

that he would have omitted has been included (that upon Karl Marx). There is little in this volume to suggest the quality of those detailed analyses of fact and of literary evidence which has made Christopher Dawson one of the chief historians in Europe. Yet all those who admire the penetration of his mind and his serene astringent scholarship must be grateful to Mr Mulloy for attempting to make a wider public aware of something of the value of his work.

GERVASE MATHEW, O.P.

SCHUBERT'S SONGS. By Richard Capell. (Duckworth; 30s.)

Capell's writings on music could well be compared to the art criticism of Sir Kenneth Clark. In both we see an exquisitely sensitive and widely informed mind being luminously expressed in distinguished prose. The subject of Schubert's songs was one which might have been expected to draw out the best of Capell, for his knowledge of the music was matched only by his complete familiarity with the German poetry of the period; and indeed this is perhaps the most outstanding example of his writing and one of the very few memorable pieces of musical criticism which exist.

Two things about this book are quite astonishing. One is that, although it was originally published in 1928, its second edition did not appear until 1957—three years after Capell's death; and the other, that in spite of this long interval of time (a time, too, of immense musicological activity) so little had to be altered. No doubt if Capell had himself prepared this second edition he would have revised some of his opinions, but he would have had to make only minor changes of fact. (Such corrections have been made by Mr Martin Cooper, who prepared the new edition for the press.) Nor was it, indeed, a disadvantage to write from a very personal viewpoint. It is not usually difficult to make allowances for the exaggerations caused by an individual's enthusiasms and dislikes (Capell's attitude to Goethe, for example, 'may have been only just this side of idolatry'): and they often give life where the desiccated anonymity of much modern 'scientific' criticism is still-born. Perhaps it was the 'simplicity and immediacy of his feelings' (to quote again from Mr Cooper's excellent preface) which gave this wonderful book its endearing quality.

ERIC TAYLOR