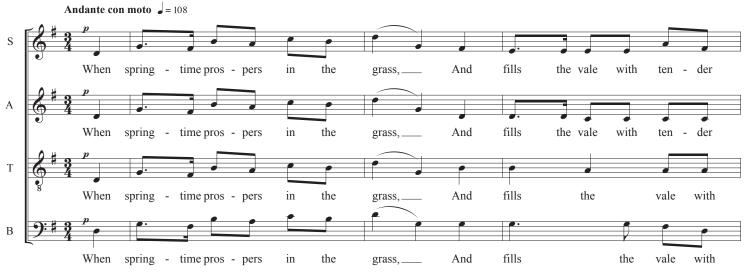
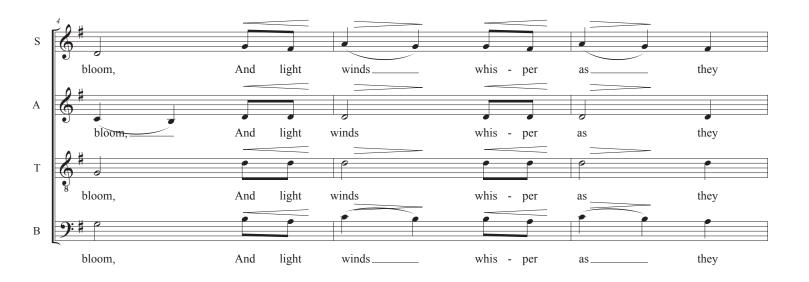


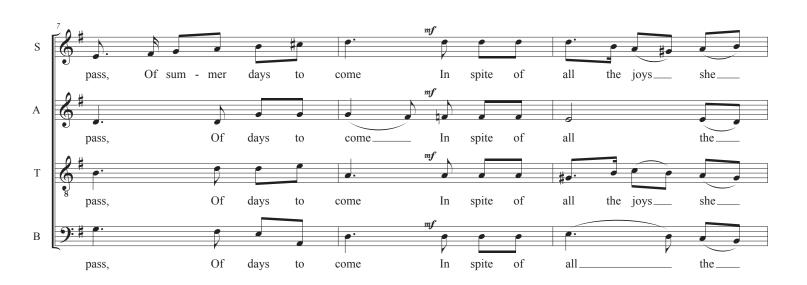
Walter E. Macfarren (1825–1905)

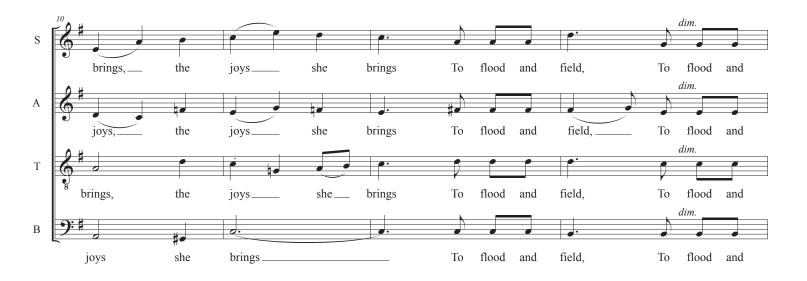


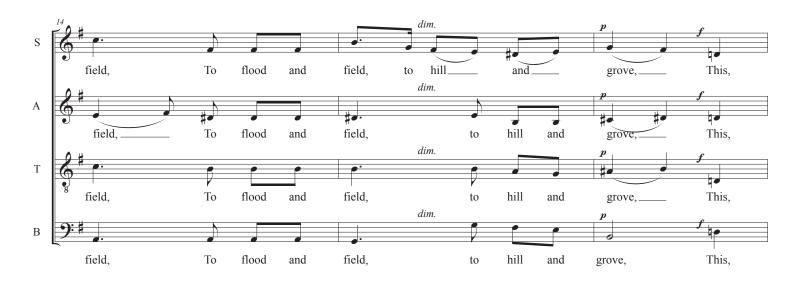


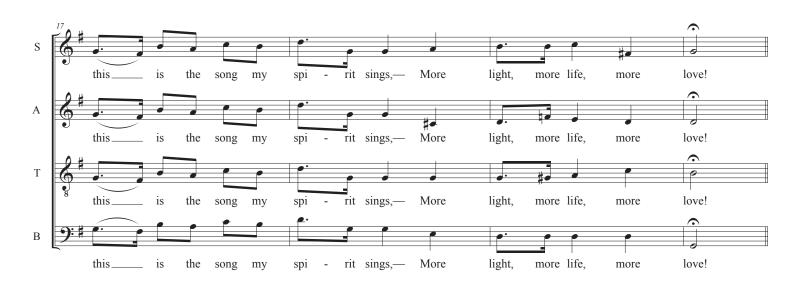
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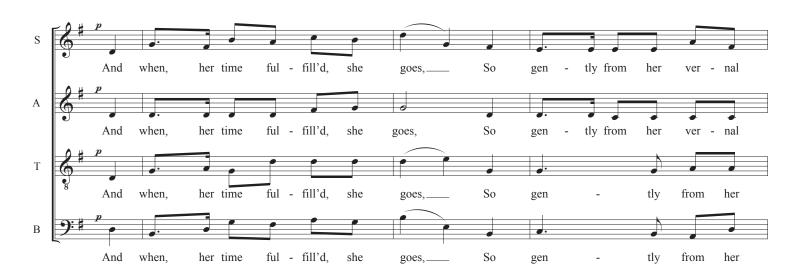


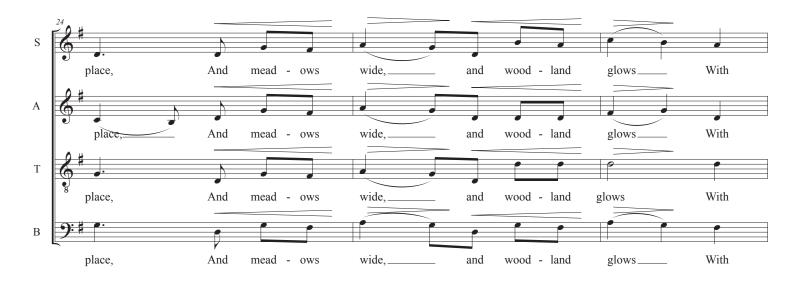


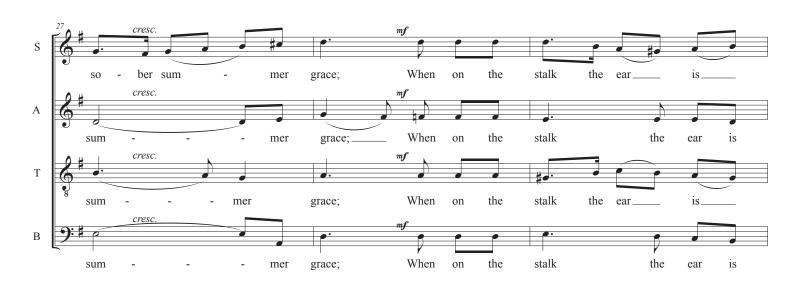


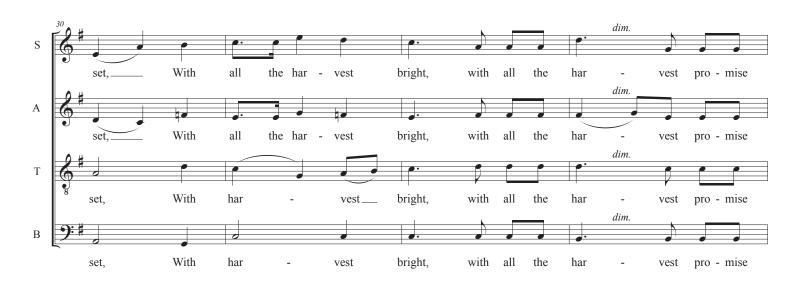


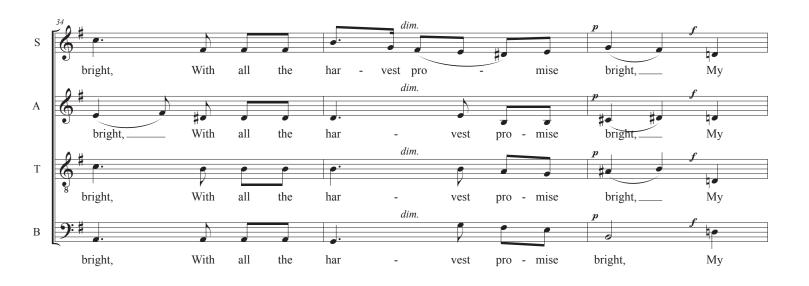


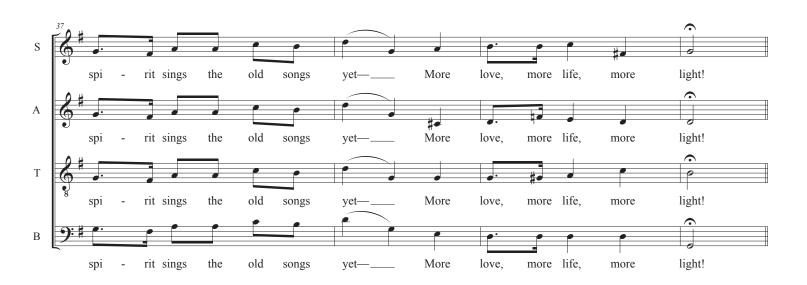


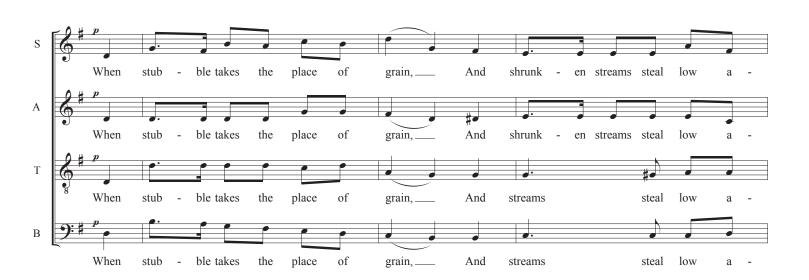


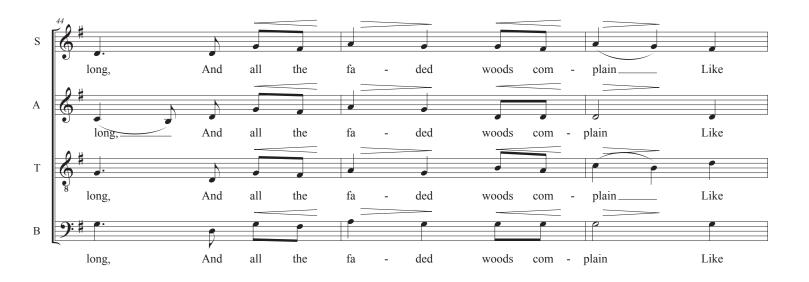


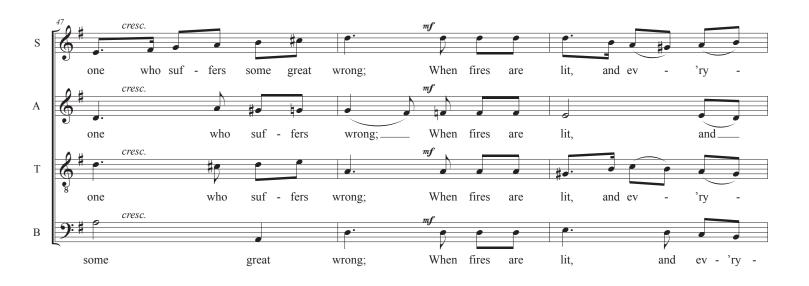


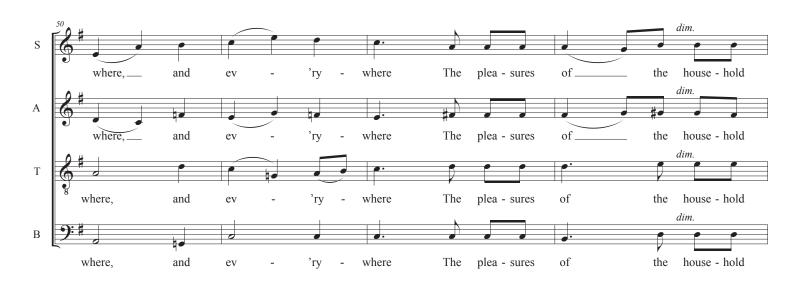


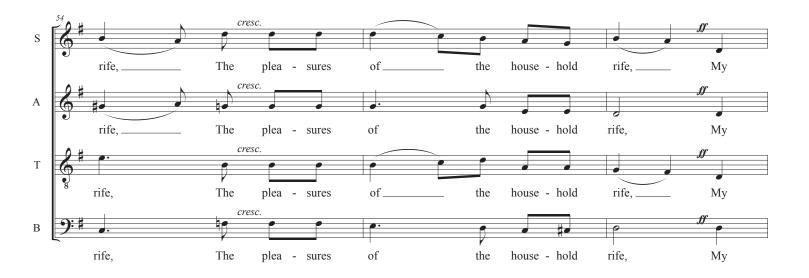


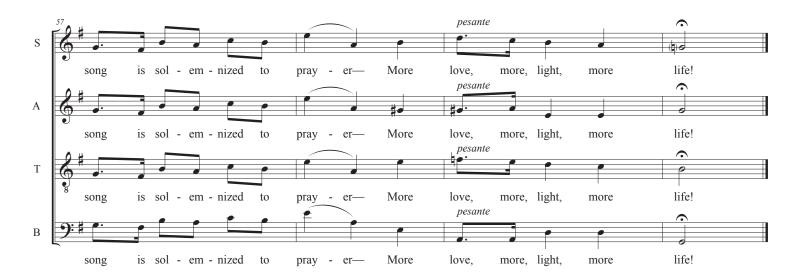












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1860-1885)

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.

When springtime prospers in the grass, And fills the vale with tender bloom, And light winds whisper as they pass, Of summer days to come
In spite of all the joys she brings
To flood and field, to hill and grove,
This, this is the song my spirit sings,—
More light, more life, more love!

And when, her time fulfill'd, she goes, So gently from her vernal place, And meadows wide, and woodland glows With sober summer grace; When on the stalk the ear is set, With all the harvest bright, My spirit sings the old songs yet—More love, more life, more light!

When stubble takes the place of grain, And shrunken streams steal low along, And all the faded woods complain Like one who suffers some great wrong; When fires are lit, and ev'ry-where The pleasures of the household rife, My song is solemnized to prayer—More love, more, light, more life!

Alice Cary (1820-1871)

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