

Price TWOPENCE.

GORTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(Registered.)



Established 1854.

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GRAND . . . PROMENADE CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

NURSES' HOME BUILDING FUND

(Royal Infirmary),

WILL BE HELD AT THE

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE, Tuesday, October 17th, 1922.

ARTISTES :

Madame Annie Hargreaves,

CONTRALTO.

Miss Gertrude Williams,

Soprano.

Mr. Fred G. Drewry,

Tenor.

Mr. Arthur Baxter,

Solo Cornet.

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

SOCIETY'S FULL ORCHESTRA.

Conductor

- -

Mr. J. F. RIDGWAY.

PROGRAMME.

Part I

1. OVERTURE ... "Aube Glorieuse" ... CHAPELIER.
2. SONG ... "The Moorish Maid" ... HENRY PARKER.

Miss Gertrude Williams.

Y'VE watch'd the golden sunshine
Through my narrow prison bars,
I've seen the pale moon gliding,
'Midst her court of glittering stars.
But no birds sing near my lattice,
And the flowers I cannot see,
Save in dreams the days recalling
When the captive maid was free.

In my dreams I see the wavelets
As they kiss my native shore,
Hear again the martial music
That I thought to hear no more.
Yet such dreams come but in sleeping,
And that sleep I woo in vain,
Or has night it's waking visions
That I hear a plaintive strain.

Hark, near it comes and nearer,
Oh, can it be that I dare trust
That music's message,
That love and help are nigh?
Ah, yes, I know that voice,
'Tis he, my lover true and brave
Oh, heaven, look in pity down,
And help to bless and save,
And help to bless and save.
'Tis he, 'tis he!

My heart with rapture now is dancing,
Like a bird of the wood it sings with glee,
For love to home will bid me welcome,
Like a bird of the wood I'm free, I'm free;
My heart with rapture now is dancing,
Like a bird of the wood, it sings with glee.

Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah!
Yes, like a bird, like a bird, I'm free!
Ah, Ah, Ah!
Yes, like a bird, I'm free!
Ah! I'm free!

3. RECIT AND AIR "My Heart is Weary" (Nadeshda)...
A. GORING THOMAS.

Madame Annie Hargreaves.

RECIT.

WHAT means Ivan? He speaks of shame, of
danger to our great house from Voldemar's
mad fancy for a serf girl. Nadeshda Ivan was ever
jealous. Oh, I am weary, weary of these brothers'
quarrels.

AIR.

OH, my heart is weary, weary night and day,
For dreaming of my children, and doom of brothers' fray;
Hard the fate of mothers, the tender babes they bear,
They look for help in trouble, and find but grief and care.
O name great and noble, what are thou to me,
Who hear in the darkness the woes that shall be!
Go! shadows of sorrow, fly ye far away;
Come the glad to-morrow, come the fairer day.

4. ORCHESTRAL SUITE... "Rustic Revels" ... FLETCHER.
5. SONG ... "The Flower Song" (Carmen) ... BIZET.

Mr. Fred G. Drewry.

LOSE to my heart this precious flower,
In prison shared my darkest hour—
Yet tho' its petals faded fast,
Its fragrant odour ne'er was lost.
When the silent night brought repose,
And ere sleep my eyelids would close,
My senses drank its perfume rare,
As in a dream I saw thee there!
In bitter words my soul betraying,
In anger 'gainst thee was I saying.
Ah, cruel fate, in unfair wrath,
Why hast thou thrown her in my path.

Then with rage upon myself I turned,
A devouring flame within me burned,
I felt a longing fraught with pain
To see thee once, but once again,
To see thee, O Carmen, but once again.
Ah, in that hour had I beheld thee,
One moment in my arms had held thee,
Then would thy soul have siez'd on mine,
O my Carmen, then had I been for ever thine!
Carmen, I love thee!

6. SOLO TRUMPET... "Le Rêve D'Amour" ... MILLARS.
Mr. Arthur Baxter.

7. SONG ... "Carmena" ... H. LANE WILSON.
(By desire.)

Miss Gertrude Williams.

GRACE and song make glad the night,
Hark the castanets are sounding light.
Come, ah come! ah, ah come! ah, come, ah!
Love, I watch the scene so bright.

Ah! now rings a voice I know from every voice apart,
Through the orange grove he hastens, he is coming,
Oh, my heart!

Ah! now rings a voice I know from every voice apart,
Through the orange grove he hastens, he is coming,
Oh, my heart!

Ah, 'mid the throng many, many are fair,
Bright flowrets twine in raven hair,
Dark eyes sparkle and gleam,
Soft lips breathe tender sighs—
Shall I fairst seem in his eyes?
Ah!

Joy, ah joy, he comes to me!

Hark, now rings the music while the silver
moonbeams shine.
In the dance, love, and for ever I am thine,
Only thine.

Hark, now rings the music while the silver
moonbeams shine,
In the dance, love, and forever I am thine,
only thine, I am thine,
Ah! thine!

8. SONG ... "Keep Your Toys, Laddie Boy" ... KETELBEY.
Madame Annie Hargreaves.

YOU long to be grown up, my little laddie,
You long to be a master all your own,
You long to see the world,
Your standard you've unfurl'd,
You long to be a king upon your throne.
Don't hurry on too fast, my little laddie,
A master soon enough you'll be, I trow,
Hold youth for all you can,
Don't haste to be a man,
Just take my word—the world is kinder now.

Keep your toys, my little laddie boy,
Life's no game just merely to enjoy;
Mother knows, don't suppose
She was not a child like you.
Keep your curls, your sunny little curls,
Youth's more priceless than the richest pearls;
Don't repine, 'cause you're nine,
Soon enough our life is through.

The years have pass'd, this little laddie's wander'd
Out in the world that's not too kind a place;
He's fought a gallant fight
For what he knew was right,
Tho' oft he's found himself left in the race.
He's thought of many a word his mother's spoken,
He knows it's true, and sometimes when alone
His soul cries out in vain
For youth's great chance again,
And with a tear he hears in loving tones:
Keep your toys, &c.

9. SELECTION... "The Mountaineers" ... SOMERVILLE.

INTERVAL OF 10 MINUTES.

Part II.

10. OVERTURE ... "Plymouth Hoe" ... ANCELL.

11. SONG ... "Fair House of Joy" QUILTER.

Mr. Fred G. Drewry.

W^HAIN would I change that note
 To which fond love hath charmed me,
 Long, long to sing by rote,
 Fancying that that harm'd me.
 Yet when this thought doth come—
 Love is the perfect sum
 Of all delight!
 I have no other choice,
 Either for pen or voice,
 To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
 That say thy sweet is bitter,
 When thy rich fruit is such
 As nothing can be sweeter.
 Fair house of joy and bliss,
 Where truest pleasure is,
 I do adore thee.
 I know thee what thou art,
 I serve thee with my heart,
 And fall before thee.

12. SONG ... "The Rose Garden" ... L. G. LEMON.

Madame Annie Hargreaves.

W^HERE'S a garden of roses, with dew heavy laden,
 And giving forth sweetness the whole summer long,
 And the linnet in the tree, and the thrush by the fountain
 Are wooing the rose in amorous song,
 And soft comes the note of the low cooing ringdove,
 And loud rings the song of the lark's voice on high,
 But the charm for me there was not song-birds or roses,
 But my mother's voice singing an old lullaby.

Hush thee, hush thee,
 None shall harm thee, dearest little child.
 Hush thee, hush thee, hush thee, my child.

But the years have passed by, and that garden of roses
 Has gone from my life to return nevermore;
 And the linnet and the thrush I but hear in my dreaming,
 For their voices ne'er come to this bleak, foreign shore.
 But tho' far I may wander, an exile, a stranger,
 I ne'er shall forget my dear land till I die,
 And in dreams I'll once more be a child in that garden.
 With my mother's voice singing the old lullaby.

Hush thee, hush thee,
 None shall harm thee, dearest little child.
 Hush thee, my child.

13. SOLO TRUMPET ... "The Lost Chord" ... SULLIVAN.

(By desire.)

Mr. Arthur Baxter.

14. SONG ... "The Vainka's Song" ... VON STUTZMAN.

Miss Gertrude Williams.

Ah! ... Ah! ... Ah!.....
 Ah! .. Ah! ... Ah!.....
 Listen here, Cavalier,
 You who vow you love me,
 I'll be true as long as you,
 By the stars above me. Ah!... ..
 Ah! ... Ah! ... Ah!
 Ah! ... Ah!

But if love faithless prove,
 Think not I'll go pining,
 Tho' to-day skies be grey,
 Somewhere sun is shining.
 Ah! ... Ah! ... Ah!
 Ah! ... Ah! ... Ah!

Then be gay while we may,
 Season love with laughter,
 I'll be true as long as you,
 But not a moment after.
 Ah! ... Ah! ... Ah!
 Ah! ... Ah! ... Ah!
 Ah!

15. SERENADE ... "La Manola" ... EILLENBERG.

16. SONG... .. "Songs of Araby" CLAY.

Mr. Fred G. Drewry.

Y'LL sing thee songs of Araby,
 And tales of fair Cashmere,
 Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh,
 Or charm thee to a tear;
 And dreams of delight shall on thee break,
 And rainbow visions rise,
 And all my soul shall strive to wake
 Sweet wonder in thine eyes;
 And all my soul shall strive to wake
 Sweet wonder in thine eyes.

Through those twin-lakes, when wonder wakes,
 My raptur'd song shall sink,
 And as the diver dives for pearls,
 Bring tears, bright tears to their brink;
 And dreams of delight shall on thee break
 And rainbow visions rise,
 And all my soul shall strive to wake
 Sweet wonder in thine eyes,
 And all my soul shall strive to wake
 Sweet wonder in thine eyes.
 To cheat thee of a sigh
 Or charm thee to a tear.

17. DANCE HUMORESKE "Little Wooden Soldiers" ... MORGAN.

PIANO supplied by ALBERT WAGSTAFF,

St. Mary's Gate, Manchester.