

**Price TWOPENCE.**

# GORTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(Registered.)



Established 1854.

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## GRAND . . . PROMENADE CONCERT

In aid of the Boys' and Girls' Refuge, Strangeways,  
and Children's Hospital, Pendlebury, at the

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE,

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21st, 1920.

## ARTISTES:

**Madame BELLA BAILLIE,**

Soprano.

**Miss SARAH POLLITT,**

Contralto.

**Mr. P. STANLEY ELLIS,**

Baritone.

**Mr. J. F. RIDGWAY,**

Solo Flute.

**Miss E. DODD, A.R.C.M., ACCOMPANIST, and the  
SOCIETY'S FULL ORCHESTRA.**

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



# PROGRAMME.

## Part I.

OVERTURE ... "Die Felsenmühle" ... .. *Reissiger.*

SONG ... .. "Thou Charming Bird" ... .. *David.*

(With Flute Obligato.)

**Madame Bella Baillie.**

THOU charming bird so lightly swaying  
On yonder bough so high.  
The colours of thy brilliant plumage  
Blend with the azure of the sky,  
Upon the stem, adorned with blossoms,  
More sparkling thou more full of light,  
Thy mirage so closely folded  
And like the rainbow's glowing bright,  
Thy songs arise and fill the skies.

When in the nest, all soft and downy,  
Reposes his mate so dear.  
And while the breeze doth rock her gently,  
He warbles love-songs sweet and clear,  
Mid perfumes of the brightest flowers,  
The days in rapture pass away,  
And shaded by the branches verdant,  
All happy are their strains so gay,  
Their songs arise and fill the sky.

### FREEBOOTER SONGS—

... .. (a) "Son of Mine" ... .. } *Wm. Wallace*  
... .. (b) "The Rebel" ... .. }

**Mr. P. Stanley Ellis.**

(A)

DREAM thy baby dream,  
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 the 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 nor falter,  
And we'll yet defy the halter,  
Son of mine!

(B.)

STOOP to no law, I obey no dominion,  
The air is my kingdom, the mountain my throne;  
I envy the eagle his unshackled pinion,  
I envy the hawk in his silence, alone.  
Ye drones in the world with your bonds and your fetters,  
Lie low in a serfdom that brands you as knaves,  
But we in our freedom, 'tis we are your betters,  
'Tis we are the liege-lords, 'tis ye that are slaves.

Ye laggards in townships lie soft on your pillows,  
And squander your manhood with love-songs and ease;  
The love-song for me is the wind in the willows,  
My bed on the heather, my curtain the trees!  
So shoulder your musket and down with the quarry,  
He stands at his peril who gets in my way!  
No law I respect but the law of the foray,  
The law of the lawless, 'tis that I obey!

AN IDYLL ... "The Mill in the Forest" .. *Eilenberg.*

SONG ... .. "The little Damozel" ... *Ivor Novello.*

**Miss Sarah Pollitt.**

DAINTY little Damozel  
Looked out across the sea,  
She saw the Lord High Admiral  
Come swaggering down the quay;  
"Good morrow, little Damozel,  
I'll marry you," quoth he,  
"When I've sent the foreign ships  
To where they ought to be."  
"Fa, la, la, la, la," she tossed her little head,  
"Lord Admiral you may be,  
But as for marrying me," she said,  
"Well, that depends on me."

This wayward little Damozel  
Went wand'ring by the lea,  
And there she met a shepherd boy  
As pretty as could be.  
"I love you, dainty Damozel,  
With tender heart and true,  
If you will love me half so well  
I'll pipe all day for you."  
"Fa, la, la, la, la," she shook her little head,  
"Nay, nay, that cannot be;  
If you should pipe all day," she said,  
"Who'd keep the sheep for me?"

But as she turned her home again,  
Across the twilight land,  
Her blue-eyed page came timidly,  
A rosebud in his hand.  
"God greet you, dainty Damozel,"  
He sighed and bent his knee,  
"I am no Lord High Admiral,  
Nor can I pipe you see."  
"Fa, la, la, la, la," she bent her little head,  
"What matters that?" said she,  
"I only know I love you so,  
And that's enough for me."

SOLO FLUTE ... { (a) "Valse Poetique" ... *De Jong.*  
... { (b) "Offertoire" ... *Donjon.*

**Mr. J. F. Ridgway.**



SONGS { (a) "Dearest, I bring you Daffodils" ... *Forster.*  
 (b) "The Charm of Spring" ... *Coningsby Clarke.*

**Madame Bella Baillie**

(A.)

**D**EAREST I bring you daffodils,  
 The children of the Spring;  
 I plucked them on the rolling hills,  
 Where you and I went wandering.  
 The rolling hills, the dear grey hills,  
 Where all the days were blue;  
 Dearest, I bring you daffodils,  
 Because they speak of you  
 Dearest, I bring you violets,  
 The flowers you loved I bring.  
 With all my heart, that ne'er forgets,  
 Where you and I went wandering!  
 Where you and I went wandering,  
 To find our little nest;  
 Dearest, I bring you violets,  
 Because you loved them best.

(B.)

**W**HEN Spring again begins her reign,  
 Gone Winter's storms alarming,  
 There's a new note in each bird's throat,  
 The Spring-time is so charming!  
 Ah!

When Spring again comes down the lane,  
 A maiden meets her lover,  
 A vow to make, a ring to take,  
 'Tis Spring the wide world over!  
 Ah!

SELECTION ... .. "Dorothy" ... .. *Cellier.*

**Interval of 10 minutes.**

## Part II.

OVERTURE ... .. "Undank" ... .. *Storch.*

SONGS ... { (a) "Down Here" ... *May H. Brahe.*  
 (b) "O Day Divine" ... *Herbert Oliver.*

**Miss Sarah Pollitt.**

(A.)

**O**H! it's quiet down here,  
 Yes, as quiet as a mouse,  
 Save the sigh of the wind  
 And the clock in the house,  
 Oh! it's quiet down here.  
 Oh! it's quiet down here,  
 If a bird note should break,  
 All the easy-going folk  
 In the village would wake,  
 Sure! it's quiet down here.  
 Oh! it's quiet down here,  
 And through the long day,  
 To the great God of peace,  
 I feel I must pray.  
 Oh! it's quiet down here,  
 But God is very near.

(B.)

**O** DAY divine, what have you brought to me?  
 Light on the land, and glory on the sea,  
 New songs of mirth that ring across the world,  
 New flowers of hope about my feet unfurled!  
 O day divine, what will you leave with me,  
 When you are past, and but a memory?  
 Dreams of lost hours for which to mourn and sigh,  
 Or everlasting joy that cannot die?  
 O golden day, what have you brought to me?  
 A wond'rous peace to hold eternally,  
 This soul that God has made for ever mine,  
 This love that crowns my life, O day divine!

DESCRIPTIVE... "The Grasshoppers' Dance" ... *Bucalossi.*  
 (By desire.)

SONG ... .. "Nothing to Say" ... *May H. Brahe.*

**Mr. P. Stanley Ellis.**

**C**OME folks they be always a-talking,  
 I calls them a clacketty crew,  
 You'd fancy to hear 'em a-talking,  
 That they'd nothing furdur to do,  
 But when I drops in at the Lion  
 And calls for a tankard or two,  
 Lord love ee! you don't catch me talking,  
 I've summatt much better to do!

REFRAIN.

So trol, lol lol, lolly, I keeps myself jolly,  
 I finds it the easiest way,  
 You gets through your liquor much quicker, much quicker,  
 As long as you've nothing to say!

When I goes out walking with Molly,  
 And Molly goes walking with me,  
 She never says nothing, I tell ee,  
 I never says nothing to she!  
 We sits on the gate in the orchard,  
 She looks at me tender and true,  
 Lord love ee! you don't catch us talking,  
 We've summatt much better to do!

REFRAIN.

So trol, lol lol, lolly, when I'm out with Molly,  
 I sticks to my usual way,  
 I gets far more kisses from my little missus,  
 Because I've got nothing to say!

We goes to church every Sunday,  
 And sits side by side in the throng,  
 I gives her a nudge with my elbow,  
 As Passon goes droning along,  
 He'd talk the hind leg off a donkey,  
 But when it's out marrying day,  
 He'll have to cut short all his lingo,  
 Or I shall have summatt to say!

REFRAIN.

So trol, lol lol, lolly, our life will be jolly,  
 And all in the usual way,  
 She'll kiss and caress me, she'll cuss me and bless me,  
 And I shall have nothing to say!

SONG ... .. "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark" ... *Bishop.*  
 (With Flute Obligato.)

**Madame Bella Baillie.**

**O!** here the gentle lark,  
 Weary of rest,  
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high  
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
 The sun ariseth in true majesty.

MARCH ... .. "The Peace Maker" ... .. *Lotter.*

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