

PROGRAMME.

Part First.

"Canada," (Mrs. C. G. Moore) Frances J. Hatton

MR. JAS. I. ANDERSON AND THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Brave men and true, let's name the land,
Where free-loom loves to dwell,
Where truth and honor firmly stand,
Whose children love her well.

Canada! fair land, so broad and free,
Oh! give me then, fair Canada,
Aye, she's the land for me.

When o'er the sea the war-cry rings,
And mourned are deeds of woe,
The true Canadian's brave heart springs
And longs to meet the foe.

Come peace or war amid us then,
We'll join the rank and file.
If war must be, we're ready, men,
Content with peace the while.

RECIT. AND ARIA—"Salve Dimora," (*Faust*) Gounod

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE.

Salve dimora casta e pura
Che a me rivella la gentil fanciulla
Che al guardomio si cela.
Quanta dovizia in questa poverta,
Inquest' asil quanta felicità.
O bei lochi! bei lariove leggiadra e bella,
Ella aggrarsi suol ove gentile,
E snella ella percorre il suol.
Qui la bacciava il sole, e le dorava il crine,
Su voi rivolger suol le luci
Sue divine quell' angelo d' amor. Si, qua!

All hail! live innocent and purely,
Live in thy guileless youth, far, far from danger,
Far from temptation, from danger.
Tho' thou art poor, what wealth could give thee
Such gentle fancies, from all evil free,
In this calm shelter,
In this retreat of calm felicity.
Ah, kind nature, 'twas thy skilled hand,
The nameless graces of face, form and heart,
Hath given to this fair pure cottage maiden,
Nature, from thee all were given,
Ah! fields and woods and fragrant roses blooming,
Ah! gentle summer air and star and fount and stream,
From these her pure and childish beauty,
From these her form of angel beauty,
Sheltered by love from evil here secluded.

FLUTE SOLO—Etude—Caprice, op. 23 Terschak

MR. C. E. SAUNDERS.

"Staccato Polka," R. Mulder

MISS INEZ MECUSKER.

Vieni ognor fedel a posarti sul mio cor,
E sarà la vita un ciel di delizia e puro amor,

Fine al martir dolce mio ben tanto soffrir corona himen,
E sarà la vita un ciel di delizia e puro amor.

{(a) "Onward Roaming," Muller

{(b) "Forth to the Meadows," Schubert

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Onward roaming, never weary,
Over hills and mountains dreary,
Be it night or be it day,
Singing merrily we stray
While the echoes loud and long,
From the rocks repeat our song
Aiaha, ia, iaia.

Oft the bounding roe we follow
Through the tangled brake or hollow.
Where the eagle wings his flight,
There we scale the giddy height,
While the woods and vales among,
Echo still repeats our song,
Aiaha, ia, iaia.

Forth to the meadows, ye fair merry maidens,
Haste to the dance that awaits you to-day;
Yield to the witching delights of the springtime,
Gladness and love make it still to be May,

Bending before thee, fair or, we greet thee,
Thou, that art queen of this region so bright,
Greet thee with music, thou that inspirest
Flow'r-sprinkled meadows with joy and light.

The clear, happy voices that round us are ringing,
Their way over upland and plain that are winging,
Their own magic brightness to nature impart;
While dark, silent valleys new gladness are bring'ing
To each loving heart.

"Yes, Let me Like a Soldier Fall," (*Maritana*) Wallace

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE.

Yes, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open plain,
This breast expanding for the ball
To blot out every stain.
Brave manly hearts, confer my doom,
The valiant ones inay tell,
I have forgot, unknown my tomb,
Like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry
Tho' o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell,
Enough, they murmur o'er my grave
He like a soldier fell.

{(a) "Sweetly, Dearest," Eisenhofer

{(b) "Song is Here," Ries

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Shall I sing to thee, my love,
Chorus of the flowers
Guarded by the flowers
Till the flowers
O may love
Bear thy
To its own d
Where no can
Maiden

Tra la la, with hearty cheer,
The time for song is here.
When spring to joy invites us,
When wine to mirth excites us,
Yoho, and thus life's flowers do grow.