

## THE VISION OF LIFE A SYMPHONIC POEM

for Soprano and Bass Soli, Chorus and Orchestra

Text and Music by

C. Hubert H. Parry

Composed for the Cardiff Musical Festival - September 26, 1907 Revised for 1914 Norwich Festival which was cancelled due to start of World War I

## VOCAL SCORE

Cover Image: "Spirit of the Summit" by Frederic Leighton, 1894



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The "renaissance" in English music is generally agreed to have started in the late Victorian period, beginning roughly in 1880. Public demand for major works in support of the annual choral festivals held throughout England at that time was considerable which led to the creation of many large scale works for orchestra with soloists and chorus.

Although a number of those works were engraved, printed and are regularly performed today, performance scores for a considerable number of compositions, both large-scale and more intimate works, are not available. These works were either never engraved or were engraved and printed but are no longer available in the publishers' catalogues. While the existence of these works is documented in biographies of the composers, the ability to study and, most importantly, to perform these compositions is not possible.

Changes in the International copyright laws, coupled with changing musical tastes, played a pivotal role in creating this void. As a result, music publishers lost the ability to generate revenue from the sale/rental of such music. In 1964, holograph and copyist scores from both Novello and from publishers it represented were offered to the British Library and the Royal College of Music Library (see The RCM Novello Library – The Musical Times, Feb. 1983 by Jeremy Dibble ).

These autograph full score manuscripts along with copies of engraved vocal scores, widely available through various online library sources, are now the only resources available for studying and performing these works.

The English Heritage Music Series has been created to ensure that these compositions are preserved, are accessible for scholarly research and, most importantly, are available for performance by future generations. Its mission is to:

- Source non-engraved/out-of-print English composer compositions that are in the U.S. public domain
- Preserve these compositions through the preparation of performance scores using notation software
- Provide open Internet access to the scores to facilitate study, performance and sharing of performance material (program notes, audio, reviews, etc.)

In preparing the English Heritage Music Series editions, every effort has been made to adhere strictly to the notation contained in the manuscripts. Because of the passage of time and its effect on the condition of the manuscript, the absence of clear information often times by the composer in notating divided instruments, and with emendations in the composer and other hands resulting from use of the manuscript in performance, there were numerous circumstances which required interpretation and decisions for notes, accidentals, dynamics, articulations and tempi. Should questions arise in the use of these editions, the composers' autograph manuscripts and the Novello vocal scores should be consulted for clarification.

Matthew W. Mehaffey Editor

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## Source Information

Autograph Manuscript: Vocal Score: Royal College of Music Library Manuscript Transcription & Score Preparation Royal College of Music Library MS 4213 Novello Original Octavo Edition No. 12565 Jonathan Frank, Ass't. Librarian - jonathan.frank@rcm.ac.uk David Fielding - dhcfielding@charter.net

## **Reference Material and Software**

Notation Software: Dorico Version 5.1.81.2225 Audio Software: Note Performer 4 Graphic Software: Affinity Photo 2 Document Software: Affinity Publisher 2 Music Notation Reference: <u>Behind Bars</u> by Elaine Gould, Faber Music © 2011

# THE VISION OF LIFE

#### The Dreamer

From utmost distance of the dreams of thought, The long procession comes; Shadows that follow shadows. Changeless in change, tireless in weary wandering Death strews the path, yet the living ever come! Millions on millions!

No echo of their speech, No sign of what they were; No wakening to wonder Of tokens that their passing left upon the way. Lost in long night, where no light gleams, They passed, and passed, and were forgot.

## The Dream Voices

We wandered aimless in a world of dread; Wherever life was, death lurked: We knew not hope, for us knowledge was not, By the law of our being strife was begotten. The weak grew strong in wariness; Cunning and craft were his weapons; He shunned the light in secret places, And slew for safety, and found none! The Lords of the tempest thundered: The flame from the cloud consumed us, The wielder of winds o'erwhelmed us, The frosts of the night numbed us.

Homeless and houseless, In caves and in clefts, We hid from the terror Of tempest and torrent, Cowering, thirsting, shivering, starving, dying, While the host wandered on.

## The Spirit of the Vision

Yet shines the life-sustaining Sun! The countless stars in their allotted courses move: Day follows night with changeless constancy: The world its circling course fulfills, And while the ages wander by The weltering tumult winds its helpless way, From out the deeps of darkness and despair Into the light of dawn. The weary faces brighten as thy fare; The words we know and welcome as our own, That tell of radiant youth that revels in itself, And looks on life with eyes of wondering joy, With hands outstretched to grasp the cup and drain it, Tumultuous, eager, thronging on their way, They take and turn to joy, All that the wakening world can give.

## The Dream Voices

To us is the glory of beauty revealed, The glory of all that gladdens the eye; The beauty of suppleness, The beauty of speed, Of litheness of limb and the wondrous fairness of face. To us is revealed the wonder of words,

The wonders of thought and the passion of tears. To us is revealed the delight in great deeds, The joy in the prowess of peerless men, The strife of the gods and the heroes.

We wielded the sword and the spear, The bow we bent in the battle, We drank to the depths the cup of the frenzy of fight! We won the welcome triumphant! The welcome of home-coming warriors, The shout of the saved to their saviours; The salt sea stayed us not, The mountains delayed us not, Forest and valley betrayed us not. We won to knowledge and wisdom, We learnt the lore of the heavens. We knew the sun that shone for us, The stars that made gay the sky for us, The moon whose silvery light Made wonderful the watches of the night!

To us the gods gave freedom and a radiant world, Our way was flower-strewn, Ringing with gladness and song.

## The Dreamer

Ye may not rest, O wanderers, Time will not wait nor stay the ruthless rhythm of his march To let life wander in the gardens of delight.

For other learning is your fate, Long weary ways to tread and bitter fruit to taste Ere to the longed-for haven ye win.

Hark to the harsher sound, The tramp of greed and pride!

## The Voices

Pride! Possession! The passion of power! To us the world and its wealth! To us the glory of greatness! To us the dominant dower of Empire! The free under foot are trodden. As slaves are they herded to serve us, As slaves shall they slay one another, To glut our greed for bloodshed. Kings shall go fawning for favour. Chieftains of the vanquished shall go chained to our chariots. The glitter and splendour of gold and of purple, The shimmer of steel, the thunder of triumphs, Luxury, license, wanton and limitless! What care we when mastery wins to defiance? Where none dare question no right but might! And that right runs through the world!

#### The Dreamer

To Death must all come! How huge soeer the mocking semblance looms, And all the world should be enslaved To minister to measureless desire. Victor and vanquished, spoiler and despoiled, A little span and they are gone!

#### The Spirit of the Vision

Yet while the roar of power triumphant rings, A single voice, from lands remote and wild, From humble cot of lowly peasant folk Speaks to the travellers as they toil along Such words as held men wondering. Such bidding to bethink them of their need, Such teaching of the nothingness of pride Beside the joy of faithful brotherhood, That ever after all the path was changed. A heaven dawned upon their way, Far off, and dimly dreamed, Encircled with a halo of desire: And they forgot the roughness of the road, The weary limbs, the parched throat, The blows, the scars, the tears, In watching far away a beacon in the sky.

#### The Voices

The Empire of the proud ones passeth, They strive with one another for the sway, And their reward is ruin. We watch them as we wander on, And it is nought to us! The world is brooding, and we go stumbling Through wrecks of ancient learning. The heavens are full of visions, The air is full of voices, And we are faint with longing To hear the message clearly. The spirit within us Striveth and seeketh. The old life is over, The new is yet dawning.

#### The Spirit of the Vision

So near to perfect joy and peace, Their souls fulfilled with faith and love, They linger, earthly lures forgot, Wrapt in a dream of hope.

Does not the toilsome pathway end Full soon and near, the haven won, The pledge of all desire attained, Rest to the weary given?

Yet onwards still the shadows come, Relentless need their steps constraining; The voice that called them groweth dumb, The light of love is waning.

#### The Voices

To us only is the truth known, Ours the word that bringeth safety. To us heaven's portals are open, Heirs are we of endless glory.

They that heed not shall be harried, Flame and sword shall be their portion.

March we onwards never failing, Sure of foot and sure of future!

#### The Dreamer

Faint, faint the beacon light, Cloud, mist and gloom once more. The pathway lost, men cry to one another in the dark, This way, and that way, Deep in the hollows, High in the bleak fells, Striving and falling, Wrestling and clamouring, Working confusion, Each laying hold of the thing that is nearest, Snatching–grasping–lying–cheating!

## The Voices

This is mine, out on thee, Slave that hast no rights! Starve thou, the bread is mine! Thirst thou, the wine is mine! Hide thee in hovels! Thou and thy foul brood! Rot in the gutter! Die in the ditch! The earth is mine! Its fruit is mine! Thou shalt not rest, Thou shalt not hope, Thou shalt not think, Thou shalt not breathe But at my will!

#### The Spirit of the Vision

Ah! baleful dower of blinded self, The prize is poisoned! Surfeit and despair Are mingled in the cup the victor drains. Red is the wild revenge the vanquished claim, Red the swift horror of descending steel That slays the guiltless with the vilest In raging thirst to right such wrong.

## The Dreamer

Yet in the weltering chaos of waste words, Slowly the madness of strife and of hatred Yields to the spirit of love and of truth, Dimly the certainties wake in the hearts of men! Certain and sure are the stars in their courses, At dawn unfailing the great Sun upriseth; As summer follows the spring, As seed-time follows the flower-time, As waves are wind-born, And green grass rain-born; As bird is not wingless, Nor flame without fuel, So are there mounting up Witnessing certainties, Day by day, Year by year, Age by age, Ever and always, Marvellous, obedient, faithful and fruitful.

#### The Voices

Hearken, O brothers, To the music of the song of the world! Hear the hum of earth and air, Feeding the forests; Hear the bass of mighty trees, Spreading, unfolding! Hear the tender song of flowers expanding, Hear the whisper of the green grass growing, Hear the rustle of the wheat ripening, Hear the shout of roystering winds, Rousing the echoes, Rousing the thunder Of wild thronging waves! Hear the mighty harmony of all the powers unseen, Orderly, steadfastly, each in their ministry Ceaselessly singing! Hear them and love them, And join in their jubilant song.

#### The Dreamer

Nearer they come, and ever more near! Of our own time they are, and here! And sweeping onwards in an endless stream, No longer phantoms of a dream. The form of each is clear! There a dear familiar face! There a friend long lost! A child, a loved one! Maybe there—myself! A spectral shadow, Doomed to strive a little space and pass away. What help? is there no stay, No word of solace, nor a word of greeting anywhere, To one left dreaming here alone?

#### The Spirit of the Vision

None will be dreaming alone, Nor hungering vainly for comfort! See in the infinite distance Where the unbroken flood moves on, How hope and helpfulness unwearied Make all the path a radiant mead; And brother sees in the eyes of brother The trust that makes toil's best reward. They hold out hands to help the faint, To make the stumbling footsteps sure; They sing the song of spirits freed From pride and fear and barren greed; They sing the song of spirits undaunted, Of spirits purged of earthly stain, The everlasting song of the way made plain.

#### The Voices

We praise the men of the days long gone, Faithful and brave, loyal and sure, Who cleared the path their firmness won, Making it plain for men unborn and for all time secure.

We think with love of those who fell, Lost in the stress, living in vain; Who knew not light nor wisdom's spell, Wandering helpless, maimed and blind, condemned to helpless pain!

Wise ones or worthless, Helpful or hindering, Heroes or cravens, All pace the same path, all face the same death.

Limitless oneness binds us together, Passing on life from one to another. Seeking to solve it, seeking to know it, Seeking to make it of worth to each brother.

We sing the quest of the soul of man, The same that he sang when his travels began. To purge out the paltry and vain and base, To make of our world a joyous place. To find the true and to know its worth, And to claim it for all as the right of their birth.

We sing the joy of winning the way To fellowship boundless and frank as the sea, To all goodwill !—To all the light of day ! And hearts that beat high in a world of the free ! \*

#### The Voices

Awake, ye that live in darkness ! Darkness serveth not for deeds of light. Awake, ye that love folly ! Folly is no making for the life of man. Awake, ye that heed not man's worth, And laugh to see him faint and fall ! Awake ye that mock at the right, Ye counsellors of corruption ! Ye cannot stay the Sun.

## The Spirit of the Vision and The Voices

Where faith is there is strength ! Where truth is there is joy ! Where trust is there is love, Where love is there is heaven !

#### The Voices

Onwards ! Onwards and upwards The path hath ever been ; Onwards ! Onwards and Sunwards ! The traveller's way will be ! From hand to hand the token passeth on, Though millions after millions pass away ; Another takes the quest when our life's tale is done, Come night to us, to others comes the day. Hands across the ages, Voices echoing voices, Heartbeat answering heartbeat, Joy surging triumphant ;

#### The Spirit of the Vision and The Voices

The vision binds eternal life in one.

\* Italicized text included in 1907 version. Replaced by text (above) in 1914 revision



The 1907 Cardiff Music Festival was held in the Main Hall on Park Place. This 1884 drawing shows the frontages on Park Place and Crockherbtown. The 10 shops facing Crockherbtown included a larger unit at the south-east corner for a "coffee palace". Above was the hotel, which had c.100 rooms. Behind the shops was an enclosed service passage for the shops and hotel.

The public halls, north of the passage, had entrances on Park Place (the entrances on the left in the drawing). The main hall held up to 2,500 people, and the orchestra space was big enough for 250 musicians! It featured Wales' largest organ, by leading manufacturer Henry Willis & Sons. The smaller hall accommodated up to 600 people.

The hall's opening concert in 1884 included the Cardiff Choral Society, which adopted the venue for rehearsals. Local exams for Cambridge University hopefuls were held here in 1884. Other Victorian events here included balls, a chrysanthemum show and Cardiff Football Club annual meetings.

## BACKGROUND INFORMATION ON PARRY AND "THE VISION OF LIFE"

Sir Edward Elgar (May 18, 1909)

"I hope you are well and that you are writing. I am so delighted we are to have *Job* in Hereford Cathedral. Your Cardiff 'Vision' was, I conclude, too strong for the Church, but I hope we may have it soon. It's really strong bracing stuff, and, like your Odes, some of us love it and love you for giving us these things."

Hubert Parry: His Life and Works by Charles L. Graves, Macmillan and Co., Ltd. © 1926, Vol. II, p. 66

"During the first half of this year (1914) he gave much time to the revision of the score of his Vision of Life with a view to its performance at Norwich—an expectation frustrated by the War."

Hubert Parry: His Life and Works by Charles L. Graves, Macmillan and Co., Ltd. © 1926, Vol. II, pp. 157-158

"Hubert Parry's ethical idealism was animated by a truly Christian spirit. The great aim of his later years was to impress on all people the need of enlarging their sphere of Religion; to consecrate his art to the service of humanity. 'Religion', he wrote in one of his notebooks, 'includes Art as well as definite devotional exercises', and again: 'Art is a form of devotion. Everything that endeavours to beautify and make lovable the surroundings and the ideas of man is part of devotional religion. It is devotion to the beautiful aspect of things—the things which minister to spiritual well-being, to truth.'

Thus it came about, as Mrs. Ponsonby writes, that 'when he spoke of some remarkable human being or act, or of Bach, or the sea, or architecture, or the country, one felt that to him the sphere of Religion was indeed without bounds. The beliefs which informs the message that he endeavoured to give to the world in his later works, and especially in The Vision of Life, is best defined in his own words, quoted by Miss Daymond in the memorial number of the Royal College Magazine:

There is, as it were, a limitless, unflagging, living series of variations on a great subject—and that subject is the progress towards the highest good of the race.... The highest optimism is the belief that as man has already succeeded in controlling his destiny, and the resources of the little corner of the world with which he is concerned, by slow degrees better and better, so he will go on doing it in the future. This is no hope of a comfortable easy-going Utopia, but a reality of constant effort towards the development of the consciousness that the guarantee of Life is the fruitful expenditure of energy.

Hubert Parry: His Life and Works by Charles L. Graves, Macmillan and Co., Ltd. © 1926, Vol. II, p. 224

"The Vision of Life, brought out in 1907 and revised in 1914, is notable as an exposition of his philosophy of life, as an expansion of the gospel of brotherhood and love . . . . it also commands admiration by its dignity and felicity of phrase and the skill with which rhymed passages are introduced to lend emphasis to a scheme of free verse. Traces are not wanting in vocabulary of the influence exerted by his familiarity with the Bible, and in the metre and use of alliteration with the old chronicles and Sagas and the libretti of Wagner. But, as it has been said of his music, so may it be repeated of this his most ambitious poem, that there is scarcely a passage that is not plainly and unmistakably Parry."

## Hamilton Harty

"I have a personal theory—probably all wrong—that Parry was too broad and great a man to be a really first-rate genius as a musician. After all, to be a universally interested man, as he was, is better than to be a more or less narrow musician, and I can't think of any great composer whose absorption in his art did not make him a little deaf and blind to the rest of the world and its problems."

## Other Sources

C. Hubert H. Parry-His Life and Music by Jeremy Dibble, Oxford University Press, © 1992, pp. 420-423

An Imperishable Heritage: British Choral Music from Parry to Dyson by Stephen Town, Ashgate Publishing Company, ©2012, pp. 1-36

Parry before Jerusalem-Studies of His Life and Music by Bernard Benoliel, Ashgate Publishing Company, © 1997

SIR HUBER PARRY'S NEW WORK FOR THE CARDIFF MUSICAL FESTIVAL The Musical Times - Vol. 48, No. 775 (September 1, 1907), p. 600

As in other of his choral works, Sir Hubert Parry is his own librettist in this his latest composition, written specially for the Cardiff Musical Festival to be held at the end of this month. . Entitled 'The Vision of Life,' it is a symphonic poem for soprano and bass soli, chorus and orchestra. In writing the words of this symphonic poem the composer has had in his mind the ceaseless march of humanity from the earliest traces of life in conditions of awful helplessness, through various great issues up to our own time, and passing onward to the dimmest and most distant future. In spite of appearances to the contrary, Sir Hubert strongly believes that humanity is always keeping a firm hold on the undying aspirations after good, and progressing slowly, very slowly perhaps, towards the attainment of general well-being. The opening lines will serve to give a sample of the composer's conception of the ceaseless march of humanity-a splendid subject for musical treatment:

> From utmost distance of the dreams of thought, The long procession comes ; Shadows that follow shadows.

Changeless in change, tireless in weary wandering, Death strews the path, yet the living ever come ! Millions on millions !

Here it may be stated that 'The Dreamer' is personated by a bass soloist, suggestive of one of those 'old men who dreamed dreams,' that the music of 'The Spirit of the Vision'-much more of an optimist than 'The Dreamer'-is assigned to the soprano soloist, and that 'The Voices' of the poem are naturally those of the chorus.

The thematic material is restricted to a few musical subjects, which represent the essential ideas of the poem, and undergo transformations as it proceeds. Thus the first hesitating and uncertain pulsations of life are portrayed in what may be called the Subject of Destiny (No. 1)



and conjoined with it is the motiv suggesting the ceaseless impulse to rise to a better outlook (No. 2)



These two subjects pervade the whole work in a great variety of forms. No. 1 passes at the beginning into a sort of motiv of the wandering; No. 2, passing through many modifications, ultimately becomes the motiv of human joy and content; by which the composer means that mankind so ultimately realize the meaning of destiny that it becomes a source of happiness instead of dread. In this sense it becomes, in the latter part of the work, the prominent motiv in the treble (No. 3):



And when the travellers of life's journey are imagined to look back, they praise the good of times long past in a kind of inversion of it:



All this is developed with that intellectual strength and masterly musicianship which are always associated with the creative work of Sir Hubert Parry. An instance of his melodic stability is the following fine tune:



Other passages might be quoted to prove how intimately the music reflects the words of a really fine poem on a great subject—one which sets its seal of the 'general wellbeing' in the final choral outburst:

> We sing the joy of winning the way To fellowship boundless and frank as the sea, To all goodwill !—To all the light of day ! And hearts that beat high in a world of the free !

## CARDIFF MUSICAL FESTIVAL The Musical Times - Vol. 48, No. 777 (November 1, 1907), pp. 726-728

The festival opened (on Wednesday morning, September 25) with the National Anthem followed by the chorus 'Hail ! Bright Cecilia,' from Purcell's 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.' Thereupon succeeded Sullivan's 'Golden Legend', which at the initial festival of 1892 the composer himself conducted.

Two of the octet of novelties were presented in the second part of the programme. The first of these was a tone-poem for orchestra entitled 'Summer', composed expressly for the occasion and conducted by Mr. Arthur Hervey. Then cam novelty number two, a setting by Mr. Hamilton Harty, for soprano solo and orchestra, of Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale.' The work, conducted by Mr. Harty, was admirably sung by the composer's wife, Miss Agnes Nicholls, to whom it is dedicated, and the gifted pair received every mark of approval in the unstinted applause bestowed upon their combined efforts. Beethoven's 'Hallelujah' chorus set its great seal on the morning's music.

Expectation ran high at the evening concert, at which was produced Part II of 'Omar Khayyam' for soli, chorus and orchestra, composed for the festival by Mr. Granville Bantock, who conducted the performance. As befits the philosophisings of the Persian astronomer-poet, the music is cast in the mould of that Oriental luxuriance of which the composer is so great an admirer.

The programme of the third performance (on Thursday morning) being of a more or less familiar nature does not call for detailed notice. Sir Edward Elgar's oratorio 'The Kingdom,' conducted by the composer, was its chief feature. In Tchaikovsky's E minor Symphony No. 5 the orchestra displayed their superb qualities under Dr. Cowen's enthusiastic leadership.

Not the least important novelty of this festival was Sir Hubert Parry's Symphonic poem for soprano, bass, chorus, and orchestra, 'The Vision of Life.' In an outline of the work given in the September issue of this journal it was stated: 'In writing the words of this symphonic poem the composer has had in his mind the ceaseless march of humanity from the earliest traces of life in conditions of awful helplessness, through various great issues up to our own time, and passing onward to the dimmest and most distant future '; and that he ' strongly believes that humanity +is always keeping a firm hold on the undying aspirations after good, and progressing slowly, very slowly perhaps, towards the attainment of general well-being '- a noble theme to which the poet-composer has wedded noble music. The work is all aglow with human feeling, and the interest of its vast subject is- sustained and intensified as one strain after another reaches the ear in tones of deep sincerity. To mention this or that feature would not do justice to the continuity of the poem and its appropriate music. The brief hour that it occupied passed all too soon, and one longs for an opportunity of rehearing a composition which is sure to find acceptance, as it is inspired with lofty motives and set forth in music that is artistic, attractive and easy of under standing. The rendering of the work was excellent; the choir evidently took to their part with great delight, and the two soloists, Miss Agnes Nicholls (who at very short notice took the place of Miss Gleeson-White) and Mr. Ivor Foster, were no less satisfactory. Sir Hubert, who conducted, received quite an ovation both at the beginning and the end of the performance.`

The programme on Friday morning (September 27) opened with César Franck's 150th Psalm, for choirs, orchestra and organ. This was immediately followed by the fifth novelty of the festival, a setting by Dr. Cowen of Mrs. Browning's poem, 'He giveth His beloved sleep,' for contralto solo, chorus and orchestra. The fine qualities of the choir were displayed to full advantage in Schubert's Mass in E flat which followed. The *finale* from Act I of 'Parsifal' concluded the concert.

Cheerful music—how welcome it is—reigned supreme at the evening concert on Friday. Haydn's 'Spring' put everybody in a good humour. This prepared the way for the sixth novelty, 'Two Norfolk Rhapsodies' (No. 2 and 3), composed and conducted by Dr. R. Vaughan Williams. Dr. A. Herbert Brewer then mounted the platform to conduct the seventh novelty—his Ballad for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra, 'Sir Parick Spens'. Dr. Cowen's dainty overture 'The Butterfly's Ball,' the *Finale* to Mendelssohn's 'Loreley' and Strauss's 'Don Juan' formed Part II of a successful, enjoyable and cheerful concert.

The last day of the concert included 'Romeo and Juliet' of Berlioz, Mendelssohn's G minor Pianoforte concerto, Mozart's motet 'Glory, honour, praise, and power' and a performance of Handel's 'Messiah.'

# THE VISION OF LIFE

C. Hubert H. Parry



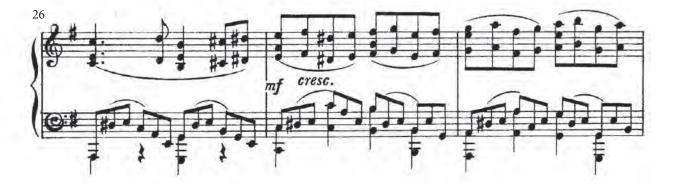


















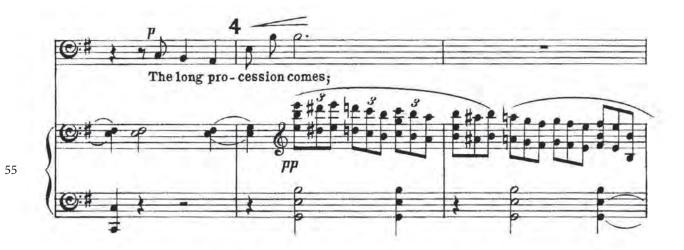






















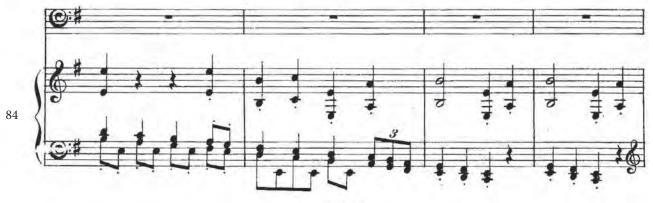




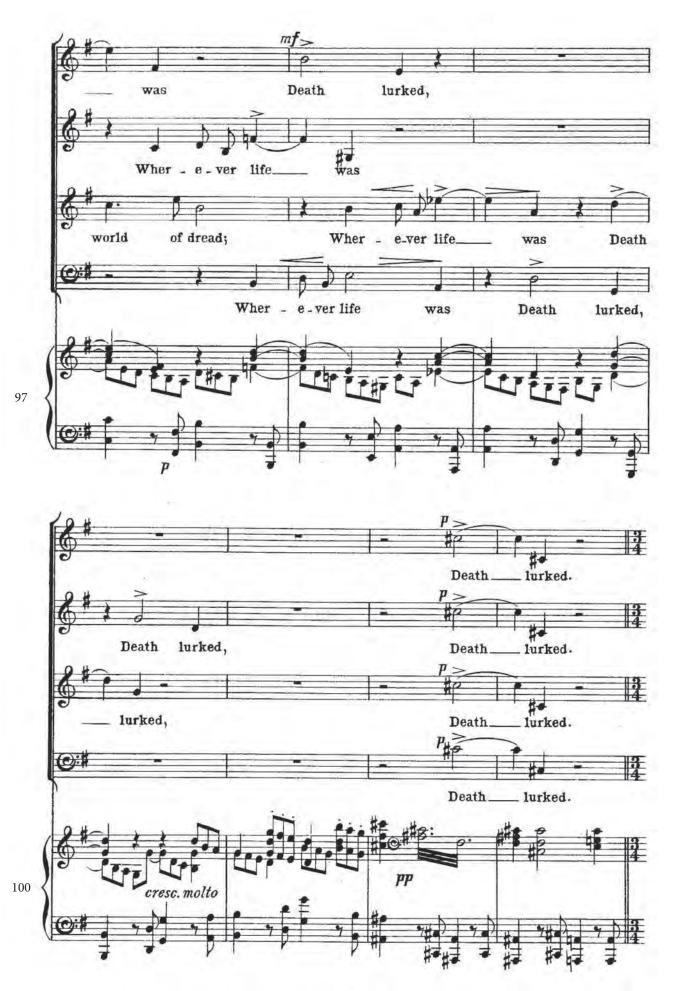
































































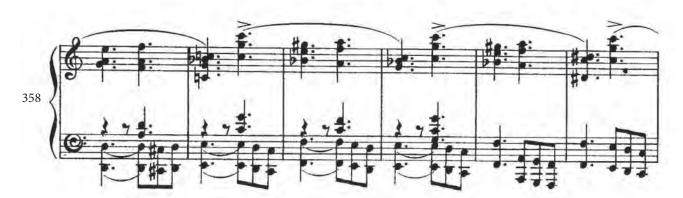














































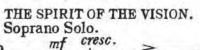






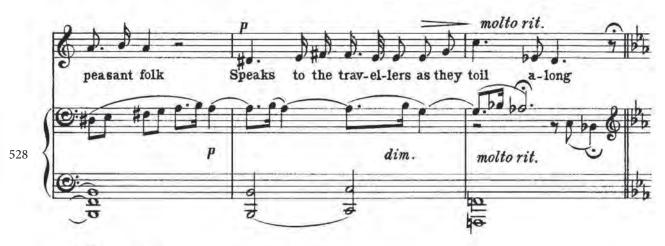


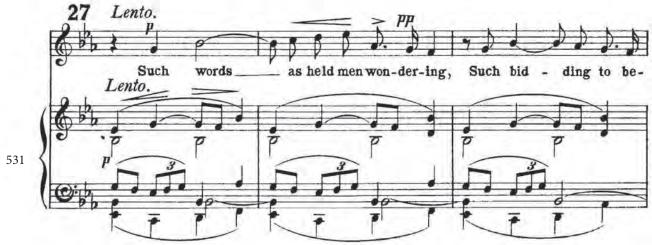














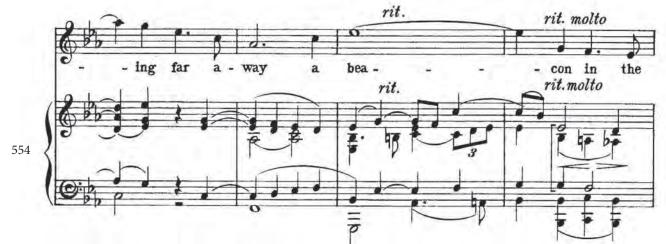












































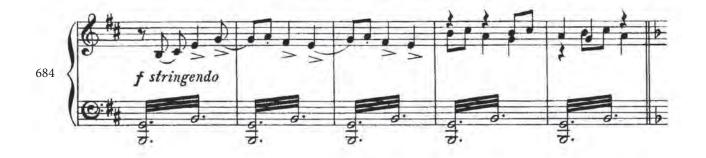








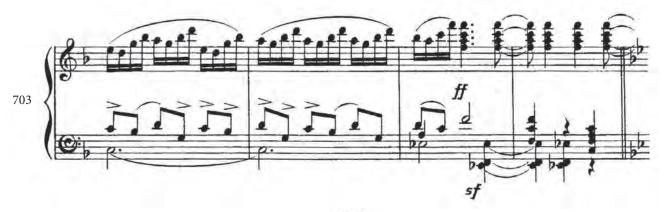


















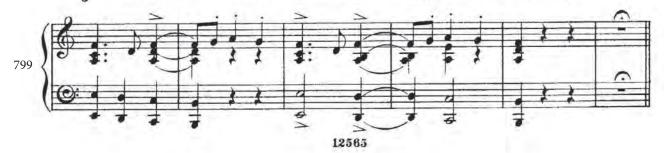
















































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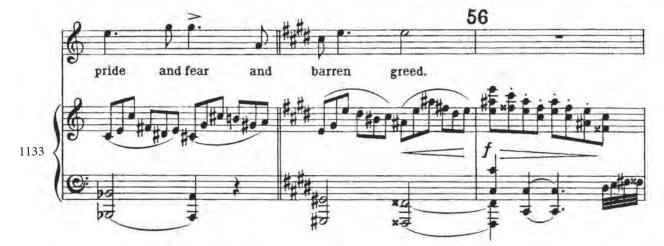








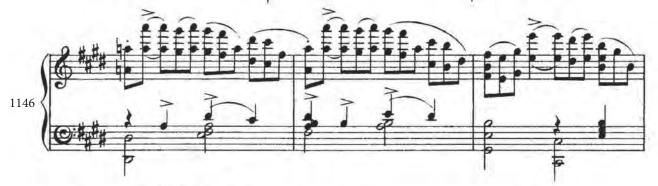








































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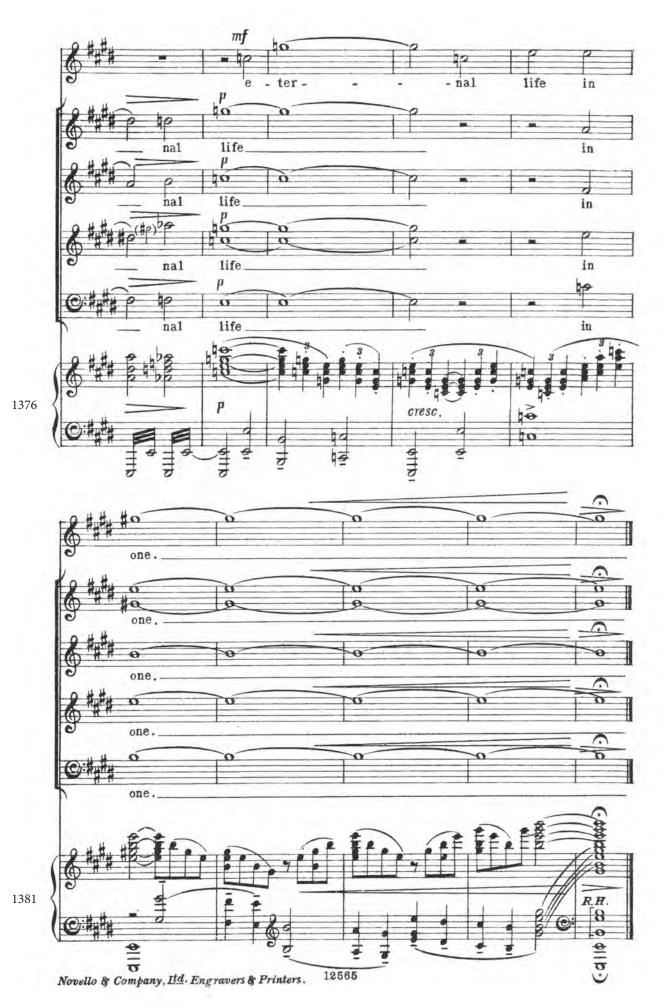














Unearthing from the Past - Preserving for the Future  $^{\mbox{\tiny SM}}$ 



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