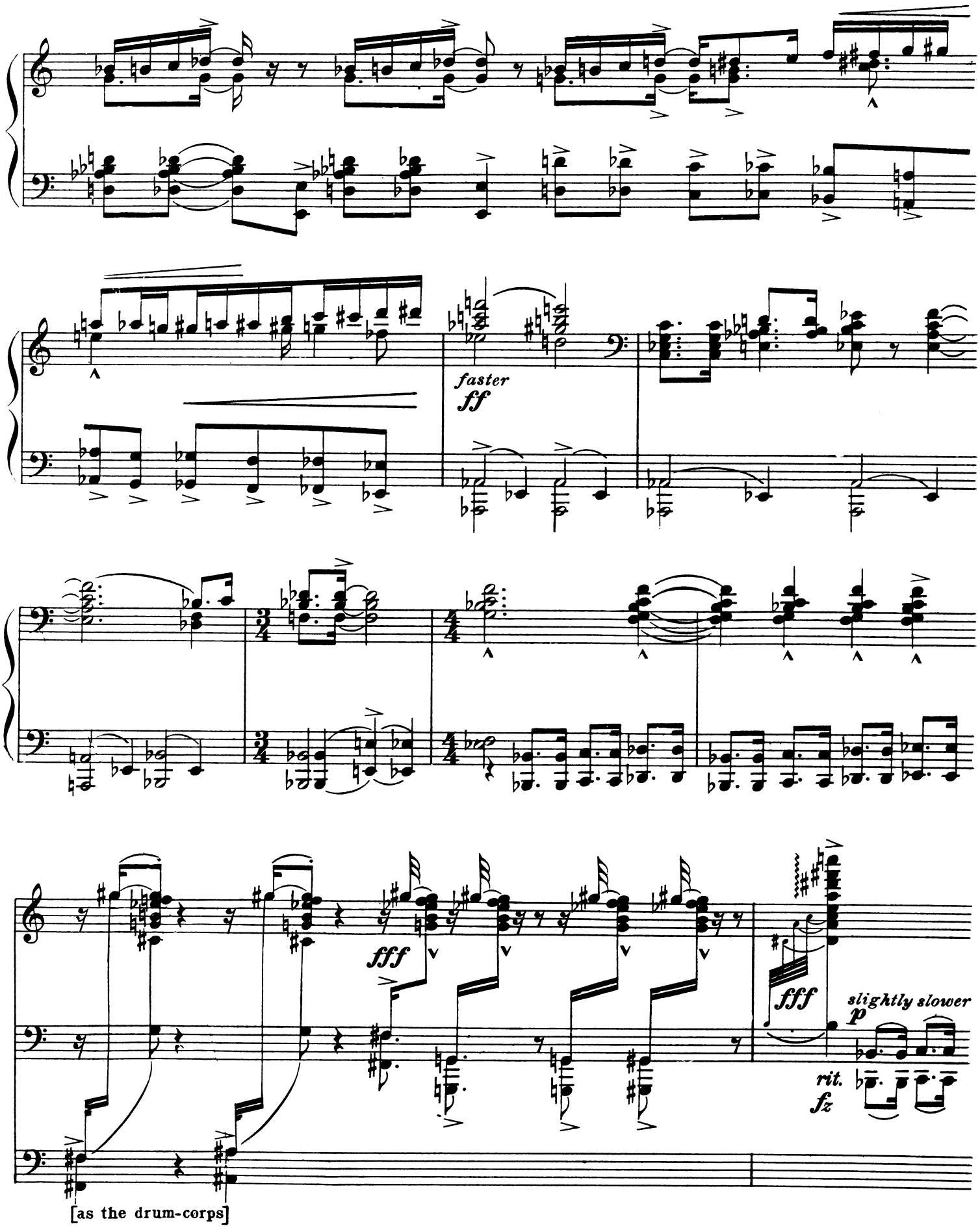

slightly slower
ff
mf
gradually faster
ff

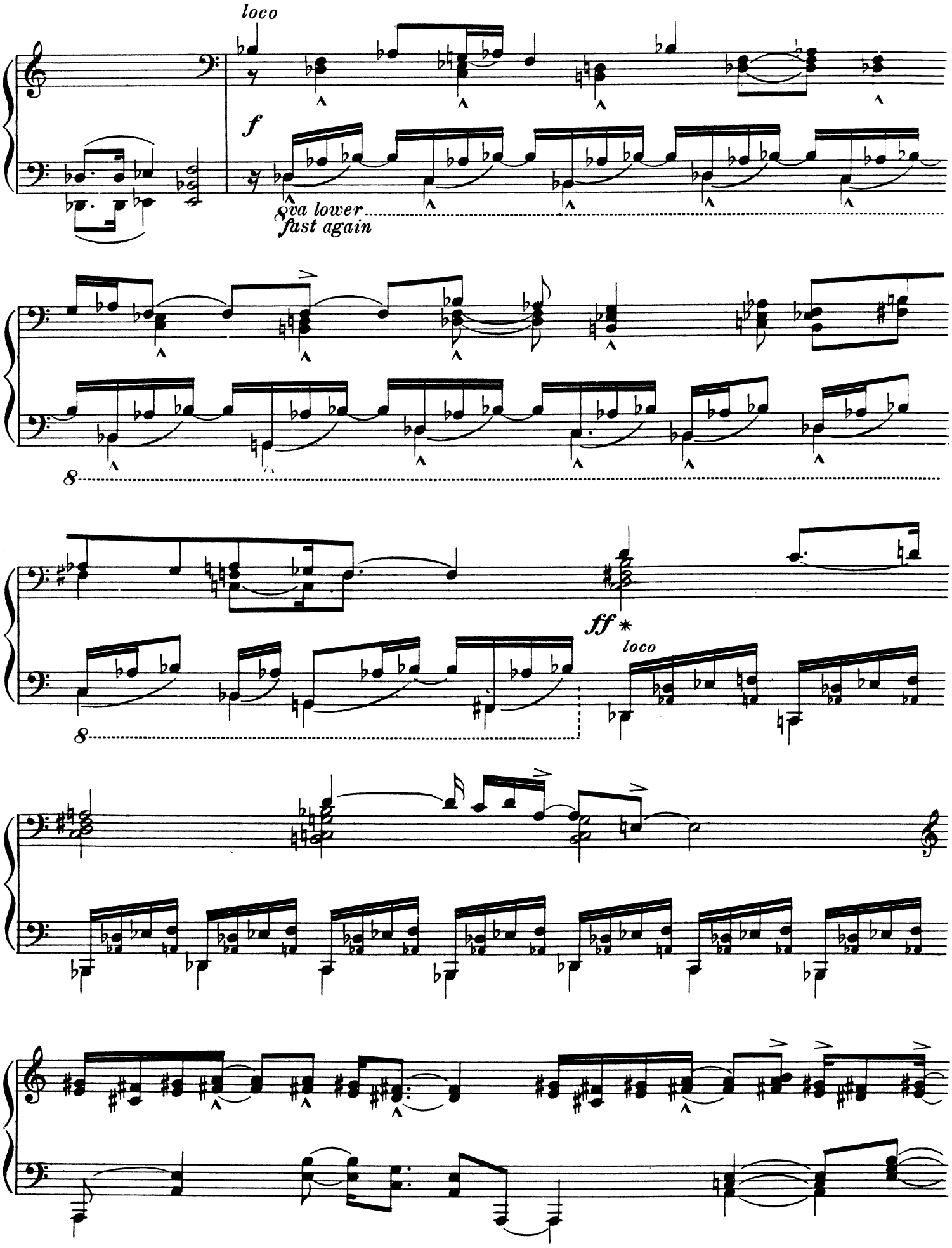

faster
very fast
fff
Ped.

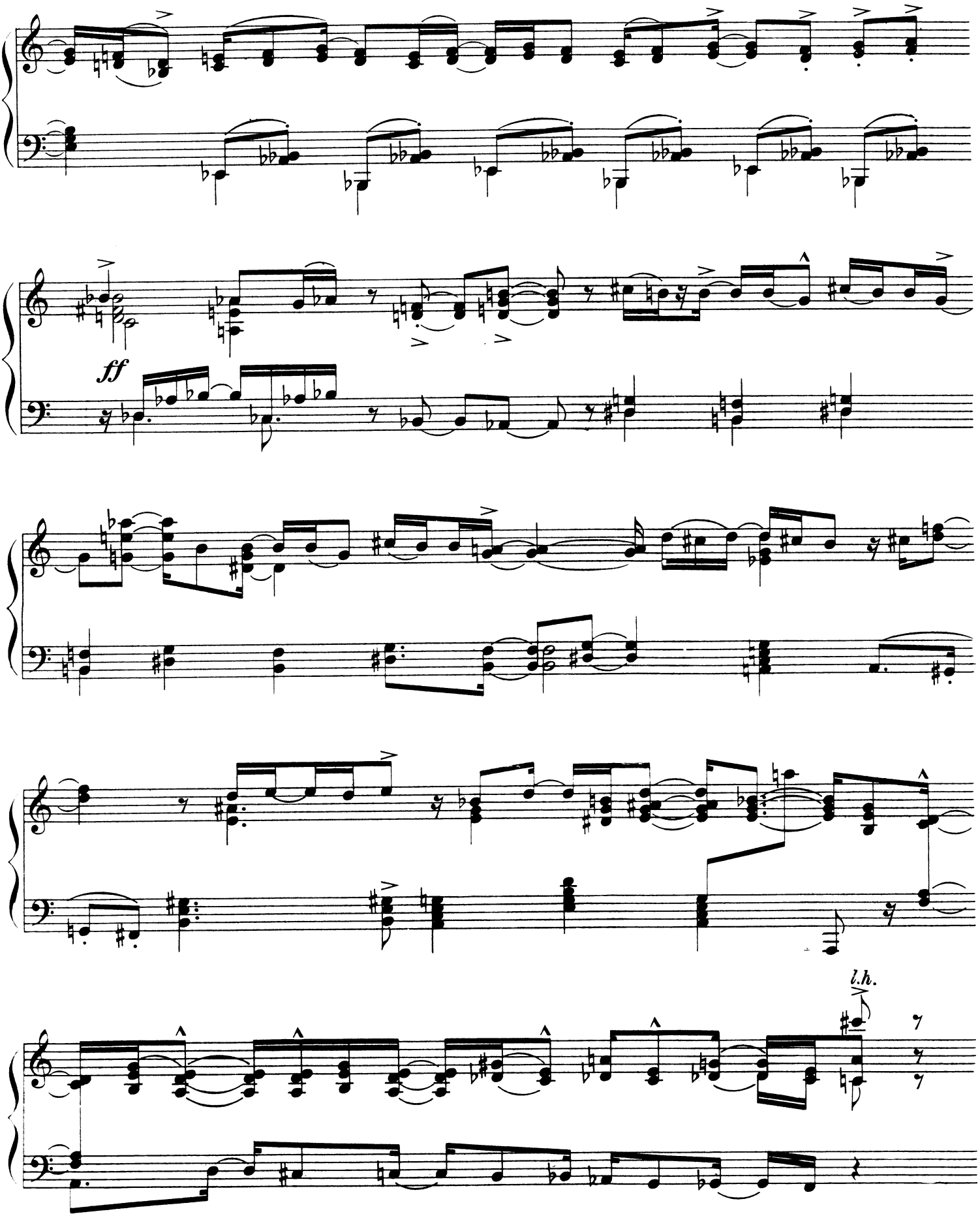

7
l.h.
ffff
ppp very slowly
held
ffff
fff
very fast
l.h. r.h.

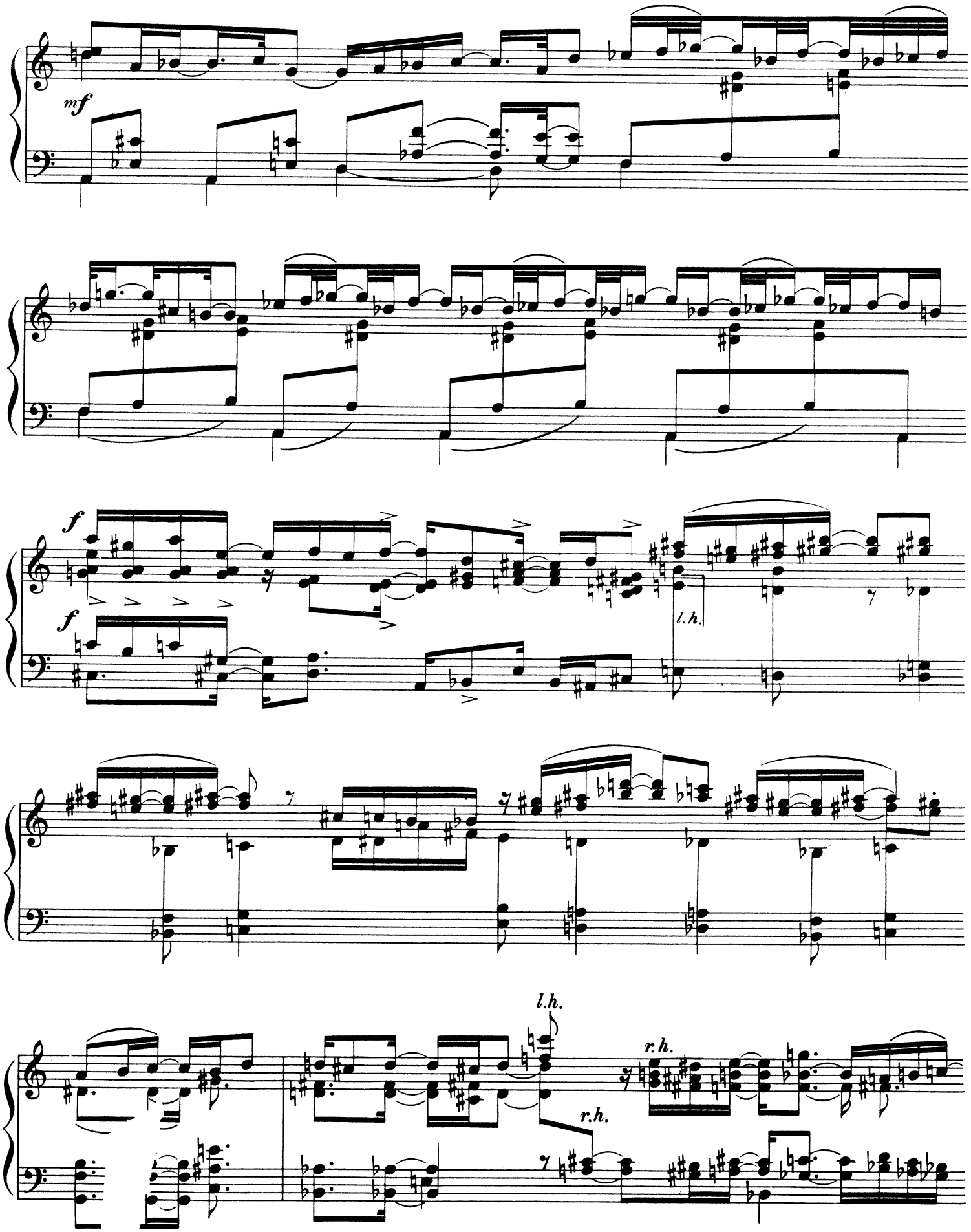

Ped.
ff
ffff
very slowly
pp
pp
fff very fast
sf
sf
sf

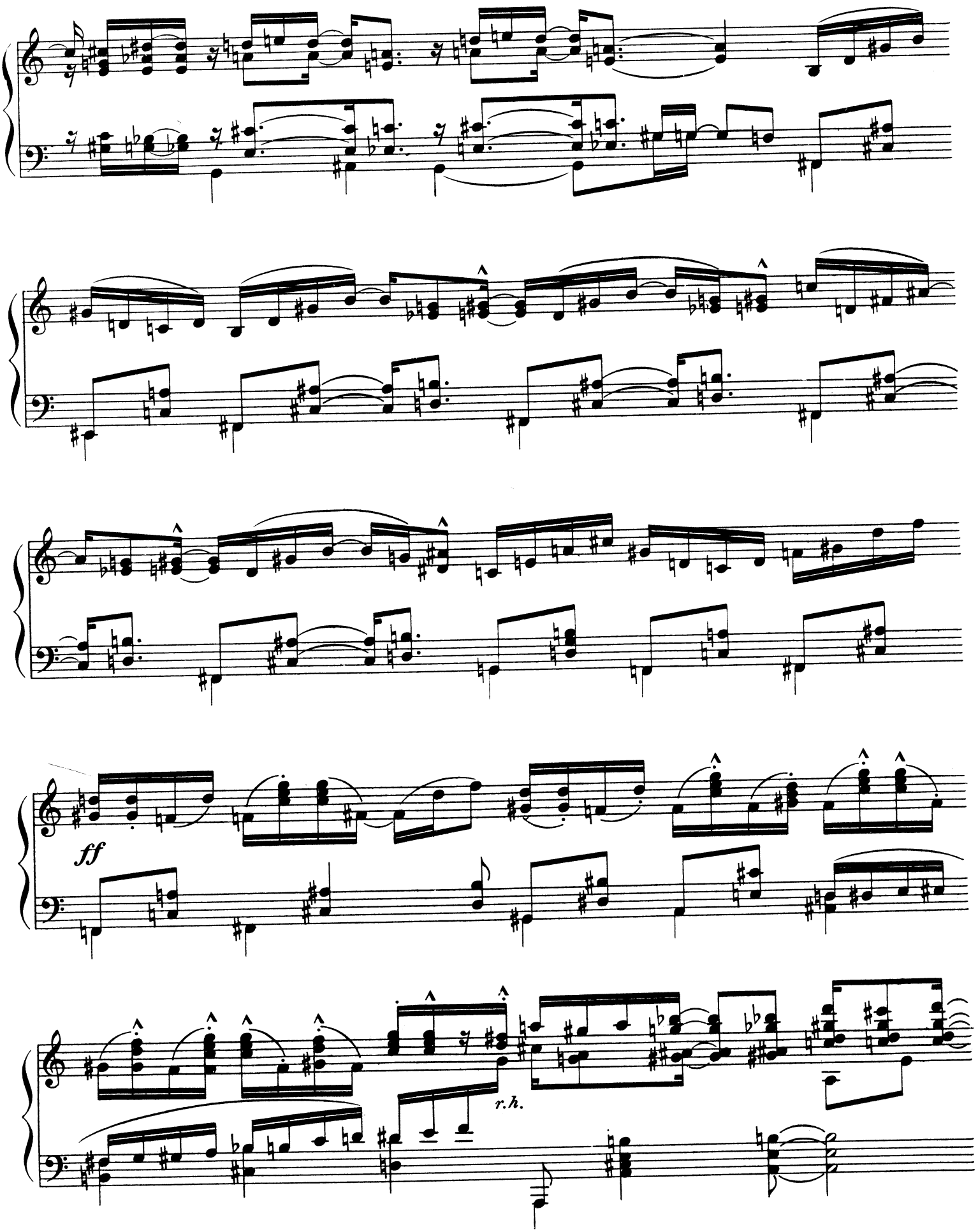

a fast
f march time

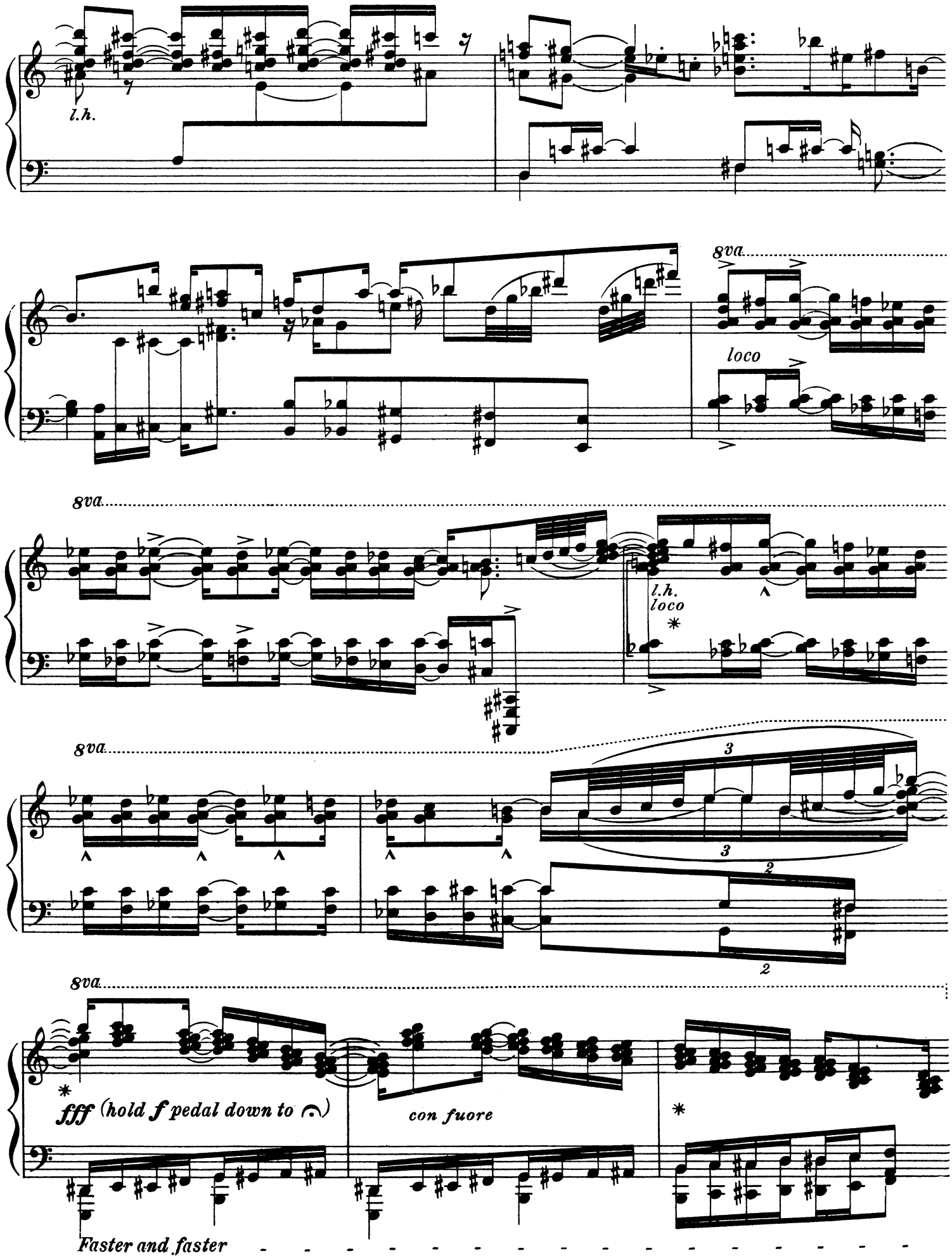

faster
ff
fff
fff
slightly slower
p
rit.
fz
[as the drum-corps]

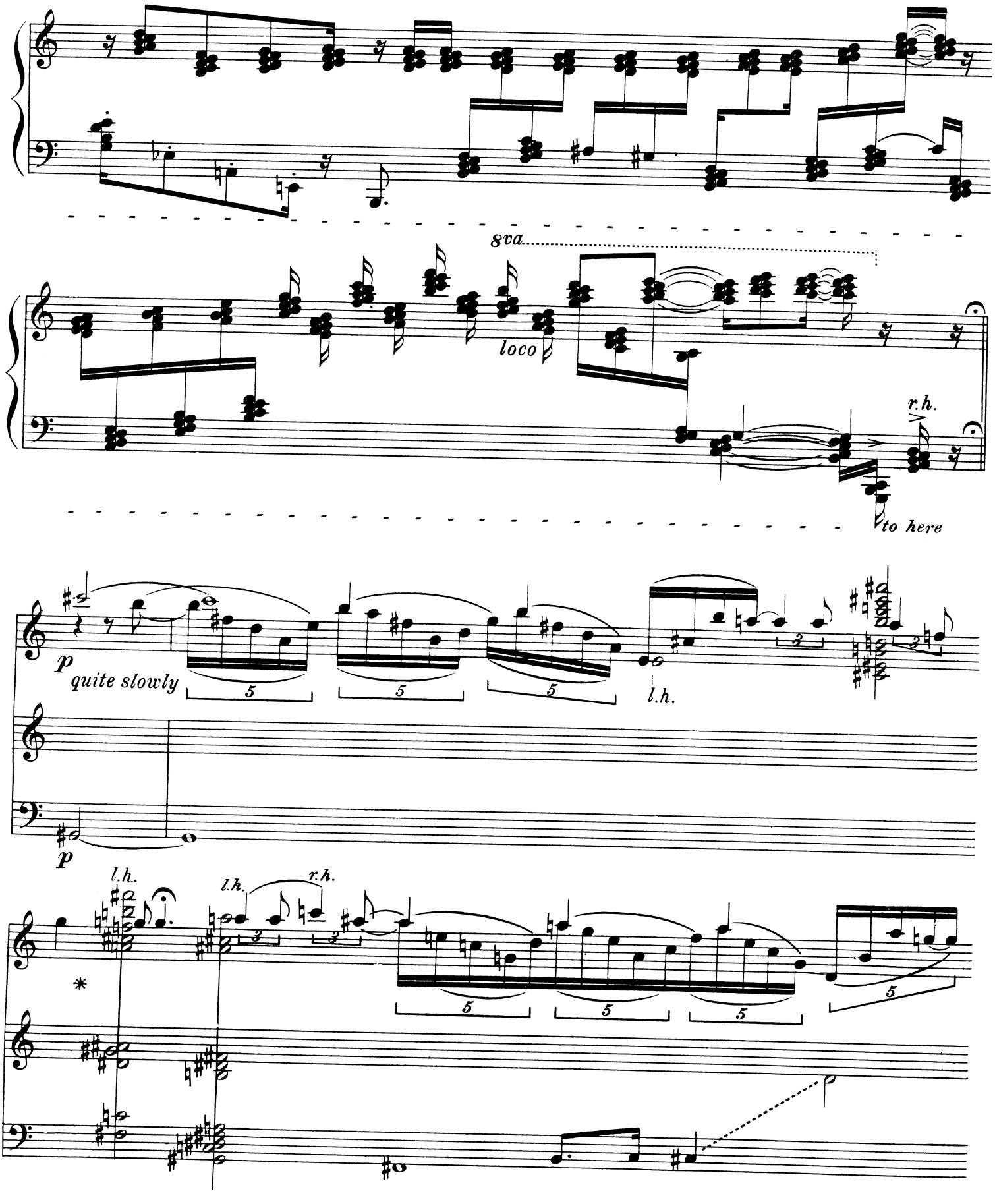

loco
f
8va lower
fast again
8
ff *
loco
8

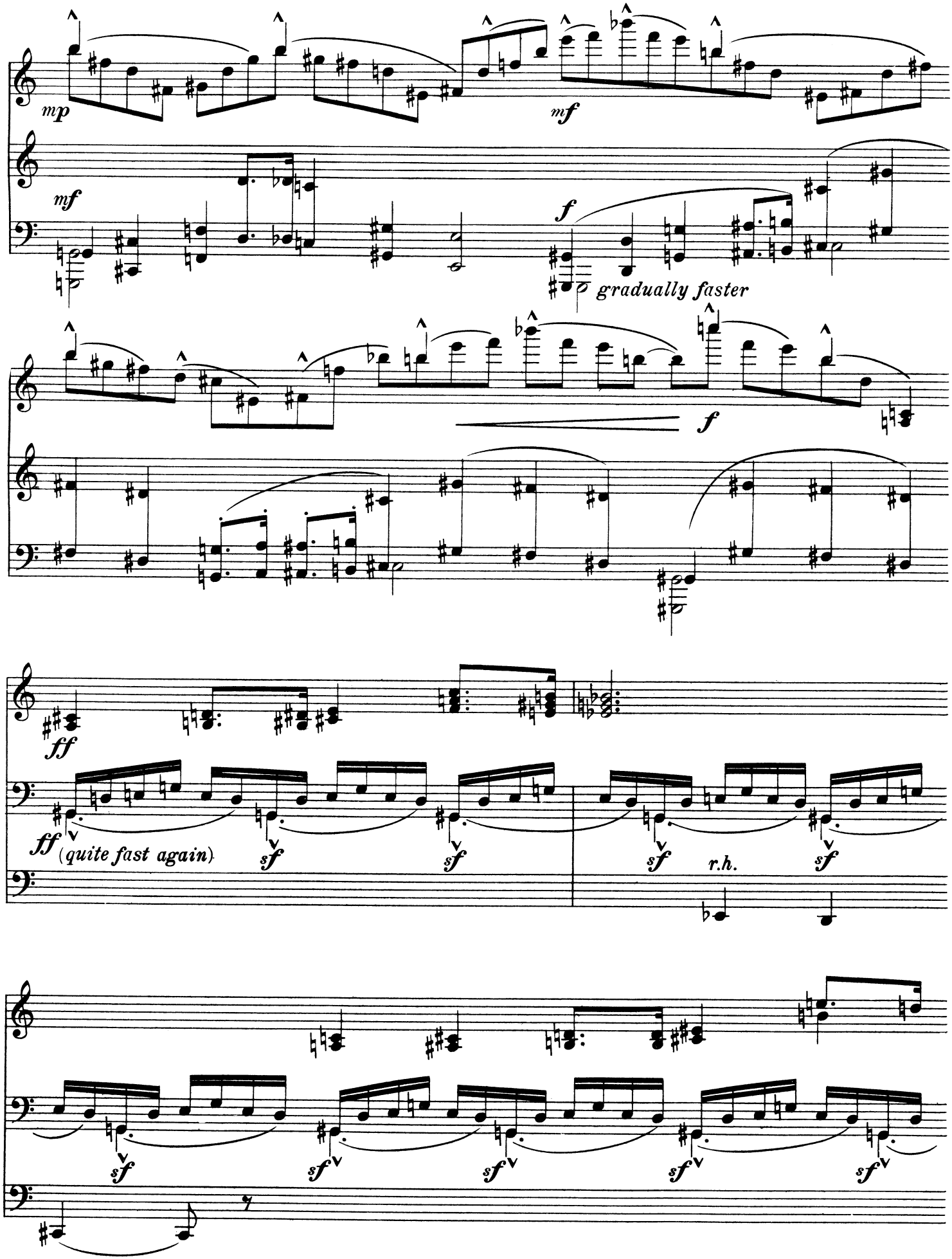

ff
l.h.

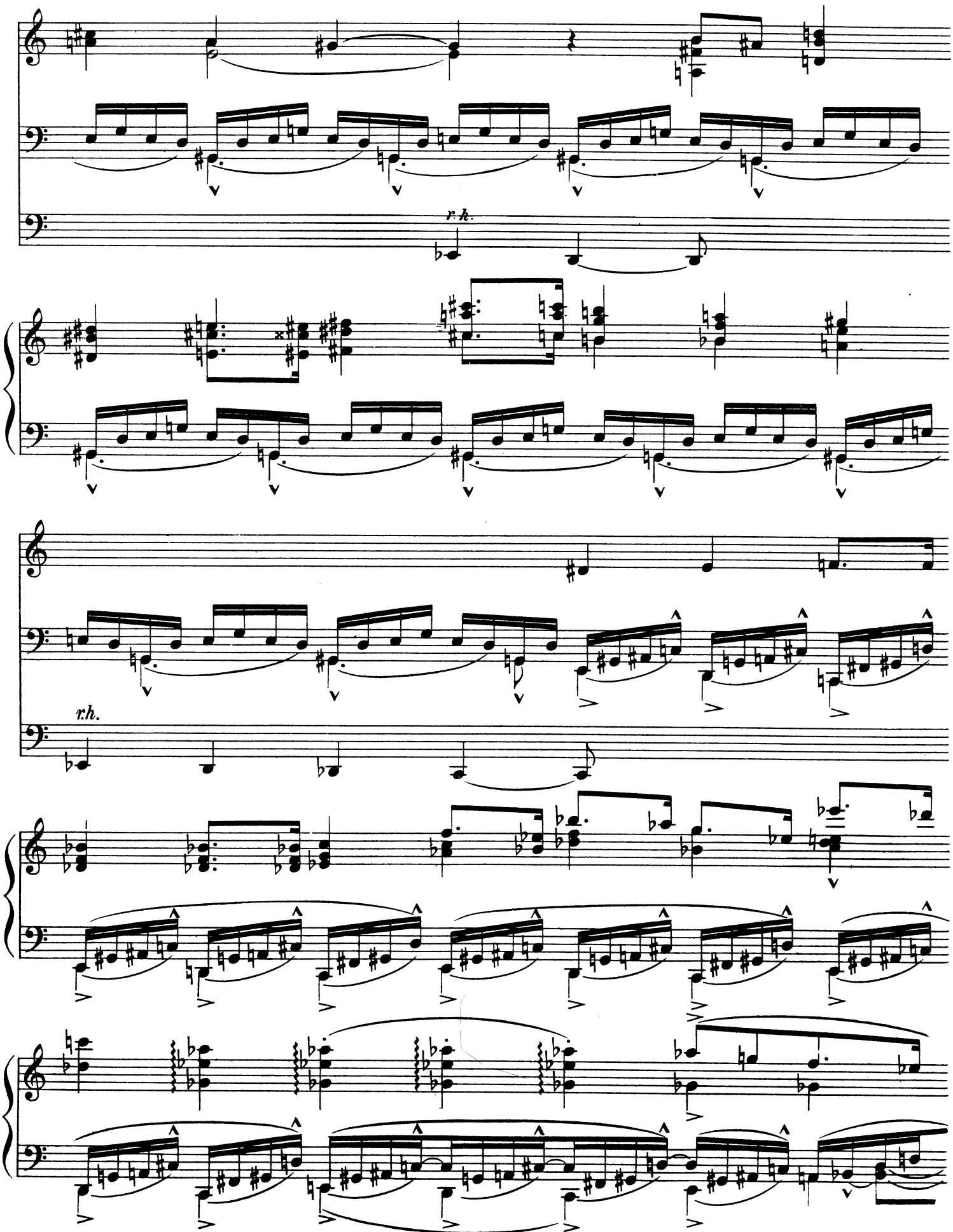

mf
f
f
l.h.
l.h.
r.h.
r.h.

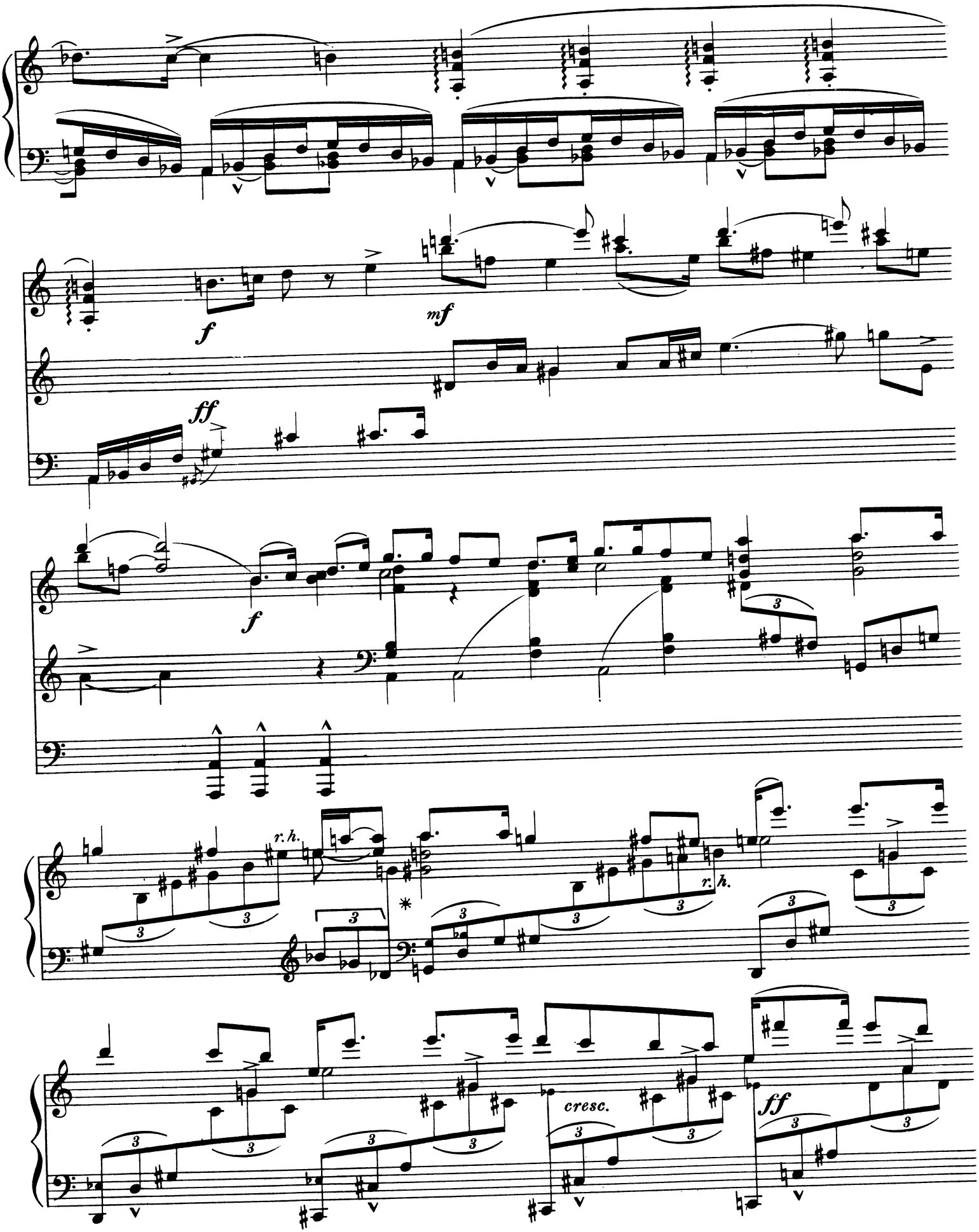

ff
r.h.

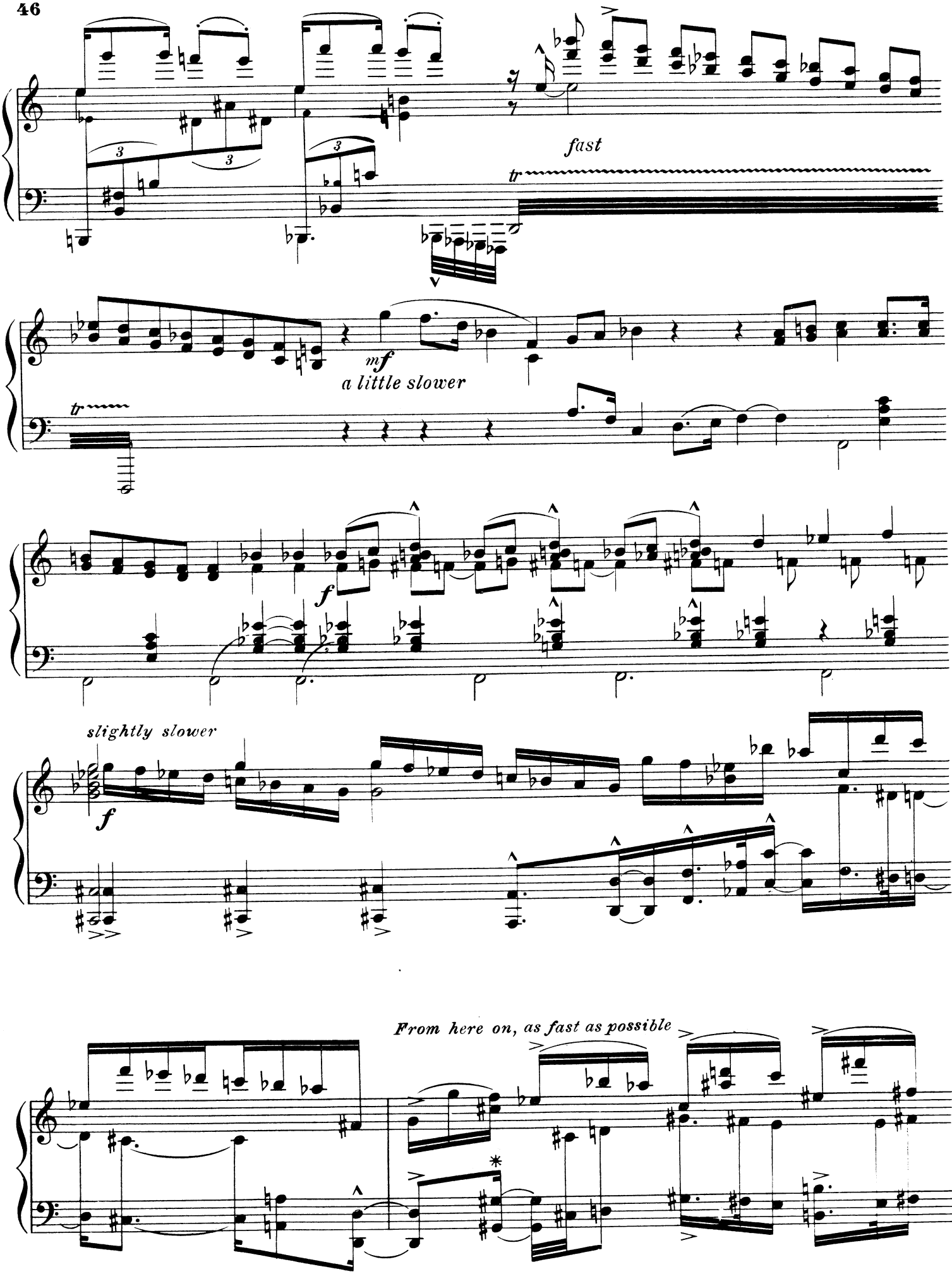

l.h.
8va
loco
8va
l.h.
loco
8va
3
3
2
2
8va
fff (hold f pedal down to 𝄐)
con fuore
Faster and faster

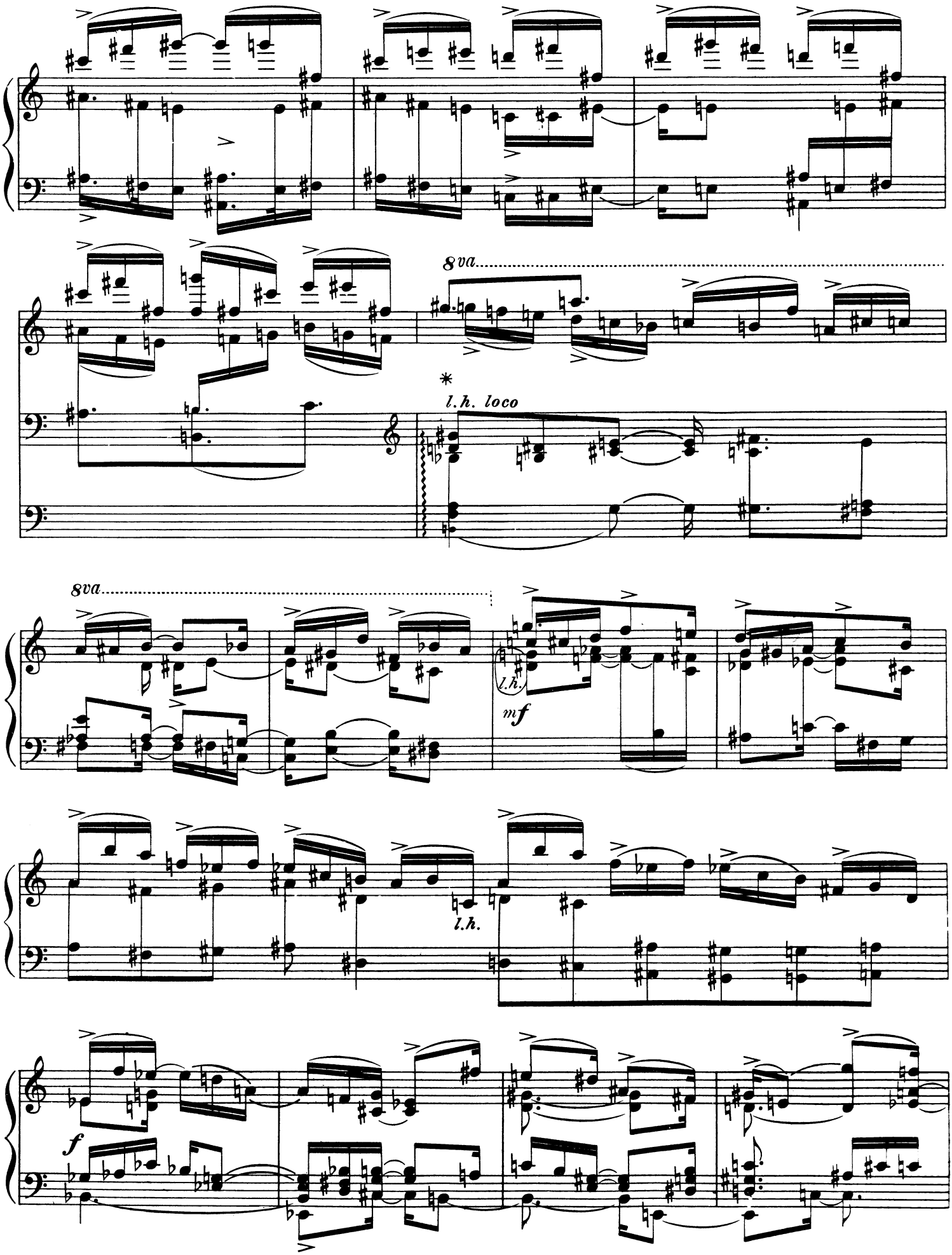

8va
loco
r.h.
to here
p
quite slowly
5
l.h.
3
p
l.h.
r.h.
*

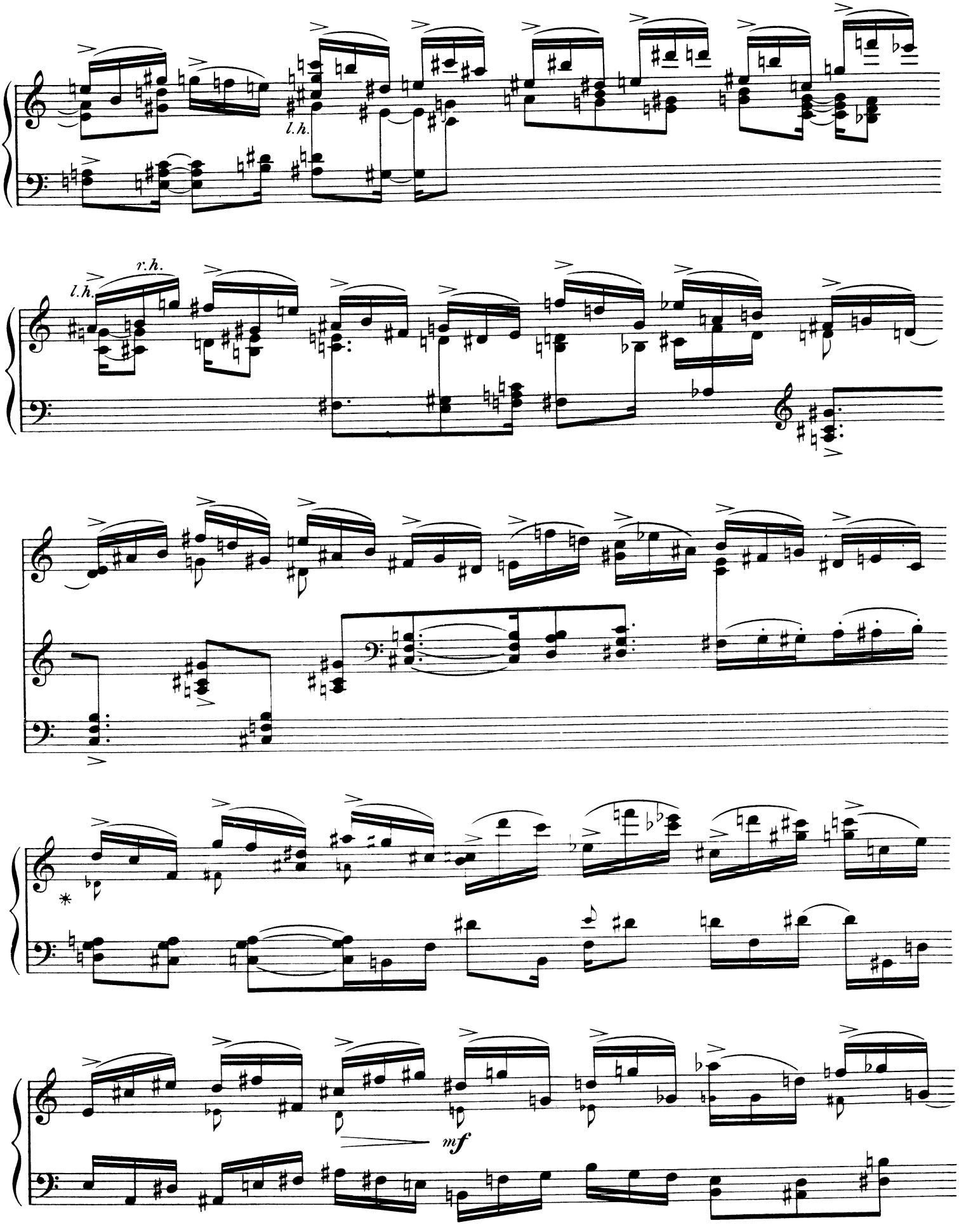

mp
mf
mf
f
gradually faster
f
ff
ff (quite fast again)
sf
sf
sf
r.h.
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf

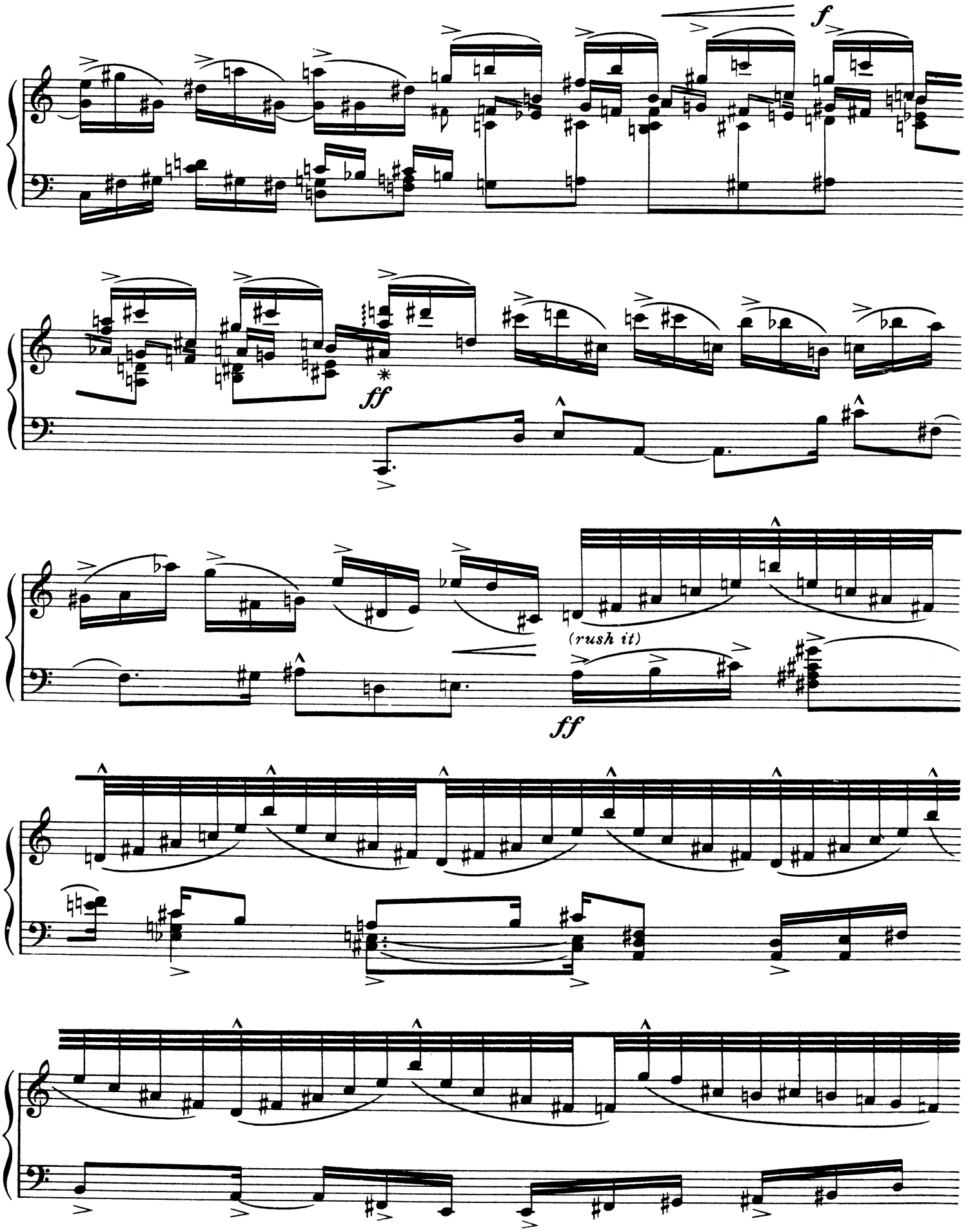

r.h.
r.h.

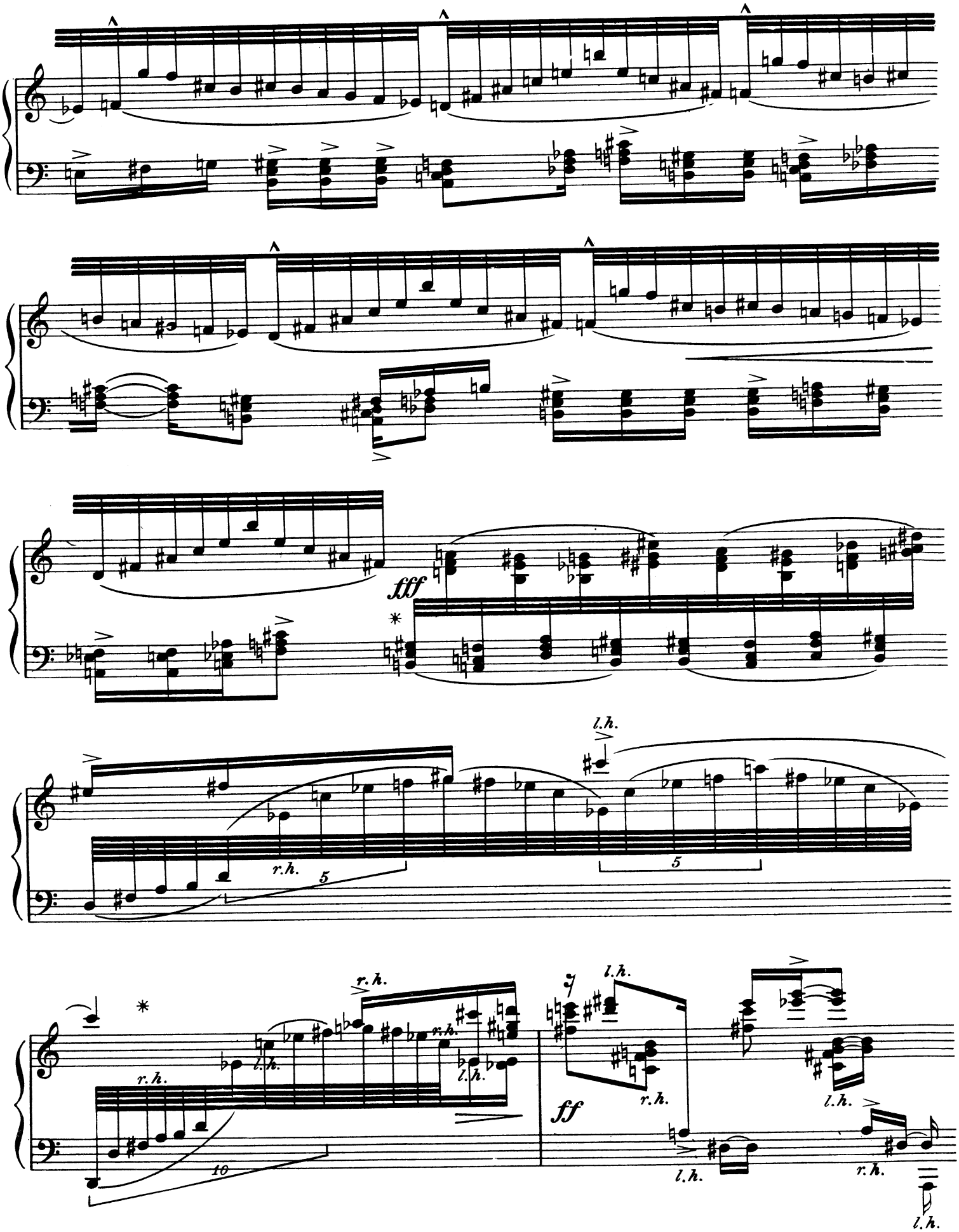

f
mf
ff
f
r.h.
r.h.
cresc.
ff

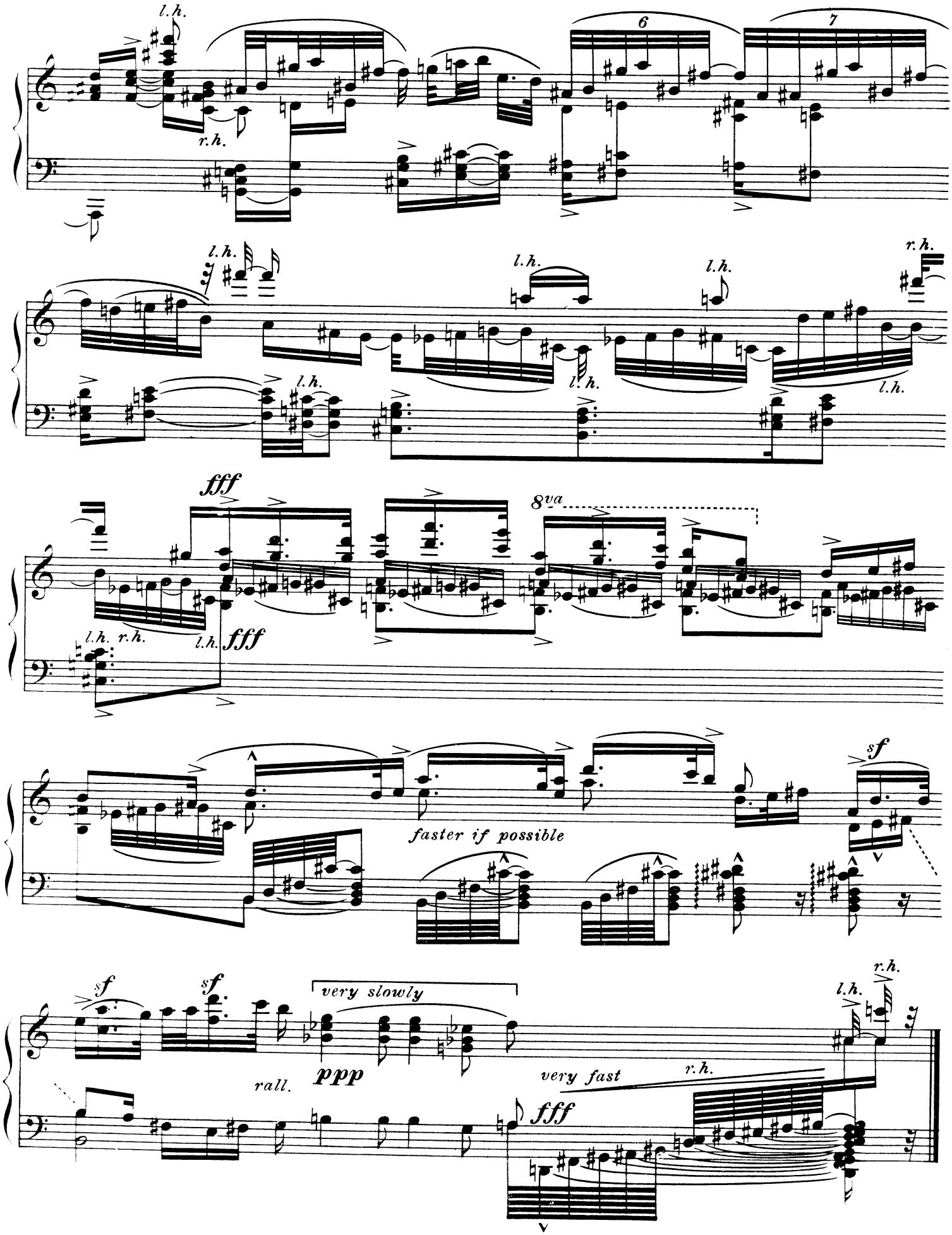

fast
tr
mf
a little slower
tr
f
slightly slower
f
From here on, as fast as possible


8va
*
l.h. loco
8va
l.h.
mf
l.h.
f


l.h.
r.h.
l.h.
mf


f
ff
(rush it)
ff


fff
r.h.
5
l.h.
5
r.h.
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.
10
ff
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.

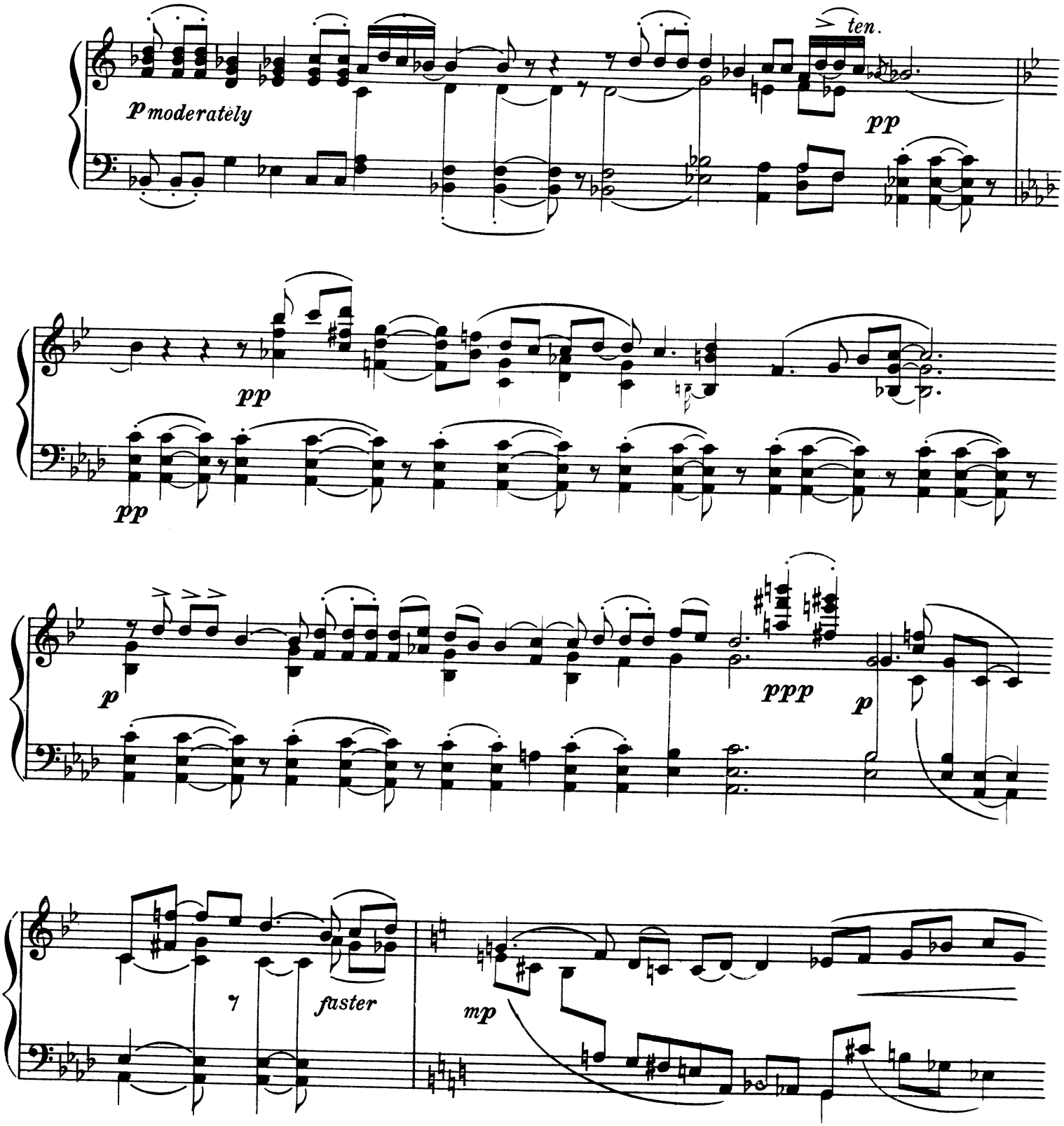

l.h.
r.h.
6
7
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.
fff
8va
l.h.
r.h.
l.h.
fff
faster if possible
sf
sf
sf
very slowly
ppp
rall.
very fast
r.h.
fff
l.h.
r.h.

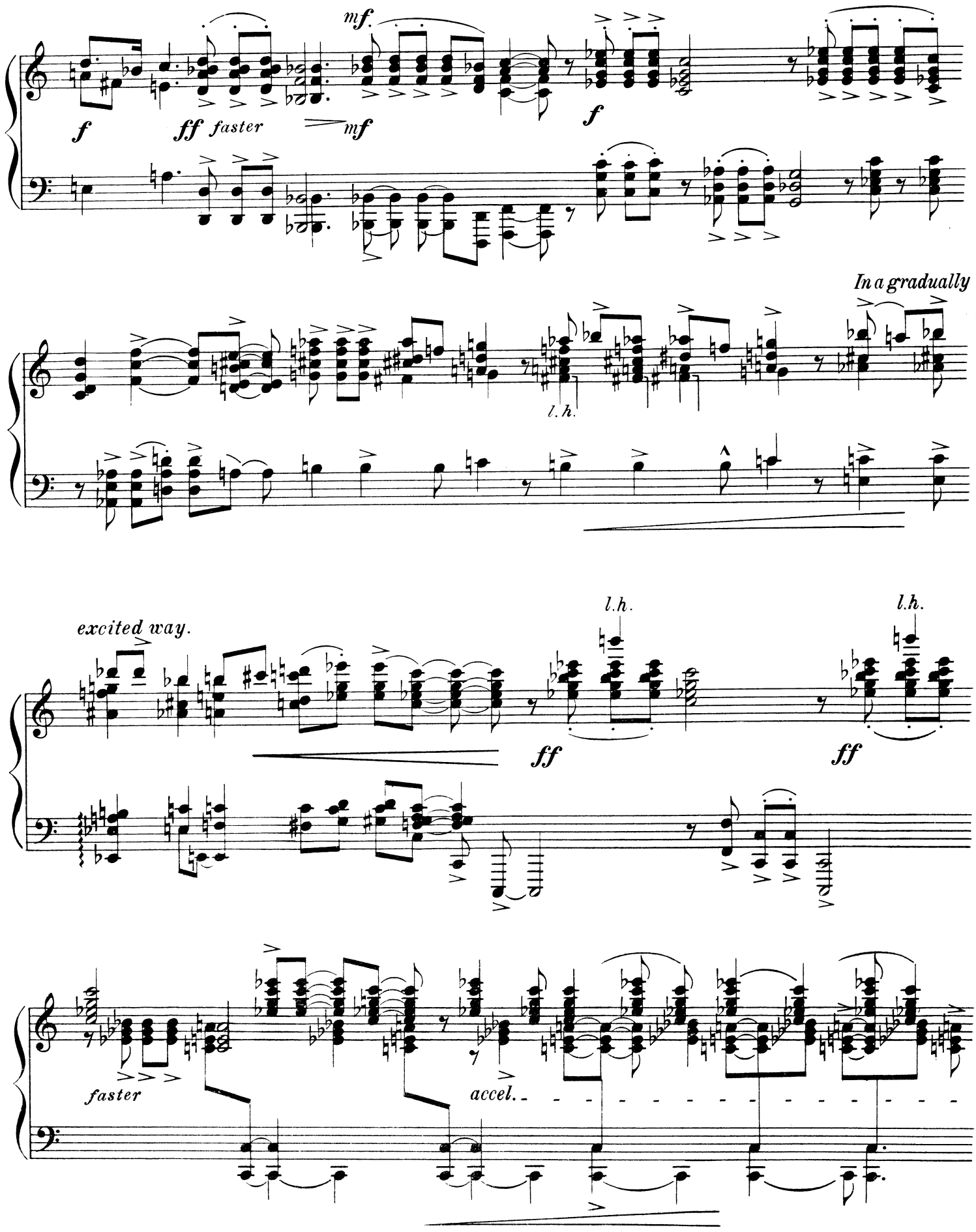
. . . Concord village, itself, reminds one of that common virtue lying at the height and root of all the Concord divinities. As one walks down the broad-arched street, passing the white house of Emerson—ascetic guard of a former prophetic beauty—he comes presently beneath the old elms overspreading the Alcott house. It seems to stand as a kind of homely but beautiful witness of Concord's common virtue—it seems to bear a consciousness that its past *is living,* that the "mosses of the Old Manse" and the hickories of Walden are not far away. Here is the home of the "Marches"—all pervaded with the trials and happiness of the family and telling, in a simple way, the story of "the richness of not having." Within the house, on every side, lie remembrances of what imagination can do for the better amusement of fortunate children who have to do for themselves—much-needed lessons in these days of automatic, ready-made, easy entertainment which deaden rather than stimulate the creative faculty. And there sits the little old spinet-piano Sophia Thoreau gave to the Alcott children, on which Beth played the old Scotch airs, and played at the *Fifth Symphony*.

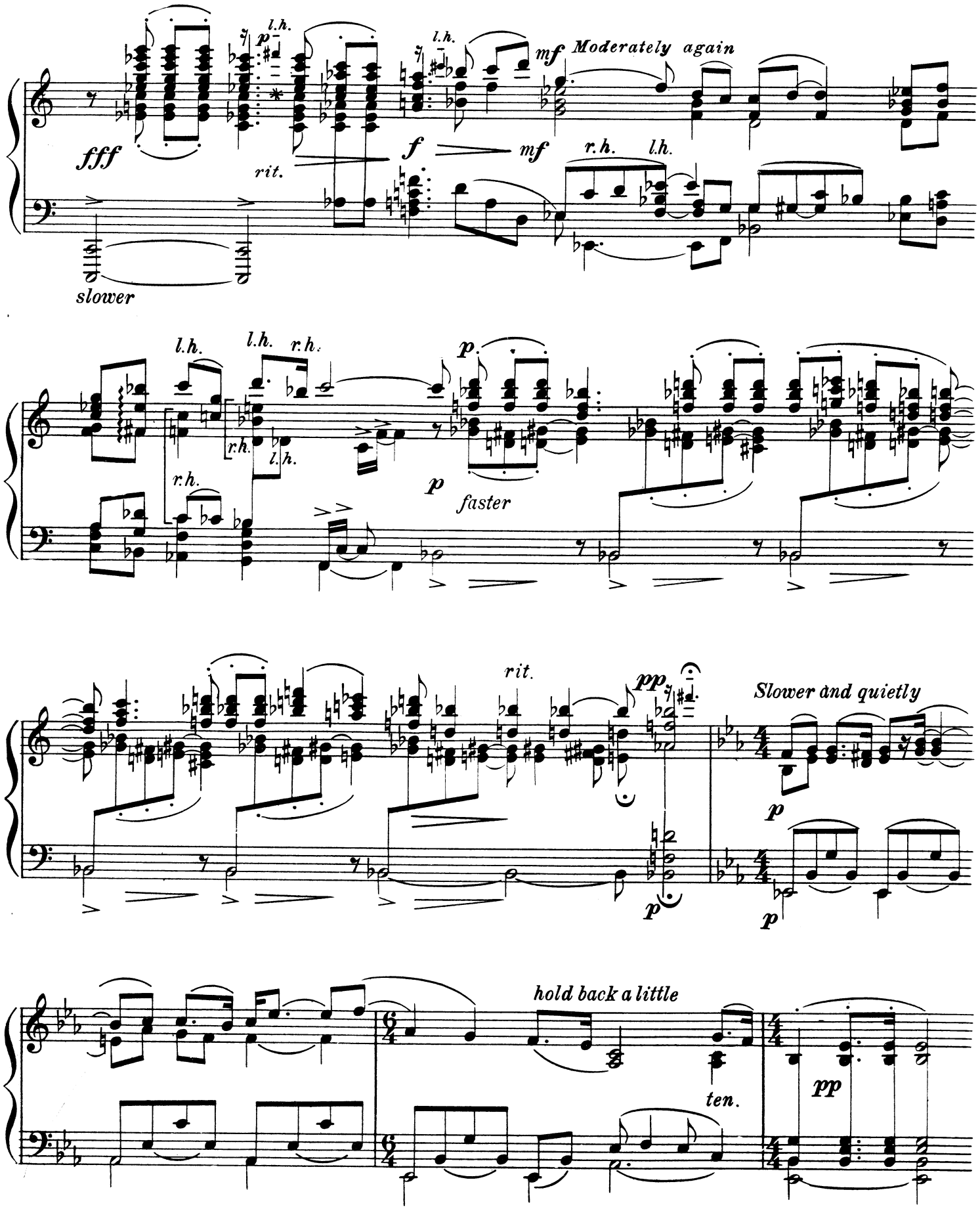
There is a commonplace beauty about "Orchard House"—a kind of spiritual sturdiness underlying its quaint picturesqueness—a kind of common triad of the New England homestead, whose overtones tell us that there must have been something æsthetic fibered in the Puritan severity—the self-sacrificing part of the ideal—a value that seems to stir a deeper feeling, a stronger sense of being nearer some perfect truth than a Gothic cathedral or an Etruscan villa. All around you, under the Concord sky, there still floats the influence of that human faith melody, transcendent and sentimental enough for the enthusiast or the cynic respectively, reflecting an innate hope—a common interest in common things and common men—a tune the Concord bards are ever playing, while they pound away at the immensities with a Beethovenlike sublimity, and with, may we say, a vehemence and perseverance—for that part of greatness is not so difficult to emulate.

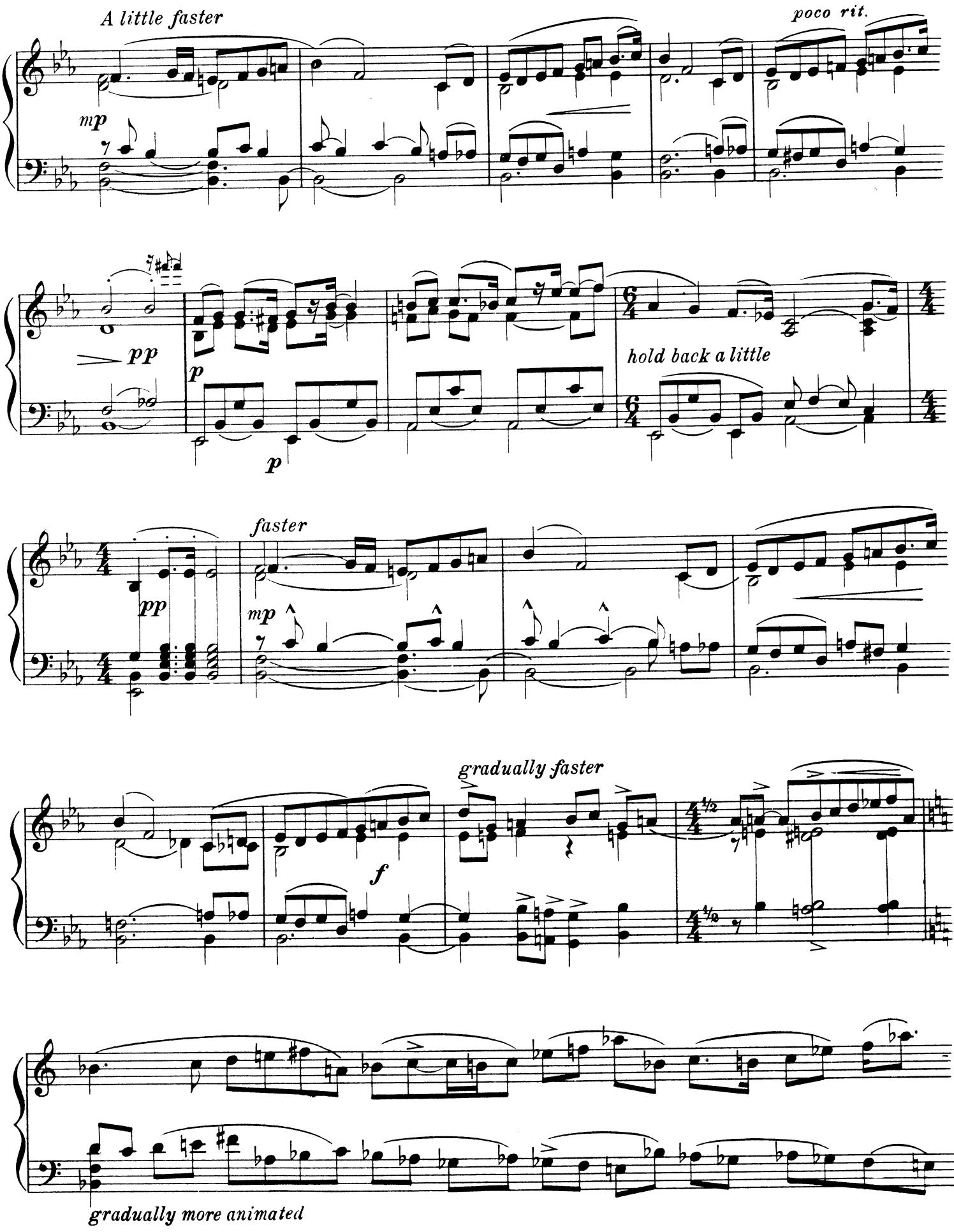
We dare not attempt to follow the philosophic raptures of Bronson Alcott—unless you will assume that his apotheosis will show how "practical" his vision in this world would be in the next. And so we won't try to reconcile the music sketch of the Alcotts with much besides the memory of that home under the elms—the Scotch songs and the family hymns that were sung at the end of each day—though there may be an attempt to catch something of that common sentiment (which we have tried to suggest above)—a strength of hope that never gives way to despair—a conviction in the power of the common soul which, when all is said and done, may be as typical as any theme of Concord and its transcendentalists.

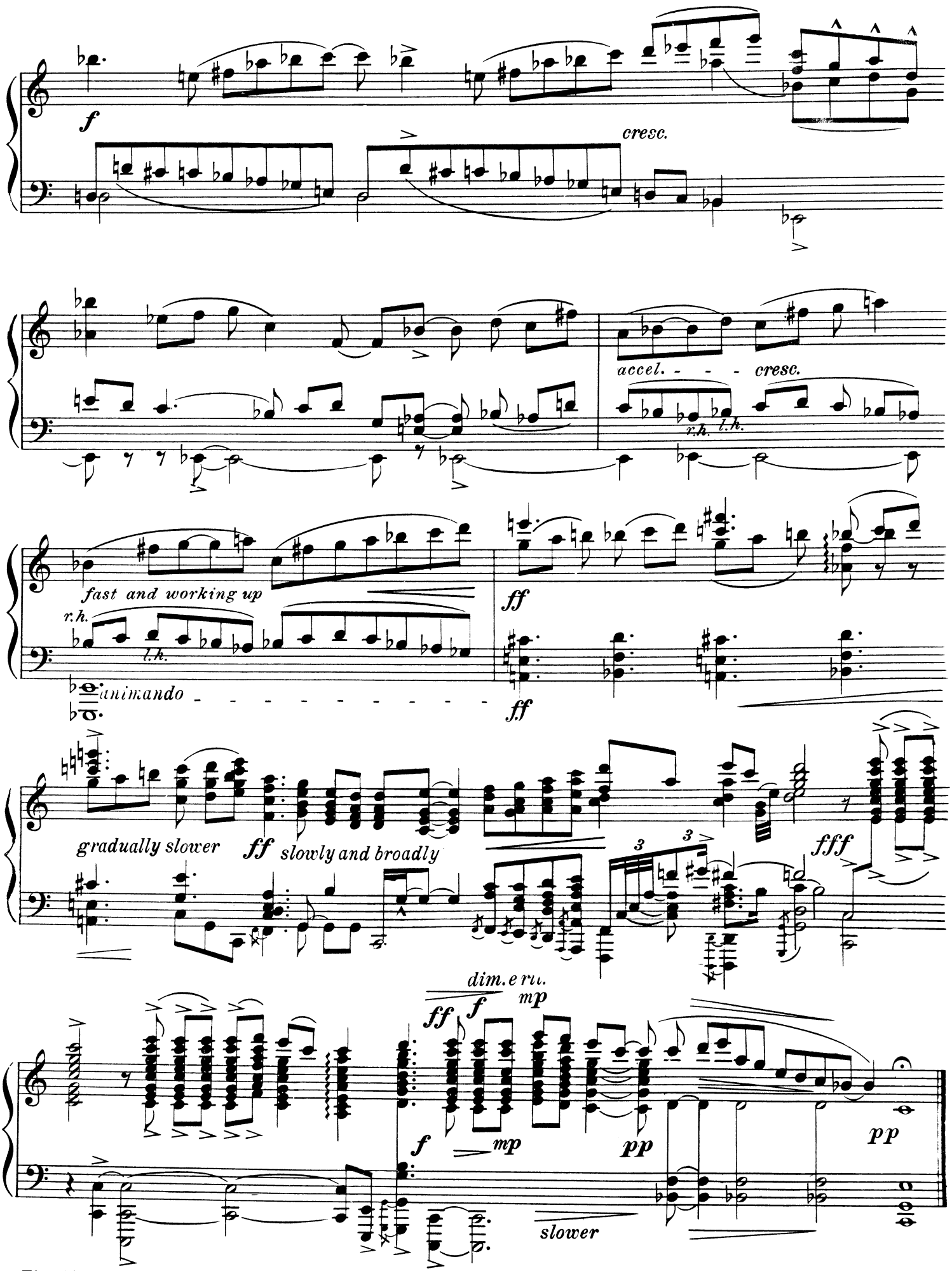
III. "The Alcotts"




mf.
f
ff faster
mf
f
In a gradually
l.h.
excited way.
l.h.
l.h.
ff
ff
faster
accel.


l.h.
p
l.h.
mf
Moderately again
fff
f
mf
r.h.
l.h.
rit.
slower
l.h.
l.h.
r.h.
r.h.
l.h.
p
p
faster
rit.
pp
Slower and quietly
p
p
p
hold back a little
ten.
pp


A little faster
poco rit.
mp
pp
p
p
hold back a little
faster
pp
mp
gradually faster
f
gradually more animated

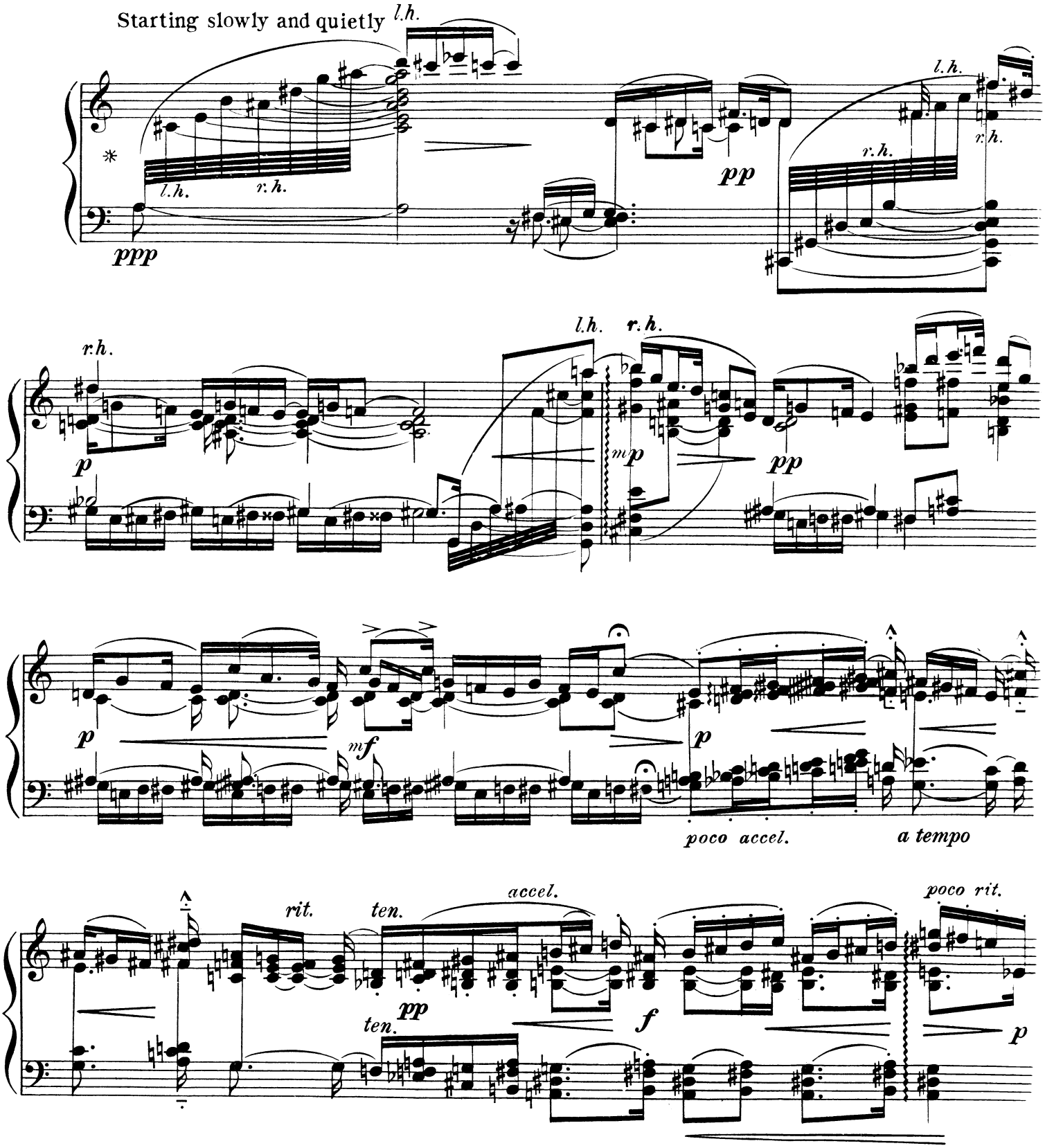

f
cresc.
accel. - - - cresc.
r.h.
l.h.
fast and working up
r.h.
l.h.
animando
ff
ff
gradually slower
ff slowly and broadly
fff
dim. e rit.
ff
f
mp
f
mp
pp
pp
slower

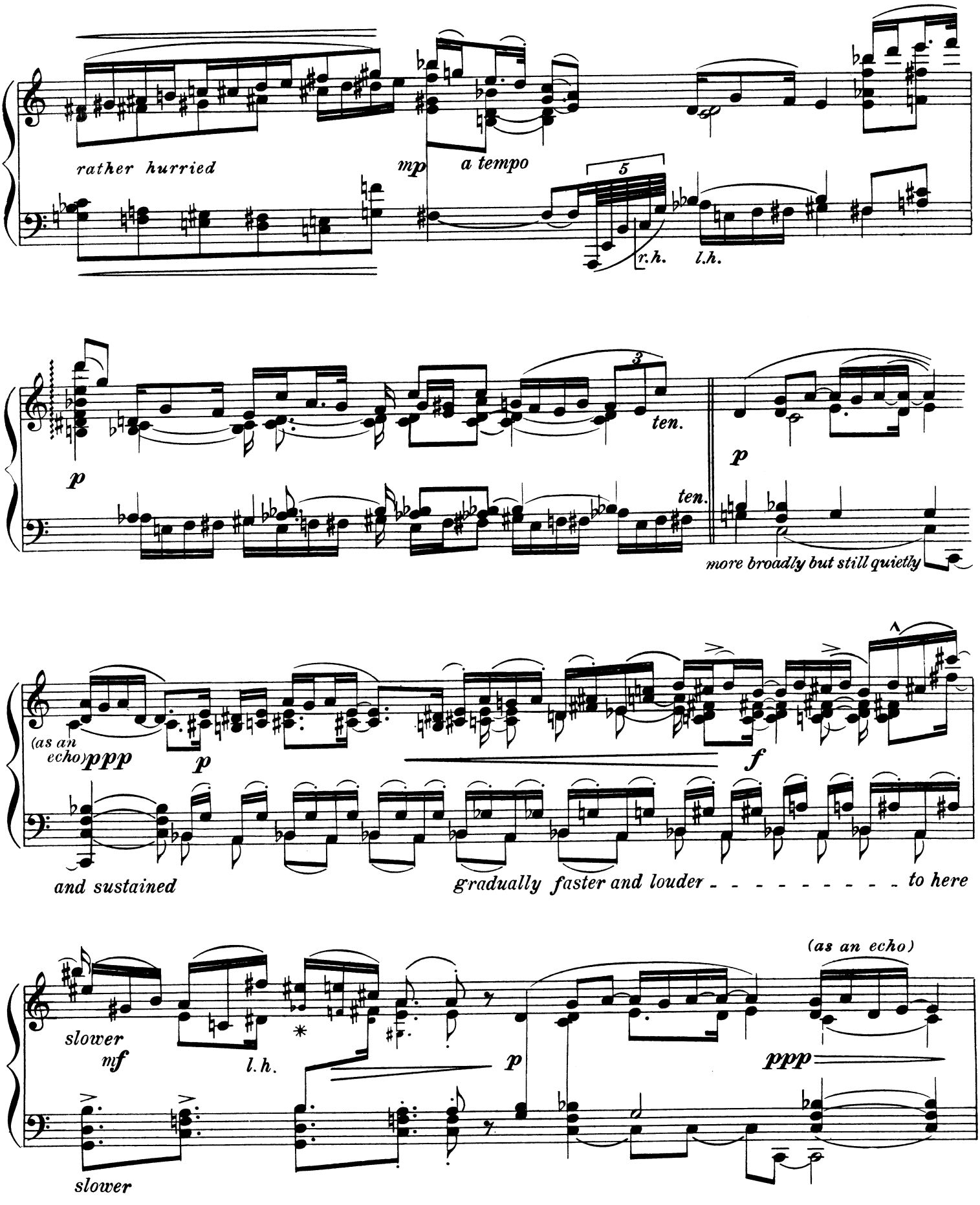
. . . And if there shall be a program let it follow his thought on an autumn day of Indian summer at Walden—a shadow of a thought at first, colored by the mist and haze over the pond:

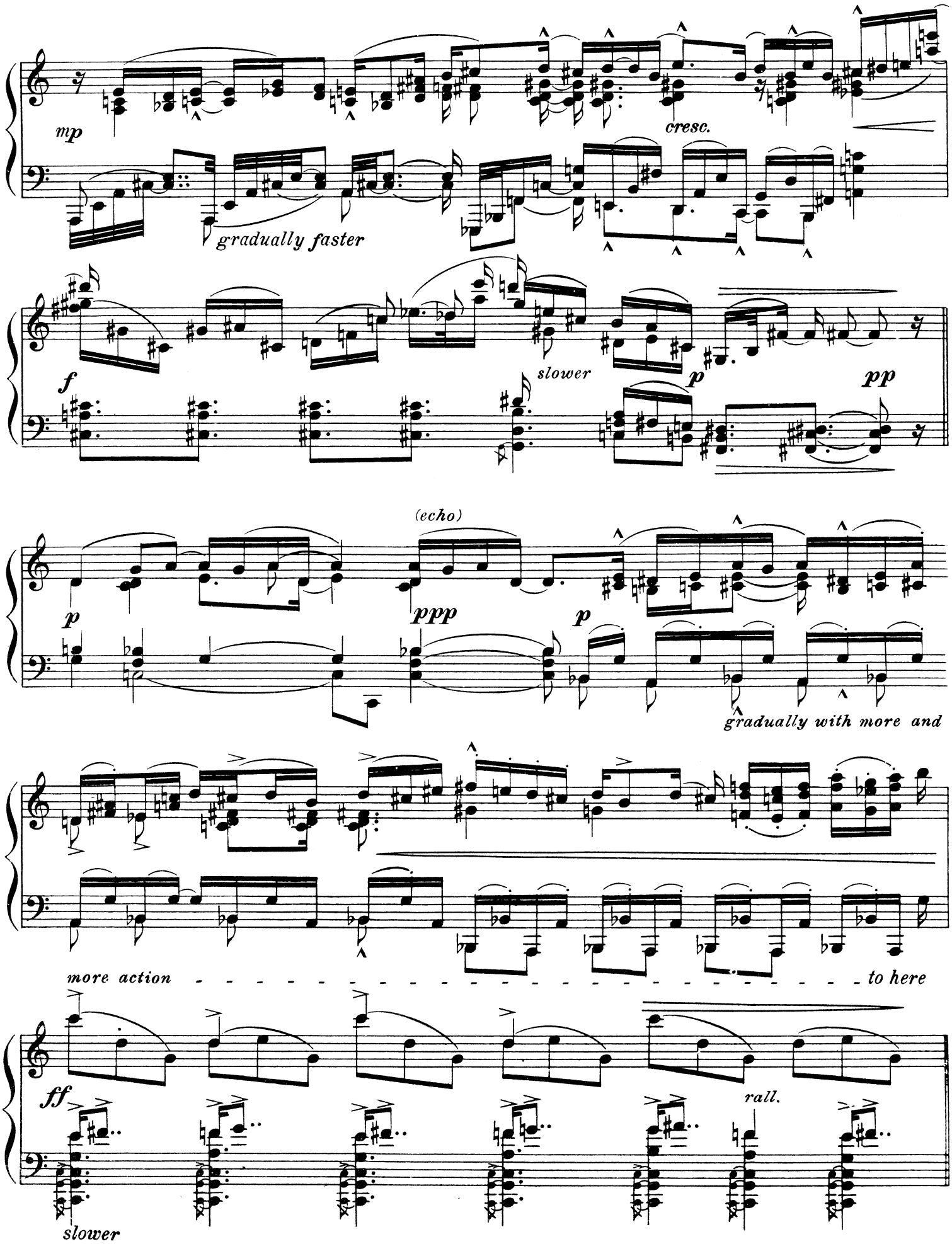
Low anchored cloud,
Fountain head and
Source of rivers. . . .
Dew cloth, dream drapery—
Drifting meadow of the air. . . .

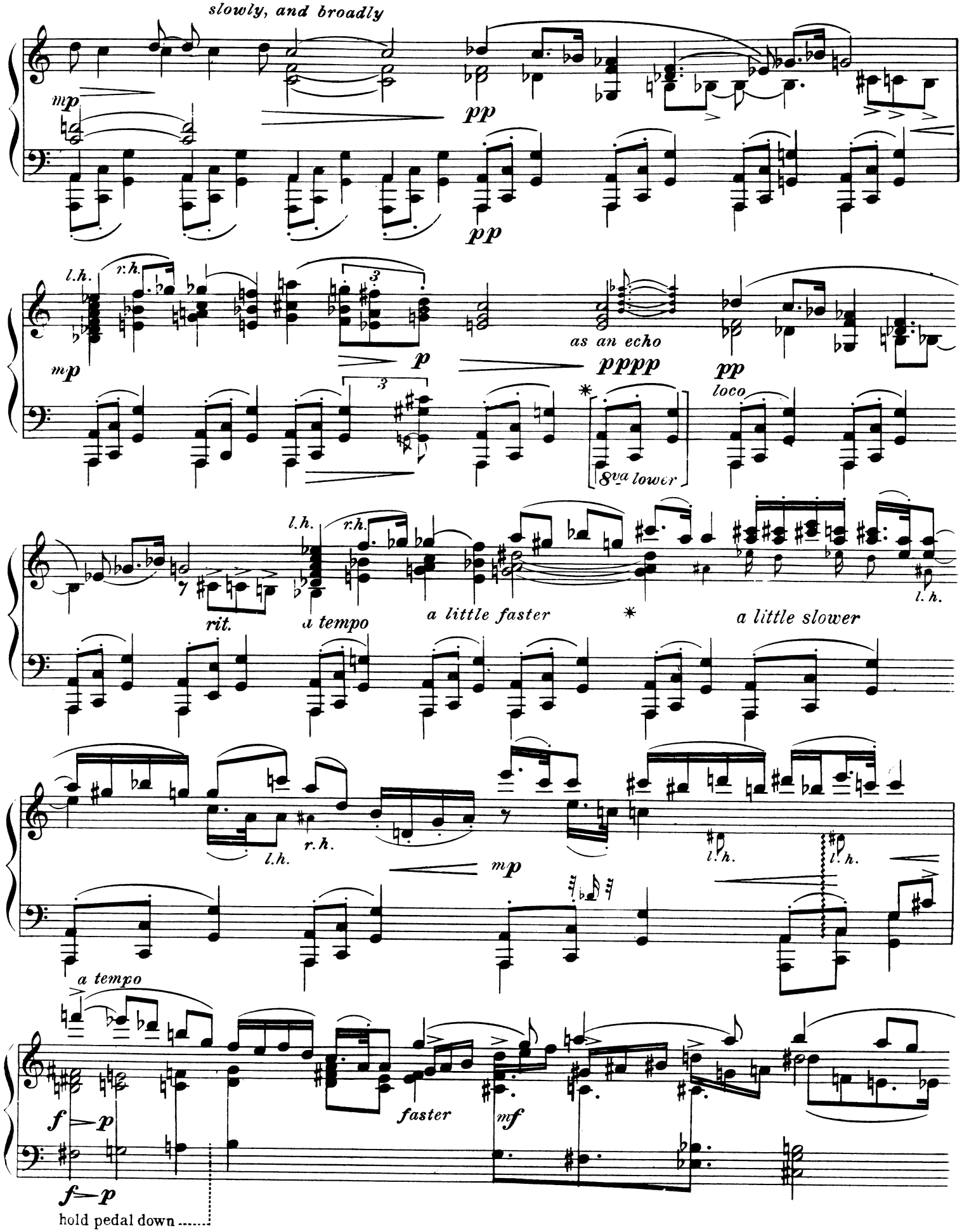
but this is momentary; the beauty of the day moves him to a certain restlessness—to aspirations more specific—an eagerness for outward action, but through it all he is conscious that it is not in keeping with the mood for this "Day." As the mists rise, there comes a clearer thought more traditional than the first, a meditation more calm. As he stands on the side of the pleasant hill of pines and hickories in front of his cabin, he is still disturbed by a restlessness and goes down the white-pebbled and sandy eastern shore, but it seems not to lead him where the thought suggests—he climbs the path along the "bolder northern" and "western shore, with deep bays indented," and now along the railroad track, "where the Æolian harp plays." But his eagerness throws him into the lithe, springy stride of the specie hunter —the naturalist—he is still aware of a restlessness; with these faster steps his rhythm is of shorter span—it is still not the *tempo* of Nature, it does not bear the mood that the genius of the day calls for, it is too specific, its nature is too external, the introspection too buoyant, and he knows now that he must let Nature flow through *him* and slowly; he releases his more personal desires to her broader rhythm, conscious that this blends more and more with the harmony of her solitude; it tells him that his search for freedom on that day, at least lies in his submission to her, for Nature is as relentless as she is benignant. He remains in this mood and while outwardly still, he seems to move with the slow, almost monotonous swaying beat of this autumnal day. He is more contented with a "homely burden" and is more assured of "the broad margin to his life; he sits in his sunny doorway . . . rapt in revery . . . amidst goldenrod, sandcherry, and sumach . . . in undisturbed solitude." At times the more definite personal strivings for the ideal freedom, the former more active speculations come over him, as if he would trace a certain intensity even in his submission. "He grew in those seasons like corn in the night and they were better than any works of the hands. They were not time subtracted from his life but so much over and above the usual allowance." He realized "what the Orientals meant by contemplation and forsaking of works." "The day advanced as if to light some work of his—it was morning and lo! now it is evening and nothing memorable is accomplished . . ." "The evening train has gone by," and "all the restless world with it. The fishes in the pond no longer feel its rumbling and he is more alone than ever. . . ." His meditations are interrupted only by the faint sound of the Concord bell—'tis prayer-meeting night in the village—"a melody as it were, imported into the wilderness. . . ." "At a distance over the woods the sound acquires a certain vibratory hum as if the pine needles in the horizon were the strings of a harp which it swept. . . . A vibration of the universal lyre. . . . Just as the intervening atmosphere makes a distant ridge of earth interesting to the eyes by the azure tint it imparts." . . . Part of the echo may be "the voice of the wood; the same trivial words and notes sung by the wood nymph." It is darker, the poet's flute is heard out over the pond and Walden hears the swan song of that "Day" and faintly echoes. . . . Is it a transcendental tune of Concord? 'Tis an evening when the "whole body is one sense," . . . and before ending his day he looks out over the clear, crystalline water of the pond and catches a glimpse of the shadow-thought he saw in the morning's mist and haze—he knows that by his final submission, he possesses the "Freedom of the Night." He goes up the "pleasant hillside of pines, hickories," and moonlight to his cabin, "with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself."

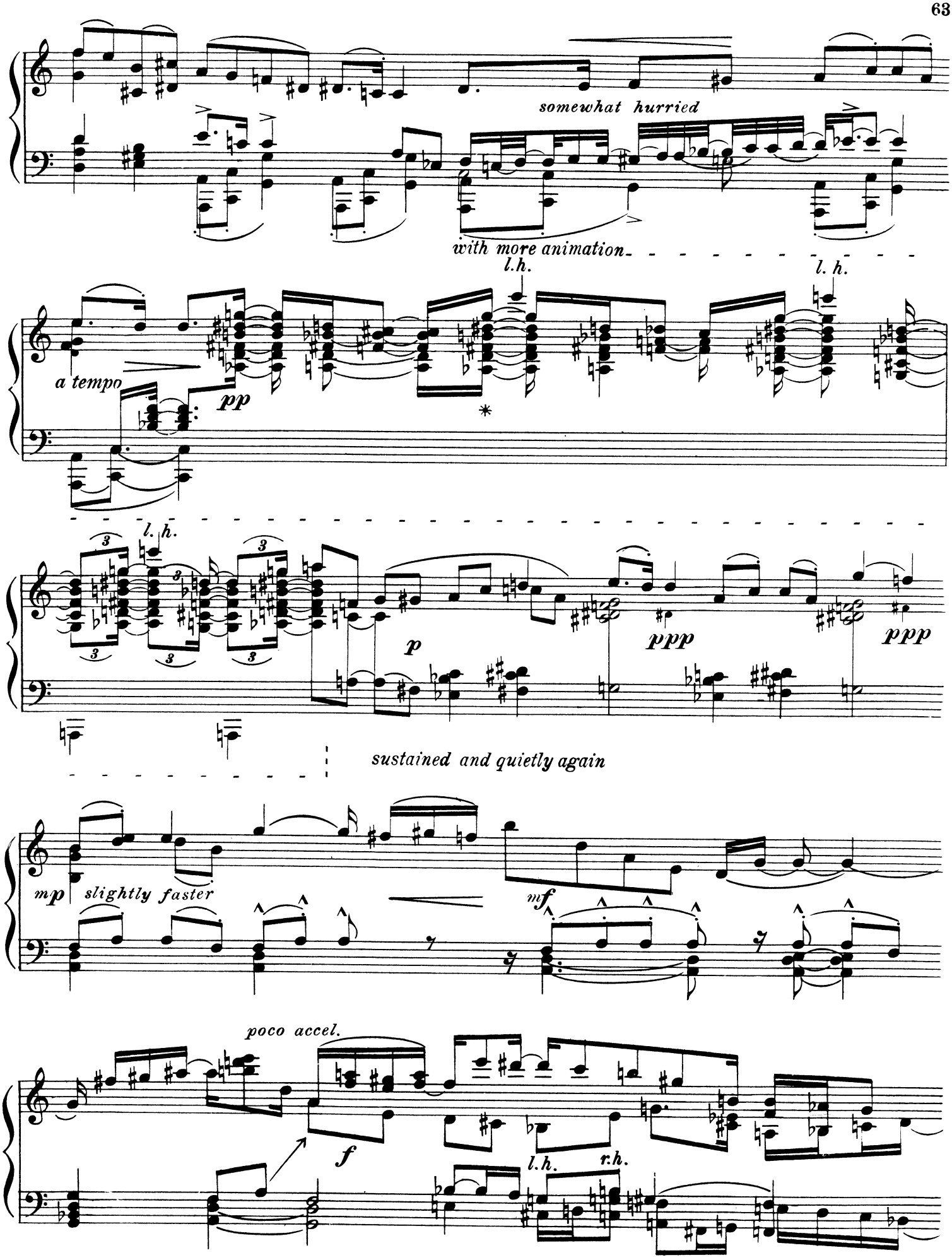
IV. "Thoreau"

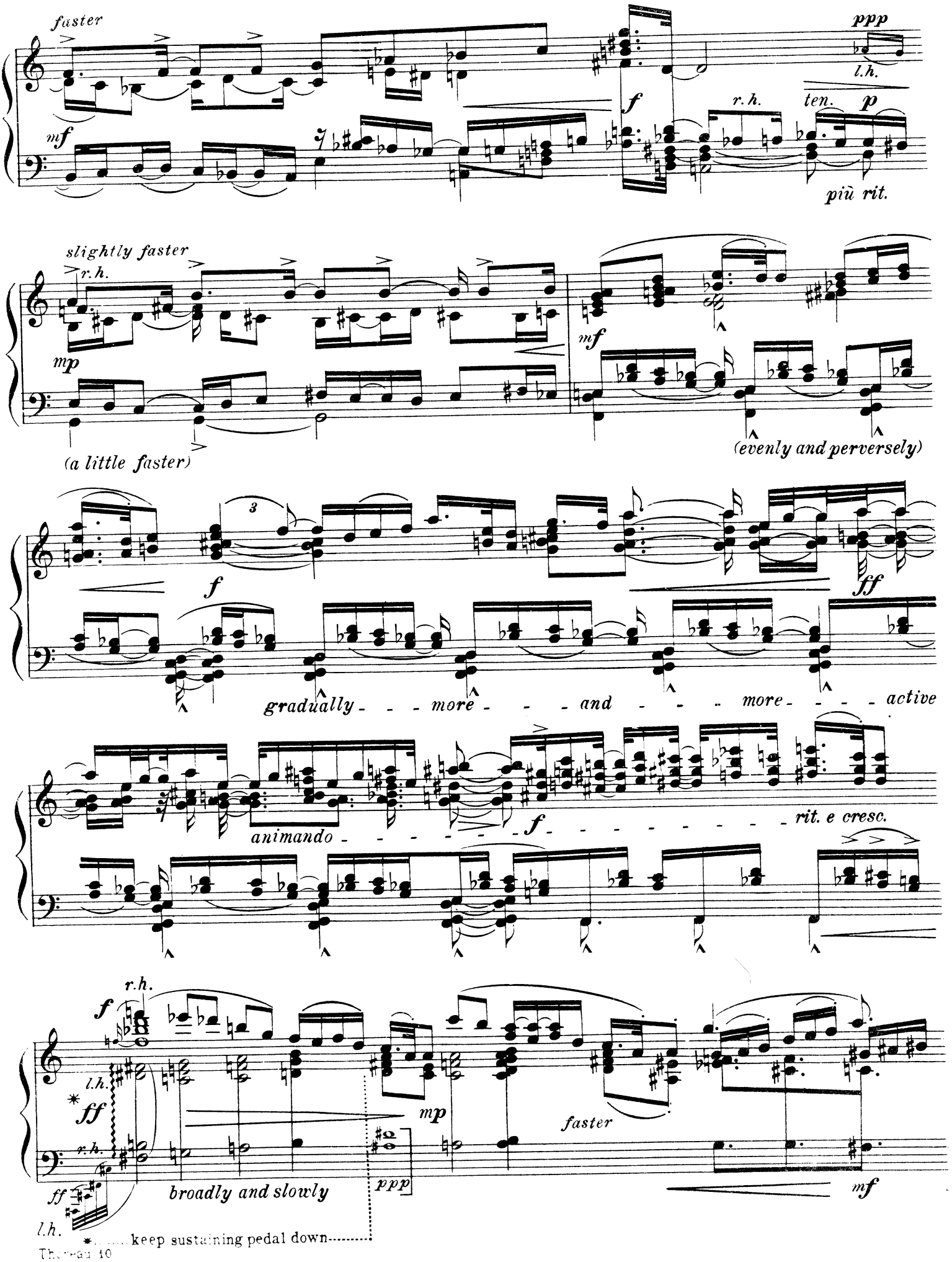

Starting slowly and quietly
l.h.
r.h.
ppp
pp
mp
mf
p
poco accel.
a tempo
rit.
ten.
accel.
poco rit.
f

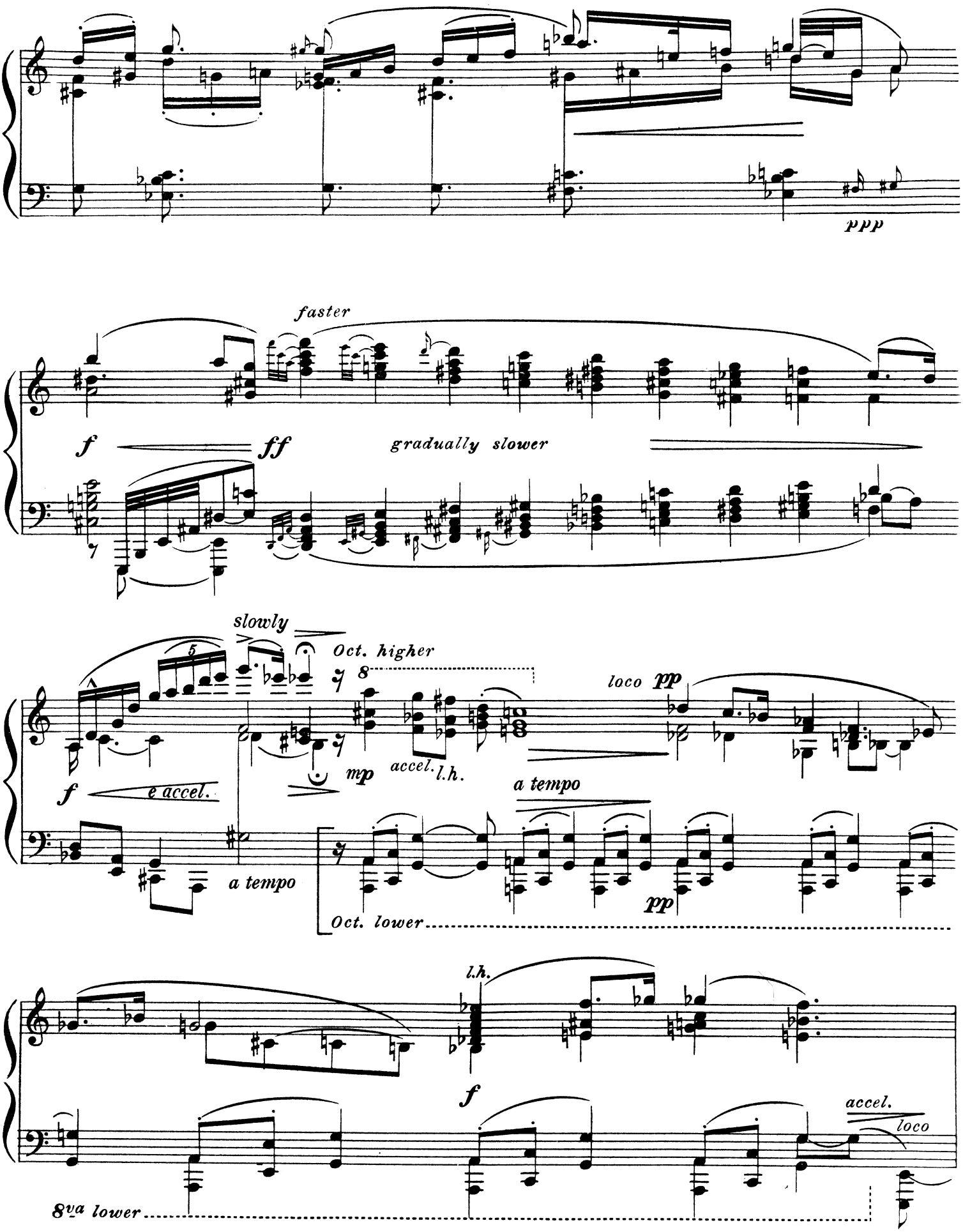

rather hurried
mp
a tempo
5
r.h.
l.h.
p
3
ten.
ten.
p
more broadly but still quietly
(as an echo)
ppp
p
f
and sustained
gradually faster and louder - - - - - - - - - - to here
slower
mf
l.h.
*
p
(as an echo)
ppp
slower

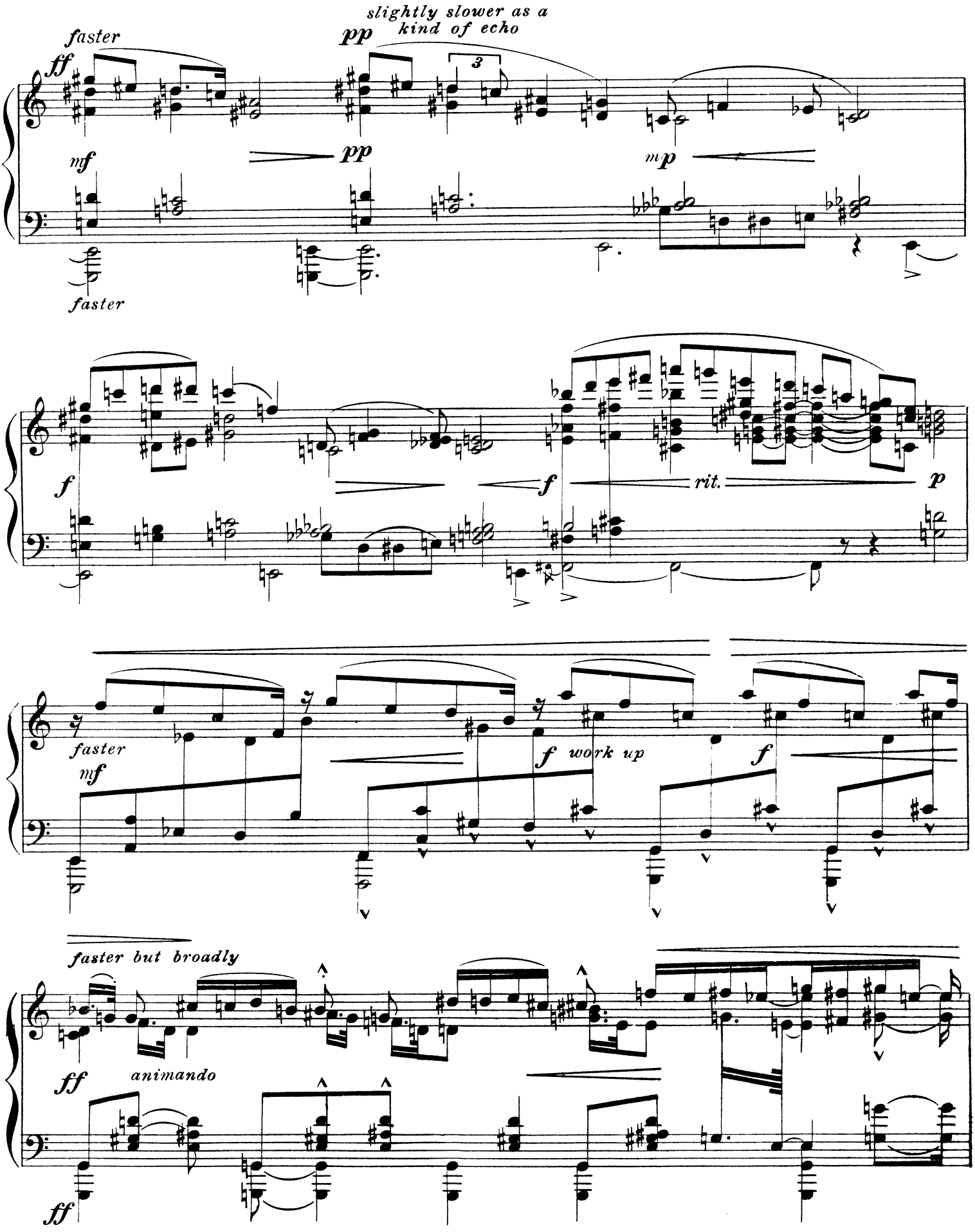

mp
cresc.
gradually faster
f
slower
p
pp
(echo)
p
ppp
p
gradually with more and
more action
to here
ff
rall.
slower

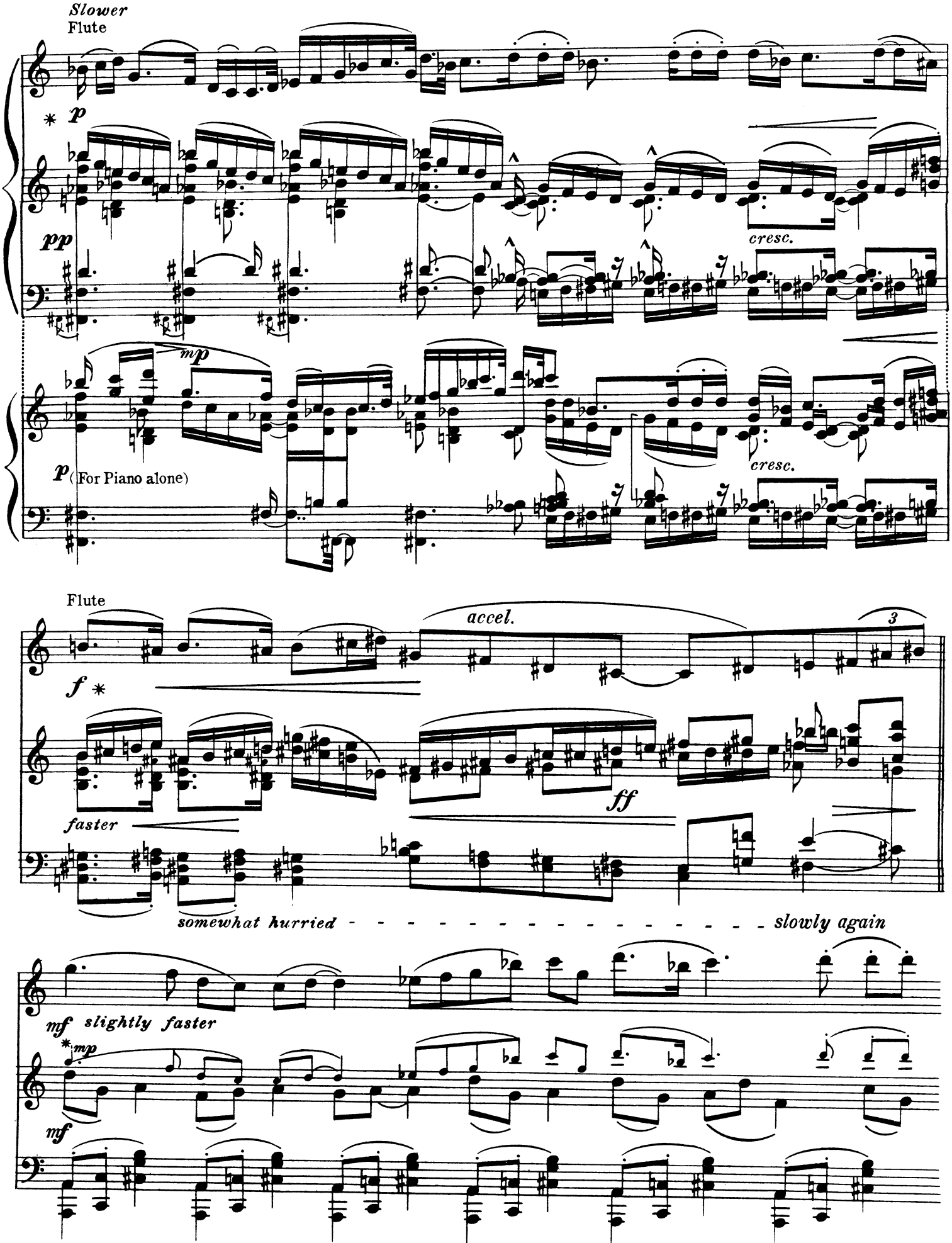

slowly, and broadly
mp
pp
pp
l.h.
r.h.
3
mp
p
as an echo
pppp
pp
loco
8va lower
l.h.
r.h.
rit.
a tempo
a little faster
a little slower
l.h.
l.h.
r.h.
mp
l.h.
l.h.
a tempo
f
p
faster
mf
f
p
hold pedal down


somewhat hurried
with more animation
l.h.
l. h.
a tempo
pp
*
l. h.
3
p
ppp
ppp
sustained and quietly again
mp
slightly faster
mf
poco accel.
f
l.h.
r.h.

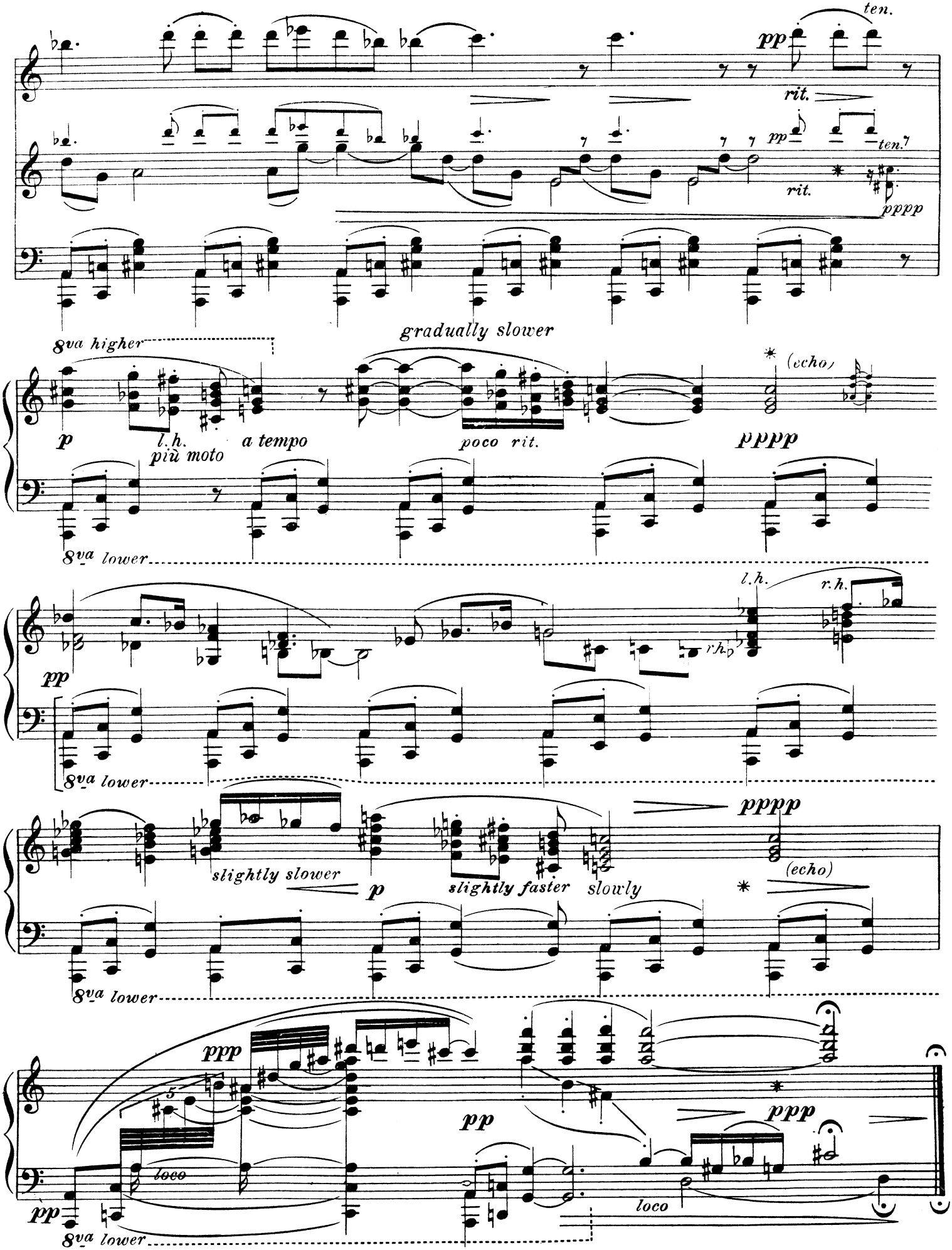

faster
mf
f
r.h.
ten.
p
ppp
l.h.
più rit.
slightly faster
r.h.
mp
(a little faster)
mf
(evenly and perversely)
f
ff
gradually - - - more - - - and - - - more - - - active
animando - - - - - - -
f - - - - - - - - rit. e cresc.
r.h.
f
l.h.
ff
r.h.
mp
faster
broadly and slowly
ppp
mf
ff
l.h.
keep sustaining pedal down


ppp
faster
f
ff
gradually slower
slowly
Oct. higher
8
loco pp
mp
accel.
l.h.
f
a tempo
a tempo
pp
Oct. lower
l.h.
f
accel.
loco
8va lower


faster
ff
slightly slower as a
kind of echo
pp
3
mf
pp
mp
faster
f
f
rit.
p
faster
mf
f work up
f
faster but broadly
ff
animando
ff



* Small notes in piano to be played only if flute is not used.


ten.
pp
rit.
pp
ten.
rit.
pppp
gradually slower
8va higher
p
l.h.
più moto
a tempo
poco rit.
(echo)
pppp
8va lower
l.h.
r.h.
pp
8va lower
pppp
slightly slower
p
slightly faster
slowly
(echo)
8va lower
ppp
5
pp
ppp
loco
pp
loco
8va lower

How far is anyone justified, be he an authority or a layman, in expressing or trying to express in terms of music (in sounds, if you like) the value of anything, material, moral, intellectual, or spiritual, which is usually expressed in terms other than music? How far afield can music go and keep honest as well as reasonable or artistic? Is it a matter limited only by the composer's power of expressing what lies in his subjective or objective consciousness? Or is it limited by any limitations of the composer? . . . . . .

. . . If one is willing to go no further than to accept the theory that music is the language of the emotions and *only* that,—the matter is perhaps an insoluble problem; but one becoming more interesting, perhaps more possible of solution, if instead of accepting the term "emotion" only as an "expression of" itself, it is received in a deeper sense—that is, that it is a feeling influenced by some experience perhaps of a spiritual nature in the expression of which the intellect has some part. "The nearer we get to the mere expression of emotion," says Professor Sturt in his *Philosophy of Art and Personality,* "as in the antics of boys who have been promised a holiday, the further we get away from art." . . . . .

. . . Whence comes the desire for expression? What is the source of instinctive feelings, these vague intuitions and introspective sensations? The more we try to analyze them the more vague they become. To pull them apart and classify them as "subjective" or "objective" or as this or as that, means, that they may be well classified and that is about all; it leaves us as far from the origin as ever. What does it all mean? What is behind it all? The "voice of God," says the artist, "the voice of the devil," says the man in the front row.

. . . Why try to trace any stream that flows through the garden of consciousness to its source only to be confronted by another problem of tracing this source to its source? Perhaps Emerson in the *Rhodora* answers by not trying to explain

That if eyes were made for seeing
Then beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O' rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

Perhaps Sturt answers by substitution: "We cannot explain the origin of an artistic intuition any more than the origin of any other primary function of our nature. But if as we see civilization is mainly founded on those kinds of interest, human interests which we call knowledge and morals, it is intelligible that we should have a parallel interest in that we call art closely akin and lending powerful support to the other two. It is intelligible too that moral goodness, intellectual power, high vitality, and strength should be approved by the intuition." This reduces, or rather brings the problem back to a tangible basis namely:—the translation of an artistic intuition into musical sounds approving and reflecting, or endeavoring to approve and reflect, a "moral goodness," a "high vitality," etc., or any other human attribute mental, moral, or spiritual.

Can music do *more* than this? Can it *do* this? and if so who and what is to determine the degree of its failure or success? The composer, the performer (if there be any), or those who have to listen? One hearing or a century of hearings?—and if it isn't successful or if it doesn't fail what matters it? A theme that the composer sets up as "moral goodness" may sound like "high vitality," to his friend and but like a "stagnant pool" to those not even his enemies. Expression to a great extent is a matter of terms and terms are anyone's. The meaning of "God" may have a billion interpretations if there be that many souls in the world.

There is a moral in the "Nominalist and Realist" that will prove all sums. It runs something like this: No matter how sincere and confidential men are in trying to know or assuming that they do know each other's mood and habits of thought, the net result leaves a feeling that all is left unsaid; for the reason of their incapacity to know each other, though they use the same words. They go on from one explanation to another but things seem to stand about as they did in the beginning "because of that vicious assumption." But we would rather believe that music is beyond any analogy to word language and that the time is coming, but not in our lifetime, when it will develop possibilities inconceivable now,—a language, so transcendent, that its heights and depths will be common to all mankind.

(From "*Prologue*.")

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(From "*Prologue.*")

. . . Can human qualities or attributes which go with personality be suggested, and artistic intuitions which parallel them be reflected in music? Actually accomplishing this is a problem, more or less arbitrary to an open mind, more or less impossible to a prejudiced mind.

That which the composer intends to represent as "high vitality" sounds like something quite different to different listeners. That which I like to think suggests Thoreau's submission to nature may, to another, seem something like Hawthorne's "conception of the relentlessness of an evil conscience"—and to the rest of our friends, but a series of unpleasant sounds. How can the composer be held accountable? Beyond a certain point the responsibility is more or less undeterminable. The outside characteristics—that is, the points furthest away from the mergings—are obvious to mostly anyone. A child knows a "strain of joy," from one of sorrow. Those a little older know the dignified from the frivolous—the Spring Song from the season in which the "melancholy days have come" (though is there not a glorious hope in autumn!). But where is the definite expression of late-spring against early-summer, of happiness against optimism? A painter paints a sunset—can he paint the setting sun?

In some century to come, when the school children will whistle popular tunes in quarter-tones—when the diatonic scale will be as obsolete as the pentatonic is now—perhaps then these borderland experiences may be both easily expressed and readily recognized. But maybe music was not intended to satisfy the curious definiteness of man. Maybe it is better to hope that music may always be a transcendental language in the most extravagant sense. Possibly the power of literally distinguishing these "shades of abstraction"—these attributes paralleled by "artistic intuitions" (call them what you will)—is ever to be denied man for the same reason that the beginning and end of a circle are to be denied. . . . . .

. . . Human attributes are definite enough when it comes to their description, but the expression of them, or the paralleling of them, has to be, as said above, more or less arbitrary, but we believe that their expression may be less vague if the basic distinction of this art dualism is kept in mind. It is morally certain that the higher part is founded, as Sturt suggests, on something that has to do with those kinds of unselfish human interests which we call knowledge and morality —knowledge, not in the sense of erudition, but as a kind of creation or creative truth. This allows us to assume that the higher and more important value of this dualism is composed of what may be called reality, quality, spirit, or substance against the lower value of form, quantity, or manner. Of these terms "substance" seems to us the most cogent, and comprehensive for the higher, and "manner" for the undervalue. Substance in a human-art-quality suggests the body of a conviction which has its birth in the spiritual consciousness, whose youth is nourished in the moral consciousness, and whose maturity as a result of all this growth is then represented in a mental image. This is appreciated by the intuition, and somehow translated into expression by "manner"—a process always less important than it seems, or as suggested by the foregoing (in fact we apologize for this attempted definition). So it seems that "substance" is too indefinite to analyze, in more specific terms. It is practically indescribable. Intuitions (artistic or not?) will sense it—process, unknown. Perhaps it is an unexplained consciousness of being nearer God, or being nearer the devil—of approaching truth or approaching unreality—a silent something felt in the truth-of-nature in Turner against the truth-of-art in Botticelli, or in the fine thinking of Ruskin against the fine soundings of Kipling, or in the wide-expanse of Titian against the narrow-expanse of Carpaccio, or in some such distinction that Pope sees between what he cals Homer's "invention" and Virgil's "judgment"—apparently an inspired imagination against an artistic care, a sense of the difference, perhaps, between Dr. Bushnell's *Knowing God* and knowing *about* God. A more vivid explanation or illustration may be found in the difference between Emerson and Poe. The former seems to be almost wholly "substance" and the latter "manner." The measure in artistic satisfaction of Poe's manner is equal to the measure of spiritual satisfaction in Emerson's "substance." The total value of each man is high, but Emerson's is higher than Poe's because "substance" is higher than "manner"—because "substance" leans towards optimism, and "manner" pessimism. We do not know that all this is so, but we feel, or rather know by intuition that it is so, in the same way we know intuitively that right is higher than wrong, though we can't always tell why a thing is right or wrong, or what is always the difference or the margin between right and wrong.

Beauty, in its common conception, has nothing to do with it (substance), unless it be granted that its outward aspect, or the expression between sensuous beauty and spiritual beauty can be always and distinctly known, which it cannot, as the art of music is still in its infancy. However, it cannot justly be said that anything that has to do with art has nothing to do with beauty in any degree,—that is, whether beauty is there or not, it has something to do with it. A casual idea of it, a kind of a first necessary-physical impression, was what we had in mind. Probably nobody knows what actual beauty is—except those serious writers of humorous essays in art magazines, who accurately, but kindly, with club in hand, demonstrate for all time and men that beauty is a quadratic monomial; that it *is* absolute; that it is relative; that it *is not* relative, that it *is not*. . . . The word "beauty" is as easy to use as the word "decadent." Both come in handy when one does or does not agree with you. For our part, something that Roussel-Despierres says comes nearer to what we like to think beauty is . . . "an infinite source of good . . . the love of the beautiful . . . a constant anxiety for moral beauty." Even here we go around in a circle—a thing apparently inevitable, if one tries to reduce art to philosophy. But personally, we prefer to go around in a circle than around in a parallelepipedon, for it seems cleaner and perhaps freer from mathematics—or for the same reason we prefer Whittier to Baudelaire—a poet to a genius, or a healthy to a rotten apple—probably not so much because it is more nutritious, but because we like its taste better; we like the beautiful and don't like the ugly; therefore, what we like is beautiful, and what we don't like is ugly—and hence we are glad the beautiful is not ugly, for if it were we would like something we don't like. So having unsettled what beauty is, let us be arbitrary enough to claim, with no definite qualification, that substance in music is the only valuable thing in it, and moreover that in two separate pieces of music in which the notes are almost identical, one can be of "substance" with little "manner," and the other can be of "manner" with little "substance." Substance has something to do with character. Manner has nothing to do with it. The "substance" of a tune comes from somewhere near the soul, and the "manner" comes from—God knows where. . . . . The humblest composer will not find true humility in aiming low—he must never be timid or afraid of trying to express that which he feels is far above his power to express, any more than he should be afraid of breaking away, when necessary, from easy first sounds, or afraid of admitting that those half truths that come to him at rare intervals, are half true, for instance, that all art galleries contain masterpieces which are nothing more than a history of art's beautiful mistakes.

If he "truly seeks," he "will surely find" many things to sustain him. He can go to a part of Alcott's philosophy—"that all occupations of man's body and soul in their diversity come from but one mind and soul!" If he feels that to subscribe to

all of the foregoing and then submit, though not as evidence, the work of his own hands is presumptuous, let him remember that a man is not always responsible for the wart on his face, or a girl for the bloom on her cheek, and as they walk out of a Sunday for an airing, people will see them—but they must have the air. He can remember with Plotinus, "that in every human soul there is the ray of the celestial beauty," and therefore every human outburst may contain a partial ray. And he can believe that it is better to go to the plate and strike out than to hold the bench down, for by facing the pitcher, he may then know the umpire better, and possibly see a new parabola. His presumption, if it be that, may be but a kind of courage Juvenal sings about, and no harm can then be done either side. "*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*"

. . . Many will resent the abrupt separation that a theory of duality in music suggests and say that these general subdivisions are too closely inter-related to be labeled decisively —"this or that." There is justice in this criticism, but our answer is that it is better to be short on the long than long on the short. In such an abstruse art as music it is easy for one to point to this as substance and to that as manner. Some will hold and it is undeniable—in fact quite obvious—that manner has a great deal to do with the beauty of substance, and that to make a too arbitrary division, or distinction between them, is to interfere, to some extent, with an art's beauty and unity. There is a great deal of truth in this too. But on the other hand, beauty in music is too often confused with something that lets the ears lie back in an easy chair. Many sounds that we are used to, do not bother us, and for that reason, we are inclined to call them beautiful. Frequently,—possibly almost invariably,—analytical and impersonal tests will show, we believe, that when a new or unfamiliar work is accepted as beautiful on its first hearing, its fundamental quality is one that tends to put the mind to sleep. A narcotic is not always unnecessary, but it is seldom a basis of progress,—that is, wholesome evolution in any creative experience. This kind of progress has a great deal to do with beauty—at least in its deeper emotional interests, if not in its moral values. (The above is only a personal impression, but it is based on carefully remembered instances, during a period of about fifteen or twenty years.) Possibly the fondness for individual utterance may throw out a skin-deep arrangement, which is readily accepted as beautiful—formulæ that weaken rather than toughen up the musical-muscles. If the composer's sincere conception of his art and of its functions and ideals, coincide to such an extent with these groove-colored permutations of tried out progressions in expediency, that he can arrange them over and over again to his transcendent delight—has he or has he not been drugged with an overdose of habit-forming sounds? And as a result do not the muscles of his clientele become flabbier and flabbier until they give way altogether and find refuge only in a seasoned opera box—where they can see without thinking? And unity is too generally concevied of, or too easily accepted as analogous to form, and form (as analogous) to custom, and custom to habit, and habit may be one of the parents of custom and form, and there are all kinds of parents. Perhaps all unity in art, at its inception, is half-natural and half-artificial, but time insists, or at least makes us, or inclines to make us feel that it is all natural. It is easy for us to accept it as such. The "unity of dress" for a man at a ball requires a collar, yet he could dance better without it. . . . . .

. . . Coherence, to some extent, is presumably something which satisfies the listener's subconscious perspective. But is this its only function? Has it not another of bringing outer or new things into a wider coherence? Is the side of the sense of perspection which is usually the first satisfied, unduly influenced by some things made by a narrow (though natural enough) conscious "plan of coherence"? How much of this influence is artificial and unnecessary? If this question could be answered (and I wouldn't want to try it), would it explain why many musicians are apt to slide easily into the habit of taking the "past" as a stronger criterion for the "future" than is fair to the "future"? A critic, by profession and nature, or anyone who has to listen to a hundred concerts a season, in which there is much repetition, not only of the same pieces, but the same formal relations of tones, cadences, progressions, etc., may subconsciously be over-influenced by a certain routine-series of image-stimulants, which he doesn't seem to need until they disappear. For some such cause, this man may find himself more inclined to "the thinking about" than "the thinking in music,"—more to "the looking towards it" than of "the going towards it." . . . . . .

. . . To Emerson, "unity and the over-soul, or the common-heart, are synonymous." Unity is at least nearer to these than to solid geometry, though geometry may be all unity.

But to whatever unpleasantness the holding to this theory of duality brings us, we feel that there is a natural law underneath it all, and like all laws of nature, a liberal interpretation is the one nearest the truth. . . . . .

. . . If an interest in, and a sympathy for those greater contemplations that have been caught, as it were, in the "World's Soul" and nourished for us there in the soil of its literature,—the thought-visions of men like Charles Kingsley, Marcus Aurelius, Whittier, Milton, Sophocles, Francis of Assisi, Voltaire, and all kindred spirits and souls of great measure, from David down to Rupert Brooke,—if a study of the thought of such men creates a sympathy, even a love for them and their ideal-part, it is certain that this, however inadequately expressed, is nearer to what music was given man for, than a devotion to "Tristan's sensual love of Isolde," to the "Tragic Murder of a Drunken Duke," or to the sad thoughts of a bath-tub when the water is being let out. . . .

. . . The plan rather embraces all that should go with an expression of the composite-value. It is of the underlying spirit, the direct unrestricted imprint of one soul on another, a portrait, not a photograph of the personality—it is the ideal part that would be caught in this canvas. It is a sympathy for "substance"—the over-value together with a consciousness that there must be a lower value—the "Demosthenic part of the Philippics"—the "Ciceronic part of the Catiline," the sublimity, against the vileness of Rousseau's *Confessions*. It is something akin to, but something more than these predominant partial tones of Hawthorne—"the grand old countenance of Homer; the decrepit form, but vivid face of Æsop; the dark presence of Dante; the wild Ariosto; Rabelais' smile of deep-wrought mirth; the profound, pathetic humor of Cervantes; the all-glorious Shakespeare; Spenser, meet guest for allegoric structure; the severe divinity of Milton; and Bunyon, molded of humblest clay, but instinct with celestial fire."

There are communities now, partly vanished, but cherished and sacred, scattered throughout this world of ours, in which freedom of thought and soul, and even of body, have been fought for. And we believe that there ever lives in that part of the over-soul, native to them, the thoughts which these freedom-struggles have inspired. America is not too young to have its divinities, and its place legends. Many of those "Transcendent Thoughts" and "Visions" which had their birth beneath our Concord elms—messages that have brought salvation to many listening souls throughout the world—are still growing, day by day, to greater and greater beauty—are still showing clearer and clearer man's way to God!

. . . The strains of one man may fall far below the course of those Phaetons of Concord, or of the Ægean Sea or of Westmoreland—but the greater the distance his music falls away, the more reason that some greater man shall bring his nearer those higher spheres.—(From "*Epilogue*.")

The reading matter throughout (except these last three pages) is taken from the composer's "Essays Before a Sonata," written primarily as a preface or reason for this [second pianoforte] Sonata—"Concord, Mass., 1840-60" a group of four pieces, called a sonata for want of a more exact name. The whole is an attempt to present [one person's] impression of the spirit of transcendentalism that is associated in the minds of many with Concord, Mass., of over a half century ago. This is undertaken in impressionistic pictures of Emerson and Thoreau, a sketch of the Alcotts, and a Scherzo supposed to reflect a lighter quality which is often found in the fantastic side of Hawthorne. The first and last movements do not aim to give any programs of the life or of any particular work of either Emerson or Thoreau but rather composite pictures or impressions.

The First Edition together with the Book of Essays was published in 1920. This Sonata was composed mostly in 1909 and 1910, the last movement fully completed in 1915. One of the principal themes and some passages were from an orchestral score—an Overture "Orchard House" (Alcotts) 1904. The first movement is partly from an uncompleted score of an Emerson Piano Concerto 1908-09. This movement for piano alone is not exactly an arrangement from the orchestral score. It is rather a kind of free translation, though there are several passages, not suggested in the score, but to a great extent, it has much of the form and subject matter from the score sketch. This Second Edition in some passages contains more of this score than does the First Edition, and also has a few revisions made since the First Edition was printed.

In sections and passages in which there are no key signatures nor measure marks, all notes as a general rule are natural except the same notes following that with an accidental in the same part; though occasionally to avoid confusion, the accidental is again inserted especially if one of these following notes is on the same beat, or in a chord in which the same notes as to line and space without an accidental in this or other octaves would make the insertion advisable.

I. EMERSON

* *p 1.* Throughout this movement, and to some extent in the others, there are many passages not to be too evenly played and in which the tempo is not precise or static; it varies usually with the mood of the day, as well as that of Emerson, the other Concord bards, and the player. A metronome cannot measure Emerson's mind and oversoul, any more than the old Concord Steeple Bell could. The tempo at starting may be around 72—80 = a quarter note. But even on the first page, during the 4th brace and the first part of the 5th, the quarter note may have climbed up to over a 100, though the tempi need not be precisely the same, each time played. The same essay or poem of Emerson may bring a slightly different feeling when read at sunrise than when read at sunset.

* *p 3 — (3rd brace).* The melody part marked Solo, in the lower line of the treble clef was originally a horn theme, and should be heard distinctly. It stops at the C# at the end of the brace and then becomes more a part of the counterpoint.

* *p 6 — (2nd brace.)* This *fff* chord may ring out just a little longer than a half note.

* *p 8 — (top brace).* Here begins a section which may reflect some of Emerson's poetry rather than the prose. Also some of the other passages may lean more towards the poetry than the prose.

* *p 9 — (4th brace).* The melodychords in R.H. are but to suggest some of the outdoor sounds over the Concord Hills and the right-foot-pedal beginning here can be guided by the phrase marks in the upper clef.

* *p 14 — (5th brace).* This is but one of Emerson's sudden calls for a Transcendental Journey, which may be more widely reflected on p. 17. Chord in R.H. *(3rd brace, page 17), three lowest notes A, B and C hit with thumb. In the chord at the end of the first measure, 5th brace, on this page, the lower D (L.H.) may be left out, the middle finger (L.H.) hitting the B♮ and C, first finger the D, and the thumb striking the E and F in as strong and hard a way as possible, almost as though the Mountains of the Universe were shouting as all of Humanity rises to behold the "Massive Eternities" and the "Spiritual Immensities."

p 19 — (3rd brace). The four small notes in lower clef, B flat, A, F♯ and G, if played, may be struck lightly by the left hand as quickly after the bass octaves are played as possible.

(last brace). The upper C♯'s and E's in treble clef but played by L.H. are but to reflect the overtones of the soul of humanity and as they rise away almost inaudibly to the Ultimate Destiny.

II. HAWTHORNE

* *p 21.* For the most part, this movement is supposed to be played as fast as possible and not too literally. Marks of tempo, expression, etc. are used as little as possible. If the score itself, the preface or an interest in Hawthorne suggest nothing, marks may only make things worse.

It is not intended that the relation 2 : 1 between the 32nd and 16th notes here be held to always literally.

The use of the sustaining pedal is almost constantly required.

* *p 25.* The group chords in upper clefs, played by using a strip of board 14¾ inches long and heavy enough to press the keys down without striking.

* *p 26 (top brace).* These chords and others, somewhat similar, are more as arpeggios "from hand to hand" rather than from "finger to finger."

* *p 30 (lowest brace).* The smaller notes here if played, instead of the usual sized notes in same L.H. part, will not slow up the speed as some of the wider jumps would.

* *p 33 (top brace).* The first chord in the Hymn, *(ppp)*, is to be played before the *ffff* chord held with right foot pedal is stopped — as a Hymn is sometimes heard over a distant hill just after a heavy storm. The above also applies to the *'s in the 1st and 2nd braces p. 34.

* *p 34 — (3rd and 4th braces).* Here the Hymn for a moment is slightly held up by a Friendly Ghost in the Church Yard.

* *p 34 — (bottom brace — last measure).* The D♯'s in the treble clef — also bass clef in first two measures, p. 35 — are hit hard by the L.H. as a trombone would sometimes call the Old Cornet Band to march.

p 36 — (bottom brace). A Drum Corps gets the best of the Band — for a moment.

* *p 37.* Playing the smaller notes in L.H. will help to keep the speed.

* *p 41 — (3rd brace).* The L.H. hits hard the lower B flat CGAB natural.

(5th brace). These group-chords in R.H. may, if the player feels like it, be hit with the clenched fist, and in the last measure of this brace the L.H. run-ups may be played as suggested in the first two measures in same staff.

* *p 42 — (4th brace).* After the first chord the G (eighth note) in R.H. is played slightly after the chord, so that the phrase of the distant hymn may be heard as such.

* *p 45 — (4th and 5th braces).* Small notes ad lib, instead of the others on same beat in L.H. which may tend to slow up the speed.

* *p 47 — (2nd brace).* The small B natural (L.H.) may be left out.

* *p 48 — 4th brace).* Here again small notes are ad lib.

* *p 49 — (2nd brace).* In several places from here to the end of this movement the accents in both hands, as they are often on different beats, should be hit as hard as possible.

* *p 50 — (3rd brace).* As it is very difficult to play this "call of the cloud breakers" as fast as it wants to go, the lowest note in the R.H. chords may be omitted (ad lib).

III. THE ALCOTTS

p 55. The high small notes, F♯ and C♯, in R.H., 1st brace, 3rd brace F♯, and p. 56, 2nd brace, may be held a little longer before the next chord is played. They are but a kind of overtone echoes over the "Orchard House" elms.

IV. THOREAU

* *p 59.* This Thoreau movement is supposed to be played in a lower dynamic ratio than usual; — i.e., the "f" here is about the "*mf*" of the preceding movements. Both pedals are used almost constantly.

* p 60 — *(4th brace)*. Small notes in treble clef ad lib but pp if played, while the other notes on same beat are *mf*.

p 62 — **(2nd brace)*. As a distant echo over Walden.

p 62 — **(3rd brace)*. Small notes here *ppp* but better played than omitted.

* p 67. A flute may play throughout this page but stops at end of 1st brace on next page (68). If no flute, the brace below the first (p 67) is for piano alone, and the small notes in these two lower braces and in the 1st brace on last page are to be played — but Thoreau much prefers to hear the flute over Walden.

* p 68 — *(2nd brace)*. The last two chords (treble clef) are but distant echoes over the lake, the one in small notes if played is to be scarcely audible.

**(4th brace)*. This echo may be played as the one above.

**(5th brace)*. If the last chord (treble clef) is not sounding when the last note C♯ (L.H.) is played, it may be played again with the C♯ but *pppp*.

Sometimes, as on pages 62—65—68, an old Elm Tree may feel like humming a phrase from "Down in the Corn Field," but usually very slowly; perhaps a quarter note goes down to 50, even lower, or thereabouts — as the weather vane on the old Red Barn may direct.

As there have been many requests for copies of critical and descriptive articles about this Sonata, the following may be of some interest. But it is also included as a kind of "memorial" to four sincere and gifted critics of music and literature — now gone to the next world:

"Any effect which goes deeper into some mode or thought or manner of living essentially and exclusively American must interest as a movement in the direction of artistic integrity. It would not be the 'national' characteristics which would have value, save as they grew flower-like from bole and branch, it would be the value of some unique phase of our North American life brought to artistic expression . . . The interest becomes astonishment when the printed score of one of the larger works reveals music unlike anything one has seen before — a broad, strong and original style with no recognizable derivations from Debussy, Strauss or Stravinsky. . . . Turning to the book, we find a score without time or key signature and no measure divisions. Certain rhythmical divisions supply guidance. The music is broad and stately, the rhythmic arches are very wide. . . . It sways as freely as a tree top in the wind. Indeed there is no unity of idea in the sense that one part grows out of another. One feels only a psychic kind of connection that might, in this case, reasonably be called a musical logic. The Emerson movement is as majestic and free as clouds with the certainty of carved bronze." (HENRY BELLAMANN — New Orleans Magazine of Art, Oct. 1919.)

"This Sonata is exceptionally great music—it is, indeed, the greatest music composed by an American, and the most deeply and essentially American in impulse and implication. It is wide-ranging and capacious. It has passion, tenderness, humor, simplicity, homeliness. It has imaginative and spiritual vastness. It has wisdom, beauty and profundity, and a sense of the encompassing terror and splendor of human life and human destiny — a sense of those mysteries that are both human and divine. . . .

"The Hawthorne movement is a Scherzo of unearthly power and intensity, transcending its subject. In the Thoreau movement, there is music of a poetic fervor and exaltation in which the essence of Thoreau's imagination is magically captured and conveyed. The third movement, The Alcotts, evokes for us Concord Village itself, 'which reminds one of that common virtue lying at the height and root of all the Concord divinities.' . . .

"But it is the thought of Emerson that thas drawn from Mr. Ives a quality of musical utterance which is altogether extraordinary and unique . . . pages in which the expressional power of musical speech is mysteriously extended and released. This is wonderful writing, alembicated and otherworldly; music worthy of the great and mystical sayings of Emerson himself. . . .

". . . Charles Ives is as unchallengeably American as the Yale Fence. . . .

"It remains to be added that to Mr. John Kirkpatrick, who made this music known to us in its entirety, an immeasurable debt of gratitude is due. His own achievement as an artist was something not soon to be forgotten — a prodigious feat of memory and execution. The Sonata is almost unplayable. Its difficulties are appalling. Mr. Kirkpatrick conquered them as though they did not exist. His performance was that of a poet and a master, an unobstrusive minister of genius."

*(LAWRENCE GILMAN—"A Masterpiece of American Music," New York Herald Tribune—January 21, 1939)

"That is Ives; the American as an artist, as a composer, and the foremost of the Americans who have expressed their feelings of life in musical forms. . . . The Concord Sonata indeed remains the solidest piece of piano music composed by an American. Its beauty and its significance still surprise us; they still are one of the wonders of the last years, which have revealed them."

*(PAUL ROSENFELD—"Discoveries of a Music Critic" Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1936)

"ESSAYS BEFORE A SONATA"—by Charles E. Ives, Knickerbocker Press, New York.

"Charles Ives is a graduate of the Class of 1898, and is a son-in-law of the Yale Corporation. He is a musician, and has for once changed from notation into type. This is a brilliant and provocative book, full of challenging ideas, and marked by chronic cerebration. I enjoyed every page of it, and I heartily recommend it to those who have minds, and who wish to use them."

*(PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS—Yale Alumni Weekly, New Haven, Connecticut, December 17, 1920.)

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