

Price **TWOPENCE.**

GORTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(Registered.)



Established 1854.

PATRONS:

JOHN BUCKLEY, Esq.
Councillor ANGELO JENNISON.
Councillor A. WINTERBOTHAM.

Alderman JOHN JONES.
Councillor GEO. H. DALE.
J. H. B. GRIMSHAW, Esq., J.P.

Wm. Jennison, Esq.
J. Jennison, Jun., Esq.
J. S. Buckley, Esq.
E. Bagley, Esq.
J. W. Eves, Esq.
F. Fletcher, Esq.
T. Davies, Esq.
W. Entwistle, Esq.
Geo. Murray, Esq.
G. Tabbron, Esq.
J. A. Boothroyd, Esq.
S. J. Wiles, Esq.
J. W. Oldham, Esq.
Jno. Hulme, Esq.
Frank Gunn, Esq.

R. S. Ireland, Esq.
H. Hipsley, Esq.
Chas. Willis, Esq.
Mrs. Riley.
E. Whittaker, Esq.
Jas. Walker, Esq.
T. H. Moyse, Esq.
J. H. Davison, Esq.
W. Kirk, Esq.
J. P. Wood, Esq.
A. Wilson, Esq.
G. H. Dunsford, Esq.
E. Gingham, Esq.
J. D. Shore, Esq.
C. Middleton, Esq.

W. Turner, Esq.
L. Hickinbottom, Esq.
F. Walters, Esq.
Chas. Dickson, Esq.
T. Harrop, Esq.
J. B. Davies, Esq.
Albert Taylor, Esq.
E. Atkinson, Esq.
J. Pedley, Esq.
E. Millward, Esq.
W. Boniface, Esq.
H. Squire, Esq.
J. W. Mason, Esq.
H. H. Graham, Esq.

M. Edwards, Esq.
R. Mills, Esq.
T. Bennett, Esq.
R. Stokes, Esq.
C. F. Butterworth, Esq.
W. E. Cleave, Esq.
E. Chapman, Esq.
R. W. Wilkins, Esq.
E. H. Done, Esq.
Fred Pollitt, Esq.
T. Ambler, Esq.
W. N. Harrison, Esq.
J. Neary, Esq.
J. Poynton, Esq.

Honorary Presidents—JOHN BUCKLEY, Esq.; SIR HENRY J. WOOD.

Honorary Vice-Presidents—J. P. WOOD, Esq. and J. THEWLIS, Esq.

OFFICERS.

President—J. W. OLDHAM, Esq.

Vice-President—T. W. THOMASSON, Esq.

Honorary Treasurer—H. C. BRITTON, Esq.

GRAND - PROMENADE - CONCERT

In aid of the Manchester and Salford
Poor Boys' Holiday Camp, Birkdale,

AT THE

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE,
Tuesday, October 21st, 1924.

ARTISTES:

Madame BELLA BAILLIE,
SOPRANO.

Mr. Thomas Borthwick, Tenor. **Mr. Harold Brown,** 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.

1. OVERTURE ... "Festival" *Leutner.*

2. SONG ... "Lo! Here the Gentle Lark" *Bishop.*

(*With Flute Obligato*).

Madame Bella Baillie.

LO! 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.

3. SONG "Pipes of Pan" *Elgar.*

Mr Harold Brown

WHEN the woods are gay, in the time of June,
With the chestnut flow'rs and fan,
And the birds are still in the hush of noon—
Hark to the Pipes of Pan!

He plays on the reed that once was a maid,
Who broke from his arm and ran,
And her soul goes out to the list'ning glade—
Hark to the Pipes of Pan!

Though you hear come not near,
Fearing the word Gods ban;
Soft and sweet, soft and sweet, in the dim retreat,
Hark to the Pipes of Pan!

When the sun goes down and the stars are out,
He gathers his goat-foot clan,
And the Dryads dance with the Satyr-rout—
Hark to the Pipes of Pan!

For he pipes the dance of the happy earth
Ere ever the Gods began,
When the woods were merry and mad with mirth—
Hark to the Pipes of Pan!

Come not nigh, pass them by,
Woe to the eyes that scan;
Wild and loud to the leaping crowd,
Hark to the Pipes of Pan!

When the armies meet on the battlefield,
And the fight is man to man;
With the gride of sword and the clash of shield,
Hark to the Pipes of Pan!

Through the madden'd shriek of the flying rear,
Through the roar of the charging van,
There skirls the tune of the God of Fear—
Hark to the Pipes of Pan!

Ours the fray—on and slay,
Let him escape that can;
Ringing out in the battle shout—
Hark to the Pipes of Pan!

4. SELECTION "Tales of Hoffman" *Offenbach.*

5. SONG ... "Beloved, it is Morn!" *Aylward.*

Mr. Thomas Borthwick.

BELOVED, it is morn!
A redder berry on the thorn,
A deeper yellow on the corn,
For this good day new born.
Pray, sweet, for me that I may be
Faithful to God, to God and thee.

Beloved, it is day!
And lovers work as children play,
With heart and brain untired away.
Dear love, look up, look up and pray.
Pray, sweet, for me that I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Beloved, it is night, it is night!
Thy heart and mine are full of light,
Thy spirit shineth clear and white,
God keep thee in His sight.
Pray, sweet, for me that I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

6. SOLO FLUTE "Suite de Trois Morceaux" *Godard.*

- (1) Allegretto.
- (2) Idylle.
- (3) Valse.

Mr. J. F. Ridgway.

7. SONG "Devotion" *Haydn Wood.*

Madame Bella Baillie.

IN all the leaves of all the trees
I'd write the words "I love you";
I'd ask the stars to tell the moon
As she hangs in all her splendour.
The silver night, bathed in her light,
Is hushed in awe and wonder;
All things in life must surely know
How much I love you!

On every day of every year
I'd say the words "I love you";
I'd make each moment, as it flies,
A vow of my devotion.
I'd whisper to each tiny bird
The song my heart is singing;
And surely all the world must know
How much I love you!

8. HIGHLAND PATROL "Wee Macgreegar" *Amers.*

Interval of Ten Minutes.

Part II.

9. OVERTURE ... "Bohemian Girl" *Balfe.*

10. SONGS... { (a) "Life and Death" *Coleridge-Taylor.*
(b) "Why Shouldn't I?" *Kennedy Russell.*

Mr. Harold Brown.

(a) "LIFE AND DEATH."

NO look for thee, cry for thee, sigh for thee, under my breath,
To clasp but a shade, where thy head hath been laid,
It is death, it is death, it is death!

To long for thee, yearn for thee, burn for thee, sorrow and strife,
But to have thee, to have thee, and hold thee and fold thee,
It is life, it is life, it is life!

(b) "WHY SHOULDN'T I?"

HE that hath his pockets full of gold, and hath a stingy soul,
Put him in a dark hole, fling him in a dark hole, down
among the dusty coal.

And I will take his jolly, jolly gold, and teach it how to fly,
For if he wont spend what the High Gods send—why shouldn't I?

He that hath a cellar full of wine, and will not drink with me,
Put him in a barrel, tie him in a barrel, drop him in the rolling sea.
And I will take his cellar full o' wine, and you shall drink with me,
For if he wont take what the Wine Gods make—why shouldn't we?

He that wins a loving little maid, and breaks the heart she gave,
Kick him down the high road, kick him down the low road,
hang him for a scurvy knave.

And I will wed that loving maid and make her sorrows fly,
For if he can't prize her lips and eyes—why shouldn't I?
Why shouldn't I?

11. SOLO FLUTE { (a) "Andante" *Bizet.*
(b) "Valse" *Steiner.*

Mr. J. F. Ridgway.

12. DUET "I Wish to Tune My Quiv'ring Lyre" *Watson.*

Messrs. Borthwick and Brown.

Y WISH to tune my quiv'ring lyre
T To deeds of fame and notes of fire;
To echo, to echo from its rising swell
How heroes fought and nations fell.
But still to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone;
Fir'd with the hope of future fame
I seek some nobler hero's name.
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war, my harp is due;
With glowing strings the epic strain
To Jove's great son I raise again.
I wish to tune my quiv'ring lyre
To deeds of fame, and notes, and notes of fire.
All, all in vain, all, all in vain,
All in vain, my wayward lyre, my wayward lyre
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.

Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms!
Adieu, the clang of war's alarms!
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung;
My harp shall all its pow'rs reveal
To tell the tale my heart must feel.
Adieu, ye chief! Adieu, ye chiefs!
Love, love alone, my lyre shall claim
In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.
Love, love alone, my heart shall claim
In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

13. SUITE "Gabrielle" *Rosse.*
(By desire.)

14. SONGS... { (a) "May Dream" *Lyall Phillips.*
(b) "The Fairy Laundry" *Montague Phillips.*

Madame Bella Baillie.

(a) "MAY DREAM"

<p>MAY-DREAM, may-dream, sunlight and song, Luring, calling all day long; Song and light, dawn till night, Dreamily the pipes are playing Melodies for lovers maying All the day. Drowsily in scented showers Blossoms fall through leafy bowers By the way. Not for us the fretting and delaying, Not for us the tumult and dismay; Dreamily the pipes are playing Happy songs to keep us maying All the day.</p>	<p>Maytime, playtime, sunny and free, Smiling, willing, you and me; Meadows sweet round our feet. Dreamily the pipes are playing Melodies for lovers maying All the day. Drowsily the music passes Through the blossoms and the grasses By the way. Come away where fairy folk are straying, Come away and hear the fairy lay; Dreamily the pipes are playing Happy songs for lovers maying All the day.</p>
---	--

(b) "THE FAIRY LAUNDRY."

<p>SING a song of apple trees In orchards down at Rye, The blossoms look like fairies' clothes Hung on the trees to dry. If you watch until the night Is melting into day, You will see the fairy folk Fetch all their clothes away.</p>	<p>Sing a song of toadstools brown, And mushrooms smooth and white, That fairies use for ironing boards Before its really light. If you wait till half-past four By dandelion clocks, You will see the fairy folk Put on their clean white smocks.</p>
---	--

15. SONGS... { (a) "O Flow'r of All the World" *Woodforde-Finden.*
(b) "I Hear a Thrush at Eve" *Cadman.*

Mr. Thomas Borthwick.

(a) "O FLOW'R OF ALL THE WORLD."

FLOW'R of all the world, O flow'r of all!
A day beside thee is a day of days.
Thy voice is softer than the throstle's call,
There is not song enough to sing thy praise.
O flow'r of all the years, O flow'r of all!
I seek thee in thy garden, and I dare
To love thee—I dare to love thee, O flow'r of all!
I love thee, and, though my deserts be small,
Thou art the only flow'r I would wear,
O flow'r of all, O flow'r of all!

(b) "I HEAR A THRUSH AT EVE."

<p>Y HEAR a thrush at eve T Wild notes up-flinging; Twilight and rapture weave Snare for his singing. Yet soars his song afar Seeking his golden star. I hear a thrush at eve Thrilling and singing.</p>	<p>So through the dark to thee My soul is springing; Throbbing with ecstasy Love notes are winging. Lean from thy bower above, Lean forth with eyes of love, For through the dark to thee My heart is singing.</p>
--	--

16. MARCH "The Camp" *Ehrlich.*

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