

OUR CENTENARY YEAR 1854 - 1954

Gorton Philharmonic Society

(Established 1854.)

KINGS HALL BELLE VUE

(By kind permission)

June 13th, 1954, at Seven p.m.

Ladies and Gentlemen are cordially invited to become non-playing members of the Society. The minimum annual subscription for Patrons is 10/6, Non-playing members 6/-. This modest subscription entitles a member and a friend to attend each of the six open rehearsals at Belle Vue.

Subscriptions may be paid at the Secretary's Table at the Entrance to the Hall, or to any member of the Committee.

- 1.—OVERTURE "Raymond" *Ambroise Thomas*
- 2.—MUSIC from "Aida" *Verdi*
- 3.—SONGS (a) "The Ballad of Summerwater" *Armstrong Gibbs*
(b) "On the Road to Mandalay" *Oley Speaks*
Thomas Spence

(a) Deep asleep, deep asleep, Deep asleep it lies, The still lake of Summerwater Under the still skies. And many a fathom, many a fathom, Many a fathom below, In a king's tower and a queen's bower The fishes come and go. Once there stood by Summerwater A mickle tower and tall; King's tower and queen's bower, And the wakeman on the wall. Came a beggar halt and sore: "I faint for lack of bread!" King's tower and queen's bower, Cast him forth unfeared.	He knocked at the door of the ells cot, The ells cot in the dale. They gave him of their oatcake, They gave him of their ale. He has cursed aloud that city proud, He has cursed it in its pride; He has cursed it into Summerwater Down the brant hillside; He has cursed it into Summerwater, there to bide. King's tower and queen's bower, And a mickle town and tall; By glimmer of scale and gleam of fin, Folk have seen them all. King's tower and queen's bower, And weed and reed in the gloom: And a lost city in Summerwater Deep asleep till doom.
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(b) By the old Moul-mein Pa-goda, looking eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a settin' an' I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm trees an' the temple bells they say:
"Come you back you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay come you back
Come you back to Mandalay, where the old Flotilla lay: [to Mandalay!]"
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play,
An the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'crost the bay.
'Er pettycoat was yaller, an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supiyawlat jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her first a smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot
An' a wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot, on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made of o' mud what they called the great Gawd Budda,
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed her where she stood!
On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'crost the bay.

Ship me somewhere's east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;
Fer the temple bells are callin' an' it's there that I would be
By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin' lazy at the sea,
Come you back to Mandalay where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'crost the bay.

- 4.—SUITE "Mlada" *Rimsky-Korsakov*
 - 1.—Introduction
 - 2.—Rédowa
 - 3.—Danse Lithuanienne
 - 4.—Danse Indienne
 - 5.—Cortège des Nobles
- 5.—SERENADE from String Quartet *Haydn*
- 6.—OVERTURE "Fingal's Cave" *Mendelssohn*
- 7.—NOCTURNE and MARCH (Moorside Suite) ... *Gustav Holst*
- 8.—SONGS (a) "False Phillis" } *arranged by*
(b) "When Dull Care" } *H. Lane Wilson*
Thomas Spence

(a) Exact to appointment I went to the grove, To meet my fair Phillis, and tell tales of love, But judge of my anguish, my rage and despair, When I found on arrival no Phillis was there. I waited awhile, which increased but my rage. With lover's you know every moments an age I sighed and I cried, and I looked far and near, But in vain was my looking, no Phillis was there! To wait any longer I thought was in vain So I trudged o'er the fields to my cottage again; When Oh! to my grief in a grove that was near, I beheld the false Phillis with Damon was there. I glowed with resentment, and proudly passed by When sweet as the morning young Kate caught my I told her my story, she banished my care, [eye, Bade me go to the grove, she would surely be there.	(b) This great world is a trouble Where all must their fortunes bear; Make the most of the bubble, You'll have but neighbours fare. Let not jealousy tease ye, Think of nought but will please ye; What's gone, 'tis in vain To wish for back again. When dull care does attack you, Drinking will those clouds repel, Four good bottles will make you They rarely fail [happy— If a fifth should be wanted, Ask the Gods, t'will be granted; Then you'll easily obtain A remedy for your pain.
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- 9.—SLAVONIC DANCE No. 4 in F major *Dvorák*
- 10.—MAYPOLE DANCE ... "Barwick Green" ... *Arthur Wood*

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Conductor: OSWALD E. WALLIS.

Accompanist - - HAROLD V. CLAYTON

Vocalist for July 18th Rehearsal at 7-0 p.m.
NAN TAYLOR (Mezzo-Soprano)