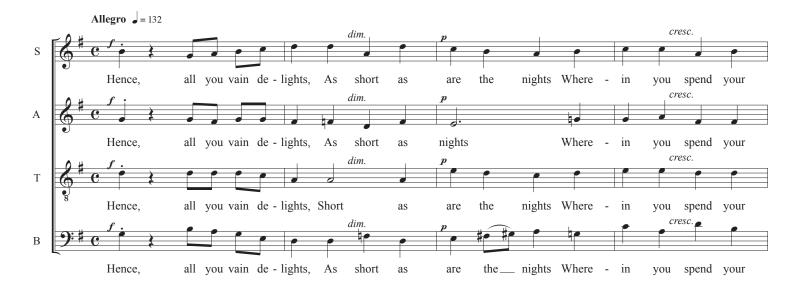




Öweetest Mekanchoky

Walter E. Macfarren (1825–1905)

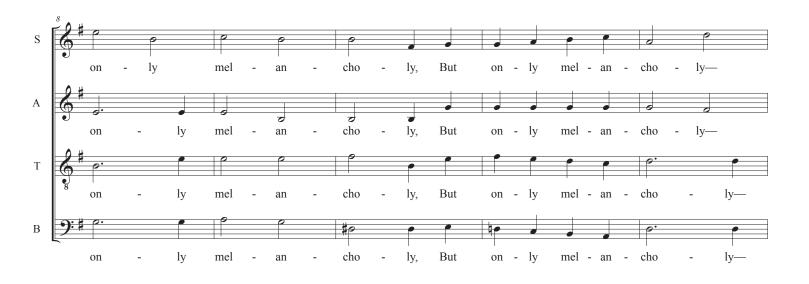
W. C. Macfarren

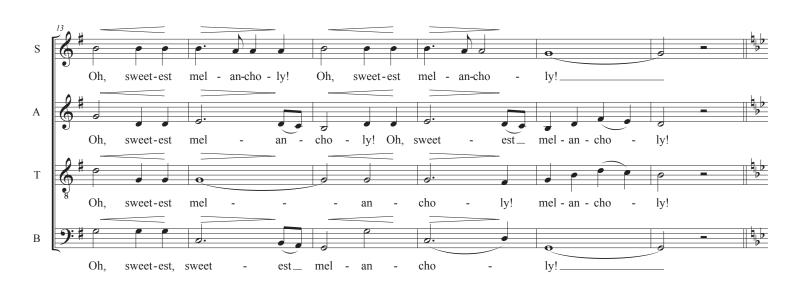


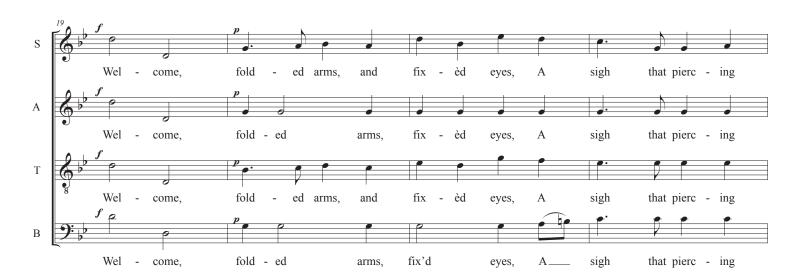


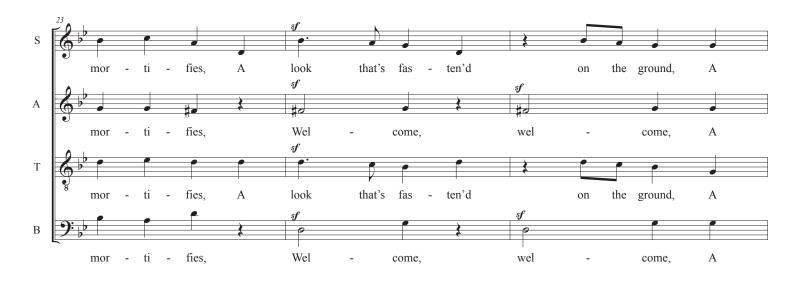


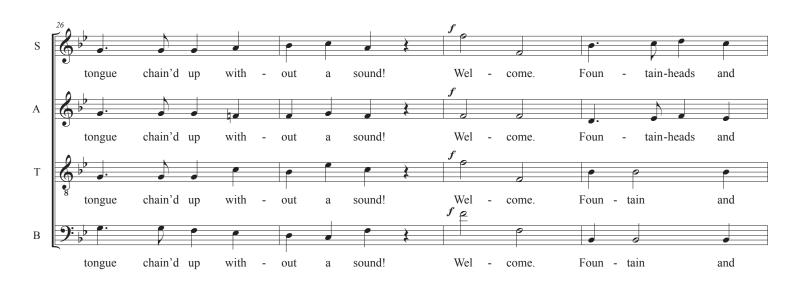
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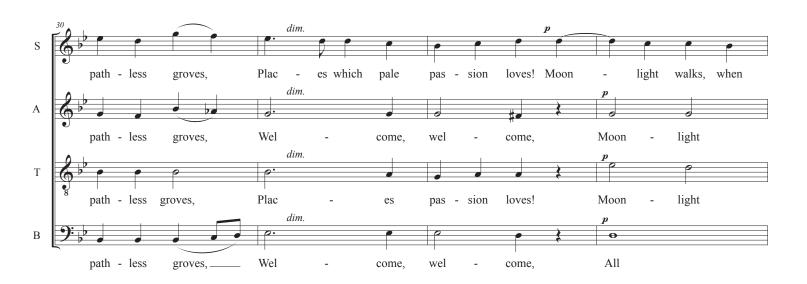


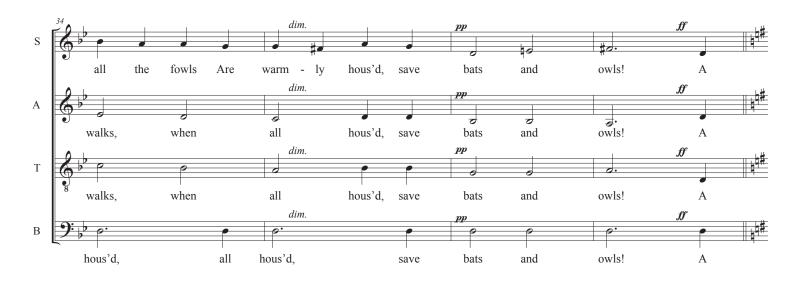


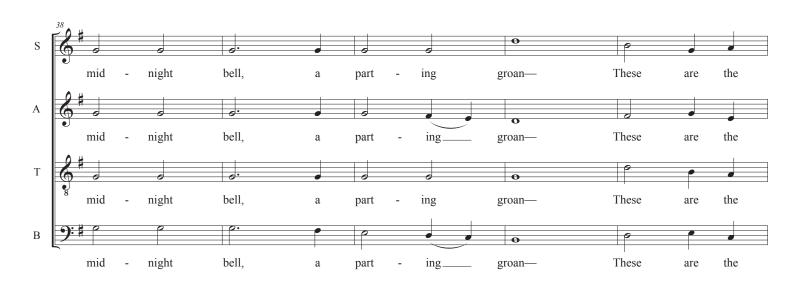


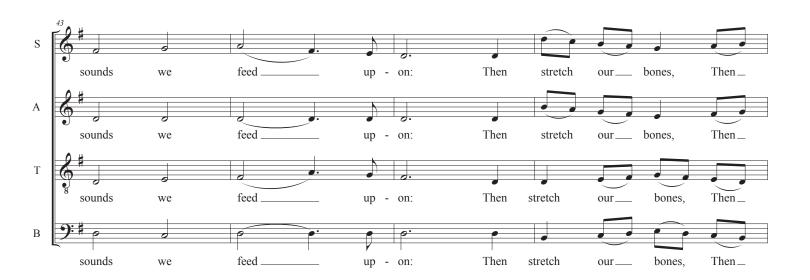


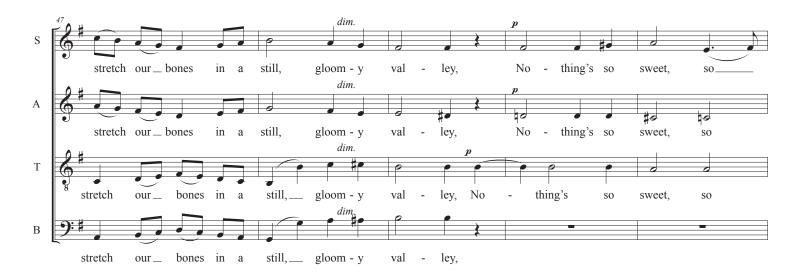


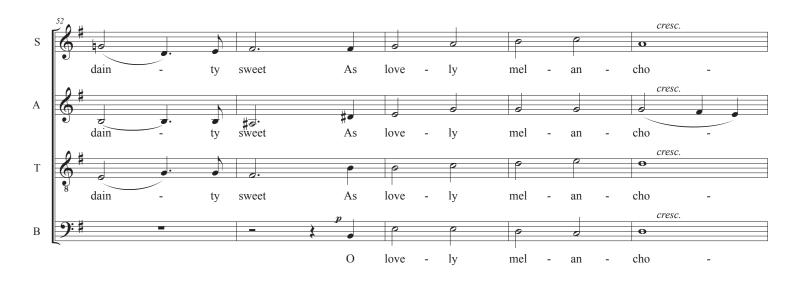


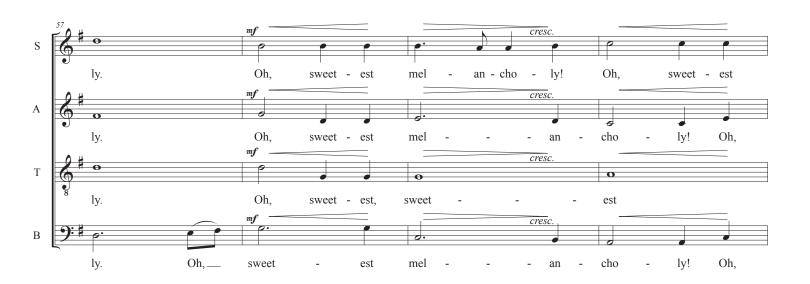


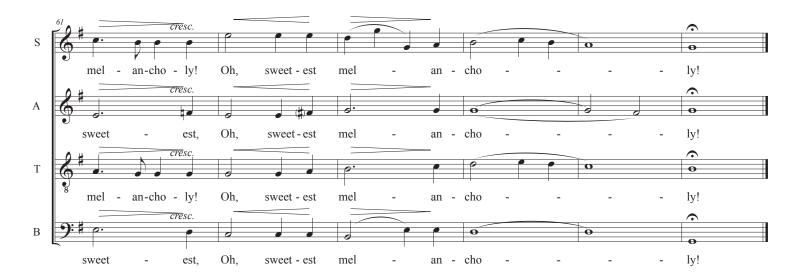












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1860-1885)

Walter Cecil Macfarren (1826–1905) was in London, the younger brother of one of the leading Victorian composers, George Alexander Macfarren. He was a chorister at Westminster Abbey and sang at Queen Victoria's coronation. He had thoughts of becoming an artist, taking lessons in painting, but entered the Royal Academy of Music, studying the pianoforte and composition. He became a sub-professor of the pianoforte and was on the staff of the Royal Academy fifty-seven years. Macfarren was musical critic for the 'Queen' newspaper from 1862 until his death. He was chiefly concerned with teaching the piano and had some distinction as a conductor. He suffered from weak eyesight, but did not become totally blind, as did his brother. He composed many small pianoforte pieces and choral works, including two church services and many part-songs. He wrote no large-scale choral or dramatic works and wrote only a limited amount of orchestral music.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There 's naught in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only melancholy—
O sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound!

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan—
These are the sounds we feed upon:
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

from "The Nice Valour" John Fletcher (1579–1625)

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