

Price **TWOPENCE.**

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(Registered.)



Established 1854.

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GRAND - - PROMENADE CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

ANCOATS HOSPITAL,

WILL BE HELD AT THE

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE,

Tuesday, October 23rd, 1923.

ARTISTES :

Mr. HAMILTON HARRIS

(BASS).

Miss Edith Wilson
(Mezzo Soprano).

Mr. John Watson
(Solo Violin).

Miss E. DODD, A.R.C.M. (Accompanist), and the

SOCIETY'S FULL ORCHESTRA.

Conductor

Mr. J. F. RIDGWAY.

PROGRAMME - Part I.

1. OVERTURE ... "Raymond" THOMAS.

2. SONG ... "Vulcan's Song" (*Philemon & Baucis*)
Mr. Hamilton Harris. GOUNOD.

THE sparks fly thro' the smithy door,
Far from the glowing iron rebounding;
All fierce and loud the bellows roar,
Above the anvils' clang resounding.

The Blacksmith's voice is heard all o'er:

"I love the chat of neighbour,
That cheers the hours of labour;
The anvil's merry ring
Blithe mood to me doth bring.
Free am I as the breezes,
And I toil when it pleases!
No man dare bid me stay,
Or chide me for delay!
I scorn all worldly trouble,
'Tis but a fleeting bubble,
Passing by;
All care I can defy,
So happy and so free am I!"

As the fire sinks low for the night,
The smith from sturdy toil is resting;
It makes the dulllest heart feel bright,
'Mid foaming mead and neighbour's jesting,
To hear him sing with delight:
"I love the chat of neighbour," etc.

3. SONG ... "The Dancing Lesson" OLIVER.

Miss Edith Wilson.

I'M just seventeen, I've never been to any stately Ball,
A shy young maid, Sir, half afraid to raise my eyes at all;
But I must learn to twist and turn, to set my feet aright,
So come, Pierrot, and strive to show me how to dance to-night.

Ah! Ah!

Dance on, Pierrot, I soon shall learn; how soft the music flows;
Your arm is lying around my waist, that's usual I suppose;
My hand in yours is tightly clasped, how well you guide my feet,
Oh! dear Pierrot, I did not know that dancing was so sweet.

Ah! Ah!

It is the rule for maids at school to dance with one another,
To choose a he might dangerous be unless he were your brother.
But now I know it is not so, as here I dance with you,
To-night it seems that all my dreams, dear Pierrot, have come true.

Ah! Ah!

Dance on, Pierrot, the night is young, the stars gleam fair above,
How tenderly your eyes look down, how sweet your word of love.
The world is fading far away, and all things sad and false.
Oh! dear Pierrot, I love you so, to-night we'll dance love's valse.

Ah! Ah! Ah!

4. SELECTION ... "Iolanthe" SULLIVAN.

5. SONGS ... { (a) "In Summer Time on Bredon" GRAHAM PEEL.
(b) "Auvergnat" GOODHART.
(c) "Rest Thee, Sad Heart" ... DEL RIEGO.

Mr. Hamilton Harris.

(a) IN summer time on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear,
Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her
In valleys miles away;
"Come all to church, good people;
Good people, come and pray."
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,
"Oh, peal upon our wedding,
And we will hear the chime,
And come to church in time."

But when the snows at Christmas
On Bredon top were strown,
My love rose up so early,
And stole out unbeknown,
And went to church alone

They tolled the one bell only,
Groom there was none to see,
The mourners followed after,
And so to church went she,
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum:
"Come all to church good people"
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb,
I hear you, I will come.

(b) "AUVERGNAT"

THERE was a man was half a clown
(It's so, my father tells of it);
He saw the church in Clermont Town,
And he laughed to hear the bells of it.

He laughed to hear the bells that ring
In Clermont Church and round of it;
He heard the verger's daughter sing,
And loved her for the sound of it.

The verger's daughter said him nay
(She had the right of choice of it);
He left the town at break of day
(He didn't had a voice in it).

The road went up, the road went down,
And there the matter ended it;
He broke his heart in Clermont Town,
At Pontgibaud they mended it.

(c) "REST THEE, SAD HEART."

REST thee, sad heart, the day is done,
Thy weary eyes now close;
The tears that came e'er set of sun,
Have charmed thee to repose.

Rest thee from toil and care once more
Until the break of day,
The cares that pressed around thy door,
Kind sleep shall chase away.

Rest thee till morn, and slumber now,
Thy way of grief is trod;
I only bend to kiss thy brow,
And leave thy soul to God!

6 SOLO VIOLIN... { (a) "Menuett" BEETHOVEN.
(b) "Humoreske" DVORAK.

Mr. John Watson.

7. SONG "Until" (By desire)... SANDERSON.

Miss Edith Wilson.

NO rose in all the world until you came,
No star until you smiled upon life's sea,
No song in all the world until you spoke,
No hope until you gave your heart to me.

O rose bloom ever in my lonely heart,
O star shine steadfast with your light divine,
Ring on, O song, your melody of joy,
Life's crowned at last, and love, and love is ever mine.

8. DESCRIPTIVE... "Hunting Scenes" ... BUCALOSSI.

INTERVAL OF 10 MINUTES.

Part II.

9. OVERTURE ... "Light Cavalry" SUPPE.

10. SONG "Dawn" P. G. CURRAN.

Mr. Hamilton Harris.

WAKE, my child, the dawn is here,
And o'er the mountain lights appear,
All gold and red and amber hued,
The earth with life is fresh imbued.
Awake, awake, the day is near!
Awake, my child, the dawn is here!

Awake, my soul, thy dawn is here,
Thy day draws near!
For wondrous love has banished fear.
In rainbow tints my soul is bathed,
The glorious light it long has craved.
Awake, my soul, awake!
Thy dawn is here!

11. SOLO VIOLIN... { (a) "Tema Con Variationem" KREISLER.
(b) "Souvenir" DRDLA.

Mr. John Watson.

12. SONG "Mountain Lovers" SQUIRE.

Miss Edith Wilson.

LITTLE white star on the mountain heather,
Red little window, warm and bright,
Far away, in the stormy weather,
Donald is thinking of you to-night:

"Sweet! sweet! night or day,
There is never a sea can bar my way,
Night or day, night or day,
There is never a sea can bar my way."

Little white bride on your snow-white pillow,
Close your eyes the long night through,
Far away, on the blowing billow,
Donald is praying to-night for you:

"Sweet! sweet! heart o' my dear,
There is never a pray'r God will not hear,
Heart o' my dear, heart o' my dear,
There is never a pray'r God will not hear."

Little white hands from the window waving,
Dear brown eyes so bright and gay,
All is done, the sorrow and craving,
Donald is coming to you to-day!

"Ah! love! dear o' my heart,
There is never an hour our souls shall part!
Dear o' my heart, dear o' my heart,
There is never an hour our souls shall part!"

13. ENTRACTE ... "In a Monastery Garden" ... KETELBY.

14. THE FRIAR'S SONG (*from Ivanhoe*)

"Ho! Jolly Jenkin" SULLIVAN.

Mr. Hamilton Harris.

THE wind blows cold across the moor,
With driving rain and rending tree;
It smites the pious hermit's door,
But not a jot cares he;
For close he sits within,
And makes his merry din.

With his "Ho, jolly Jenkin,
I spy a knave in drinkin';
And trowl the brown bowl to me!"
Then ho, jolly Jenkin,
I spy a knave in drinkin',
And trowl the bonny bowl to me!"

The wind a roaring song may sing,
On crashing wood or frightened town;
It whirls the mantle of a king
As 'twere a beggar's gown;
But caring not a jot,
We sing and drain the pot.

With our "Ho, jolly Jenkin," etc.

15. MARCH ... "Gladiators' Farewell" ... BLANKENBERG.



PIANO supplied by ALBERT WAGSTAFF,

St. Mary's Gate,

MANCHESTER.