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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 14th, 1912.

## ARTISTES :

Miss Lily Robinson,

*Soprano.*

Madame

Annie Hargreaves,

*Contralto.*

Mr. R. Ramsey Clarke,

*Bass.*

Mr. F. Markham,

*Solo Clarionet.*

Madame Ethel M. Hague, *ACCOMPANIST, and the*

## SOCIETY'S FULL ORCHESTRA.

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



## PROGRAMME.

## Part I.

OVERTURE... .. "Maritana." ... .. Wallace.

AIRS ... ..	{ (a) "Son of Mine." ... ..	Wallace.
	{ (b) "King Charles." ... ..	White.

Mr. R. Ramsey Clarke

SONGS ... .. "The Bird Songs." ... .. *Lehmann.*

(a) DREAM thy baby dreams, Son of mine,  
To the murmur of the stream, Son of mine ;  
In thy heather cradle rocking  
With thy fingers round mine locking,  
While the sheep are homeward flocking,  
Son of mine.

**Miss Lily Robinson.**

"THE WOODPIGEON."

WHEN the harvest was all gathered  
In the sunny autumn weather,  
To the greenwood, blythe and merry,  
We went nutting all together ;  
And as the woods we wandered,  
So dim and dark, and green,  
We heard a sweet voice calling,  
Though no one could be seen :  
“ Two sticks across,  
And a little bit of moss,  
It'll do, it'll do——  
Coo, Coo, Coo ! ”

The wild things of the woodlands  
Scarce seemed of us afraid ;  
The blue jay flashed before us,  
And the squirrel near us played.

And the squirrel near us played.  
We ate our nuts, and rested  
On a fallen tree—moss grown,—  
And still the voice kept calling  
In softest, tenderest tone :  
“Two sticks across,  
And a little bit of moss,  
It'll do, it'll do———  
Coo, Coo, Coo!”

"THE YELLOW-HAMMER."

On a sultry summer morning  
Down the dusty road we strayed,  
And plucked the wayside flowers,  
And ran and laughed and played !  
There was not the slightest breeze,  
And we wearied of our play,—  
And then we heard the yellow-hammer say :  
“ A little bit of bread and no cheese ! ”

Once again we roamed the woodland,  
When the years had fled by,  
And, poor as mice, we pledged  
Our vows, my love and I;  
We had kissed beneath the trees,  
And then we heard again  
The yellow-hammer say, quite plain:  
"A little bit of bread and no cheese!"

"THE OWL."

THREE little owlets  
In a hollow tree,  
Cuddled up together  
Close as could be ;  
When the moon shone out,  
And the dew lay wet,  
Mother flew about  
To see what she could get.

She caught a little mouse,  
So velvety and soft,  
She caught some little  
sparrows,  
And then she flew aloft  
To the three little owlets  
In a hollow tree,  
Cuddled up together,  
Close as could be.

"Tw-who," said the old owl,  
 "Isn't this good cheer?"  
 "Tw-whit," said the owlets,  
 "Thank you, mother dear,  
 Tw-whit, tw-whit, tw-whit, tw-whit,  
 Tw-hoo!"

DESCRIPTIVE FANTASIA ... "A Lancashire Ramble.. ...  
Arthur.

(a) DREAM thy baby dreams, Son of mine,  
To the murmur of the stream, Son of mine ;  
In thy heather cradle rocking  
With thy fingers round mine locking,  
While the sheep are homeward flocking,  
Son of mine.

In thy little breast, Son of mine,  
Love and peace alone have rest, Son of mine ;  
In thy purple of the heather,  
In the calm and stormy weather,  
Thou and I alone, together,  
Son of mine.

Thou shalt be a man, Son of mine,  
Thou shalt lead the broken clan, Son of mine ;  
With thy musket on thy shoulder,  
Thou shalt prove who is the bolder,  
Ere the mountains are much older,  
Son of mine.

Father's hunted down, Son of mine,  
But his heart's thy very own, Son of mine ;  
There are laws he's sworn to alter,  
He will never yield or falter,  
And we'll yet defy the halter,  
Son of mine.

(b) WHO gave me the goods that went since?  
 Who raised me the house that sank once?  
 Who gave me the gold I spent since?  
 Who found me in wine you drank once?  
 King Charles! King Charles!

And who'll do him right now?  
King Charles! King Charles!

And whose ripe for fight now?  
Give a rouse, give a rouse in hell's despite now!  
King Charles!

To whom did my boy, George, quaff else  
By the old fool's side that begot him?  
For whom did he cheer and laugh else  
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?  
King Charles!

FANTASIA FOR CLARINET ... .. *Mohr.*

Mr. Fredk. Markham.

AIR ... .. "The Watchman." ... .. *Squire*

Madame Annie Hargreaves.

WATCHMAN, watchman, out in the night,  
Out in the shadows drear ;  
Watchman, watchman, under the stars,  
Tell me, what do you hear ?  
"The midnight wind goes whisp'ring by,  
The pine trees answer with a sigh,  
And from the tower rings out the bell.  
Sleep on, sleep on, for all is well."

Watchman, watchman, out in the storm  
Where the wind drives cold and free,  
Watchman, watchman, out by the deep,  
Tell me, what do you see ?

"The straining ships ride safely past,  
And bravely face the cruel blast ;  
All's well, all's well, the storm goes by,"  
Hark ! hark ! it is the watchman's cry.

Heavenly Watchman, high above,  
Guard us all, Thy children here,  
Though the storm is fierce and wild,  
And the clouds are dark and drear,  
Keep us through the longest night,  
And with glorious morning's light,  
Wake us, and Thy Message tell,  
Heav'nly Watchman, "All is well."

SELECTION ... .. "Mikado." ... .. Sullivan.

**INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.**



## Part II.

OVERTURE ... .. "Romantique." ... .. Keler Bela.

AIR ... .. "Sunshine and Rain." ... .. Blumenthal.

**Madame Annie Hargreaves.**

THE rain is on the river,  
But the sun is on the hill,  
And I know the clouds will sever  
When the storm has had its will.  
Set your heart, then, on the morrow,  
If the sky be grey to-day,  
For the darkest of your sorrow  
Be ye sure will pass away.  
Lift your eyes to yon day-giver,  
Look up higher, hoping still,  
Though the rain is on the river,  
Yet the sun is on the hill.

'Tis the winter's white snow shower  
That defends the shiv'ring root;  
'Tis the falling of the flower  
That gives birth unto the fruit.  
Then arise from helpless moping,  
Nor repine at each annoy;  
There is room for wider hoping  
If your days are void of joy.  
Time is kind and will deliver  
All your days from every ill,  
Though the rain is on the river,  
Yet the sun is on the hill.

INTERMEZZO ... .. "In the Woods." ... .. Gortonne.

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

**Miss Lily Robinson.**

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!

SOLO CLARINET... .. "Licante." ... .. Le Thiere

**Mr. Edk. Markham.**

AIR ... .. "The Windmill." ... .. Nelson.

**Mr. Ramsey Clarke.**

BEHOLD! a giant I,

Aloft here in my tower with my granite jaws I devour  
The maize and the wheat and the rye and grind them  
into flour.

I look down over the farms,  
In the fields of grain I see  
The harvest that's to be,  
And I fling to the air my arms  
For I know it is all for me.  
I hear the sound of the flails  
Far off from the threshing floor,  
In barns with their open doors,  
And the wind in my sails  
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place  
With my foot on the rock below,  
And whichever it may blow  
I meet it face to face as a brave man meets his foe,  
And while we wrestle and strive  
My master, the miller, stands  
And feeds me with his hands,  
For he knows who makes him thrive,  
Who makes him lord of lands.  
On Sundays I take my rest,  
When the church-going bells begin  
Their low melodious din;  
I clasp my arms on my breast,  
And all is peace within

Behold! a giant am I.

MARCH ... .. "Palace." ... .. Finch

**GOD SAVE THE KING.**



**PIANO supplied by Messrs. SPENCE & CO., 219, Hyde Road, Ardwick.**

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.**