

"The Image of the Rose," *Reichardt*

MISS INEZ MECUSKER AND THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

While through a valley I was straying,
A rose fresh blooming met my sight,
Such ample store of charms displaying,
My bosom felt unknown delight.

With fragrant incense around it swelling,
Appared the gem of lustre mild,
Oh! ne'er from out a fairer dwelling
The angel face of virtue smiled.

A strange yet pleasing sense came o'er me,
I felt new life within me bound,
While I beheld the flow'r before me,
Unwonted rapture then I found.

That image fair of heavenly pleasure,
Upon my heart is deeply traced.
It is my bosom's dearest treasure,
And never can it be effaced.

When sorrow's clouds are round me low'ring,
At once the rose's form appears,
A charm each anguish overpowering,
It stills my sighs, it dries my tears.

Oh! flow'r that 'mid the darkness springing
By heav'n's decree upon me shone,
To thee my heart is fondly clinging,
And will not cease till life is gone.
Beautiful form, tarry with me.

"Then You'll Remember Me," (*Bohemian Girl*) *Balfe*

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE.

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well;
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes—
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
"Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me.

"Arion Waltz," *F. A. Vogel*

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Hark, hark, now rumbles the bass,
Now haste the dancers to place,
Then haste to the dance.
Dearest maiden, dance with me,
Canst thou refuse me? wilt thou not choose me?
Come, O come, and join the dance,
While we enjoy it may, let us be gay,
What were the world without dance?
Circling round in mazy dance,
Flashing eyes with pleasure glance,
Making rapture, joy, heave every breast.
From those lips so smiling,
All my heart beguiling,
Could I snatch one fond kiss, bliss indeed were mine.

Dearest maiden dance ever with me,
Thou, my loveliest maiden,
With charms richly laden,
With thee, mine alone, can I happy be.
Soon ends the ball; dance one and all,
Dance, yes, dance.
Now the festive dance is o'er,
Grant, sweet enslaver, only one favor,
But one rose—I'll ask no more,
Give me as pledge of thine thou wilt be mine.
Now the gay, festive hour at an end,
Let us homeward wend,
And to each one a parting Good-night,
Fare thee well. Good-night.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The audience are requested to remain standing until the close of the National Anthem.

First Tenor.

Messrs. J. I. Anderson. Geo. Hayes. A. T. H. Johnson.
Wm. Lewis. J. A. Muirhead. W. E. Saunders.
A. Sreaton.

Second Tenor.

Messrs. A. H. Green. Fred Raymond. H. S. Saunders.
John Ward.

First Bass.

Messrs. H. Bapty. T. W. Birks. F. A. H. Fysh.
Thos. Reid. A. P. Saunders.

Second Bass.

Messrs. F. M. Bell-Smith. Thos. Hook. C. Stockwell.
Geo. Winlow.

President: Mr. W. E. Saunders.

Vice-President: Mr. Geo. Hayes

Sec.-Treas.: Mr. F. A. H. Fysh.

Director.: Mr. W. J. Birks.