

BALLAD—"My Darling was so Fair,"

MISS ELLA COLE.

Taubert

There stands a tree in yonder glade ;
My love and I beneath its shade ;
 Off sat together there,
We sat so long and silently,
The fow'rets gazed with wondering eye
 Upon my love so fair,
My darling was so fair, my darling was so fair.

Still bloom the fow'rets as of yore,
But I shall ne'er behold them more,
Nor taste their sweetness rare.

SOLO—"Proposal,"

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE.

The violet loves the sunny hank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea,

Ah ! lovely tho' the flowers may be,
There yet are none so fair as she,
 None may with her compare,
For lovelier far is she, the fairest of the fair.

Still stands the tree as on that day,
But I have wandered far away,
 For she no more is there,
I rest upon the cold bare stone,
I dwell in a distant land alone,
 And mourn my love so fair,
And mourn my love so fair, and mourn my love so fair.

Brackett

"Image of the Rose," (by request)

MISS ELLA COLE AND THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Reichardt

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

With fragrant moss around it swelling,
Appeared the gem of lustre mild,
Oh I 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.

VIOLIN SOLO—"Spanish Dance,"

MRS. ADAMSON.

Moszkowski

SOLO—"The Last Watch,"

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE.

Pinsuti

Watch with me, love, to-night ;
This is the last, last time we meet,
For I must leave thee, oh my sweet !
Our fate is fixed, our dream is o'er,
Our ways lie parted ever more ;
The fault was mine, be mine the pain
To never see thy face again,
To watch by wood and wild and shore
We two together nevermore.

Dear love, those days were bright,
But we have lost their light ;
But, oh ! beloved, watch with me,
Watch with me here to-night.

My heart is torn, my brain is fire,
Thou art my life, my sole desire,
My queen, my crown, my prize, my goal,
Heart of my heart, sun of my soul !
Farewell ! farewell ! it must be so !
But kiss me once before I go ;
Only this once, dear love, good-bye !
But I shall love thee till I die ;

Love thee, love thee, love thee till I die,
Dear heart, those days were bright,
But we have lost their light ;
But, oh ! beloved, watch with me,
Watch with me here to-night.

{ (a) "To all you Ladies now on Land,"
{ (b) "Serenade,"

Dr. Callcott

E. G. Monk

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

To all you ladies now on land
We men at sea indite,
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write.
The Muses now, and Neptune, too,
We must implore to write to you.
 With a fa, la, la.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honor lose
Our certain happiness.
All these designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
 With a fa, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears.
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have enough of that at sea.
 With a fa, la, la.

Good night ! good night ! I beloved,
I come to watch o'er thee ;
To he 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.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

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

First Tenor.

Second Tenor.

First Bass.

Second Bass.

J. S. ASHLANT, A. T. H. JOHNSH.
PERCY CARROLL, J. A. MURKSH.
GEO. HAYES, A. SORATON.
WILL. THOMPSON.

F. A. H. FVSH, W. E. SAUNDERS.
A. H. GREEN, FRED. RAYMOND.
H. S. SAUNDERS, JOHN WARD.

H. BAPT, T. W. BIRKS.
H. MATTHEW,
CHAS. WINLOW.

F. M. BELL-SMITH, CHAS. JONES.
THOS. HODK, C. STODKWELL.
GEO. WINLOW.