

PROGRAMME

PART I.

- {(a) "Bright Sword of Liberty,".....C. M. von Weber
{(b) "Maiden, Listen,".....C. F. Adam

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

True Sword, thy blade is gleaming,
And bright as sunbeams seeming;
Sword of the brave and free,
Bright Sword of Liberty, Hurrah!

The arm of right shall wield thee,
To despot never yield thee;
Thou our defence shalt be,
Bright Sword of Liberty, Hurrah!

True Sword, to slaves a stranger,
Of wrongs the stern avenger;
Thus shalt thou ever be,
Bright Sword of Liberty, Hurrah!

Shine thus, dark blade, for ever,
Subdued thou canst be never;
Thou shalt our war-cry be,
Bright Sword of Liberty, Hurrah!

Maiden, listen to the lute's soft music,
Gently floating on the evening breeze,
Lovely Luna's silver light is shining,
Through the verdure of the trees;
Guardian angels tending her in slumber,
Ye shall make love's image in her dreams.
Rise and hasten thither, airy visions,
Haste or e'er the rosy morning beams;
Should she ask you who had sent you to her,
Softly whispering, name her faithful swain,
Give the kiss which love to you entrusted,
Straight her kisses bringing me again.

- BALLAD—"Meeting and Parting,".....P. la Villa

MISS INEZ MECUSKER.

Oh bright the sky above me,
And sweet the words you say,
You promise now to love me,
Till life's remotest day:
But time has many changes
And love may soon be o'er,
Some day we'll part as strangers,
To meet, ah, never more!

You clasp me to your bosom,
With kisses warm and sweet,

And life is in its blossom,
And joy and hope complete.
But charms are frail and fleeting,
And love has flown before,
In vain your soft reproving,
Tho' skies are summer fair;
The heart forgets its loving,
When winter chills the air,
Some day you'll scarce remember
The happy days of yore.

- "On the March,".....V. E. Becker

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Sing, gallant comrades all, with voices free and strong,
Who sing a merry song ne'er finds his journey long.
Left, right, march away; one, two, ever gay;
Man by man, that's the plan,
Tire we never can.
Ne'er sighing sadly, still singing gladly,
Gallant comrades, singing so,
To the world's end we'll go,
Ready, if we will, to travel further still.

Halt! There a pretty cottage see,
Underneath a shady tree;
Tarry here, foaming beer will our spirits cheer.
If a dainty lass we see,
Not the less content are we,
Though her smile, for awhile, may our hearts beguile.
Hollo ho, thus ever merry on we go,
Never sighing sadly, but still singing gladly.

- PIANO SOLO—"The Grand March from the Opera Tannhauser,".....Wagner-Liszt

MR. W. WAUGH LAUDER.

- {(a) "Springtime,".....L. van Beethoven
{(b) "Good-night, Beloved,".....E. G. Monk

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Spring hither advanceth!
Her smiles of delight enliven the bowers,
From morning till night
Their minstrels with music salute her.

Spring waketh the flowers!
They catch from the dews and sunlit showers
All day's glowing hues,
They dance and with fragrance salute her.

Spring bringeth abundance!
She floateth on gales o'er meadows and mountains,
And forests and vales,
And mortals rejoicing salute her.

Good night, good night, beloved,
I come to watch o'er thee;
To be near thee, beloved,
Alone is peace for me.
Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers,
Good night, while I count the weary hours.

- "Air with Variations,".....Proch

MISS INEZ MECUSKER.

Oh! stelle amate che in ciel brillate
Voi sol d'amor radiate ognor
Deh! consolate l'amante cor
Radiate voi sol d'amor.

TRANSLATION.
O, love star beaming, like silver gleaming,
Illumine my soul with cheering ray;
To thy pure splendor I tribute render,
Charm from my heart all grief away.
Thou love star beaming, like silver streaming,
Upon my soul with cheering ray,
O, silver star, illumine my way.