

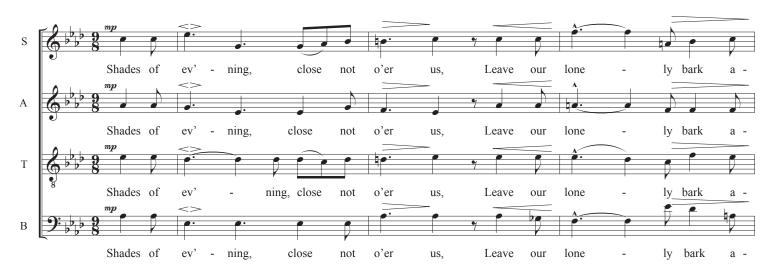
Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912) Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912) was born in 1875 in London. His parents were Dr. Daniel Peter Hughes Taylor, a Sierra Leonean Creole, and Alice Hare Martin, an English woman. Dr. Taylor returned to Africa not knowing he had a son in London. His middle name Coleridge 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 Taylor was "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 200-voice 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 Wedding-feast. He composed orchestral works, chamber music, anthems, part-songs and other works. He died of pneumonia at age 37.

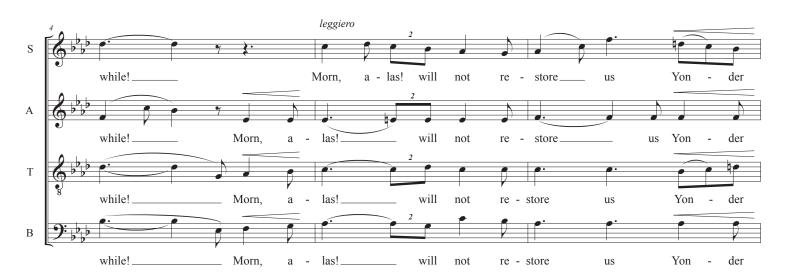
Shades of ev'ning, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile!
Morn, alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant Isle;
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell;
Darker shadows round us hover;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

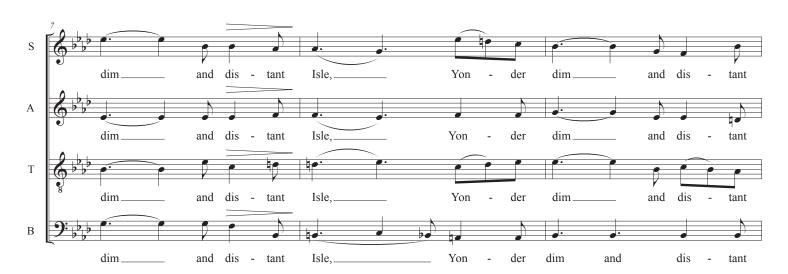
When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;
What would not I give to wander
Where my old companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1839)

S. Coleridge\_Taylor

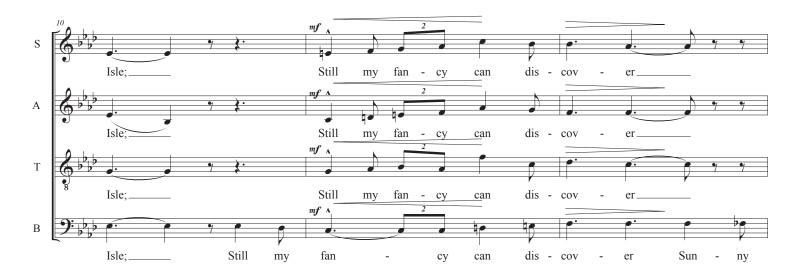


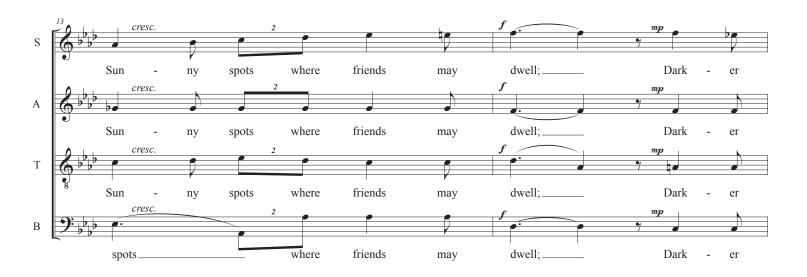


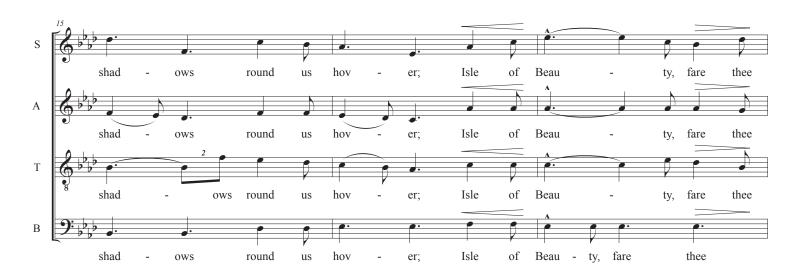


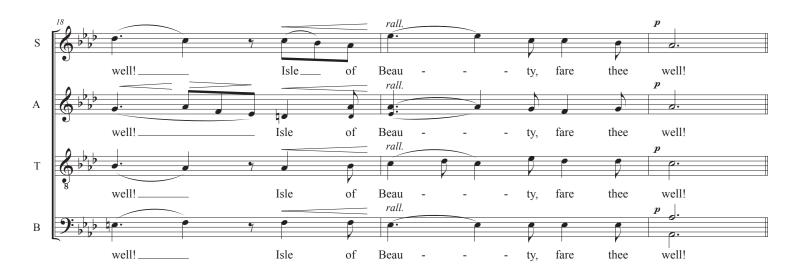


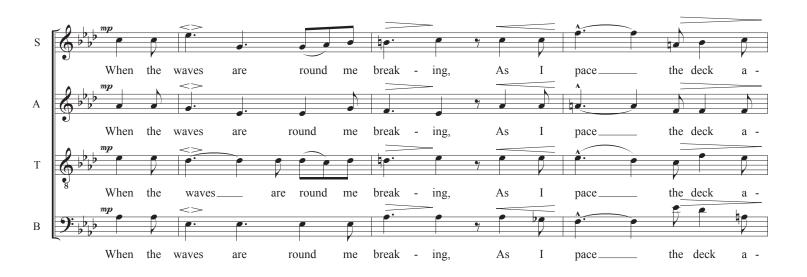
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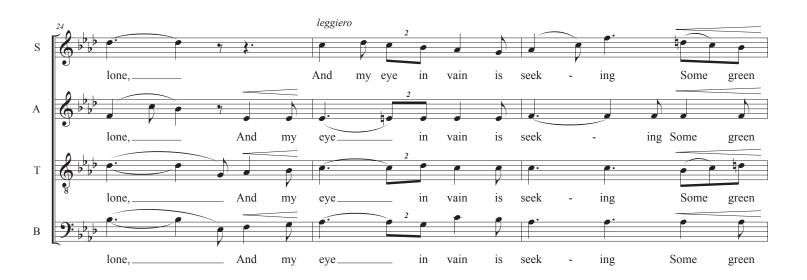


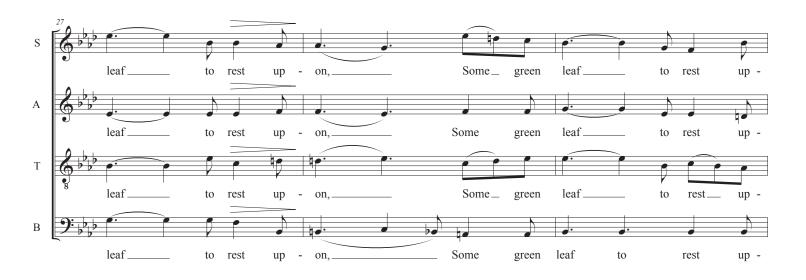


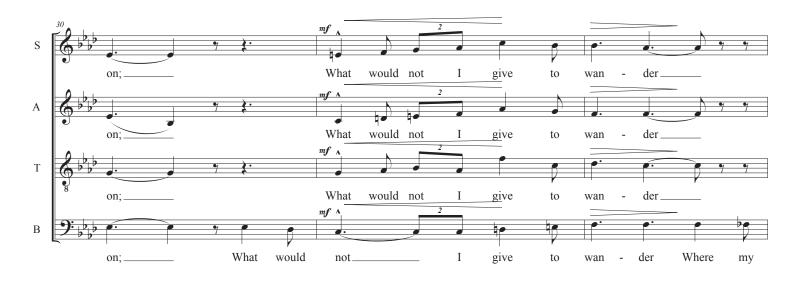


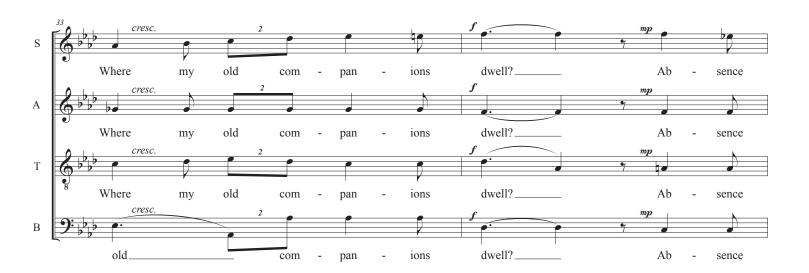


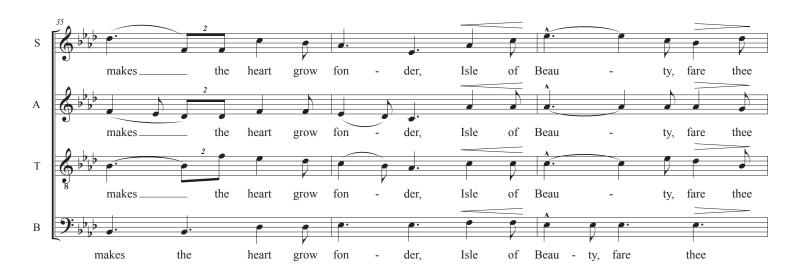


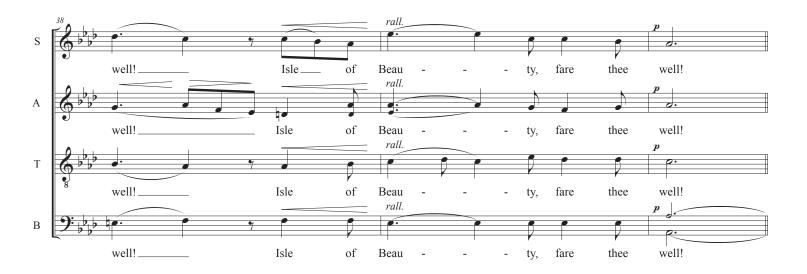


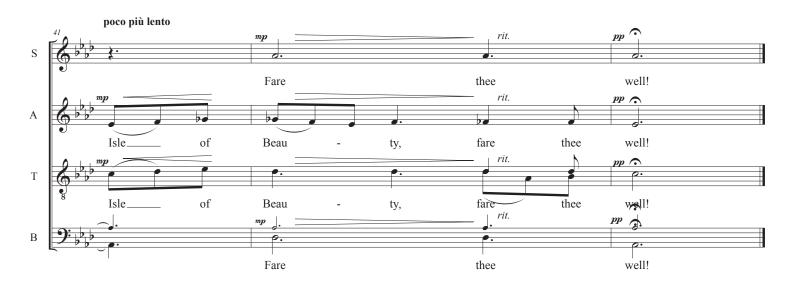












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