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(Registered.)

Established 1854.

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Grand . . .  
Promenade

# CONCERT



(IN AID OF THE SOCIETY'S FUNDS) at the

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE,**

**THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, 1913.**

## ARTISTES :

Miss Elsie Allen,

*Soprano.*

Mr. James Nield,

*Tenor.*

Miss Sybil Maden,

*Contralto.*

THE Weber Quartette,

*In Humorous Selections.*

Miss E. DODD, A.R.C.M., *ACCOMPANIST, and the*

**SOCIETY'S FULL ORCHESTRA.**

*Conductor* - - - **Mr. J. F. RIDGWAY.**

# PROGRAMME.

## Part I.

OVERTURE ... .. "Zampa." ... .. Herold.

AIR ... .. Waltz Song from "Tom Jones." German.

Miss Elsie Allen.

RECIT.

WHICH is my own true self, I, who here to-night do stand amazed to find the world so bright? Or she who crept last night her pillow to, and slept and wept the hours alternate through? Or I, or she, waking will prove anon; and this a dream be, let the dream go on.

AIR,

For to-night,  
Let me dream out my dream of delight,  
Tra, la la,  
And purchase of sorrow a moment's respite,  
I am dazed like a lark that has gazed on the sun in his flight.  
Let me sing,  
For I waver and swing between madness and gladness, to-night,  
My eyes are dazzled and dazed with a strange delight.  
I am dazed like a lark that has gazed on the sun in his flight. Ah!

QUARTETTES { (a) "Venetian Boat Song." Cusins.  
(b) "Jack and Jill." Kearton Harper.

The Weber Quartette.

(a) Now the silver moon arising, flings around her light serene  
While upon her tranquil bosom, sleeps in silence Ocean's queen,  
O, sacra pia virgine, Ora pro nobis  
O, omnes sacri angeli, Orate pro nobis.

Hark along the current gliding, boatmen chant their vesper song,  
While the evening tranquil zephyr, bears the swelling notes along  
O sacra pia virgine, Ora pro nobis  
O omnes sacri angeli, Orate pro nobis  
Boatmen chant their vesper song, Ora pro nobis.

(b) Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To fetch a pail of water,  
Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.

Now here, in the ordinary course of events,  
This incident might have ended;  
And, by the judicious expenditure  
Of a trifling amount for sticking plaster,  
Jack's crown might have been mended.  
Jill thought it was a splendid joke,  
But otherwise Jack took it. With angry cry,  
And flashing eye, he cracked her skull with the bucket.

And when Jack saw what he had done,  
He down that hill did caper;  
He stole his mother's clothes line,  
And he hanged himself on the scraper.  
And the jury did decide 'twas a case of suicide;  
As clear a case of fe-lo-de-se  
As ever a fellow did see.

Now a moral to this tale there is,  
Which will strike home, we hope;  
If any of you has a son named Jack,  
Don't let him have too much rope!

AIR ... .. "Nina." ... .. Hobbs.

Mr. James Nield.

RECIT.

Nina, Nina, O that a thousand tongues were mine to tell the  
teeming earth, the sea, the sky, the breezes echoes. The  
wide wandering air. My joy, my ecstasy that thou art mine.

AIR.

Like yon bright orb that thro' the vaulted Heav'n  
In gentlest purity doth nightly move,  
I saw thee to the world's rude gazes giv'n  
A thing of loveliness, and light and love,  
In dread suspense I saw around thee kneeling, won by thy  
charms, the young, the gay, the vain,  
Yet fear'd to breathe the deep impassion'd feeling that grew  
to frenzy in my tortur'd brain,  
I watch'd thy steps with heart o'er charg'd to breaking,  
I saw thee still hold on thy way unmov'd.

RECIT.

I met thy gaze and from a dream awaking, a wild hope  
whisper'd me that I was lov'd.

AIR.

As the poor bird on instant pinion soaring  
Cleaves the glad air when from the hand set free,  
In one full gush its song of rapture pouring  
So sprang Nina my heart to thee.

DESCRIPTIVE FANTASIA "Forge in the Forest."  
Michiels.

QUARTETTES { (a) "When some Sweet Flower." Distin.  
(b) "Patent Medicine." ... (Anon.)

The Weber Quartette.

(a) When some sweet flower I see,  
Then do I think of thee;  
Blooming so fresh and fair  
In all thy beauties rare,  
No flower can be so sweet to me.

When some sweet bird I hear,  
Thy voice comes o'er mine ear;  
When the sweet nightingale  
Murmurs her melting tale,  
No sound can be so sweet to me.

Nought do I hear or see,  
But I then think of thee;  
Tho' feathery songsters sing,  
Tho' the sweet flow'rets spring,  
Nothing can be so sweet to me.

AIR ... .. "Will He Come." ... .. Sullivan.

Miss Sybil Maden.

"I can scarcely hear" she murmur'd, for my heart beats long  
and fast,  
But surely, in the far, far distance, I can hear a sound at last!  
It is only the reapers singing, as they carry home their sheaves;  
And the evening breeze has risen, and rustles the dying leaves.

"Listen! there are voices talking," calmly still she strove to  
speak,  
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,  
And the red flush'd in her cheek.  
It is only the children playing below, now their work is done,  
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled by the rays of the  
setting sun,  
Fainter grew her voice, as with anxious eyes she cried:

"Down the avenue of chestnuts, I can hear a horseman ride."  
It was only the deer that were feeding in a herd on the clover  
grass:

They were startled and fled to the thicket, as the reapers pass.  
Now the night arose in silence,  
Birds lay in their leafy nest,  
And the deer couch'd in the forest,  
And the children were at rest;  
There was only a sound of weeping from watcher around a bed,  
But rest to the weary spirit,  
Peace the quiet dead!

SELECTION ... .. "Merrie England." ... .. German.

INTERVAL OF FIFTEEN MINUTES.

## Part II.

OVERTURE ... "Maid of Artois." ... .. *Balfe.*

AIR ... .. "Good-Bye." ... .. *Tosti.*

### Miss Sybil Maden.

Falling leaf, and fading tree,  
Lines of white in a sullen sea,  
Shadows rising on you and me;  
The swallows are making them ready to fly,  
Wheeling out on a windy sky—  
Good-bye, summer,  
Good-bye!

Hush! a voice from the far away!  
"Listen and learn," it seems to say,  
"All the to-morrows shall be as to-day"  
The Cord is frayed, the cruse is dry,  
The Link must break, and the lamp must die—  
Good-bye to hope,  
Good-bye!

What are we waiting for? Oh! my heart!  
Kiss me straight on the brows! And part again!  
Again! My heart! What are we waiting for, You and I?  
A pleading look,  
A stifled cry,  
Good-bye, for ever,  
Good-bye!

QUARTETTES { (a) "Light Wandering Wind" *Prendergast.*  
(b) "Tom the Piper" ... *Kendall.*

### The Weber Quartette.

(a) Light, wandering, murmuring wind,  
Setting the silver'd leaves astir  
Leaving your southern home behind  
Whisper of her.

White moonlit clouds, that through the sky,  
Like vague prophetic shadows, err,  
Shape in your mystic tracery  
Shadows of her.

Still starset night, so calm and deep,  
Watching the silent earth  
That seems lost in the langour of kind sleep  
Frame her in dreams.

(b) Tom, Tom, the piper's son, stole a pig and away he run;  
Tom, Tom, the piper's son, thought he'd have some meat;  
The pig was eat and Tom was beat,  
And he went crying down the street.

Tom, son of the piper, stole a diminutive swine,  
But some ravenous fellow on this pork wished to dine;  
The piper's son was vanquished, he mourn'd his loss of lard,  
And quickly hie'd himself away down on the boulevard.

As to the owner of this diminutive porker the poet is silent.  
But, according to the law and prophets, he must have been  
exceeding angry.

Yea! verily! for behold! the piper's son was beat,  
And from the multitude a great shout went up  
While of ham and eggs they did eat, saying  
Tom, Tom, the piper's son, &c. &c.

AIR ... .. "Annie Laurie." ... .. *Lehman.*

### Miss Elsie Allen.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew;  
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie  
G'ed me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot shall be;  
O for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I wad lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,  
Her neck is like the swan;  
And her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on,  
And dark blue is her e'e;  
O for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I wad lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
And like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
And she's a' the world to me;  
O for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I wad lay me doon and dee.

CZARDAS ... .. No. 2 ... .. *Michiels.*

ENTRACTE ... .. "Omena." .. .. *Hertz.*

AIR ... .. "The Sailor's Grave." ... *Sullivan.*  
**Mr. James Nield.**

There is in the wide, lone sea,  
A spot unmark'd but holy;  
For there the gallant and the free  
In his ocean bed lies lowly.  
Down, down, within the deep,  
That oft to triumph call'd him,  
He sleeps a calm and pleasant sleep,  
With the salt waves washing o'er him.

He sleeps serene and safe  
From tempest or from billow,  
Where the storms, that high above him chafe,  
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow,  
The sea and him in death  
They did not dare to sever;  
It was his home while he had breath—  
'Tis now his rest for ever.

Sleep on, thou mighty dead  
A glorious tomb they've found thee;  
The broad blue sky above thee spread,  
The boundless waters round thee.  
No vulgar foot treads here;  
No hand profane shall move thee;  
But gallant fleets shall proudly steer,  
And warriors shout above thee.

And when the last trump shall sound,  
And tombs are asunder riv'n,  
Like the morning sun from the wave thou't bound  
To rise and shine in Heaven.

HUMOROUS QUARTETTE "Jack Sprat." *Blackburn.*  
**The Weber Quartette.**

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean;  
And so be-twixt them both, you see  
They lick'd the platter clean.

MARCH ... .. "Roland." ... *Wollmann.*

### GOD SAVE THE KING.

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To assist the progress of the Society, Ladies and Gentlemen are cordially invited to become Honorary Members. All particulars may be obtained from present Members, or the Secretary.

**Annual Subscription 4s.**