

Price TWOPENCE.

GORTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(Registered.)



Established 1854.

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GRAND . . . PROMENADE CONCERT

— IN AID OF THE —

ANCOATS HOSPITAL

— AT THE —

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE,

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23rd, 1919.

— ARTISTES: —

Miss ANNIE L. JONES,

Contralto.

Mr. ERNEST F. PILKINGTON,

Tenor.

Mr. HAMILTON HARRIS,

Bass.

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 ... "Bronze Horse" Auber.

SONG "The Desert" Emanucl.

Mr. Hamilton Harris.

A LONE in the desert, alone I'm alone,
 My good steed exhausted, my false guide hath flown;
 My path to recover I've sought all in vain,
 Oh God I am lost in this desolate plain.
 No stream can I find the cold water to sip,
 Or wild fruit to moisten my blood swollen lip;
 Still more faintly I draw the life parting breath,
 No breeze but the Simoon, whose hot kiss is death,
 For assistance in vain my glance wildly I fling,
 Not a speck in the air save the vulture's dark wing,
 Soon, soon shall I feel his keen beak in my breast,
 And the desert's hot sand prove my last couch of rest.

I am here like some wreck by the fierce billows thrown,
 With death and its terrors to struggle alone,
 In this contest with death the deep pang that rends
 Is the thought of those dear ones, wife, children and friends,
 Must I die, must I die! see the vulture draws near,
 Humanity's form can no more cause him fear;
 Still nearer he draws, he wheels o'er my head,
 I feel at his coming my last hope hath fled,
 The vulture's fierce scream mocks my cry of despair,
 And madness seems mingling its voice in my prayer.

Hark! hark! 'tis a bell, faintly sounding I hear,
 Some Arabs of the desert and camels draw near,
 O God mock me not with a vain fleeting hope,
 If my false ear deceives me, life's last link is broke:
 I am saved, I am saved, friends are at hand,
 They see me, they hear my lone cry on the sand,
 And nearer and nearer the camel bell rings,
 And the vulture sails from me with out-spreading wings,
 I am saved, friends are at hand,
 And nearer and nearer the camel bell rings,
 And the vulture sails from me with out-spreading wings,
 I am saved, I am saved.

SONG "Friend o' Mine" Sanderson.

Miss Annie L. Jones.

WHEN you are happy, friend o' mine,
 And all your skies are blue,
 Tell me your luck, your fortune fine,
 And let me laugh with you;
 Tell me the hopes that spur you on,
 The deeds you mean to do,
 The gold you've struck, the fame you've won!
 And let me joy with you.

When you are sad and heart a-cold,
 And all your skies are dark,
 Tell me the dreams that mocked your hold,
 The shafts that missed the mark;
 Am I not yours for weal or woe?
 How else can friends prove true?
 Tell me what breaks and brings you low,
 And let me stand with you.

So when the night falls tremulous,
 And the last lamps burn low,
 When one of us, or both of us,
 The long lone road must go:
 Look with your dear old eyes in mine,
 Give me a hand-shake true,
 Whatever fate our souls await,
 Let me be there, let me be there, there—with you.

DESCRIPTIVE GAVOTTE ... "The Bells of St. Malo"
 W. Rimmer.

SONG "My Dreams" Tosti.

Mr. Ernest F. Pilkington.

I DREAM of the day I met you,
 I dream of the light divine
 That shone in your tender eyes, love,
 When first they looked in mine.
 I dream of the flow'rs that made me a path for my longing feet,
 I dream of the star that led me to your chamber window sweet.

I dream of the words you whispered
 In the hush of that magic hour,
 With your eyes like the stars above me
 And your heart like an opening flower.
 I dream of the rose you gave me,
 I think of our last farewell,
 I dream of the silent longing
 That only the heart can tell.

Alas! Alas!
 I have lost my star in a world of glaring light,
 And only a few poor ashes remain of my rose to-night;
 But I dream of my rose, and my star and you,
 And whether we part or meet I shall love you the same for ever,
 As long as my heart may beat.
 F. WEATHERLEY.

SOLO FLUTE { (a) "Serenade" A. Woodall.
 (b) "Valse du Printemps" E. De Jong.

Mr. J. F. Ridgway.

SONG "In Sheltered Vale"

Mr. Hamilton Harris.

IN sheltered vale the mill wheel
 Still sings its busy lay,
 My darling once did dwell there,
 She now is far away!

A ring in pledge she gave me,
 While vows of love she spoke;
 Those vows of love were soon forgotten,
 My ring asunder broke!

But while I hear that mill wheel,
 My grief will never cease;
 I would the grave would hide me,
 For there alone is peace!

SELECTION "Carmen" Bizet.
 (By desire.)

Interval of 10 Minutes.

Part II.

OVERTURE ... "Hungarian Lustspiel" ... *Keler-Bela.*

SONG ... "When you Come Home" ... *Squire.*

Miss Annie L. Jones.

BIRDS in the garden all day long,
Singing for me their happy song;
Flowers in the sunshine, wind and dew,
All of them speak to me of you!
You that I long for near and far,
You that I follow like a star;
Day may be weary, weary and long,
You will come home at evensong?

When you come home, dear, all will be fair,
Home is not home if you are not there;
You in my heart, dear, you at my side,
When you come home at eventide.

Birds in the garden sing no more,
Twilight is folding roof and door;
Softly the bells of evening call,
Shadow and sun for one and all.
So when we reach the close of day,
Put your dear hands in mine and say,
"God grant that we go side by side,
When we go home at eventide."

When we go home, dear, when we go home,
No more to leave you, no more to roam;
God will remember, God will provide,
When we go home at eventide.

SERENADE ... "La Manolo" ... *Eilenberg.*

SONGS { (a) "Down in the Deep" ... *Hatton.*
(b) "Never go to Sea on a Friday" ... *Molloy.*

Mr. Hamilton Harris.

(a) "DOWN IN THE DEEP."

THE home of the mermaids, where doth it lie?
Where do they hide by night?
When raging storms and lightnings are nigh,
Whither take they their flight?
Down in the deep.

The brave British tar, whose life on the sea
'Mid dangers great is passed,
If there overtaken by death he should be,
Where is his home at the last?
Down in the deep.

And where is the place that the diver alone
Can toil for his daily bread?
Tho' wild rolling waves and hoarse winds should moan
Over his lonely head:
Down in the deep.

(b) "NEVER GO TO SEA ON A FRIDAY."

THREE hearty lads as you'd wish to see
Set sail one Friday morn,
When the old folks said, "'tis a day to dread!"
They merrily laughed in scorn.
Three sweet little maids on the fading shore
Had whispered, tenderly clinging,
"We love you true, and we'll wait for you
Till our wedding bells they are ringing."

But they sailed on Friday morning,
All the old traditions scorning.
Sailormen! beware that bye-day;
Never go to sea on a Friday.

With song and yarn, and a breeze astern,
They thought all danger o'er,
Till their ship was wrecked, which they did not expect
On a Cannibal island shore.
Then the chief of the tribe, whom I won't describe,
Said, "This is a feast for a high day"—
He looked at Jim, for the rest were slim,
And Jim disappeared on a Friday.

Sailormen! beware that bye-day;
Never go to sea on a Friday.

The two, when dark, then stole a bark,
And homeward fled full sail,
But when on shore they stepped once more
Those poor lads both grew pale,
For the sweet little maids they had thought so true,
Ah,—what do you think they were doing?
They'd just been wed to three lads in red,
Said the two, "There's an end of our wooing."

Bells were ringing, all were singing,
Maidens bridal flowers were flinging.
Sailormen! beware that bye-day;
Never go to sea on a Friday.

SOLO FLUTE { (a) "Le Cygne" ... *Saint-Saens.*
(b) "A Capriccio" ... *Hy. E. Gechl.*

Mr. J. F. Ridgway.

SONGS { "Songs of the Fair"
(a) "Fairings"
(b) "The Ballad Monger" } *Easthope Martin.*

Mr. Ernest F. Pilkington.

(a) "FAIRINGS."

COME my young master, and mistress, too, Fairings in plenty, and all for you!	
Apples and pears, Juicy and mellow; Honey sweet plums, Purple and yellow;	Candies and sweets, Cakes made of honey; Lassies and lads, Out with your money!

Come my young master, and mistress, too,
Fairings in plenty, and all for you!

Ribbons of green, Orange and blue, miss; 'Kerchiefs of silk, Dainty as you, miss;	Brooches and beads, Which will you buy, sir? Locketts and rings— Maidens are shy, sir!
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Come my young master, and mistress too,
Fairings in plenty, and all for you!

(b) "THE BALLAD MONGER."

OH! here's a song of a lady fair,
So light, so bright, so debonair,
With a fan in her hand and a rose in her hair,
And a robe of scarlet hue.

Refrain. I've songs for camp and bow'r and hall,
So come, my maidens, at my call;
Kind fortune speed you one and all,
And this is the song for you.

Oh! here's a song of a ship at sea,
So neat, so fleet, so bold and free;
It sailed away to a far countree
Where mariners dreams come true.

Refrain. I've songs for camp, and bow'r and hall, etc.

Oh! here's a song of a love-sick swain,
Who sigh'd and cried, but all in vain;
His mistress mocked at all his pain,
And she laughed when he came to woo.

Refrain. I've songs for camp and bow'r and hall,
So come, sweet lovers, at my call;
Dan Cupid aid you one and all,
And this is the song for you.

MARCH ... "The Light Horse" ... *Blon.*

PIANO supplied by **ALBERT WAGSTAFF,**
St. Mary's Gate and Ashton Old Road, Manchester.