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track. Acting on Madame Patey's advice I began publishing my songs under my own name. I wrote a number for Messrs. Patey and Willis, and 'The fisher wife's vigil' and many others for Madame Patey herself."

The Pathetic Story of the Dying Soldier.

It was very difficult to keep my curiosity in check, and again I interrupted. It seems to me there are not many people except musicians who know that Frederick Bevan, the song writer, is identical with Mr. Frederick Bevan, of the Elder Conservatorium.

"That is so, I believe. Why! Many of my own students did not know it themselves, even when they sang the songs. Belle Cole, I think, introduced 'The flight of ages' to Australia, and other songs quickly followed. When I came out here I was not known in Australia. But here we go off at a tangent again."

Just one word more. Your song "The old soldier" is very popular. When did you write it?"

He ignored my question, though I could see I had awakened memories. "The old soldier," he repeated. "There is a romance connected with that song. I taught it here in this room—I wrote it in England before I came away. When the contingents were going to South Africa you recollect the men used to drill on the Old Exhibition Ground. At night some of my students sang it to them, and it became almost the camp song. I often went down and listened to the lads. Those poor fellows went to South Africa into the thick of the fighting, and into one of the most terrible battles of the campaign. The London 'Daily News,' in an article about the battle, told a touching story of a South Australian he had seen carried in to the hospital mortally wounded. In his delirium the wounded man sang the refrain of the old song:—

There is magic in the drum,
When the cry is "Still they come!"
Then the fighting isn't idle brag.
Oh! I'd love to face the foe,
Once again before I go;
And to die beneath the dear old flag.

"Of course my name was not mentioned. That is not the point. The song seemed to have got hold of those poor chaps."

"The Flight of Ages" Goes Begging.

Once more we pursued the even tenor of our way. "I became musical adviser to Messrs. Patey & Willis, Robert Cocks and Co., Enoch & Sons," he went on. "About that time my songs were gaining popularity, and eventually, among a dozen songs I wrote for Messrs. Enoch and Sons, appeared 'The admiral's broom.'"

Is that your most successful composition?"

"No. 'The flight of ages' heads the list. There is a little story attached to those songs. I was given the lyrics by Mr. Enoch, and commissioned to set them. I wrote the music for both in one week, and when they were ready took them to the firm. I sang them through. Mr. Enoch said 'The admiral's broom' was fine, but he did not think the other would suit the firm's catalogue. You see, publishers have a sort of vogue; they go in for one class. I replied that if he did not want the song somebody else could have it, so he put a price on the verses, which were his property, and in succession I took the song to Patey and Willis, Metzler & Co., and Boosey & Co. The two first-named firms 'did not think it would suit them,' but Boosey & Co., after a good deal of humming and hawing, asked me to leave it awhile. I left it. After waiting some time for a reply I got rather cross, and told them if they would not publish it someone else would. Mr. William Boosey, the principal of the firm, at that time, asked what I wanted for the song, and I mentioned 25 guineas, for the whole rights without royalty. There were times in our Bohemian career when 25 guineas was an item. After further consideration Mr. Boosey said, 'Look here, we don't care about buying the song; we will do it on royalty,' and I closed with the offer. The first year's royalty came to considerably over £100."

Doesn't it make you feel faint to think you nearly took 25 guineas?"

"It gives one a sort of contraction around the heart."

Did any other songs go begging?

Cannot Write in Australia.

"No," he said, laughing, "none have gone begging since. 'The flight of ages' was an immense success. How many copies? Oh dear, I don't know; you see it has been pirated. When I wrote it in 1888 or 1889 there was no copyright in America. Here is a copy I bought for twopence or threepence in London when I was there in 1904. It is a photograph of the genuine article. We have stopped the piracy now."

He gave me a hint of the legitimate annual sale, and making a calculation I found that about 2½ million copies of that song had been sold, apart from the pirated issues.

"After the publication of 'The flight of ages' I wrote mainly for the firm of Boosey and Co., and among others I wrote 'The mighty river' for Madame Clara Butt and a song for Miss Ada Crossley. I continued to supply the demand until I came to Adelaide at the invitation of the council of the University, in 1898, as I have told you, and on leaving London made contracts with certain firms to write a certain number of songs each year. My work has been so heavy here, however, that I have never fulfilled the undertakings. The songs I have actually composed here are 'The gift divine,' 'When?' (for Madame Dolores when she was Antoinette Trebelli), and 'Shadows' (which was dedicated to Lady Tennyson). Then I did not do any more writing until I went home in 1914. While I was in London I turned out four or five songs, notably 'Peg away' and 'Our Father.' They were the last I published. I am looking forward to another holiday trip some day, when I shall replenish the market. Altogether I have written about 200 songs. I cannot write in Adelaide; I work too hard and cannot centre my thoughts on creative work. My pupils take it out of me."

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ROWDY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

Ichabod is not a word with which the average University undergraduate in New Zealand has much acquaintance (writes the Wellington correspondent of the "Sydney Morning Herald.") In future, however, he may reasonably inscribe it in big letters over his lintel. No longer will the student, fearfully and wonderfully arrayed, be allowed to visit the halls of learning while the academic "cap" is conferred. No longer will he have the opportunity of showing to his mother and his sister and his cousins and his aunts that "dulce est desipere in loco," which means making an egregious ass of oneself at the most inopportune moment. The New Zealand University student has made things extremely unpleasant for many years past at the capping ceremonies, and the senate has decided that the amateur comedian, cum larrikin, cum obstructionist, shall no longer be allowed to interrupt the Chancellor while he is delivering his usual speech, and that the capping shall take place in the solemn atmosphere of the senate itself. The grave and reverend seigneurs were not of one mind on the subject. The motion to abolish the ceremonies came from one of the youngest members of the senate, who remarked that at Wellington some of the students had been dressed as ballet girls. He did not use the term "horresco referens," though he probably had it in his mind; but he did go so far as to say that if students attired themselves in grotesque costumes it was absolutely impossible to preserve order. A member of the senate (and a reverend one, too) said he had heard Lord Roebury deliver his rectorial address in the Synod Hall, Edinburgh, and anything he had seen in New Zealand was quite tame when compared with what took place on that occasion. A good deal of the furniture was destroyed, yet the Lord Rector delivered his address, and did not consider himself insulted. But the senate as a whole had made up its mind, and the glory of capping-day has departed from the Dominion.