

Price TWOPENCE.

GORTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(Registered,)



Established 1854.

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GRAND . . . PROMENADE CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

ANCOATS HOSPITAL,

IN THE BALLROOM,

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE,

Thursday, October 20th, 1921.

ARTISTES :

Mr. Arthur Wilkes,

Tenor.

Miss Mabel Harwood, L.L.C.M.,

Soprano.

Mr. John Lever,

Baritone.

Mr. George Pate,

Solo Violoncello.

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

SOCIETY'S FULL ORCHESTRA.

Conductor - - Mr. J. F. RIDGWAY

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. OVERTURE ... "Gabrielle" ... F. ROSSE.

2. SONG ... "April Morn" ... ROBERT BATTEN.

Miss Mabel Harwood, L.L.C.M.

AH! the joy to greet the rosy morn,
If the sun the verdant fields adorn;
Nature awakes, the birds their melodies trill
O'er hill and dale, and by the woodland rill.
Ah!

Ah! the joy to greet the rosy morn,
If the sun the verdant fields adorn,
All through the livelong day
Laugh the hours away.
Ah!

Love is the song that the birds gaily sing;
Oh, my heart, fond hope to me they bring,
Once again carol forth your joyous strain,
Tell me now pretty birds will my love come again?
Ah!

3. SONG ... "Like a Beam" ("Martha") ... FLOTOW.

Mr Arthur Wilkes.

LIKE a beam from above,
Heavenly, radiant, she appear'd,
Blissful dream star of love,
To my heart still remains endear'd.
Pierced, this heart, by her dart,
Only finds bliss by her side;
To her arms, by her charms,
I'd have happy lived and died.
But her ray died away,
Fled, as fades the clouds in air,
Left me lone here to moan
And has doomed me to despair,
To dark despair.....

Martha, Martha, thou'st departed
And has sunk this heart in woe,
Thou did'st leave me broken hearted,
Soon to my lone grave I'll go.....
Ah! to my grave I'll go.....

4. ENTRACTE "On the Volga" ... KRIEN.

5. SOLO VIOLONCELLO { "Adagio" ... } GOLTERMANN.
{ from 7th Concerto }

Mr. George Pate.

6. SONGS { (a) "Ships of Arcady" } MICHAEL HEAD.
{ (b) "Beloved" }

Mr. John Lever.

(A.)

THRO' the faintest filigree
Over the dim waters go,
Little ships of Arcady
When the morning moon is low.
I can hear the sailors' song
From the blue edge of the sea,
Passing like the lights along
Thro' the dusky filigree.

Then where moon and waters meet
Sail by sail they pass away,
With little friendly winds replete
Blowing from the breaking day.

And when the little ships have flown,
Dreaming still of Arcady
I look across the waves, alone
In the misty filigree.

(B.)

NOTHING but sweet music wakes
My Beloved, my Beloved,
Sleeping by the blue lakes,
My own Beloved!

Song of lark and song of thrush,
My Beloved, my Beloved,
Sing in morning's rosy blush,
My own Beloved!

When your eyes dawn blue and clear,
My Beloved, my Beloved,
You will find me waiting here,
My own Beloved!

7. SONGS { (a) "Dolly" ... A. H. BREWER.
{ (b) "Love, I have won you" LONDON RONALD.

Mr. Arthur Wilkes.

(A.)

I'M in love with little Dolly,
But I don't know what to do,
What's enough for one, 'tis folly
Trying to divide in two.
Oh, my heart goes pitter-patter,
And I don't know how to woo,
Dolly says it doesn't matter,
If it pitter-patters true.

REFRAIN.

Heigh! Ho! If that be so,
All things else are folly,
I don't care what's in the air,
I'm in love with Dolly!

If I only had some money,
Like the King in London town,
We could live on milk and honey,
She could wear a silken gown.
Dolly says that's far above me,
But I need not be cast down,
She will be my Queen and love me,
Though I've only half-a-crown.

REFRAIN.

Heigh! Ho! If that be so,
All things else are folly,
I don't care what's in the air,
I'm in love with Dolly!

(B.)

LOVE, I have won you and held you,
In a life-long quickening dream,
When the meadows sprang fair with flowers,
And the river was all agleam.

Warm shone the sunlight around us,
And clear were the skies above,
Till the stars peeped forth in the twilight,
And the moon rose pale with love.

Love, I have won you and held you,
Life has no more to give;
Then come to me here in the sunshine,
It is summer! It is summer!
Ah, let us live!

8. DESCRIPTIVE "Hunting Scenes" ... BUCALOSI.

Interval of 10 minutes.

Part II.

9. OVERTURE "Orpheus in the Underworld" OFFENBACH.
(By Desire.)

10. SONG "The Sea Gipsy" ... MICHAEL HEAD.
Mr. John Lever.

Y AM fever'd with the sunset,
I I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me,
And my soul is in Cathay.
There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.
I must forth again to-morrow!
With the sunset I must be,
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea.

11. SOLO VIOLONCELLO "Scherzo" ... D. VAN GOENS.
Mr. George Pate.

12. SONG "Waltz Song from Tom Jones" E. GERMAN.
(By Desire.)

Miss Mabel Harwood, L.L.C.M.

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, go on.

AIR.

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

13. SELECTION "Madame Angot" ...CHARLES LECOCQ.

14. SONG "Colinette" ... M. WAKEFIELD.
Mr. Arthur Wilkes.

Y F I were a rose in your hair, Colinette,
I A blossom of sunshine and dew,
I would rest there content through the fair summer day,
And breathe happy secrets to you!

If I were a wind on your cheek, Colinette,
I would bring you no touch of the rain,
I would bear every tear of your life far away,
And kiss you to laughter again!

If I were a dream in your heart, Colinette,
I would wait till the long day had passed,
Then I'd rise like a song, like a vision divine,
And teach you to love me at last!

15. SONG ... { "There are Fairies at the } ... L. LEHMANN.
bottom of our Garden" }

Miss Mabel Harwood, L.L.C.M.

HERE are fairies at the bottom of our garden,
It's not so very, very far away,
You pass the gardener's shed and you just keep straight ahead;
I do so hope they've really come to stay.
Here's a little wood with moss in it and beetles,
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they'd dare
To come merry-making there;
Well, they do!

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden,
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they can sit upon the moonbeams
And sketch a little star to make a fair,
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?
Well, they can!

Oh, those fairies at the bottom of our garden,
You cannot think how beautiful they are;
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King
Come lightly floating down upon their car.
The King is very proud and very handsome,
The Queen—now can you guess who that could be?—
She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away,
Well, it's ME!

16. SONG ... "The Sign o' the Ship" THOS. F. MORRIS.

Mr. John Lever.

OH, I keeps the Old Ship and my feyther afore me,
And we weathered the storms when the weather was stormy,
We paid the exciseman with smiles o' delight,
For we kept selling liquor from morning to night.

Ritooral-i-addy, Ritooral-a-day!
'Twas the jolly old innkeeper's old-fashioned way!

Carts, coaches, and hosses all day were a-stopping,
And brimmers were foaming and corks were a-popping,
And high low and sundry you drank when you chose,
Wi'out any Time Tables under your nose!

Ritooral-i-addy, Ritooral-a-day!
'Twas the jolly old innkeeper's old-fashioned way!

But now wi' these Parliament fellers in London,
It's one thing to-day, and to-morrow it's undone;
They drive's people mad with their cranketty rules,
As if all the world were but babbies or fools.

Then here's to the Ship—she'll out-live 'em all,
For she sells honest ale to any that call;
And our ships on the ocean they never will fail,
While the Ships on the shore do not water their ale.

17. MARCH "The Victors"ELBEL.

PIANO supplied by **ALBERT WAGSTAFF,**
St. Mary's Gate, Manchester.