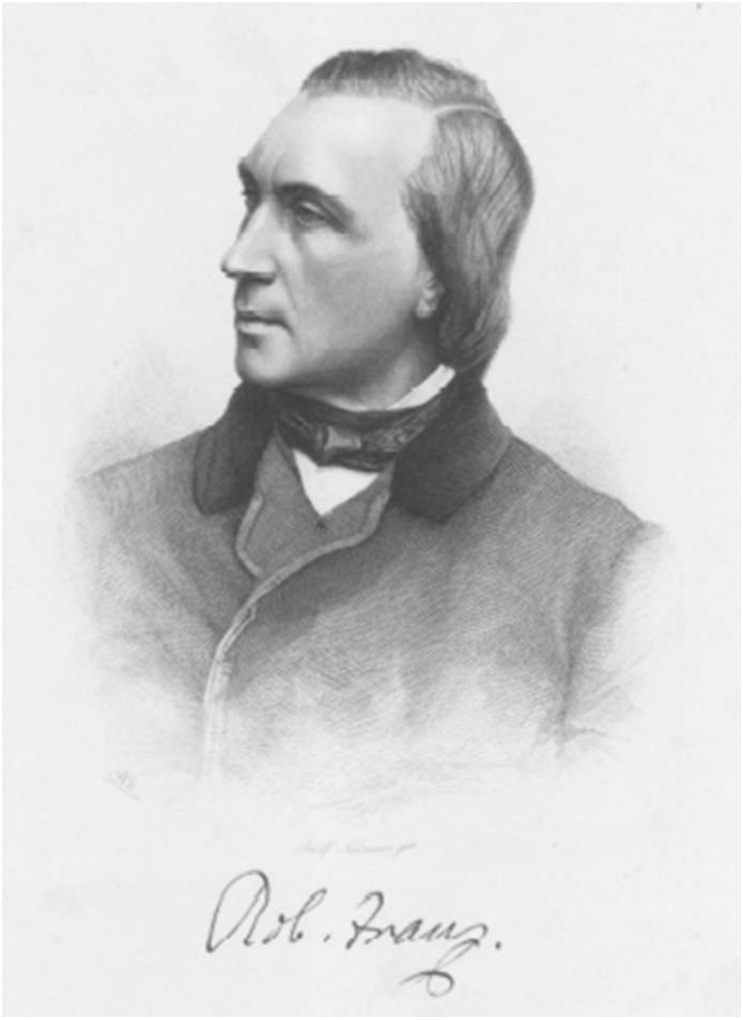
R O B E R T F R A N Z

Ordinary Man, Extraordinary Songs

PROGRAM NOTES



Tim Krol
Baritone

Michael T.C. Hey
Piano

Mark Janas
Piano

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Piano

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Piano

"Your songs have pleased me uncommonly—as none others for a long time."
Robert Schumann, in a letter to Robert Franz

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Franz Found!

It all started in the fall of 2014, when baritone and voice teacher Tim Krol made a house call to work with a new voice student named Rita Greenstein. After their first session, Rita asked, "Have you ever heard of Robert Franz?" Tim shook his head. Rita showed Tim a tattered old songbook: *Fifty Songs by Robert Franz*. She then walked over to her piano, opened the book, and invited Tim to read through a few of the songs.

It was not long before Tim found himself marveling at how beautifully and uniquely each song reflected the text of each poem. It was a revelation for him after 30 years of studying voice, 20 years of teaching voice, and learning countless songs in countless genres. It seemed as if Franz had transformed the poetry into music just as brilliantly as Schubert, Schumann, or Wolf; and yet, there was something special about Franz's approach. It seemed as though he honored the established structure and style, yet he also seemed to challenge that paradigm with a fresher, more experimental approach. It was as if Franz dove in head-first to the emotional core of each poem, honestly reporting on what he saw, heard, and felt, and doing so without any unnecessary fanfare.

Interestingly, most of Franz's songs are relatively short. Some may consider this a weakness, especially Franz's 19th century audiences, whose musical tastes were shifting towards larger, more dramatic works. However, in this day and age of Twitter, where brevity is the name of the game, perhaps the 21st century listener is perfectly suited to take on the music of Robert Franz!

This digital audio release, *ROBERT FRANZ, Ordinary Man, Extraordinary Songs: Album One*, is the first installment in a series of albums dedicated to bringing Robert Franz's music back to life. For

Album One, Tim and Rita focused on Franz's most concise songs, each one averaging about one minute in length. It includes 39 Franz songs and five songs by Franz's wife, Marie Hinrichs.

If you have not already purchased *Album One,* visit FranzFound.com and click the *Album One* page. You can also download and print the side-by-side German and English translations, available as a downloadable PDF, located near the top of the *Album One* page.

THE STORY OF ROBERT FRANZ

By Rachel Hildebrandt and Tim Krol

Nineteenth-century Germany might conjure up dramatic and romantic images of the era's greatest composers, like Richard Wagner's *Ring Cycle*, Felix Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, or the great art songs of Franz Schubert and Robert Schumann.

Sadly, history has quietly forgotten countless other talented musicians, who worked just as hard as these greats, exhibiting true brilliance in their published works. Robert Franz (1815-1892) was one such figure. His entire family had long been involved in the salt business, and it was made clear early on that young Robert would someday take over the family business. Yet Franz had no interest in doing so. In his early teens he discovered a rickety spinet piano in the home of a relative, and it was through that instrument that he realized his passion for music.

It took several years for Franz's parents to warm up to the idea that their son wished to pursue music as a career. Franz's father was an avid church singer and thus believed music-making should be confined to religious worship, not commerce. Yet, when he was 20, Robert convinced his father to allow him to travel to Dessau to study organ with Friedrich Schneider, a well-known teacher at the time. Schneider's adherence to strictly conservative teaching methods frustrated Franz at every turn. He eventually withdrew from the program and returned to his family home in Halle. Interestingly, many years later, Franz wrote a letter to Schneider's son, acknowledging that under his father's tutelage he had mastered the elemental basics of composition, not to mention that it was Herr Schneider who had introduced Franz to the music of Bach and Handel, the two great composers who influenced Franz's writing over his entire career.

Upon his return to Halle after Dessau, Franz spent several years searching for employment as a musician, but with little success. This of course annoyed his parents, who would assert over and over again they were right all along about the impracticality of a full-time music career. To alleviate the burden of unemployment, Franz devoted himself to studying the great Baroque composers as well as the songs of Schubert and Schumann. It was these latter two composers who ultimately helped Franz find his passion as a composer of art songs. In 1843, Franz sent twelve of his songs to the then up-and-coming Robert Schumann. Schumann was so impressed, he used his own contacts to get them published. That same year, Franz published his first book of songs, and by the end of his life, he had produced 50 collections containing over 270 songs. Most of the songs were based on the lyrical poems of major contemporary poets, including Heinrich Heine, Karl Wilhelm Osterwald, Nikolaus Lenau, and Robert Burns. Franz's compositions were shaped significantly by

his constant efforts to be guided by the lyrics, first and foremost: "I have been for years convinced of the fact that in every genuinely lyric poem the corresponding melody lies hidden. This is not mere fancy, but is based on sure grounds."[1]

Franz's *Lieder* were admired by some of the greatest composers of his age, including Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner, and Liszt. Due to personality differences, Franz's connections with his fellow composers were relatively volatile, although at various times they held each other in high regard. On one occasion, Franz visited Wagner in his home and was absolutely delighted when Wagner opened up his glass bookcase and revealed that the only scores he owned were by Bach, Beethoven, and Franz himself. Despite the acclaim of his fellow composers, Franz's songs were never commercially successful, and he eventually earned his living through various positions in Halle, including city organist and conductor of the Singakademie and the city symphony.

As early as 1841, when Franz was only 26, he began to have trouble with his hearing and was fully deaf by 1868. According to Franz, the cause of the hearing loss began when a train entering a station where he was standing suddenly emitted a very loud whistle. As a result, at the age of 53, he was forced to give up all of his professional posts in Halle. No doubt his deafness, along with the stress of having to give up the musical jobs he loved so much, led to his suffering from what many contemporaries referred to as a "nervous disorder."

With Franz on the brink of total destitution, his good friend Franz Liszt stepped in. Besides writing (and publishing) a lengthy and laudatory essay about him, Liszt performed several benefit concerts in England, Germany, and Austria-Hungary. All in all, he raised about 100,000 marks, which he gave to Franz as a gift. This enabled Franz and his wife Marie to live comfortably for the rest of their lives.

Franz's professional disappointment, deafness, and troubled relationships with his musical peers contributed to his bitterness later in life. As he told a visiting American once, "Most of my friends seem to be Americans. I assure you that of every six letters I receive, five are from America or England. The Germans do not seem to be aware of my existence."[2]

Marie Hinrichs, AKA Mrs. Franz

In 1846, at the age of 31, Franz was immersed in numerous choral conducting jobs but earning very little money. He made most of his income as a church organist and private music teacher. At that time, Franz was a loyal follower of local philosopher Friedrich Wilhelm Hinrichs and became lifelong friends with Hinrichs's son, Friedrich. While Friedrich was primarily a lawyer, he also wrote and published a set of songs based on the poetry of Klaus Groth, which Franz approved of, and which will be included in *Album Two*. When Franz embarked on a trip to Vienna in that same

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[1] Squire, William Barclay, and Robert Franz. "Letters of Robert Franz." *The Musical Quarterly*, vol. 7, no. 2, 1921, pp. 278–283., www.jstor.org/stable/738213.

[2] "An Hour with Robert Franz" by Henry T. Finck. *The Century Magazine*, June 1893, p. 239.

year, it just so happened that Friedrich's younger sister Marie was also paying a visit to a relative there. She and Franz met, and while their relationship began under the guise of Marie studying composition with Franz, it was soon evident the two had fallen in love. In 1846 Franz encouraged Marie to publish her first opus of nine songs, which she did. Two years later, in 1848, they were married. They raised three children, two sons and a daughter, and enjoyed a seemingly happy marriage until her death in 1891. As Franz remarked to a visiting American woman as he handed her his wife's photograph, "There, take a good look at it! Such a face you will never see again!"[3] Five songs from Marie's *Opus 1* appear on *Album One*, tracks 30-34.

Franz's Reception in Britain and the U.S.

Franz's reception in the U.S. was aided by his close friendship with Otto Dresel, who immigrated to the U.S. in 1848 and became a noted pianist and music teacher in Boston. He helped promote a revival of interest in Bach and Handel in Boston and beyond, while also seeking to popularize Franz's songs. Franz's significance in North America was still felt as late as 1903, when William Foster Apthorp published a collection of Franz's songs translated into English, *Fifty Songs by Robert Franz*. Interestingly, in 1935, Schirmer's Library of Musical Classics released another collection of Franz's songs under the title *Vocal Album: Sixty-Two Songs*, supplemented with a critical forward by H.E. Krehbiel. Both of these publications reflected a lasting interest in Franz's lyrical songs.

Franz was also warmly received in Great Britain, which seems to be explained in part by his song settings of various poems by the Scottish poet Robert Burns. Franz was enthusiastic about this positive development, as revealed in an 1888 letter he wrote to his friend Carl Armbruster: "What you write to me about the success of my songs in Scotland sounds to my ears like a fairy tale. For I had not believed that such an immediate effect on the public was possible."[4] Considering how little true success Franz had enjoyed during his lifetime, it is touching to read the thoughts of the aging composer who had spent so long wishing for public recognition: "It is like a dream when I read about your performances and the way the public receives them."[5]

Franz Forgotten: Why?

One can never be certain about exactly why or how a great artist can fall by the wayside and become relatively unknown despite a lifetime of brilliant output. That said, it is probably true that one of Franz's biggest mistakes was to refuse to write an original opera, symphony, or oratorio. In each case, when one of his more famous colleagues urged him to go beyond mere songwriting, his staunch reply was that he had no interest in the grandiosity of such art forms. Apparently, according to Franz, the larger-scale compositional forms were self-indulgent and excessively dramatic. Franz prided himself on his absolute devotion to songwriting, to drawing out whatever music was already present in any given great poem. One may go so far as to say Franz considered his role in the songwriting process more mystical than academic.

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[3] Finck, p. 241.
[4] Squire and Franz, p. 279
[5] Squire and Franz, p. 282

The following points are collected from information gathered in a series of articles about Franz:

1. **Lack of suitability for public performance**: Some of Franz's fans, as well as critics, argued that his songs were best suited to private enjoyment in the home, not public performance. Furthermore, contemporary accounts reveal that many singers did not favor Franz's songs because they believed they did not satisfactorily showcase their vocal abilities. As Robert Schumann noted "Poetic singers only can do them justice; they are best sung in solitude and in the twilight." This sentiment was echoed by others: "His songs are too intimate to produce their full effect on the general public, and moreover they require a perfection of performance in which the shares of both singer and accompanist shall be fused with a degree of sympathy that is rarely attainable."[6]

2. **Franz's growing deafness, early retirement, and withdrawal from active social life:** It is extraordinary to recount the number of songs Franz composed and his achievements in revitalizing the *Singakademie* in Halle over a period of relatively short years. But despite these achievements, it was the painful aspects that accompanied losing his hearing, and his tremendous sensitivity to all sounds, that no doubt explained his deepening sense of despair, not to mention what experts characterized as a "nervous disorder."

3. **Franz's troubled relationships with fellow composers**: Although Franz maintained close friendships with Schumann and Liszt, his relationships with many of his other professional peers were short-lived. Even if occasionally justified, Franz's negative commentaries frequently revealed the level of his bitterness toward them: "My songs will live longer than Mendelssohn's. It is singular how these things are worn out by excessive use. In passing through the hands of every shoemaker and tailor some of the grime which such people have on their hands clings to them; their brilliancy is dimmed, we do not like to hear the songs anymore."[7] Franz went on to criticize what he perceived as Schubert's "melodic excesses" and to break with Wagner over the significance of the operatic form. In other words, despite his being urged by contemporaries to write more than mere songs, Franz evidently not only ignored such urgings, but even considered them to be wrong. Franz's criticism was not limited to living composers, as he rather insultingly compared Beethoven's songs to "marble statues, perfect but cold and bloodless," and stated publicly he would rather hear one of Beethoven's most beloved songs, "Adelaide," played on a clarinet than sung.[8]

4. **Personality / Candor / Negativity**: Franz's unvarnished candor, as reflected in this quote from a letter he wrote to Carl Armbruster, won him more enemies than friends: "Not even

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[6] Squire and Franz, p. 278

[7] Franz, Robert and Henry Edward Krehbiel. *A Collection of Sixty-Two Songs: with Piano Accompaniment.* G. Schirmer, 1907, p. viii.

[8] Franz and Krehbiel, p. vii.

in their dreams does it ever occur to these foolish folk that my songs must be studied."[9] Example after example can be given about Franz's awkward shyness, especially in the presence of colleagues he admired. And yet he had a lot of strong opinions, for which he had few social filters. (Keep in mind that if Franz were alive in the 21st century, there would probably be a name [or a spectrum] upon which his personality could be diagnosed, and possibly treated.)

5. **Shifting taste in music**: As an art form, art songs declined in popularity after 1900, despite the efforts of Richard Strauss and Gustav Mahler.

6. **Transition in how people spent their free time**: In the new century, the types of leisure activities people pursued grew in number. Intimate evenings spent singing songs and playing parlor games gave way to the entertainment of radio, film, and eventually television.

ABOUT THE POETS

POET	TRACK NUMBER
Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff (1788-1857) was one of Germany's most prominent Romantic poets. Born into an aristocratic family, Eichendorff worked in various political positions over the years, and his poems often centered on the theory that humanity's greatest happiness was only attainable through the contemplation of nature's beauty.	1, 38
Christian Johann Heinrich Heine (1797-1856) was known in Germany and abroad as a poet, literary critic, and essayist. Outside of Germany, his reputation was primarily based on his lyric poetry, which was set to songs by various composers including Franz, Schumann, and Schubert.	2, 4, 16, 20, 21, 22, 26, 28, 29, 30, 31, 33, 34, 43
Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850) was the pseudonym of Nikolaus Franz Niembsch Edler von Strehlenau. Although he studied law and medicine, he was not inclined to either of these professions, and he turned to poetry instead. Familial wealth enabled him to devote himself exclusively to writing, and he became famous for his short lyric poems. Today he is considered Austria's greatest modern lyric poet.	5, 8, 10, 13, 14, 15, 35
Karl Wilhelm Osterwald (1820-1887) led a varied career as a naturalist, poet, and school headmaster and teacher. Franz, a personal friend, set about 70 of Osterwald's love, travel, and nature poems to music, and Osterwald also wrote the lyrics for various church hymns.	6, 7, 12, 17, 25, 36, 37, 41

[9] Squire and Franz, p. 282

Eduard Mörike (1804-1875) was an ordained Lutheran minister, but he was also a critically acclaimed novelist and poet. He published a collection of lyric poems and a volume of traditional songs, both of which were distinguished by their simple and natural language.	9
Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884) was successful as a playwright, poet, and translator. He wrote lyric and political poetry, and was recognized as the leading German lyric poet between 1848 and 1870.	11, 19, 23
August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben (1798-1874) is remembered today for writing the poem that is now used as the lyrics in the German national anthem. He was one of the most popular poets in modern Germany. Besides his poems, which were remarkable for the way they lyrically and elegantly treated the ups and downs of contemporary life, he was also a gifted scholar of ancient Teutonic literature.	18
Wolfgang Müller (1794-1827) was employed as both a teacher and a librarian. He wrote political and lyrical poems, and these attracted the attention of several of the great German composers. In addition, his poems exerted an influence on Heine's creative development.	44
Siegfried Kapper (1821-1879) was the literary pseudonym of Isaac Salomon Kapper, who studied medicine at Prague University and earned his PhD at the University of Vienna. Kapper wrote excellent fairy tales and poems and was one of the leading figures of Czech-Jewish assimilation.	24
Mirza Schafi Vazeh (1796-1852) was a bilingual poet who wrote in Azerbaijani and Persian. His poems were translated into numerous European languages, and many of them focused thematically on the joys of life and the wisdom of humanity.	27
Robert Burns (1759-1796) is commonly described as the national poet of Scotland, and he wrote lyric poems in both Scots and English. He was a pioneer of the Romantic Movement, and his ongoing legacy was reflected in 2009, when a popular survey named him the greatest Scottish poet. Besides his own poetry, Burns also collected and revised folk songs from various regions around Scotland. The poem featured on this recording, "*Der Sommer ist so schön*," is a German translation (by Heinrich Julius Hentze) of Burns's poem, "*Ay Waukin' O.*"	39
Sándor Petőfi (1823-1849) was a Hungarian poet of Slovak and Serbian ethnicity. Today he is viewed as Hungary's national poet and as a key figure in the Hungarian Revolution of 1848. He wrote both folklore-style and epic political poems. The poem featured on this recording is Track 40, *Selige* Nacht, which was translated into German by Karl Maria Kertbeny (1824-1882).	40
Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866) led a varied professional life as a poet, translator, and professor of Oriental languages. He was said to have mastered thirty languages, and as a translator he focused on Indian and Arabian works. Over 120 of Rückert's poems were set to music by some of Europe's finest composers, including Schumann, Mahler, Strauss, and Bartók.	42

ARTICLES AND CORRESPONDENCE

In exploring the life of Robert Franz, we came across many articles. We include here the ones we found most compelling, which include observations and quotes from Franz and his colleagues, and a fascinating chain of letters between Robert Schumann and Franz (and in one case, Mendelssohn). In the end, it is our hope that you will emerge newly informed about a man we believe deserves far more recognition than he received in his day.

Since these articles and correspondence were published while Franz was still alive (or shortly after his death), the writing style often seemed antiquated. Another issue we faced was the appearance of the texts themselves, which were often digitized from microfiche sources. In an effort to deliver clean, easy-to-read texts, we took some liberties to gently edit these articles to appeal to modern readers. For those who prefer to read the articles in their original format, we have included links to the original manuscripts whenever possible.

Something we found fascinating as we pored through these materials was how estimates of the number of Franz's songs ranged from 250 to 400. What is certain is that Franz stored many of his songs in his home for long periods of time before publishing them. Therefore, even though each known song has an opus number, Franz has stated that the number only pertains to when the song was published, not when it was written.

"Four Great Song-Composers: Schubert, Schumann, Franz and Liszt."
George T. Ferris
***Appleton's Journal.* Vol. 1, No. 2 (August 1876). p. 109-114.**
[https://books.google.com/books?id=6QUZAAAAYAA]

Among the contemporary masters of the musical lyric, the two most shining names are those of Robert Franz and Franz Liszt, both of marked individuality, and, though indirectly molded by the influence of Schubert and Schumann, creative minds of a striking type. The circumstances of the two composers have been in the most picturesque contrast. Franz has led a quiet, serene life, almost dull in its monotony, in a small German town, and Franz Liszt has been the idolized favorite of Europe, on whom sovereigns have showered diamonds and orders, fair women their most brilliant smiles, and the haughtiest circles lavish proffers of friendship.

The same art-impulse, however, has been strikingly characteristic of both men as song-composers, or, perhaps, to express it more accurately, the same art-limitation. Their musical inspiration is directly dependent on the poetic strength of the *Lied.* Either one of these composers would be utterly at a loss to treat a poem which lacked beauty and force. With but little command over absolute music, that flow of melody which pours from some natures like a perennial spring, the

poetry of word is necessary to evoke poetry of tone. In other respects, the two musicians differ as widely mentally as they do in external surroundings.

Robert Franz, like Schumann, was embarrassed in his youth by the bitter opposition of his family to his adoption of music, and, like the great apostle of romantic music, his steady perseverance wore it out. He made himself a severe student of the great masters, and rapidly acquired a deep knowledge of the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint. There are no songs with such intricate and difficult accompaniments, though always vital to the lyrical motive, as those of Robert Franz. For a long time, even after he felt himself fully equipped, Franz refrained from artistic production, waiting until the processes of fermenting and clarifying should end, in the meantime promising he would yet have a word to say for himself. With him, as with many other men of genius, the blow which broke the seal of inspiration was an affair of the heart. He loved a beautiful and accomplished woman, but loved unfortunately. The catastrophe ripened him into artistic maturity, and the very first effort of his lyric power was marked by surprising symmetry and fullness of power. He wrote to give overflow to his deep feelings, and the song came from his heart of hearts. Robert Schumann, the generous critic, gave this first work an enthusiastic welcome, and the young composer leaped into reputation at a bound. Of the four hundred or more songs written by Robert Franz, there are perhaps fifty which rank as masterpieces.

His life has passed devoid of incident, though rich in spiritual incident and passion, as his *Lieder* unmistakably show. Though the instrumental setting of this composer's songs is so elaborate and beautiful oftentimes, we frequently find him at his best in treating words full of the simplicity and *naiveté* of the old *Volkslied.* One of the most striking features of Franz as a composer is found in the delicate light and shade, introduced into the songs by the simplest means, which none but a man of genius would think of; for it is the great artist who attains his ends through the simplest effects. We get the idea of one never carried away by his genius, or delivering passionate utterances from the Delphic tripod, but the master of all his powers, the conscious and skillful ruler of his own inspirations. If the sense of spontaneous freshness is sometimes lost, perhaps there is a gain in breadth and finish. If Schubert has unequaled melody and dramatic force, Schumann drastic and pointed intensity, Robert Franz deserves the palm for the finish and symmetry of his work.

"Robert Franz and His Songs."
Introduction to *A Collection of Sixty-Two Songs.*
Henry Edward Krehbiel
New York: G. Schirmer, 1907. [https://books.google.com/books?id=Ib82AQAAMAAJ]

In introducing to the public this collection of songs composed by Robert Franz, it seems to me that I can do no better service, either to the songs or the public, than to point out some of the essential features of the composer's art, and present a picture of him in his attitude towards the music of his day and ours.

Franz's life story is neither large nor romantic, and one would find better expression of him in a review of his artistic strivings, rather than the plain and simple incidents which made up his career. It was, moreover, his strong desire to be known only through his artistic creations. It is

most noteworthy that there is little record of a biography. His private life was quiet, serene and uneventful, though burdened with the great affliction of deafness. He took no part in current polemics touching art, though his career compassed a period in which controversy was particularly angry and vociferous. He called himself a radical, but his radicalism was not that of his many contemporaries who thought, or professed to think, that progress demanded the destruction of the achievements of the past. In those achievements he recognized principles of artistic truth and beauty which to him seemed immutable and which, for that reason, should serve forever to vitalize all the manifestations that mark real artistic progress. He was, in fact, at once purist and radical, classicist and romanticist, reactionary and revolutionist. He believed that there was new wine in the music of his day, and that new wine should have new bottles; but he believed also that some old wine was good and that old bottles were suited to its preservation. He did not stand in the market-place proclaiming his wine, his bottles or himself.

One circumstance regarding Franz's name led to misunderstandings and undeserved wicked reprobation from his critics: the family name of the composer was not Franz, but Knauth. Christoph Knauth, his father, was part of a large family near Halle, where the composer was born on June 28, 1815. For centuries the family was involved in all aspects of the salt business. They thus enjoyed certain privileges, preserved certain peculiarities of dress and behavior, intermarried and developed traits which, to a degree, segregated them from the rest of the people of Halle. Christoph Knauth belonged to the mercantile branch of the family, and so did his brother. This caused confusion at the post office, and thus a mutual understanding was reached to change Christoph's family name to *Franz*. Robert never answered to another surname, but it was not until he had reached manhood that he took legal steps to officially acquire the name. When this fact became known after the composer had become famous enough to stir up critical enmity, there were malevolent gossips who insinuated, when they did not flatly say, that Robert Franz had egotistically compounded his name out of the Christian names of Schumann and Schubert.

Despite his indifference to that contemporary notoriety which is so often looked upon as fame, Franz knew a historian named Dr. Wilhelm Waldmann, who cultivated an intimate correspondence with him for ten years for the express purpose of noting down his utterances on subjects pertaining to his art, and preserving them for posterity. Franz knew the purpose and met his friend's questionings with entire candor. From Dr. Waldmann's little book entitled "Robert Franz: Gespräche aus zehn Jahren," it is possible to acquire accurate knowledge of the composer's mental and moral attitude toward most of the artistic problems of his day. As has been said, Franz was not given to polemics: "Give heed to my songs; in them you will find written down the manner of man I was."

When Franz spoke, it was as if the facts in each case were not open to discussion. He was a reflective composer who did not always correctly value the charm of spontaneous and rhapsodic utterance in others. Beethoven's songs he compared to marble statues, "perfect in form but cold and bloodless." Franz was also known for saying that one of Beethoven's most famous songs, "Adelaide," should have been played on a clarinet, not sung by a voice. He conceded warmth of feeling to Schubert, but thought him too predominantly a melodist. Schubert's melodies, he said, frequently go beyond the limits incited by the text, a single motive growing into a dramatic scene

not at all called for by the poem. Franz found another cause of weakness in Schubert's art in his accompaniments, which, he said, were melody-accompaniments and nothing more.

When it came to Mendelssohn and Schumann, Franz admired Mendelssohn not only for his individual genius, but also because of the admiration which he felt in common with him for J. S. Bach. It was Mendelssohn's organ playing that made him ponder on the possible vocal effects of Bach's cantatas. He confessed that 'Mendelssohn's influence had been very potent for the purification of the popular taste in music; yet he believed that Mendelssohn had given him his approval only so long as he saw in him a disciple, a follower of his style; and he did not hesitate to say that it was due to the musical life of which he and Schumann were the inspiration that appreciation of his songs was long withheld in Leipzig. Franz told Waldmann, "Mendelssohn said there was no melody in my songs, and that remained a dogma a long time in Leipzig, almost until now. So long as Schleinitz was alive, perhaps not a note of mine was sung in the Gewandhaus. One thing dates back to Mendelssohn and Schumann which did not exist before them: the activity of the cliques. They led Mendelssohn and Schumann to compose things and do things which they never would have been guilty of, of their own volition. Therefore, they were accepted and lauded by their partisans."

Franz first met Mendelssohn at the house of a mutual acquaintance in Halle. He describes the incident to Waldmann, his faithful chronicler: "I showed him my Op. 1 (Twelve Songs). He was pleased, and played on the pianoforte first his own melody 'Auf Flügeln des Gesanges' and the melodies of Nos. 1 and 3 of my Op. 1, woven into a fantasia, wonderfully. Yes, he was a great artist. My Op. 1 (not Op. 2), and Op. 3 even more, have in them something that looks as if I intended to follow in his footsteps, and thus far he was in agreement with me; but from Op. 4 on, he let me drop. It was all over when he found that I did not intend to carry his train. Schumann went with me as far as Op. 11; then he saw that I was not traveling his road, and wanted to know nothing more of me. My songs will live longer than Mendelssohn's. It is singular how these things are worn out by excessive use. In passing through the hands of every shoemaker and tailor, some of the grime which such people have on their hands clings to them; their brilliancy is dimmed, and we do not like to hear the songs anymore." Yet he admired in Mendelssohn's music the very element which he ranked highest in his own style, as exemplified in clarity of form. "You know that I value Liszt very highly," he remarked to Waldmann, "but that has nothing to do with his compositions; and neither he nor I will ever compose a 'Midsummer Night's Dream' overture." He stoutly resented the charge that he was an imitator of Schubert and Schumann. They being his predecessors, he admitted that he had studied their achievements and tried to emulate them in their excellences, while also trying to avoid their errors. "I shall take good care not to copy the mystical and paradoxical things in Schumann," said he, and he faulted Schubert severely for his lack of discrimination in the choice of poetical texts. He held that, though correct declamation was an essential thing in songwriting, Schumann had brought it too much into the foreground, to the forgetting of the purely musical element, to which he himself clung. "One must have a clear conception of the words, then rhythm and declamation will follow of their own accord."

Franz called himself a radical in music. "As regards my attitude towards the music of today, I am not only progressive but radical, wholly radical. This does not mean that I should like either to

change or eliminate a single note either of Bach's or Handel's. No; but I am radical in relation to the music of today." In view of such an attitude, and the fact that Liszt and Wagner were among the earliest admirers of his songs, it is not strange that the champions of the nineteenth century hailed Franz as one of themselves and insisted on making of him one of Wagner's camp followers. They were helped in this not a little by the circumstance that criticism of Robert Franz and his songs came chiefly from the ranks of what Franz and his friends always dubbed the Mendelssohn and Schumann clique. It is not easy to cite exactly the extreme radicalism professed by Franz himself; still less the great bond of union between his songs and the music of Wagner, the great musical dramatist of the nineteenth century. Franz himself seems to have been unable to go further than to point out the intimate relationship which exists between the words and music in his songs and Wagner's dramas. However, it may have appeared to the heated minds of the controversialists that this is nothing novel. In principle, Wagner was not a whit in advance of the inventors of the monodic art form, out of which grew the Italian opera three hundred years ago. Quite as much as he, they declared that melodies adapted to the words of a drama should grow out of the words, be united to them, as Weber once said, in a kind of "angelic wedlock." It is a great charm in Franz's songs that the melodies seem to rise from the poems like an exhalation, but there have been such melodies ever since the art of music outgrew its period of sterile formalism. There were such, indeed, before the artistic song had been invented. Franz's romanticism was rooted in the old German folk song, and this was as truly an emanation of emotionalism, and the eloquence inseparable from natural poetic expression, as the most finished of the products of Franz's highly sophisticated muse. Franz was proud of Wagner's fondness for his songs, and more than flattered when, on a visit he made to Zurich, the revolutionary refugee opened his bookcase to show his visitor that, save the scores of Bach and Beethoven, his songs constituted the entire musical library possessed by the dramatic master.

When the controversy about the "Music of the Future" began to rage, Franz strongly resented being considered to be among the Wagnerites; so strongly, indeed, that there was no continuing friendship between the two men. "There should be an end to the comparisons between myself and Wagner," he said to Waldmann; "we are diametrically opposed to one another. There is no significance in the fact that we approach each other in principle as regards the reproduction of the text in music." At another time: "Look at Schubert's song 'Die Rose.' There you'll find the Lohengrin motive 'Mein lieber Schwan,' very plainly. My son called my attention to the fact that in my song 'Wiedersehen,' Op. 51, there is a recitative passage which is the fate motif from 'Die Walküre.' But this Op. 51 was composed by me in 1844. So long did it lie in my writing desk; not a soul saw it, nor did Wagner; yet it's the motif. Now somebody will come and say I copied Wagner. Why should we not once have hit upon the same thing? I have said to you before that words and music are merged in each other in my songs, the music growing out of the text, so to speak. That, too, is Wagner's principle. There is another reason for our differing forms: if we were to treat the same subject, my work would not look like his. It rests on this: Wagner is highly gifted naturally as poet, painter, musician. No side of him was specially favored in his education, and hence he was drawn in different directions. To this must be added his years of life as conductor in small theatres and association with bad music until his talent made its own channel. He has tremendous willpower. In his writings he is too comprehensive, proving again that he is not led by music alone, but fascinated also by other subjects. Wagner was an honest, open, straightforward

character. He proclaimed his wants, made no concealment, and you must not misunderstand me: I never quarreled with him. He wanted an army of followers, and because I could not persuade myself to join it, it was all over with me. We never had anything to do with each other afterwards."

Wagner was in all things a dramatist; Franz in all things a lyricist. The view which Wagner took of songs was one with which Franz could have no sympathy. "When I was with Wagner in Munich, he sang and played a few of my songs. But how did he sing them? He declaimed them, with extravagant pathos, dramatically. 'You must write operas,' he called out to me; but whoever has looked a little deeply into my songs knows that the dramatic element in them is nil; and it ought to be so."

No doubt it was the unbridled dramatic tendency of composers, except those of insipid love-songs, which made Franz believe that the lyrical feeling had died out of music, and that his songs alone were keeping alive the refulgent spark which had glowed in Schubert and Schumann. He thought the bombastic style of dramatic utterance had killed the feeling for which he had to hark back to Handel and Bach. The former was his particular model in the treatment of the voice. Handel, if anybody, he said, understood the *bel canto* of the Italians, and it was because he had taken his vocal style as a model that baritone and pedagogue Manuel García said that of all German songs, Franz's were best adapted to the singing voice.

Bach was Franz's model not only for the instrumental part, but for much else. From Bach, he learned the value of symmetry, of orderly, logical and organic development. This latter principle was so dear to him that he was willing to sacrifice what he considered of prime importance in song composition: correct and truthful declamation when the verse structure compelled a compromise for the sake of the music. "Note this about my songs," said he to Waldmann: "every single one has an introduction, a middle and then a point (climax). Many composers set the words as they stand, and make shipwreck at the close because the words there often demand something entirely different from what has been prefaced. My songs already disclose in the beginning, that is, in the first part, where they are to come out; the conclusion is prepared. Note that in Bach, Beethoven, and my songs, you will always find that a certain motive forms the basis of the composition. In this motive, however, the position of every note is important. The motive must be capable of development, so that something can be built upon it. The foundation of a song is generally a motive which corresponds in character with the contents of the text. Out of this, the entire song develops itself. Of course such a motive must have a content; it must be musical so that something can be made of it."

Pursuing the methods of Bach, which were enforced upon Franz by the strict, old-fashioned training he underwent at Dessau, he naturally conceived a love for rugged harmonic sequences, and acquired a mastery of the art of expressive dissonance which is characteristic of him. He may have also learned from Bach the use of delineative devices, which appear in his songs. In some cases, the device is purely external, a frank imitation of nature; in others the pictorial suggestion is symbolical, calling for an exercise of the imagination. All close students of Bach must know how plastic all manner of delineative devices were in his hands, and how readily they lent themselves there to his strict constructive methods. Franz, too, knew the value of these devices. By his own

confession he wanted his singers to hear the song of birds in "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai," and to feel the movement of water in "Auf dem Meere." In "Umsonst," he conceived the reiterated tone of "A-natural" as the primal tone of all nature, echoing here a notion like that of the Chinese musical philosophy, which sets forth "F-natural" as the musical symbol of the universe.

Franz refused to allow his songs to be judged by the merit or demerit of individual details in each. He wanted not only that a song should be judged as a whole, but also that the students of them should study them all in order to penetrate into the spirit of his settings. "One ought not to seize upon details in my songs, and subject them to examination. You would not consider a statue beautiful because of the peculiar beauty of a leg or an arm, but because the whole is beautiful. My songs, too, must be considered as wholes." In this spirit he responded to a critic: "A book on rhythm has recently appeared, but I do not want to read it. I hear, however, that he is after me with sharp criticism again, and cites the song 'Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen.' He italicized the word 'Aus,' and faulted me for having accentuated it, though I could do nothing else. 'Out of my great Sorrows I make the little songs.' It is all a matter of course. If I had accentuated 'meinen,' it would have been fundamentally wrong, for the antithesis lies in 'great' and 'little' and these alone were the words to receive stress. After all, the accentuation of single words is a side-issue. It is seldom that a musical phrase can be reformed, for the sake of a significance, without destruction. Musical content is the principal thing, not the accent on this or the other word. Look at Bach. All his music is symbolical. If you come across the word heaven, you may be sure that the tones will ascend on high; if he speaks of death, they will as surely go down. In his great Mass in B minor such things pepper the pages. In the 'Crucifixus' there is a constant reiteration of a single figure, as if one saw the cross building up before one. In one of his cantatas the words tell of big and little fishes; the violins above imitate the little tail movements, the basses below the big. Such things are found everywhere in Bach. 'Umsonst' is one of the best of my songs. The recurring A natural indicates that the whole world is tuned to A. A is the first tone in the scale, not C. One does not know whether to weep or be jubilant in this song."

On one occasion Dr. Waldmann asked Franz if he never felt himself moved to compose duets. Franz answered: "No; if a duet is to give expression to something that it ought to express, that is, agreement of feeling touching a situation by two individuals, it must not be a mere caterwauling; it can be written only in the old style of Bach and Handel, who wrote the most beautiful duets in existence. Here there is not merely a companionable movement of the voices in sixths and thirds, as in Schumann, and particularly in Mendelssohn; each voice has complete freedom of movement, complete independence and individuality. But it would be risky to apply this old form in our day. I have never felt myself impelled to write duets."

A tenor who sang "Mädchen mit dem rothen Mündchen" in Vienna achieved but little success. Franz's response: "That 'Mädchen mit dem rothen Mündchen' did not please does not surprise me at all. There is in general no understanding of the concise forms. Unless there is a sharply defined, prominent melody in a song it is not for the public; they do not grasp harmonic treatment even if the melody occasionally participates in the harmony. One of my best songs is 'Die Lotosblume.' These first songs are more fantastic in spirit than the later ones; afterward nature asserts herself;

the birds sing, forest and mountain and valley, the sea, the brook, Spring; everything is there. The entire content of the song must be studied. I composed feelings, not words. Wagner is to blame for all this. Whenever a word with a changed meaning occurs, there is a change, too, in the music. I always strove to reproduce the text musically as I comprehended it. In 'Auf dem Meere,' feel the rocking motion of the sea. Compare the songs 'Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,' which both Schumann and I composed. In Schumann's, the declamatory element comes too much into the foreground; he painted pointed arches and columns. But that is not the chief thing; it is the picture of the Virgin."

Franz's Correspondence with Schumann

Note from the Franz Found team: While no author is cited in this "New Music Review" collection of letters between Franz and Schumann, we are assuming the commentary between the letters was written by F. Gustav Jansen, as indicated in the first paragraph. These letters indicate Franz was fully aware of Schumann's intent to publish his first set of songs, specifically through C.F. Whistler, a prominent publisher of the day. Yet the story usually goes along the lines of, "When Franz sent his first opus to Schumann, Schumann published them without even notifying Franz." Perhaps the discrepancy is more in the timing; Schumann does mention in one of his replies, after a month-long gap, that he had already arranged with Whistler for the publication.

Franz, Robert and Robert Schumann. "Franz's Correspondence with Schumann." ***The New Music Review and Church Music Review,*** **Vol. 8, No. 91, 1909, pp. 379-383.**
Franz, Robert and Robert Schumann. "Franz's Correspondence with Schumann." ***The New Music Review and Church Music Review,*** **Vol. 8, No. 92, 1909, pp. 426-431.**
[https://books.google.com/books?id=1gzlAAAAMAAJ&dq]

The following correspondence was originally published by F. Gustav Jansen in *Die Musik*. It extends from the year 1843, when Franz first approached Schumann with the request to examine his songs, to 1854, when Schumann, after an unsuccessful suicide attempt, decided to end his days at a sanatorium in Endenich, near Bonn, Germany. The correspondence gives, says Jansen, a clear and delightful picture of the two artists: of the younger approaching his "master" with modesty and veneration, of the elder expressing his "joy at the discovery of a new talent." Franz's letters to Schumann were published with the permission of the Royal Library in Berlin. Schumann's letters to Franz are communicated by Franz's daughter, Frau Berthe, of Halle; those from Franz to Whistling, his publisher, by Dr. Erich Prieger in Bonn.

In May, 1840, Robert Schumann had published a number of beautiful new songs, known and appreciated only by a small circle. In Halle, Robert Franz had formed a small "Schumann Society," and was thus one of the first to recognize the great importance of Schumann as a songwriter and to become an enthusiast for him.

On January 10, 1843, Franz sent a number of his own songs to Schumann, with the following letter:

Most Respected Herr Doctor:

What gives me courage to burden you with a matter that can hardly give you pleasure, I do not know myself. I have a dim consciousness of a relation between pupil and master, and that the former, in many ways, has an undeniable right to the latter's consideration. I send you, in other words, a number of songs, with no other purpose than to obtain your instruction and counsel. In the course of my development I have followed chiefly Bach, Schubert and yourself, although the influence of the first may be less easily seen in the compositions now before you. My views about works in the song form agree essentially with yours; I mean the song must be allowed a freer development than that of any other piece of music— it is even necessary, if the text is to be so conceived as its nature demands. The question now is whether it is permitted to use what you have, to reasonably produce something to a certain degree independently. It is my hope that a glance into my compositions will show you that I have striven for this. But self-criticism can never be relied upon when it comes to one's own production, since every conception that springs from a deeply felt mood fits the individual's need most perfectly. Thus one lives harmonically and melodically unto oneself, and thus an unprejudiced judgment is hardly conceivable. An objective view would only be possible if there were a great distance of time between the making and the judging. The case is different as soon as a stranger's eyes pass judgment. Then deficiencies and merits appear in their true light, and what competence one loses oneself, the other gains.

Since I have been incited by your splendid creations to follow your footsteps in the beautiful regions that you have called into existence, I immediately felt the need of knowing whether I have struck into a true or a false path. I turn to you with an innermost confidence, convinced in advance that I shall receive the needed information, especially since I know how seriously you regard earnest endeavor, no matter where it is manifested. If your time allows you to cast a glance at my minute productions, you will give me inexpressible joy. The advantage which I shall gain from it will be obvious. And if you should perceive nothing further than that my effort is a sincere one, that would be enough for me to persevere untiringly on the path I have so far conceived to be the only true one.

With deepest respect,
R. Franz, Organist.
P. S.—The songs have all been written within the last six weeks and bear the same stamp of mood. I have been reproached because my feelings are too much involved in themselves and are outwardly too little evident. In any case, I could feel no differently! Most of the things step lightly, and if they are to have their effect, must be so conceived. I have noted only the most necessary indications for their understanding: the pedal is almost always necessary, and the tempo rubato must everywhere be used.

Schumann had a lively sympathy with the letter and the songs. He told his friend Wenzel he had received some songs from "a certain Franz, in Halle," which had given him a "happy afternoon." He then replied to Franz:

Leipzig, January 23, 1843.
Honored Sir:

Your esteemed and only-too-modest letter demands an answer at length—and still more your heartfelt, thoughtful songs. But Halle is so near—could we not better see and talk to each other about them? Come soon and look me up.

Your songs have pleased me uncommonly—as none others for a long time. This you must have known yourself. Thus, write on vigorously, and write other things as well as songs. One helps the other. But let us rather speak of all these things at the piano.

With hearty sympathy, yours very truly,
R. Schumann.

That this letter made Franz very happy, "almost turned his head," as he wrote to a friend, is easily comprehensible. He soon accepted Schumann's invitation to visit him. They spoke then about the publication of the songs, which Schumann wished to persuade the publisher Carl Friedrich Whistling to undertake.

Soon after their first visit, Franz wrote again:

Halle, February 22, 1843.
Respected Herr Doctor:

I can well understand that it may not be at all amusing for you to have to turn your attention to petty affairs, even for only a few moments. But your kindness makes me overcome my anxiety, lest my shy request should be burdensome to you.

At the time when I spoke to you in person, I could not fully disentangle my interests, which were bound up with the compositions I sent you. For one thing, these had to do with purely personal matters; for another, again, an unconquerable embarrassment made me keep silent. I can now only hint at what I mean: the quickest possible success of the plan you know about, whether it turn out for me favorably or unfavorably, might give a deciding direction to my present and possibly my future circumstances. If it were a question merely of my musical present and future, I could hardly be justified in betraying disquiet, for that must seem to you to be childish impertinence. But there are circumstances in connection with my next steps which, though they are not so much in the realm of art, have become a vital question for me. I believe that if I have some good fortune in the publication of my songs, I can, if not settle them, at least bring them some way toward solution.

Perhaps it is a pleasure for your heart to help establish the happiness of one unknown to you, who gives his future into your hands, of whom you can be convinced, however, that neither ambitious desires nor other common considerations are the motives of a somewhat urgent request.
Your varied engagements can hardly leave you time to concern yourself with a stranger's affairs: so my request extends only to this, which is for me most necessary: Would you be so good as to inform me whether I can personally do anything in my affairs? I would accommodate myself then to your views in every way, since I know that time stolen from you is a loss to art. More thankful than I am I cannot conceive myself towards you, even: should my thanks be piled up a thousand fold; for I am firmly convinced that it is a joy for you to disseminate happiness, may it be otherwise profitable or not.

Sincerely yours,
Robert Franz.

Franz hoped, what he had not expressed by word of mouth, but now clearly enough indicated, for a decisive influence on his future life from the publication of his songs. The question was about his love for a highly educated, deeply musical young lady—a love which "later turned out unhappily," as Franz, years afterwards, told Liszt.

Schumann answered with the following lines, very hastily written:

Leipzig, March 16, 1843.

I have long since spoken with Whistling. Excuse me for not answering. I have a great deal too much in my head— including some big music. Whistling is ready. I have marked ten songs for him which please me especially. Write him now yourself about further arrangements.

Friendly greetings,
R. Schumann.

The "big music" that Schumann had in his head was *Das Paradies und die Peri, Op. 50,* the first part of which was finished March 30, 1843. Franz contacted Whistling, who repeated his willingness to publish ten songs. A fee was not granted. Franz took back his manuscripts to improve various things in them, and on March 27 he sent twelve songs, requesting that they all be taken. “Of course,” he wrote, “everybody loves his own children; but I would not like to be considered a partial father.” If Whistling should insist on only ten songs, then numbers 6 and 12 were to be the first ones omitted. “You are assured in any case, for you can rely on my offerings. If you could have the compositions appear as soon as possible, you would make me a happy man in the world. More depends on it for me than you can imagine.”

Franz then wrote to Schumann:

Halle, April 6, 1843.
Respected Herr Doctor :

I have had the piano tuner, Herr Thein, as promised, introduce himself to you. You will find in him a remarkable man who raises his business above the usual level, and who finds his highest reward in a just recognition of what he does. I wish that his ear might be in especially good form when he tunes your piano. If his work pleases you, please give him further recommendation. I, for my part, can assure you that my instrument under his hands has been in tune as never before.

I have completed my negotiations with Whistling. Once more I thank you most heartily for your great kindness. It is possible that before long I may trouble you with a request for the score of your symphony in B-flat. Then I will come to fetch it in person.

With high regard,
Robert Franz.

Whistling intended, as he told Franz, to send the first copies of the songs to the most prominent musical people in Leipzig. Franz, however, asked as a favor from Whistling ("if it were not entirely disagreeable") that he might send these copies himself. The request was willingly granted, and Franz sent Whistling, on July 7, seven letters to Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schleinitz, Hauptmann, Fr. Schneider, C. F. Becker and the tenor, M. Heinrich Schmidt, which were then forwarded to their addresses. Schumann received his copy on July 8 with the following letter:

Highly Honored Herr Doctor:

I send you herewith a copy of my songs. Permit me to express my thanks again. Accept the assurance that I shall always remain your debtor. I should like to write you more in detail about myself, but my mind is not yet calm enough, and without that one easily falls into tiresome talk. I have recently discovered a poet in Halle who surpasses all that I know in genuineness of feeling. I have composed several of his poems and will send them to you when the opportunity offers. They all breathe the most delicate fragrance, and give the music the fullest freedom of expression.
You will receive a long letter from me as soon as it is possible.

With respect,
Robert Franz.

Franz's first opus was published. The composer was modestly satisfied with ten free copies, in addition to the seven that were sent to Mendelssohn, et al.

Franz dedicated the twelve songs to Luise Gutike, daughter of Dr. Gutike, a highly esteemed physician in Halle, whose art-loving house stood in the intellectual center of the city, and offered

the young Franz his first opportunity to train an intelligent circle of men and women in the choruses of Bach and Handel, as well as newer ones, such as Schumann's "Peri."
Franz's experience was that of most young composers, who ought to have been glad their first productions were printed at all. Schumann himself at first received no fee, for instance, for his "Papillons" in 1832. On the other hand, its autograph, seventy-two years later, was sold at auction in Berlin for 630 marks.

Franz's first entrance into publicity occurred under very favorable auspices. "I have just received a letter from Mendelssohn," he wrote C. F. Whistling on July 17, "with which I can be entirely satisfied. He speaks so warmly about my compositions that I must most certainly conclude they will be successful." Franz's acquaintance with Mendelssohn dated from the year 1842. Their first meeting point was their common reverence for Bach. Franz wished to study the "Matthew Passion" and to perform it. He therefore addressed himself to the owner of the original score, Mendelssohn, at the beginning of 1842, who (on February 17, from Berlin) put a copy at his disposition, "with joy."

Schumann wished to review Franz's first opus in his twice-weekly published journal, *Neue Leipziger Zeitschrift für Musik.* He spoke of this to Franz as he was spending a day in Halle, probably in the first half of July. On this visit Franz wished to introduce him to Dr. Gutike's household, but the family was absent that day from Halle. In the conversations between Schumann and Franz, Bach formed an especially interesting subject, Schumann insisting especially upon Bach's influence on the newer, so-called romantic music. When Franz mentioned the essay in which he had developed his ideas about Bach, Schumann asked him for it, for publication in the *Zeitschrift.* After his return to Leipzig, Schumann gave a surprise to Franz and his friends by sending him his quartets for men's voices, Op. 33. He wrote:

Leipzig, July 27, 1843.
Dear Friend:

Unfortunately, I can find only the voice parts of my songs; you and your friends will no doubt manage them, without the score. Perhaps in the next few weeks I and my wife will take a trip of three or four weeks to the Harz mountains. Will you join us? I should be glad, very glad, if you could send your promised article on Bach, or anything else for the *Zeitschrift,* as soon as possible. At the moment I lack manuscript. Answer at once— with or without manuscript.
My regards to the amiable lady whom we saw, unfortunately, only for so short a time. Hoping to see you again soon,

Yours,
R. Schumann.
P.S. Your songs will appear in the next number of the *Zeitschrift.*

Immediately thereafter Franz wrote as follows:

Halle, July 30, 1843.
Most Honored Herr Doctor:

You have given my friends and myself a great delight by sending us your charming quartets. How can we repay you for such a loving remembrance? Would you be indignant if I should not immediately fulfil your wish? I cannot satisfy myself with the theme I developed before. I fall into too great prolixity, which could give no special satisfaction, either to you or to your subscribers. You have recently stirred up some thoughts in me, however, which may be worth further development. The subject is the influence of Bach on the romantic music of the present. Conversations with well-informed people have given striking results from a philosophical point of view, and I believe that when it is ready you will approve it. I cannot fix a time when I can send in my work, but will hurry it as much as I can.

Your friendly proposal for the Harz trip is too attractive to be declined at once. If I could only arrange my affairs to fit it! Be so kind as to drop me a line and tell me what day you think of starting; if it is possible, I shall certainly not let drop the opportunity of being with you for some time. If I cannot carry out my wishes, I urge you so to arrange your coming or going so that you can at least spend an evening in Halle. The Gutikes have not yet forgiven themselves for having been away at the time when you were here. They are all at home now, and have no greater longing than to see you and your wife at their house. So arrange it! You will become acquainted with some most amiable people. If your stay in Halle gave you only a hundredth part of the pleasure it gave me and my friends, you will not refuse my request.

So you will receive a manuscript from me shortly. I send you and your wife my hearty greetings, with those of the Gutikes and Professor Duncker's wife, and am,

Sincerely yours,
Robert Franz.

The Schumanns made the Harz trip alone. Schumann's criticism of Franz's songs appeared in the *Zeitschrift* on July 31 (Reprinted in the Collected Writings, 4th edition, 1891, Vol. 2, p. 447). Soon after the appearance of this criticism, Franz was again with Schumann. A (belated) entry in Schumann's diary of November 23, 1843, says about this: "Visit from Anacker... Franz of Halle ... an important character." At this visit Franz spoke also of two books of songs that he had offered Whistling (on July 17). They were to appear together and with dedications to Schumann and Mendelssohn. Whistling declined, so Schumann recommended them to Breitkopf & Hartel. He reported to Franz the receipt of the manuscript, and requested again that he submit the promised essay on Bach. But no Bach article came from Franz's pen, neither the one already finished nor the one begun later.

The "Schilflieder," Op. 2, printed by the end of December and dedicated to Schumann, Franz sent with the following letter accompanying them:

Halle, January 1, 1844.
Honored Doctor:

I have just received copies of the "Schilflieder" and hasten to send one to you. Accept these children of my muse and let me feel that with this gift I have given you a small token of my boundless respect and love. Had I been able to offer you something better, the finest, dedicated to you, would seem to me small.

But why these words? You know my feeling, and I know as well that, cordially smiling, you grasp my hand.

You must correct a fatal misprint. In the last song at the beginning of the second line there is the harmony g f b; the f must be changed to g for the seventh chord has a somewhat oppressive effect.

My wish for the New Year: a new "Peri"!

Yours very sincerely,
R. Franz.

In explanation of this New Year's wish, it may be remarked that the first performances of the “Peri” had taken place in Leipzig on December 4 and 11, 1843, and that Franz was very enthusiastic over the poetically transfigured work. Soon after he had sent the “Schilflieder,” Franz was again with Schumann, who, at the end of January, 1844, started on his Russian journey.

A few weeks later Franz's third work appeared, six songs, dedicated to Mendelssohn. In sending the songs to Mendelssohn he also included the “Schilflieder,” and received the following answer:

Berlin, March 10, 1844
HIGHLY RESPECTED SIR:

You have given me great pleasure by your twofold consignment, but the greatest, in every way, by the songs on which you were so kind as to inscribe my name. Although the songs dedicated to Schumann please me very much, yet these last songs are by far my favorites, and even, for the most part, according to my feeling, belong among the very best that I know of yours. And that this means something for me, you know very well! The first and second (and especially the first page of the second), then the third and fifth, are my favorites. Although I like them all, I hope you will add to these many, many works as finely felt, as finely executed, as individual and as rich in euphony. You will afford the greatest enjoyment to all true friends of art, and the "market" will finally be dragged into line by them, as it so often has been and really always is. Nobody, however, will have more pleasure over this work, as well as over your work to come, or will be more grateful for it than,

Yours very sincerely,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

At the same time, Franz gained recognition in another quarter, which gave him a pleasant surprise. He reported to Whistling on March 14 that Liszt was much interested in the songs that he had published: “He has had me come to Dessau and expressed himself at great length to me.” Franz invited Schumann, on his return from Russia, to attend a performance of "Judas Maccabaeus" in Halle:

July 10, 1844
MUCH RESPECTED DOCTOR:

I come with a remarkable request! As you know, I intend to perform "Judas Maccabaeus." So far as the choruses are concerned, especially those of an energetic character, they leave hardly anything to be desired. The solos are fairly well taken. Wolff, of Halberstadt, who has a very flexible, beautiful tenor (as you perhaps remember from a conversation which I had with you about the "Peri"), will sing Judas; Frl. Sachse has undertaken the soprano part; Dr. Schneider sings the bass, whom you heard on the trip to Giebichenstein. Although I cannot maintain that all this will satisfy all your expectations, even moderate ones; yet, perhaps, it will be interesting for you to hear a fine work sung with joy and love. How would it be if you and your wife should come over for it? I need not tell you that we should be delighted if you would. Your presence alone would be enough to afford me the greatest reward for all my undertaking. I have plenty of effrontery in my desires!
I should be very sorry if you thought that my importunity came from vanity and self-sufficiency, but I know that you will hardly look upon me as wishing to make myself pass and be for something in your eyes. I have to thank you alone for my appearance before the world, and it will always be in my mind how kindly and unselfishly you help and promote people unknown to you. If you should agree to my proposal, if circumstances should permit you to accede kindly to my request, this would be, in my estimation, a sum which I should credit to you, for it would give a sure proof that you are satisfied with what you have for the most part yourself educated. The performance will take place in the course of the next week, probably on the 16th or 17th. I am daily expecting permission to use the church. As soon as I have it, but not before, the day will be fixed. If you would only indicate in two words what you think of my proposition I should be much obliged. Faithful wishes and thankful hearts would certainly be yours.

Yours,
R. FRANZ

Schumann replied:

Dear Friend:

You know how gladly I would come. But many things prevent me. Thank you for thinking of me. After "Judas Maccabacus" comes a quartet, yes? I shall have a very poor opinion of you if it is not ready by Michaelmas. Then bring it to me with the opera text. Please remind Herr Osterwald of me. I should like to have a few sketches even before Michaelmas.

With sincere greetings,
R. Schumann

Schumann had been urging Franz repeatedly to write string quartets, hence the playful threat if a quartet were not ready by the next Michaelmas Day. Osterwald wrote no opera text for Schumann.

A series of letters concerned with details about a concert to be given by Frau Schumann in Halle follows. From these the following passages are taken:

DRESDEN, NOV. 21, 1844.

I am gradually recovering from my nervous trouble, but I must take great care of myself, especially where music is concerned, as it often makes me very depressed. Have you seen recently any good new collections of poems? I should like to compose songs again. Have you been busy? How about the opera text? Herr Osterwald ought to write you one himself.
Pardon this handwriting. You can see the effects of my illness in it.

A hearty greeting from your friend,
R. SCHUMANN.

Franz replied:

Halle, Nov. 22, 1844.

I have not done much with songs recently. The race of lyric poets seems to have died out. I cannot suggest any names in addition to those already known to you.

Take good care of yourself, my dear Doctor. Don't compose a note. I can tell you from my own experience that it is not good to do so in a nervous state. You may get a momentary relief, but the results are not good. Exhaustion follows, sure as death. Get completely well first. The entire rest that you are giving yourself is what is most earnestly desired for you by all your friends, who are more numerous than you perhaps think. You have lately been writing too much that is fine; the spirit must have a counterbalance.

With heartiest greetings to your wife.

Yours,
R. FRANZ.

Franz lived in a very modest way. As an organist he received only a small salary, and therefore had to rely chiefly on teaching. Now he wished, since the academic music director was no longer able to deliver lectures on musical theory, to obtain the *venia docendi* (approval from authorities to lecture) in the University of Halle. For this he had to present an attestation of his competence from some musical authority. Franz turned to Schumann with the following letter:

HALLE, March 3, 1845.
HONORED DOCTOR:

I have a great favor to ask of you. I wish to obtain the right to give lectures on harmony, counterpoint, musical form, etc., in the university here. The current lecturer is in such poor health that he has not been able to fulfill this duty for years. I do not oppose him at all with my plan, as I demand no money nor any kind of title. The overseers of the university, as well as the professors, are quite in favor of granting my wishes, but can take no step without special permission of the Ministry. Since there is no one in Halle who can properly vouch for me as a musician, I wish to have on my side authorities who will put an end to any possible delay in Berlin. Would you, therefore, be so kind as to write a few words characterizing my music in general, as I can hardly have proved to you sufficiently my competence for the special matter in question. I would send this in as a testimonial and should hardly doubt of a favorable result. My future depends very much on the outcome of this attempt, whether favorable or unfavorable, for I should hesitate to stay longer in Halle without some definite prospect. I have, to be sure, the musical conditions here in my own hands, but under circumstances that offer me not the slightest certainty.
You have so often done me friendly turns that I feel sure you would also do this for me. By the middle of this month I must send in my papers. May I count on your kindness before that time?
It has been a great pleasure for me to learn how your health has improved, and that you are again industriously at work to give us new pleasures. May Heaven preserve you to us long in fresh and undiminished powers, that you may complete your mission as you have begun it!

With friendly greetings,

Yours,
R. FRANZ.

Schumann replied:

DEAR FRIEND:

Write me more definitely in what form you wish the testimonial to be prepared— whether in legal style (with seal, etc.), or in ordinary letter style, or in some other way. It is a great pleasure to me that I can be of service to you, as you well know.
More with my answer later.

From yours,
R. SCHUMANN.

Franz replied:

Halle, March 10, 1845
MY DEAR DOCTOR:

Your friendly inquiry shows me again how kind you always are to me. A thousand thanks!

You ask how the testimonial had better be prepared, whether in ordinary letter form or in a legal form. I have gone to the curator of the university (who is most interested in my plan) to make sure. He suggests that it be done in the simplest way possible. So will you be so kind as to write him a letter about me, mentioning the things that will be most advantageous for me? I should prefer this rather than to speak of my achievements in a testimonial in legal style. Moreover, the curator will be more favorably impressed in this way, because then the matter is put almost immediately into his hands. He is a very amiable man, only you must go at the matter rather diplomatically, according to form. He is in relations with the better part of the aristocracy.
You will put me under the greatest obligations if you will take this way of working on my behalf. With heartfelt thanks in advance for your great kindness. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
R. FRANZ.

With the following very hastily written lines, Schumann enclosed his letter to Dr. Pernice, the curator. It indeed had the hoped-for result in Franz's favor.

Dresden, March 10, 1845

Is this letter diplomatic enough for you? And, before all, promise that it will have the desired result! If not, write me so that we may do it differently.

I am again full of enthusiasms— but as yet only in my mind: but when it is done, I think it will be of special interest for you.

Adieu, my dear friend!
ROB. SCHUMANN

The “enthusiasms” mentioned were for the contrapuntal studies to which Schumann and Clara devoted themselves this year with special zeal. The “Canonic Studies for Pedal Piano” were also created in this time. The first two of the Bach fugues were written on April 7 and 19. For these compositions Schumann could expect a special interest on the part of Franz, the Bach specialist:

HALLE, July 29, 1845.
HONORED DOCTOR:

I send you my heartiest thanks for your testimonial. I have already had ample evidence that it has borne the best fruit. Officially I know nothing yet and should like to have the matter remain unknown, therefore, up to this point.

Everything otherwise goes well in Halle. The modern movement in music is continually gaining ground: taste improves from day to day; the prospect is only encouraging. Next winter I shall perform your symphonies and shall request the necessary material; also the “Peri,” only that costs too much money, and herein this part of the country we have no surplus of it. But it must be done!

I have just received from Leipzig a few copies of my songs and hasten to send them to you. Perhaps you will approve of one or another. I must excuse myself about one of them. You will find in No. 1 of Book 2 a motive that might look as if borrowed from you. Will you accept my assurance that I invented it quite by myself and have neither seen nor heard your composition? After the song had been sent to the printer my attention was called to the similarity. As my musical conscience freed me from all intention in the matter, I have let it stand as it is. Anyone who knows with what love I have lived into your music will easily understand how our forms of expression may often have something in common, and indeed must do so.

I sent you herewith three pieces by a young man named Schäffer, whom I may have introduced to you in Halle. He lives only in you and through you, as may at present be seen in his musical expression. I have much interest in his musical development and should like to see justice done him on all sides. If you could see the unlimited devotion with which he preaches your name in word and deed, you would not withhold a warm word of commendation for his strivings, which are directed only toward the noblest and best. Please be so kind as to look at his work and give in two words the final confirmation and happiness to his endeavors. The public has long been cold toward you. The dawn will and must come, and people like Schäffer are qualifying themselves for the propaganda.

In conclusion, may I ask you to act as promptly as possible in Schäffer's affair? He longs for your judgment.

Always yours sincerely,
R. FRANZ.

Schumann's testimonial on Franz's behalf did have the result that by a ministerial rescript of June 28, 1845, Franz was appointed University Music Instructor. A series of instructions was issued to him by the curators of the university on July 25, 1845, in which the following details are noteworthy:

Sec. 2. The University Musical Instructor is directed and empowered to give the students theoretical and practical instruction in all branches of musical science without charge, as well as for a determined fee.

Sec. 3. The University Musical Instructor is further and especially charged to undertake the direction of the Academic Singing Society without special remuneration, and to exercise its members industriously also in church singing, in the purpose and intention of the rituals of the several denominations.

Sec. 4. The University Musical Instructor is finally required in case of the absence or disability of the University Musical Director, to take over the direction of the festival music at the Academic festivals that are entrusted to him, as well as to aid the director in all possible ways as part of his official duties. For this he can lay claim to no payment or remuneration, but shall enjoy all other prerogatives and privileges pertaining to his office.

Franz began his work in the winter semester of 1846. After Naue's death in 1848, he was appointed University Musical Director.

Franz had wished to go to Leipzig to hear Schumann's piano concerto played for the first time in public by Clara, at the Gewandhaus concert on January 1, 1846:

HALLE, Dec. 31, 1845.

HONORED DOCTOR:

I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot, much as I should like to do so, see and talk with you in Liepzig today or tomorrow. Urgent business keeps me in Halle. This will be brought to you by Schäffer (the composer of the Phantaisiestücke, which I sent you). He urgently asked me to write you. He only wishes to see you and learn from your own lips what you think of his music in two words. Please be so kind as to grant this hearty request, and you may know then that you have made one man happy.

Yours,
ROBERT FRANZ.

HALLE, March 27, 1846.

HONORED DOCTOR:

I have been meaning to write you for a long time. A mass of business life brought this winter, my duties as a bridegroom, which mortgaged in advance what little time was left to me; and has thus made it impossible. Moreover, I have inwardly and outwardly been *en rapport* with you via Otto Dresel, Carl Reinecke and others who have spoken with you personally, and have told me about you, and have thus made the form of a communication by letter unnecessary.

But poor Schäffer has not gotten along very well. A long time ago he sent me some Phantaisiestücke that I was to send to you. You will find much that is beautiful and poetic in them, here and there a little evidence of unskillfulness, which can, however, be improved or removed. My request of you is, now, to send the young man a few words about your opinion of the musical and poetical content of his things. His circumstances are such, especially with his father, that such an occurrence would be highly desirable for him. In the end you might so arrange that with your document there would be connected a recommendation that they be published. The latter, of course, only in case you yourself find it desirable. I can very well imagine how often you are annoyed by such solicitations; and probably they are often accompanied by impudence and conceit. It is certainly quite otherwise with Schäffer. If you are willing to do anything in the matter, I urge you to do it quickly, for there are many reasons on his account, as well as on my own, that make a good word from you necessary.

Herewith I send you my two newest volumes of songs. It will be a great joy to me if you find anything in them that appeals to you. Shortly you will receive a volume of songs from my betrothed. They will be published. The Härtels [of Breitkopf & Härtel] have accepted them gladly— there are excellent things in them, much that is quite original. You will be surprised when I send them to you.

Otherwise all goes well. This summer I propose to devote myself much to composition and hope to finish something of more importance.

I am going to rehearse your "Peri" this summer, as in the past winter many of your compositions have been received in Halle with the greatest applause: your symphony, quintet, the string quartet in A minor, many of your piano pieces, etc. Genius will win, if not today, then certainly tomorrow.

When I rehearse the "Peri," might I through your good offices obtain the loan of some of the parts? In Halle the expenses of a concert are always considerable and the receipts much dependent on various circumstances. So one must try to come out ahead as far as is possible.

To return to my request once more, if it is possible for you to send Schäffer's things at once: they have been delayed chiefly through my fault and neglect. Much depends on Schäffer's being able to satisfy his parents in some measure. With heartiest greetings to you and your wife, I am

Yours,
R. FRANZ.

Leipzig artists often came to Halle to make propaganda for Schumann. Especially the Leipzig Quartet of that time, Königslow, Wasielewski, Reinecke and Grabau, who came over three times in the previous three months and, among other things, played the string quartet in A-minor, as well as the quintet, with Gade as viola player. Reinecke especially made the people of Halle familiar with Schumann's piano music. Schumann did not express himself about the Phantaisiestücke of Schäffer's sent with this letter until July 5th. The new songs Franz had sent him were the "Twelve Songs," Op. 5, dedicated to Frau Livia Frege, nee Gerhardt ("the best song singer in Leipzig," as Mendelssohn called her):

Dresden, July 5, 1846.
DEAR FRIEND:

This is the result of my good intentions—you were to get the longest and most detailed letters about Schäffer's Phantaisiestücke, as well as about your own things. I, always hoping to be better and able to do it, am no better, and writing letters is a great effort to me, as if it were something wonderful! I should especially have liked to show my sympathy to Herr Schäffer. Give him my greetings; tell him that I understand him: that much of his work moves me sympathetically. I should call such music prophetic; it points to a future. But the technician has still much work to do. I miss certainty and clarity here and there, and this and the higher development is obtained only by persistent work in the larger forms and by attempts with larger means of expression— that is, symphonic and the study of the orchestra. But you know this as well as I do, my dear friend, and perhaps he does, too. So let him not stop with the piano and the form of the fantasy alone.

I thank you, too, for your last volume of songs; I bury myself in them with sympathy. You may count it as a special favor of fortune that you have found so genial a critic as the one in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik.* They are not always to be had. Write soon how you are and how you passed the summer.

As for me, my old strength and energy will not return. Day after tomorrow we are planning to go to Föhr for the sea bathing; perhaps that will do me some good. I have finished a symphony in my head. I have only been able to write out one movement.

Did you promise me your wife's songs? Don't forget them!

Be happy and think of me!
R. SCHUMANN.

The "genial critic" of Franz's songs, Op. 5 in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik,* who signed "H—s" was Dr. Friedrich Hinrichs of Halle, Franz's brother-in-law. He appeared in 1858 as a composer and published one after another, seven or eight volumes of songs. A volume of nine songs, Op. 1, by Franz's wife, Marie Hinrichs, appeared in 1846, but no others followed them. The Schumanns went to the sea baths at Norderney, instead of to the island of Föhr. The symphony finished "in his head" was the one in C.

In August 1846, Franz journeyed to Vienna, where his future wife was visiting her uncle. Of the two volumes of songs that appeared in May, he had dedicated one, Op. 6, to his friend Hinrichs; the other, Op. 7, to Liszt. In October he returned to Halle without having stopped over at Dresden to see the Schumanns:

HALLE, October 22, 1846.
HONORED DOCTOR:

I was very sorry that I could not see you on my return journey from Vienna. I arrived on Friday at 9 p. m. in Dresden by steamer and went to find you at your former address, but you were no longer there. I was sent about from one street to another until half-past ten, without success. On Saturday I had to take the midday train to Halle, and therefore give up on seeing you in Dresden, *nolens volens.*

It would have given me much pleasure to tell you many things about Vienna, which would have been of interest to you. I also had a whole pocketful of greetings from Liszt, Fischof, Vesque, Becker, etc., which I would have liked to deliver by word of mouth. Unfortunately, this pleasure had to be given up!

Gustav Nottebohm, whom I met at the end of my time in Vienna, gave me a letter for you, which I send herewith. In it he gives me as a reference for his application to be critic of Viennese novelties. Halle has no flavor as a dessert to Vienna. Here little Johnny is cook; there living is fine and joyful. Here everything is prejudice, and narrowness, and influenced by personal consideration; there inoffensiveness and amiable humanity. A sharp contrast, to be sure! But one must make oneself contented where he must, and as man is a creature of habit, he takes up his old way again.

Schäffer's Phantaisiestücke were published today by the Härtels. Much in them has been changed and improved. Several volumes of mine appear in Vienna, where I have sold them to Haslinger. I am still in arrears with you with my Op. 4. When the new ones appear, you will receive a whole parcel; perhaps one or another will please you.

I hope in the course of the next month to come to Dresden for a few days. I will save up all I want to say to you until then, and am looking forward to it with much eagerness.

Yours very truly,
R. FRANZ.

Schumann had recommended Schäffer's Phantaisiestücke to Breitkopf & Härtel to publish. Schäffer dedicated his new Op. 1 to Schumann, and sent it to him on December 7, 1846. Haslinger in Vienna bought Franz's volume of songs, Op. 9, but did not publish it until 1847. Franz also prepared four-hand arrangements of Schumann's chamber music.

Franz visited Schumann again in November 1846, and he must have been again in Dresden on his second visit to Vienna, which he made directly after Epiphany Day, 1847.

In this period Franz and Marie Hinrichs are engaged to marry. Hinrichs is the daughter of Friedrich Wilhelm Hinrichs, professor of philosophy, and from whom Schumann received a notification of the betrothal. He wrote immediately to Franz:

> Dresden, February 18, 1848.
>
> Best wishes for your happiness, my dear Franz! Will you not come soon to Dresden? In the spring— with your bride? How does that sound?
>
> Yours,
> R. SCHUMANN.

After his marriage on May 30, 1848, Franz repeated his visits to Schumann several times, but there are only meager accounts of them. It is on record that he was present at the first performance of Schumann's only opera, "Genoveva," in Leipzig in June of 1850, in Düsseldorf in the autumn of 1851, in March, 1852, again in Leipzig for the performance of "Der Rose Pilgerfahrt." Schumann's friendly interest in Franz's artistic success and his desire to help him remained undiminished. When Whistling planned the publication of one of the posthumous symphonies of Schubert's, Schumann suggested that Franz make a four-hand arrangement in 1846. After the appearance of Liszt's arrangements of Franz's songs, he expressed to Härtel, in 1849, his pleasure that "new paths were opened to the songs in this way." In Schumann's catalogue, compiled in 1847 of "Younger Composers, According To My Taste," Franz's name stands near the top, and he is also named in a well-known Brahms article from 1853 as "among the vigorous forerunners."

Although the friendly understanding between the two continued, their correspondence was not kept up. Not until after an interval of fully eight years did Schumann again— in February 1854— write to Franz.

There was in the *Neue Zeitschrift* of 1853 an article, continued through ten numbers, "An Estimate of Richard Wagner." At the close, its anonymous author spoke of the "Modern Lieder Style of Schumann and Franz," and in a footnote made the following remarks about Schumann: "When we speak of Schumann we mean him in his earlier works up to about the "Peri." Since then, as can unfortunately no longer be concealed, he is decayed, mannered in the saddest sense of the word.

Schumann had taken no notice of this till now, when he heard that the anonymous essay had appeared as a pamphlet, with certain omissions and additions, under the title, "Richard Wagner and the Newer Music," and with the signature of the author, Friedrich Hinrichs.

In consequence Schumann wrote as follows to Franz:

Düsseldorf, February 10, 1854.

For a special reason, my dear Robert Franz, I am writing to you, after a pause of several years, one we might both have brought sooner to an end. The reason is this: Herr Hinrichs, whom I believe is a friend of yours, has had his three-line lampoon published, as I am told, in the re-publication of his essay. Does he think that by such pinpricking he can put the finishing stroke to all my compositions since the Peri? Or to Manfred, the Spanisches Liederspiel, the three trios, the second sonata for violin and piano, or the second and third symphonies? Oh, I wish he could have heard these compositions, part of which were performed during our trip to Holland, so that he might have been convinced of the weariness which these "decayed" compositions caused to the musicians and public alike! And he speaks of a "sad mannerism!" Does he mean both symphonies, the trios, the two sonatas for violin and piano, the Spanisches Liederspiel, the Minnespiel, the overtures to Manfred and to Genoveva, the Requiem for Mignon and the Advent Song? Or does he not know these works at all— and only the two volumes of songs since the Peri, which he brings up as examples? Has he read the texts of the Forest songs? Does he suppose that such pretty poems must be conceived in the same spirit as if they were by Byron or Lenau? Does he not know that music must catch the original mood of the poem, but must not go beyond it?

Now enough of this pinpricking! I only wished to tell you my opinion of it, my dear Franz, and give you leave to make whatever use of it you will. You may also tell this pinpricker that I also understand something about style in words as well as in notes.

I do not answer mosquito bites with a cannon. And you may tell him, too, that soon my collected writings are to appear, from which he may perceive that I, too, can wield a sharp blow, but never against earnest and active artists. The spot remains on him, not on the one he tried to smudge. My dear Franz, it is good that we have music, in which we for a time can lift ourselves above the meanness of the world. Let us do so now, and leave it upon the earth.

Write me how you are living and working. I have always my sympathy with you, but our distance diminishes our intercourse. I hope to see you next winter, but to hear something from you before then.

May these lines find you in good health.
Yours,
R. SCHUMANN.

It is to be seen from this letter that Schumann's friendly feeling for Franz was the same as it had been before.

Hinrich's Wagner article caused a great commotion at the time, and especially caused Franz all kinds of annoyance. In the last part of his essay, Hans von Billow's and Joachim Raff's songs were subjected to merciless criticism, to which both Billow and Raff answered in very sharp replies, which were directed less against the critic, however, than against Franz.

Schumann was probably not much vexed by Hinrichs's "lampoon," as may be seen from the synopsis of this letter in his letter book: "forcible but amusing letter about the pinpricks." The expression about the "meanness of the world" is no doubt to be referred to the increasing misunderstandings with the executive committee of the Allgemeines Musikverein of Düsseldorf, which finally led to a complete break.

The correspondence with Franz is at an end. On the same day on which the last quoted letter was written, Schumann's mental disease, which for a long time had shown itself in various single symptoms, took on a more threatening character. The inevitable catastrophe came 17 days later, on the 27th of this same February.

The effect of the terrible tragedy of Schumann's fate came upon Franz like a thunderbolt; Schumann was torn from him. Still under the first impression of his sorrow, he wrote to Franz Liszt: "What say you of poor Schumann? When the ideal and the real in a man's nature diverge more and more widely, as unfortunately was the case in Schumann, a catastrophe is always threatened. Rarely has anything moved me so profoundly."

The hour of relief for the noble sufferer was postponed until death claimed him on July 29, 1856. "Poor Schumann has passed on," wrote Franz to Whistling on August 5; "For him it is for the best! Now the mice will dance and toss their curly heads high in the air, that their little squeaks and pipings may be heard."

Americans Visit Franz at His Home

The full text to an article we cited earlier appears on the following pages: "An Hour with Robert Franz" by Henry T. Finck. *The Century Magazine*, June 1893, pp. 237-244.

We included this article not only because it tells the charming story of an American couple who decides to pay Franz a visit at his home (with the help of a waiter in a restaurant nearby), but also because Mr. Finck goes on to explain in detail the many reasons he believes Franz's music deserves more recognition.

AN HOUR WITH ROBERT FRANZ.

IN the quiet Prussian university town of Halle, where Handel was born two hundred and eight years ago, there lived until October 24, 1892, one of the greatest song-composers the world has ever seen — in some respects the greatest of them all. Like Beethoven, who never heard a note of music from his thirty-second year to his death at the age of fifty-seven, Robert Franz had been deaf almost a quarter of a century. The muscles of his hands also were partly paralyzed, and it was with difficulty that he could write a note, while he ceased composing years ago. There he lived in a modest house in the large university town, seventy-seven years old, yet almost completely ignored by his countrymen.

The life of Robert Franz was almost as uneventful as that of his idol Bach. As in the case of so many other great composers, his parents refused to recognize or encourage the musical talent which he showed in his childhood, and at school he was punished severely and repeatedly for yielding to his impulse to add a harmonic part to the choral melodies sung by the other children! He reached his fourteenth year before he himself or any one else suspected that he was destined to be a musician. One day he accidentally came across an old-fashioned piano, or spinet, in the house of a relative, and, as he relates in an autobiographic sketch, this decided his fate. He now went to work, unaided, to unravel the mysteries of musical notation. His devotion finally softened the heart of his father, who bought the old piano for him, and put him under a cheap teacher. Neither this rickety instrument, however, nor his incompetent teacher satisfied him long, and he soon found himself going from church to church on Sundays to hear his favorite chorals, and perchance to get permission from a friendly organist to take his place for a few minutes.

His next step was to try his hand at composing, again unaided; the result being such that, as he remarked in later years, if any youth should come to him with similar productions he would advise him to choose anything but music for a profession. He neglected his other studies at the same time, and at twenty his father sent him to pursue his beloved art under Friedrich Schneider at Dessau. Two years later he returned with a number of compositions for piano and for voice, to which he continued to add, although his father's fears that music would prove a profitless art for him were shown to have been well founded, for he was unable to get a position or remunerative employment. For this disappointment he found consolation in a loving study of the scores of Bach and Handel, and especially of the songs of Schubert, which made an overwhelming impression on him, and kindled an enthusiasm for that form of art that definitively decided his fate and his vocation.

One result of these studies was that he pitilessly destroyed all his own compositions, and for five years did not again venture to write anything, devoting much of his time to a study of philosophy and esthetics at the university. It required the magic power of love to arouse his creative faculties from their torpor; and just as Schumann, in the year of his marriage, turned to song, and in that twelvemonth wrote over a hundred of his inspired *lieder*, so Franz, though in a more modest measure, came forward as a song-composer, and published a collection of twelve *lieder*, which he dedicated to Schumann. At that time Schumann was approaching the end of his career as critic and professional discoverer of musical geniuses, and his trained eye immediately saw that here was a new light piercing the darkness of Philistinism. These songs, he declared, belonged to the noble modern style which shows what great progress the *lied* — and the *lied* alone — has made since the days of Beethoven. "Poetic singers only can do them justice; they are best if sung in solitude and in the twilight." And so on for a whole page, culminating in the remark, "Were I to dwell on all the exquisite details, I should never come to an end." Subsequent volumes were dedicated to Mendelssohn and to Liszt, who were no more obtuse than Schumann. Mendelssohn wrote to him: "May you give us many, many more works like this, as beautiful in conception, as refined in style, and as original and euphonious." And Liszt wrote his well-known and admirable essay, which, proportionately, did as much to establish Franz's fame as his Weimar essays on Wagner's early opera did for that exiled and unappreciated composer four decades ago.

But while those geniuses, with Chopin, Gade, Henselt, and others, thus recognized and appreciated a fellow-genius, the critics and the public were slow in following suit, and poor Franz

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. HÖPFNER.

ROBERT FRANZ.

shared the fate of Schubert — his *lieder* sold for a mere song, and he had to earn his scant daily bread as organist, director of the academy of singing, and lecturer on music at the university. The trouble with his ears, which began as early as 1841, and was aggravated by the whistle of a locomotive, gradually became more and more serious, and in 1868 it reached such a point that he was obliged to give up all his duties. As the income from his songs was a mere trifle, he would have been obliged literally to starve, or become an inmate of a poorhouse, had it not been for the generosity of Liszt, Joachim, and Frau Magnus, who gave a series of concerts in Germany, England, and Austria-Hungary which yielded $22,000, on the income from which Franz was able to subsist modestly but comfortably for the last twenty years of his life.

Such, in brief, is the story of Robert Franz's life. My wife and I had been for many years ardent admirers of his compositions, and in July, 1891, on our way from Berlin to Bayreuth, we took the opportunity of stopping for a few hours at Halle, in order to make his acquaintance. As we walked up the handsome Leipziger-strasse to the market-place, we were confronted by the Handel statue — a sight which harmonized perfectly with our quest of the great restorer and writer of Handel's scores. It was lunch-time, and, espying a restaurant on one side of the square, we had something to eat, and then asked the waiter to bring us the city directory. Imagine yourself looking in a city directory for Mozart, or Beethoven, or Schubert, with the intention of calling on him! The name was soon found, and quite imposing did it look with all the appendages — Franz, Dr. Robert, Universitäts-Musikdirector, Königlich Bairischer Maximilian Orden für Kunst und Wissenschaft, Herzoglich Sächsisches Coburg-Gothaer Verdienstkreuz für Kunst und Wissenschaft; König-strasse 38, I. The "Dr." prefixed to his name recalled the fact that the University of Halle had made him an honorary doctor for his valuable services to art in editing the scores of Bach, Handel, and other old masters.

So König-strasse 38, I. was to be our goal. It was found without any difficulty, and it was a pleasure to reflect that, thanks to the generosity of Liszt, Joachim, and Frau Magnus, we did not have to search for the great song-writer in a garret, but found him occupying spacious rooms on the second floor of a large apartment-house on one of the main streets, facing an open place with trees and shrubbery. We had been told in Berlin that his wife had died only three months before, so we did not know whether he would receive a visit from strangers. The parlor was furnished in the usual simple German style. The door presently opened, and in walked the immortal tone-poet, a rather large man, with a broad face, square chin, and in a certain way resembling Liszt. His forehead receded more than Liszt's, but there was much the same expression of firmness about his mouth. He was somewhat bald, but his hair was still only iron-gray, although he had passed his seventy-seventh birthday. He held out his hand with a cordial gesture and greeting, but not a cordial pressure, for, alas! of each of his hands all but the first two fingers are paralyzed.

"Do you understand German?" was his first question, and, without waiting for an answer, — for the best and saddest of reasons, — he continued, "I, alas! am absolutely deaf, and if you wish to say anything to me I must beg you to write it on one of those slates."

Two ordinary school-slates, with moist sponges attached, lay on the piano. I wrote a few words on one of them.

"America again!" he exclaimed, after reading what I had written. "Most of my friends seem to be Americans. I do not say this as a mere polite phrase, but because it is actually true. I assure you that of every six letters I receive five are from America or England. The Germans do not seem to be aware of my existence. You know how it is in this country. Envy and jealousy are so rampant that a man who does anything that rises above the average is in danger of being torn to pieces.[1] We have hundreds of musicians, each of whom has a deskful of manuscripts which he is anxious that the world should appreciate; hence each of these men regards every one else as his natural rival and enemy, who must be belittled or ignored as much as possible. Other nations are proud of their authors and composers, — look at France, England, and Italy, — but the Germans ignore theirs till they are dead, and then they erect statues to their memory."

He arose to get a copy of the London "Musical Record," which was lying on the piano. "You have noticed, perhaps," he said, "that my name has been bandied about a good deal lately in England apropos of the use of my edition of the 'Messiah' at a music festival. It is a curious thing," — and he laughed heartily, — "but Mr. Prout has told those critics the truth. The old masters did not elaborate their scores in all the details, but filled them out at the organ during the performance. For modern purposes these missing parts have to be filled out, as far as possible, in the spirit of the old masters. Bach and Handel were my earliest masters, my friends and companions through life, and I have done my best to preserve

[1] I cannot vouch for the exact words used by Franz, which, moreover, were spoken in German. But as I noted down his remarks minutely, immediately after leaving him, I can, at least, vouch for the substantial accuracy of what is here recorded.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. HÖPFNER.

MADAM FRANZ. (MARIE HINRICHS.)

their spirit in my additional accompaniments. Some of my 'bold changes' that the English critics have complained of were simply restorations of Handel's text which Mozart had altered! You see, there are pedants in music, as in every other department of learning — men who swear by the letter and miss the spirit. I was once present at the funeral services of a very orthodox minister. His colleague, in his eulogy of the deceased, dwelt on the fact that he had believed so firmly in the letter of the Bible that if he had read therein that the city of Halle is situated in America he would have believed it.

"Besides," he continued, "we must remember that Bach and Handel were human beings, who made errors like all other mortals, which their editors to-day must not overlook. They wrote enormous quantities of music — it would take a man forty years merely to copy what Handel or Bach wrote. Among Handel's manuscripts in England there was found a detail which neatly showed how rapidly that composer wrote. On the top of a left-hand page of a large score sand was found adhering to the notes, showing that before the ink had had time to dry on the first lines of that page Handel's pen must have reached the bottom of the next page!" He rose again, and brought us the facsimile reprint of the "Messiah" score. "Here you can see how hastily the work was done: here are a few lines canceled with a stroke of the pen, here a bar blotted out with a daub of ink, and here" (this seemed to amuse him particularly) "see how he has actually blotted out notes with his finger, too impatient to erase them." He closed the score, and continued: "Ah, but these were the greatest of all masters! To-day music appears to be manufactured; in Mozart's days it grew, and still more so in the days of Bach and Handel: their thoughts came spontaneously, and shaped themselves naturally, like crystals. To-day we have music which has neither melody nor harmony nor rhythm. Moreover, the theater has absorbed all our musical life; all the arts contribute, but not always their best. And — to use a homely simile — it is the waiter who serves the dishes that gets all the honors, while the cook, whose skill has devised them, is unseen and uncared for. You read about that opera-singer the other day — horses unhitched, drawn to hotel by enthusiasts. But the composer whom the singer used as a pedestal, who cares for him?"

He paused a moment, and I wrote on the slate, "Do you still compose songs?"

"No," was the answer; "when a man has reached his seventy-sixth year he does not care to compose any more." Then he suddenly exclaimed, "But do you know my wife's songs?" while a sort of triumphant expression came over his face.

I had not seen them, and he brought a copy from the piano — a collection of songs by Marie Hinrichs. To the eye they looked much like his own songs. As the reader doubtless knows, there is an individual appearance about each composer's (printed) scores that makes it easy for an expert to tell at a glance the author of a piece placed before him; and as Clara Schumann's songs resemble her husband's, why should not those of Marie Hinrichs resemble Franz's?

"Ah, but those *are* songs!" he exclaimed. He placed his finger on one, and followed the melody as he hummed it. Being absolutely deaf, he could not get all the intervals of the melody correctly, but only the general drift — a point of psychologic interest, for his speaking voice was always correctly modulated, and had none of the harsh quality so common to the deaf. It was indeed uncommonly expressive, had an insinuating emotional quality, and sometimes rose to a pitch of real eloquence, especially when he was speaking of his wife. After humming the melody, he read the underlying poem by Heine to show how beautifully the two harmonized. It was most pathetic to see the deaf old master, shut out from the tone-world he had helped to create, dwelling for fifteen minutes on the songs of his wife — of his own he seemed to have no thought — with tears repeatedly rolling down his cheeks. "Her picture is in the other room — did you see it? No? Then I must get it." Placing it in my wife's hands, he exclaimed: "There, take a good look at that! Such a face you will never see again!" And we could not but reflect what an inestimable boon it must have been for the poor composer in his more than twenty years of deafness to have such a companion, whose kindness of heart is mirrored in her countenance. No wonder he worshiped her above his own works, above even his idols, Bach and Handel. "Her eyes are black," my wife whispered; "now I know why his black-eyed song is one of his best" ("Weil' auf mir, du dunkles Auge").

I asked him if he would kindly copy for me a few bars from one of his favorite songs. "I am very sorry," he replied, "but my paralyzed fingers make it so difficult for me to write that I have not even sent a letter yet to my daughter, who has been absent several weeks." Nevertheless he sat down, and copied a few bars with a pencil. I told him that I intended to write an article about him for an American magazine, and asked for permission to illustrate it with his own and his wife's portrait.

"My own pictures," he explained, after resuming his seat, "are all bad; I have never

succeeded in getting a good one. My face is so completely changed by expression that when I sit down before that infernal machine I am not myself. This picture, which you will get, is the only tolerable one — note the amused expression on it. It happened in this way. All the university professors were to be photographed. I sat eleven times, and was about to give up in despair, when, as a final attempt, the photographer suggested that I should sit down at the table. There was a book on it and a piece of music. The book contained Heine's poems, and the song was that barrel-organ piece, 'The Little Fisher Girl.' The contrast struck me as being so ludicrous that a smile crept over my face, and the wary photographer took this opportunity to fix it, as you see. I have another picture which is better than this, but it is taken from behind. It is a sketch of me made by a young lady." It showed him walking in the woods, with his overcoat on, and his umbrella under his left arm. There is no grace in it, but very much character — every inch a German savant, reminding one somewhat of that well-known semi-caricature of Beethoven by Lyser. "See what life there is in all those lines," he commented; "there you see a real picture, although the face is not visible. Some Berlin critics, by the way, have a theory that I do not compose my own songs, but hire a somnambulist, who dictates them to me, and that I then hypnotize him again to correct the manuscript, — the cruelest cut of all! Perhaps my picture is to blame; no one in looking at it would believe that I had written those songs." This reminded me of a little Gounod anecdote a young lady once told me. She met Gounod at a Viardot-Garcia soirée, and in a course of chat with him remarked that one would hardly suspect from his appearance that he could have written such an inspired work as "Faust." Whereupon Gounod replied with a smile, "Il faut être Américaine pour dire cela!"

Fearing that we might fatigue our entertaining host, we now rose to leave. His last words were a request to greet certain of his American friends cordially. He directed the maid to accompany us to the photographer, and on the way we learned from her some interesting particulars regarding her master's habits and daily doings. She said that he was still quite robust, and took a four-hour walk every day when the weather permitted, his hours being from 3 to 7 P. M., and his favorite haunts the woods. One of his eccentricities, she said, was the habit of stopping to crush every cherry-stone he saw on the sidewalks. For this she could give no reason except that, being unable to converse with any one during his walks, he sought diversion in that way. It reminds one of Dr. Johnson's habit of touching every picket of a fence he passed, and even stepping back if he had accidentally missed one. Franz always retired at nine, got up at ten, and often read in bed. Sometimes he played a few bars on the piano; but with only three fingers on each hand, and no ears to guide them, the result was usually not as pleasant as it might have been. His daughter, as already stated, was away on a visit, and he had a son who was a professor at Leipsic. He was always pleased, the maid said, when visitors called on him; but they were few and far between.

Strange people, these Germans, thus to neglect their men of genius during their lifetime. Now that Robert Franz is dead a monument will no doubt be erected to him on the market-place at Halle, facing the Handel statue; critics and antiquarians will spend days and weeks in searching old newspapers and letters for the tiniest bits of information regarding his habits, his appearance, his work, and his opinions; while as long as he lived among them, a very treasure-house of information and esthetic suggestion, no one even took the trouble to ring his door-bell! The plain truth is that the Germans, as a nation, do not even yet realize what a great genius Robert Franz was, although other men of genius — Liszt, especially, and Schumann — told them all about it several decades ago. In Liszt's admirable brochure on Franz there is a passage which Americans will always read with pride, for it points out the fact that it was in America that Robert Franz's genius was first recognized generally, and his songs frequently heard in concert-halls, thanks largely to the missionary work of Mr. Otto Dresel in Boston.

This is something to be grateful for, but it is not a tithe of what is due to Franz. It must be said that in no branch of music are there so many gems of the purest water unknown to the public at large as in that of the *lied*, or lyric song, from Schubert to the present day. When Schubert died only two or three of his six hundred songs were generally known, and to the present day many of his most inspired *lieder* are utterly unknown to the public. As regards Franz, I have often been amazed to find even enthusiastic amateurs, who know almost every opera and piano piece by heart, utterly ignorant of his immortal songs. After I had made them procure the collections published in the Peters and the Breitkopf and Härtel editions, their amazement at their oversight was soon as great as mine had been, and was equaled only by their ardent gratitude. They wondered with considerable indignation why the great vocalists of the day had been so remiss in making them acquainted with these songs. The answer to this is very simple; the singers ignore the Franz songs because they do not consider them

"grateful" (*dankbar*, as the Germans say); that is, because they were not written mainly with a view to showing off the singer's best notes, but were inspired by purely musical motives. What annoys the singers especially is that in these songs the voice so often dies away in the last few bars of the piano part, instead of soaring up to a few final high, loud notes, which are so provocative of cheap applause. But these singers forget one thing: they forget that while the applause of the illiterate in music can always be cheaply bought with a loud, high note, a trill, or a run up and down the scale, musical people, who after all are occasionally seen at concerts, are only disgusted by such claptrap, and would have more respect for singers if they remembered that the interpreter is of less importance than the creator. What these musical people want to hear is a Franz or other song honestly sung, and the poem to which it is wedded distinctly declaimed. It might surprise those singers to find what a great "effect" they could produce by allowing the poet and the composer to speak directly to the audience, keeping their vocalistic egotism and vanity entirely in the background.

It is, no doubt, true that lyric songs, like lyric poems, are better suited for home enjoyment than for a public place. In a concert-hall it is the dramatic songs, like Schubert's "Erl King" or Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers," that are most applauded; but in Franz's songs there is little of the dramatic element. They are usually true lyrics — expressions of moods and personal feelings which only a hearer of poetic temperament can fully appreciate. Dramatic moods are easily imposed on a large audience by acting or reciting stirring events, but lyric moods are as subtle and evanescent as the fragrance of a violet, and only an artist of rare magnetism can impose them on a multitude. Such singers are not abundant at present; hence Franz's lyrics will not, perhaps, be in great vogue in our concert-halls for some time to come. But for the home circle nothing is better suited than these songs; familiarity with them invariably leads to enthusiastic admiration. Lovers of lyric poetry will especially relish them. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that those who know well the poetic style and physiognomy of Heine, Goethe, Burns, Mirza Schaffy, Lenau, Eichendorff, and Osterwald well could often tell from the color and atmosphere of a Franz song (without having heard the words) to what poet it belongs, so wonderfully does he individualize in his style, as Liszt has shown in his masterful analysis. And, even more than Schubert, Franz has proved by his clinging, tender melodies that Wagner was right in describing the union of poetry and music as a marriage in which music is the feminine element. Only two other composers — Chopin and Schubert — have shown such a refined and tender feminine spirit in their music as Franz.

In the home circle Franz's songs are a source of endless delight even to those who cannot sing; for it is one of their most striking peculiarities that the vocal and the piano parts are so closely interwoven that it is easy to play both parts together, and thus make a complete "song without words"; indeed, in not a few cases, the "accompaniment" contains the whole of the vocal melody, so that the voice-part need not even be played along. This is one of the points in which Franz resembles Wagner, of many parts of whose operas the same might be said. So far from being a shortcoming, as some have maintained, this is the very perfection of musico-poetic art; for in this last and highest development of modern music the voice is no longer the only bearer of the melody, but every harmonic part of the accompaniment is a melody. Such accompaniments are termed polyphonic, or many-melodied, and with these the chief function of the voice becomes the distinct melodious declamation and interpretation of the poetry. Franz is as conscientious as Wagner in never sacrificing the poet to the musician. In Wagner's operas the singer is primarily an actor representing the dramatic poet, and in Franz's songs he represents the lyric poet, toward whom is his first duty, while the orchestra or the piano represents the claims of the musician. It was not a mere accident, but a common artistic instinct, that made Franz, in 1850, an enthusiastic convert to Wagnerism, after hearing "Lohengrin," and that led Wagner to keep Franz's songs, by the side of Bach, constantly on his piano during the period in which he was composing his Nibelung Trilogy in Switzerland.

Many of Franz's songs, as I have just said, are beautiful if played on the piano alone, unaltered or with slight changes. Liszt, besides providing for Franz financially, and pleading his cause eloquently in a brochure (which should be translated into English), also translated a number of Franz's best songs into the most elegant pianistic idiom, and in some instances even improved on Franz in a justifiable way, as in the wonderful "Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen," where the introductory bars have a more realistic stormy effect than in the original version. But, however delightful these songs may be as simple piano pieces, to get their full beauty the vocal part must be added. Without the voice they will charm, with the voice they will move to tears. Read one of the poems alone, play the music alone, and then perform them both together; and you will realize that poetry and music combined are a greater emotional power than

either of them alone. Rubinstein has recently proclaimed that pure instrumental music is superior to music united with poetry; but I think most of my readers will agree with Wagner on this point, and feel with Schumann when he wrote to a friend, in 1840: "I can hardly tell you how delightful it is to write for the voice as compared with instrumental composition, and what a stir and tumult I feel within me when I sit down to it."

A whole number of this magazine, and scores of illustrations in musical type, would be required to point out all the peculiarities and evidences of original genius in Franz's songs. Considerations of space permit me to dwell on only two of their principal characteristics; namely, their relations to the German choral and to the German folk-song. It is to the melodious folk-songs which they hear at home from their infancy, and to the superb harmonic chorals which they hear constantly in church,— and formerly played by trombones on church towers thrice a day,— that the Germans owe the fact that they have become the most musical of nations. The choral and the *volkslied* are the basis of what is most German in music, from Bach to Franz; and in no other composer are these two elements more conspicuous than in the last-named. The choral was Franz's first love. His earliest recollection is of hearing, as a child of three years, Luther's famous choral, "A mighty fortress is our God," blown by trombones on a church tower. His father also was fond of chorals, and often had them sung in his house. Later in life Robert learned to love and worship the grandest chorals ever written, those of Bach,[1] which he himself pronounced the most potent of the forces which molded his style. Many of Franz's best songs might be simply defined as melodious chorals in modern harmonic garb, in which romantic love and religious devotion are exquisitely blended.

Among the best of these choral-like songs are "O danke nicht für diese Lieder," "Schemen erloschener Lieder," "Weil' auf mir, du dunkles Auge," "Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth." In the melodies of these songs the same varied harmonies are latent as in the old chorals, and Franz has enriched them with all the exquisite modulations of the modern German schools, which prove that harmony and modulation have even a greater emotional power than melody itself. And besides mingling the major and minor modes in that delightful brotherly fashion which Schubert first taught the world, Franz has enriched modern music by reviving the medieval church modes in his harmonies, which adds still greater variety to the emotional tints, and points out one of the paths in which the music of the future will develop.

But the most remarkable thing about Franz's songs is that while thus embodying all that is best and most artistic and advanced in modern music, they have at the same time many of the characteristics of the simplest and most primitive form of genuine music — namely, the folk-song. Some of his songs, like "Mei Mutter mag mi net," and "Lieber Schatz sei wieder gut mir," might have originated among the people, so far as the melody and tone are concerned; and very many of his other songs have the charming naïveté, simplicity, and spontaneity of the folk-song. Here, then, we have a most remarkable phenomenon. Folk-songs, as everybody knows, spring up among the people like proverbs, one man originating them, another improving on them, until, like pebbles in the bed of a brook, they have become smoothed and polished to perfection. Such songs, we are inclined to think, were made only in the good old times; but here we have had among us a genius who not only originated scores of them, but with his own hand polished them until they surpassed in brilliancy the oldest of the song-pebbles.

Franz has written no fewer than 267 pieces, and among them there are fewer imperfect or uninteresting ones than among the collections of any other song-writer, thanks to his habit of self-criticism. The other day I went through the first volume of the Peters edition of these *lieder* with a pencil, marking those I considered especially good. When I got through, I found I had marked all but two or three in a collection of forty! The second volume has not so many of the best, while the third and fourth have perhaps even more. Many good ones not included in these volumes are contained in the Breitkopf and Härtel issue. These five volumes embrace about one half of the Franz songs. The other half are not yet printed in an English edition. When they are, it is to be hoped that they will be supplied with less villainous English translations than many of the poems in the above collection. A good poetic and musical translation of the Franz songs is a task worthy of one of our greatest lyric poets, — a task which would add many a leaf to his laurels, — for these are the lyric songs of the future.

Henry T. Finck.

[1] A collection of these is published by Breitkopf and Härtel. I know of nothing else in music so well calculated to develop a taste for the higher harmonic side of music in young minds as a daily playing of these chorals.