

BALLAD—"Who will Buy My Roses Red,".....Schlieffarth
MISS INEZ MECUSKER.

Who will buy my roses red,
Who will buy my violets blue,
Gathered fresh from mossy bed
Glistening with the morning's dew?
Are your jewels rich and rare
Half so sweet and half so fair?
Can the gorgeous turquoise' blue,
Match my modest violets' hue?
No, no, for sweeter far
The woodland flow'rs than jewels are.
Thus a little maiden sang, tra la la,
Merrily her warbling rang, tra la la.

Fair your flowers, sweet child, I said,
Fresh and fair and fragrant, too;
But your cheeks are rosier red,
And your eyes a brighter blue.
Then her pretty curls she shook,
Heeding not my words or look,
Laughing turned and went her way,
Still singing her merry lay.
No, no, for sweeter far,
The woodland flow'rs than jewels are.
Thus I heard her singing still, tra la la,
Echoing o'er vale and hill, tra la la.

Part Second.

"Ah! Non Credea," (Mignon).....Thomas

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE.

Ah! non credea l'afflitta nel vergin suo candore,
Che l'innocente fiamma ond'era accesa in sen,
Potesse un dì mutarsi in un'ecceente amore,
E turbar de'suoi giorni il bel corso seren!
Ah! se del fior gli smenti colori,
Qui tu brami avvivarli ancor.
Almo april dagli tu un bacio che l'irori
O mio cor dagli tu, un sospiro, d'amor un sospiro
Ahi che le chieggo indarno un sol detto d'amor un accento?
De' mali suoi l'arcan non posso penetrar!
Lo sguardo mio la turba e l'empie di sgomento
La fannoi detti miei dirotta lagrimar.

Ah! little thought the hapless maid in innocence arrayed,
What she in her breast now nurtured would ardent love
become;
And thus perturb the peaceful current of her life.
O balmy April, who the bloom of faded flowers restorest,
Kiss her fair cheek, and a sigh of affection her breast shall
disclose.
Vainly do I implore that she a single word will utter,
Her secret woes to me she fain would not reveal;
One glance of mine with trouble her tender heart distresses.

{(a) "When the Hues of Daylight Fade,".....Reissiger
{(b) "Sleeping, Why Now Sleeping?".....Stirling

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

When the hues of daylight fade,
O'er the bosom of the deep,
When the breezes through the shade,
Murmur faintly as in sleep.

When the dew is on the grass,
And the moonlight on the tree,
Softly, softly will I pass,
Softly steal, my love, to thee.

Sleeping, why now sleeping?
The moon herself looks gay,
While through the lattice peeping.
Wilt not her call obey?
Wake, love, wake.

Each star is beaming
For thee its brightest ray,
And languishes the gleaming
From fire-flies now streaming
Athwart the dewy spray.

Awake, the skies are weeping
Because thou art away,
But if of me thou'rt dreaming,
Sleep, loved one, while you may.
Wake, love, wake.

Music's wings shall hover,
Softly thy sweet dreams o'er
And fanning dark thoughts away,
While dearest 'tis thy lover
Who'll bid each bright one stay.

"Regnava nel Silenzio," (Lucia di Lammermoor).....Donizetti

MISS INEZ MECUSKER.

Regnava nel silenzio,
Alta la notte e bruna,
Colpia la fonte un pallido
Raggio di tetra luna;
Quando un somnesso gemito
Fra l'aure udir si fe ed ecco,
Ecco su quel niargine,
L'ombra mostrarsi a me.
Qual di chi parla muo versi
Il labro suo vedea,
E con la mano esauime,
Chiamarmi a se pareva,
Stette un momento immobile,
Poi ratto dileguo,
E l'onda pria si limpida
Di sangue rossosegno si, priasi limpida.
Ah, il presagio orrendo e questo!
Cancellar doveidal petto
Il fatale amato oggetto,
Ma nol possa, egli e mia luce,
E conforto al mio pensar.
Quando rapito in estasi,
Del più cocente ardore,
Col favellar del core,
Mi giura eterna fe.
Gli affani miei dimentico,
Gioja diviene il pianto,
Parni che a lui daccanto,
Si schiuda il ciel per me.
Par che si schiuda! il ciel per me.

Silent the sombre wings of night,
Darkness around were spreading,
While on yon fount, pallid beams of light
Calm the wan moon was shedding.
Sudden a wailing voice I heard
Borne on the breeze of night,
When, lo, there, by the fountain's marge,
Rose up the shade.
Thus as amazed her form I scannd,
Soundless her white lips e'en moving,
Fell she to waving her lifeless hand,
Sternly as though repoving;
Motionless all awhile she stood,
Then melted in the tide,
While of that spring the limpid flood
With crimson now was dyed.
Ah, this dread warning forebode a dire disaster!
From my heart to blot now forever
His dear image I must fain endeavor.
Yet I cannot, he's my soul's treasure,
My dear solace, only solace, all my woe.
Yielding to sweet love's power,
Borne on its torrent surge,
Words from his heart
His love he pledged,
No heart-pangs
No happier lot
When in his arms
Of heaven I taste
Surely, O

PIANO SOLO—Andante and Rondo Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn

MRS. C. G. MOORE