

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912)

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912) was born in London, England. His parents were Dr. Daniel Peter Hughes Taylor, a Sierra Leonean Creole, and Alice Hare Martin, an English woman. Dr. Taylor returned to Africa not knowing he had a son in London. His middle name Coleridge was after the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge and he later assumed the name Coleridge-Taylor. He was raised in Croydon (London) by his mother and her father. Taylor studied violin at the Royal College of Music and composition under Charles Villiers Stanford. He was appointed a professor at the Crystal Palace School of Music and conducted the orchestra at the Croydon Conservatoire. Coleridge-Taylor earned a reputation as a composer and was later helped by Edward Elgar. Music editor and critic August Jaeger considered him "a genius." Coleridge-Taylor made three tours of the United States, which increased his interest in his racial heritage, and at one stage seriously considered migrating there. In 1904, he was received by President Theodore Roosevelt at the White House, an unusual honor in those days for a man of African descent and appearance. He was given the title "the African Mahler" from the white orchestral musicians in New York in 1910. Coleridge-Taylor was greatly admired by African Americans; in 1901, a 200voice African-American chorus was founded in Washington, D.C., named the Samuel Coleridge-Taylor Society. Coleridge Taylor's greatest success was his cantata Hiawatha's Weddingfeast. He composed orchestral works, chamber music, anthems, part-songs and other works. He died of pneumonia at age 37.

Clang, clang, clang on the anvil,
In the smithy by the dark North Sea;
Is it Thor that is smiting with the hammer,
Is it Odin with the leather on his knee?
Clang, clang, clang on the anvil
There are steel ships wanted on the sea!

Clang, clang, clang on the anvil,
And the flames of the forges leap.
Old Thor, with his red beard glowing,
Has his eyes on the furrows of the deep.
Clang, clang, clang on the anvil
For the forge of the Viking may not sleep!

Clang, clang, clang on the anvil,
And the hammers of the island leap;
Britania with her bright hair glowing,
Has her eye on the furrows of the deep.
Clang, clang, clang on the anvil,
For the blood of the Viking may not sleep!

Clang, clang, clang on the anvil,
On the margin of the soul-bright sea;
Is it Odin that is watching in the shadow?
Is it Thor where the sparks fly free?
Clang, clang, clang on the anvil,
There are steel ships wanted on the sea.

David McKee Wright (1869–1928) published in the "Sydney Bulletin"

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

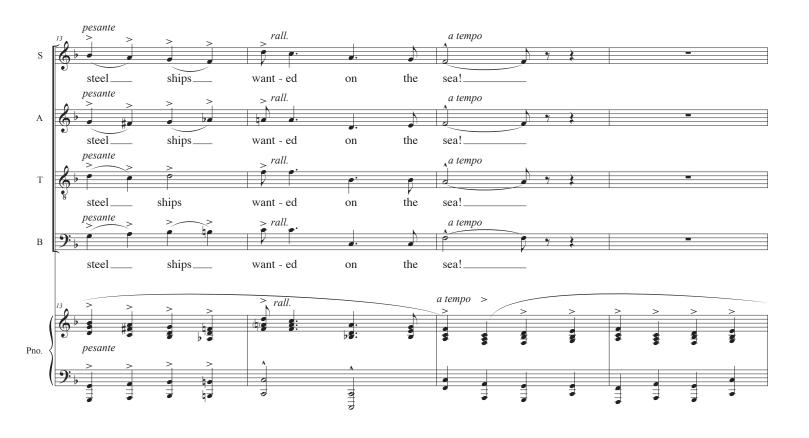




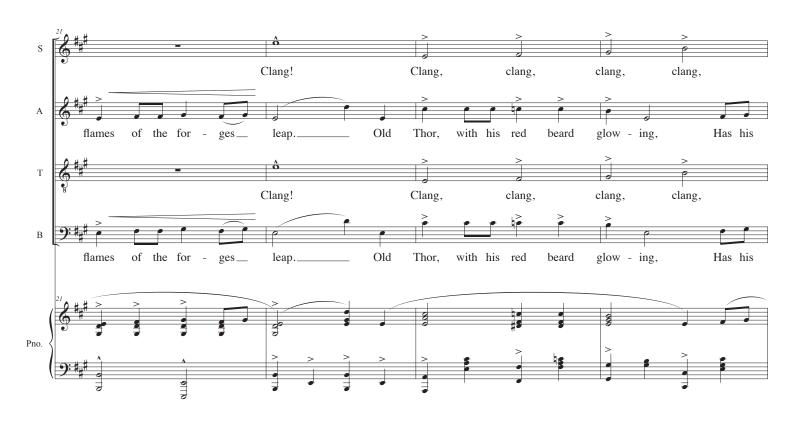
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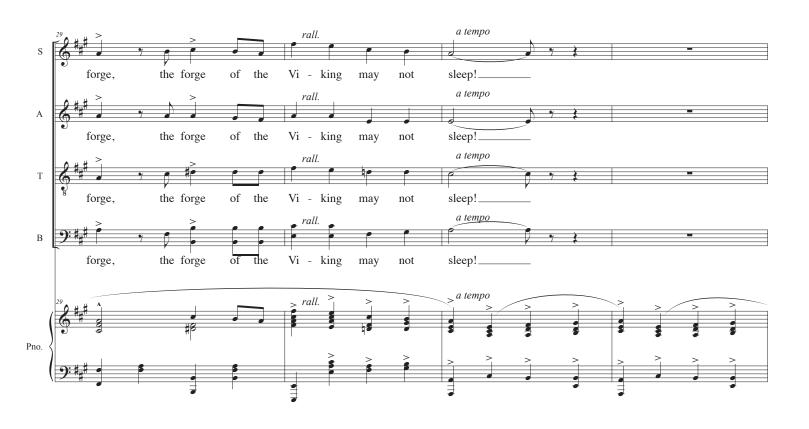




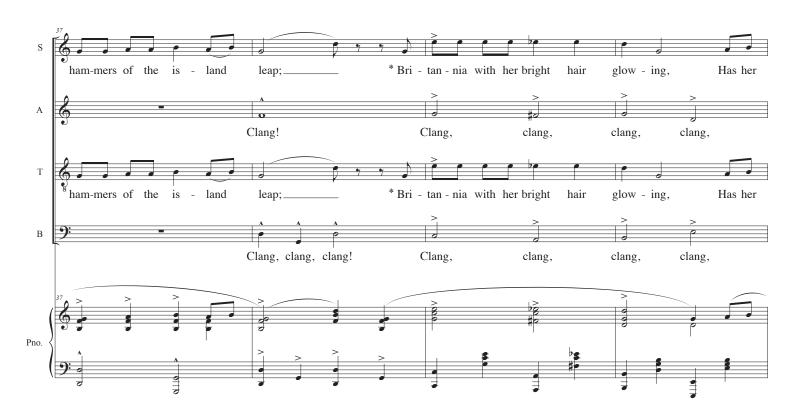






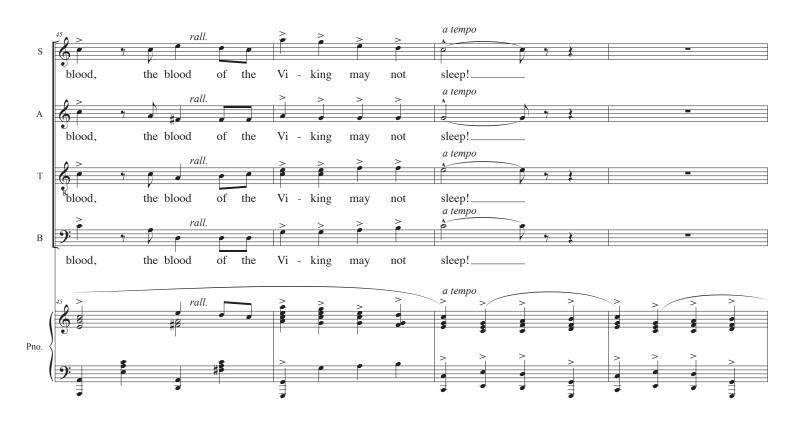








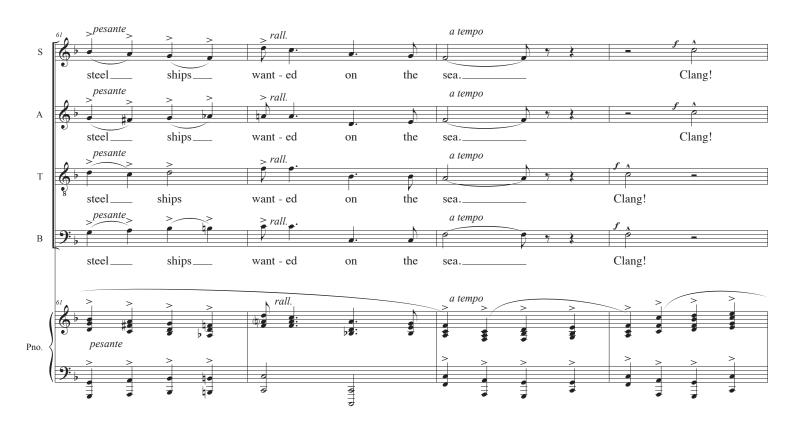
*Ditson edition suggests option to substitute "Btitannia" with "Columbia" for use in the U.S.)













Oliver Ditson J. Curwen & Sons (1911)

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