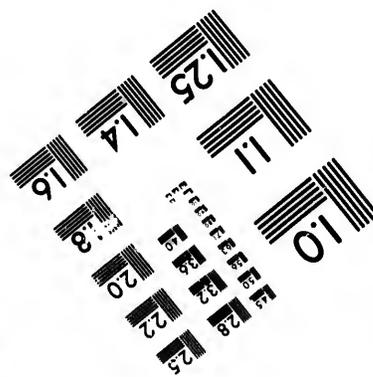
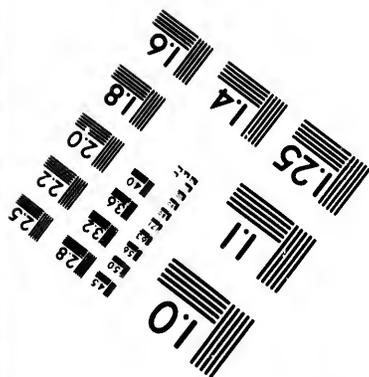
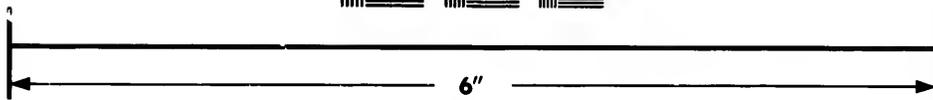
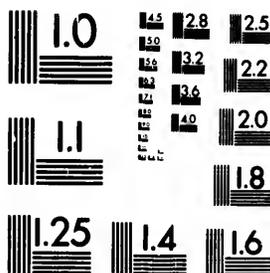


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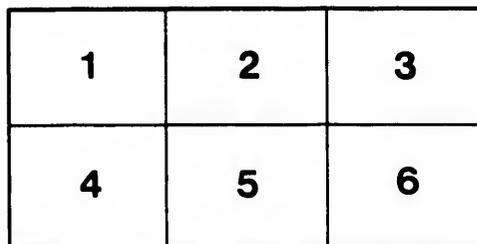
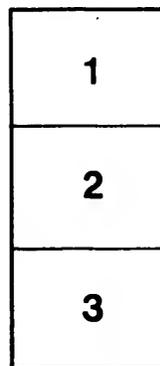
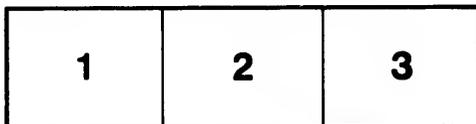
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PROGRAMME

MR. PLUNKET GREENE BARITONE
 MRS. DOROTHY HARVEY SOPRANO
 MR. RUDOLPH VON SCARPA PIANIST

THE HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO USED

1. PIANO SOLO - Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 13 - Liszt

MR. RUDOLPH VON SCARPA

2. SONG - - - "Elsa's Traume" - - - Wagner
 (From Lohengrin)

MRS. DOROTHY HARVEY

3. SONGS

MR. PLUNKET GREENE

(a) "Bois Epais" - - - - - Lully (1685)

Bois épais redouble ton ombre,
 Tu ne saurais être assez sombre,
 Tu ne peux trop cacher
 Mon malheureux amour.

Sombre woods, ye glades dark and
 lonely,
 Where midnight gloom enters only,
 Oh, hide my slighted love
 In your unbounded night.

Je sens un désespoir
 Dont l'horreur est extrême,
 Je ne dois plus voir ce que j'aime,
 Je ne veux plus souffrir le jour.

If now this broken heart
 Never more may enfold her,
 If no more these eyes may behold her,
 Then evermore I hate the light.

QUINAULT.

THEO. MARZIALS.

(b) "Entendez-vous Le Carillon Du Verre"

18th Century. Arranged by C. V. Stanford.

Entendez-vous le carillon du verre?
 Il solennise nos plaisirs;
 Quel bruit plus charmant sur la terre!
 Il rappelle la soif, il endort les soupirs.

Hark, how our glasses chime with
 merry din,
 To ring with pomp our pleasures in I
 What sound hath earth than this more
 blest,
 That wakes our thirst anew, and brings
 our cares to rest?

Les cloches par leur son
 Ecartent le tonnerre,
 Quand il fait gronder son courroux;
 Celui du verre
 Ecarte loin de nous
 Les soucis qui nous font guerre.

The holy bells, they say,
 Fright thunder clouds away,
 When near their rumbling chariot rolls;
 With sweeter sound
 These crystal chimes confound
 The cares that would invest our souls.

Entendez-vous le carillon du verre?
 Il solennise nos plaisirs!

Hark, how our glasses chime with
 merry din,
 To ring with pomp our pleasures in I

(All rights reserved)

PAUL ENGLAND

Handwritten scribbles at the bottom of the page.

(c) "Au Flügeln-Des Gesanges" - - - - - Mendelssohn

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges
Herzliebchen, trag' ich dich fort,
Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges,
Dort weiss ich den schönsten Ort ;

Da liegt ein rothblühender Garten
Im stillen Mondenschein,
Die Lotosblumen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.

Die Veilchen kichern und kosen,
Und schau'n nach den Sternen empor,
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen in's Ohr.

Es hüpfen herbei and lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazell'n,
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des heil'gen Stromes Well'n.

Dort wollen wir nieder sinken
Unter dem Palmembaum,
Und Lieb' und Ruhe trinken,
Unn träumen seligen Traum.

On wings of song I'll bear thee
To the fairest of all fair lands,
Where the deeped-voice Asian Ganges
Rolls through its flowery strands.

There, in a roseate garden,
Where the moon-charmed breeze is
dumb,
Thy lovely kin, the lotus,
Wait till their sister come.

The violets whisper together
As they gaze on the star-lit skies,
The roses lean to each other
And mingle their perfumed sighs.

Over the leaves come leaping
The gentle wary gazelles ;
Afar, from the sacred river,
A solemn murmur swells.

And there, in the palm tree shadows,
Stretched on the breathing flowers,
We'll drink the love-laden silence
And dream through the blissful hours.

HEINE.

PAUL ENGLAND.

(d) "Abschied" - - - - - Schubert

(English translation)

Farewell, merry town, with thy frolic and mirth,
Farewell !

My good horse is neighing, no longer he'll stand,
So take my last greeting from heart and from hand ;
Never yet hast thou seen me in sorrowful case ;
Though the parting be hard, I must wear a brave face.

Farewell, ye trees, and ye gardens so gay,
Farewell !

By the crystalline stream as I canter along,
I send you at parting, a loud-ringing song.
The songs I have sung you were gay ones all,—
No gloomier sounds from my lips shall fall.

Farewell, ye maidens, whose smiles were so kind,
Farewell !

How shyly you peep from the rose-covered porch.
And beckon me back with your eyes' bright torch !
I greet you, and smile on each smiling face,
Yet dare I not slacken my horse's pace.

Farewell !—ye stars, hide your tremulous lamps !
Farewell !

The light from the one little window I love
Shines brighter for me than your legions above.
Alas ! though your watches ye faithfully keep,
That light I must lose, and the darknes is deep.

PAUL ENGLAND

(e) "Vergebliches Standchen" - - - - - Brahms

"Guten Abend, mein Schatz ! Guten
Abend, mein Kind !
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu Dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Thür !
Mach' mir auf die Thür !

"Good even, fair mistress ! How goes
it, sweetheart ?
I'm here for love of thee,
Open thy door to me !
Let me in, sweetheart !"

"Mein Thür'ist verschlossen, ich lass'
Dich nicht ein !
Mutter, die rath mir klug,
Wärst Du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei !"

"Fast locked is my chamber, and
barred for the night ;
My mother tells me true,
Should I give heed to you,
'Twould undo me quite !"

"So kalt ist die Nacht, so eisig der
Wind,
Dass mir Herr erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird,
Oeffne mir, mein Kind !

"The night is so raw, the wind blows
so wild
My heart will starve with cold,
My love no longer hold,—
Let me in, sweet child !"

"Löschet dein' Lieb', lass sie loschen
nur !
Loschet sie, immerzu,
Geb' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh' !
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'."

"When hearts grow chilly, then lovers
should part !
True love's a fire, tis said,
So get you gone to bed !
Fare you well, cold heart !"

(f) "The Sands o' Dee" (By request) - - - - - F. Clay

Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.
The western gale blew wild and dark
with foam,
And all alone went she.
The western tide crept up along the
sand,
And round and round the strand,
And o'er and o'er the strand,
As far as eye could see,
The blinding mist came down and hid
the land,
And never home came she.

Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee.
They rowed her in across the rolling
foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea ;
But still the boatmen hear her call the
cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

CHAS. KINGSLEY.

(g) "The Fairy Lough" - - - - - C. V. Stanford
(Maira O'Neill)

Loughareema ! Loughareema !
Lies so high among the heather ;
A little lough, a dark lough,
The wather's black an' deep.
Ould herons go a-fishin' there,
An' sea-gulls all together
Float roun' the one green island
On the fairy lough asleep.

Then somethin' rustles all the reeds
That stand so thick and even ;
A little wave runs up the shore
An' flees, as if on feet.

Loughareema ! Loughareema !
When the sun goes down at seven,
When the hills are dark an' airy,
'Tis a curlew whistles sweet !

Loughareema ! Loughareema !
Stars come out, an' stars are hidin' ;
The wather whispers on the stones,
The flittherin' moths are free.
One'st before the mornin' light
The Horsemen will come ridin'
Roun' an' roun' the fairy lough,
An' no one there to see.

(h) "The Old Navy" - - - - - C. V. Stanford

The captain stood on the carronade :
"First Lieutenant," says he,
"Send all my merry men aft here,
For they must list to me!
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons,
Because I'm bred to the sea ;
That ship there is a Frenchman,
Who means to fight with we.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs,
Long as I've been to sea,
I've fought against every odds,
But I've won the victory."

"That ship there is a Frenchman,
And if we don't take she,
It's a thousand bullets to one
That she will capture we.
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys,
So each man to his gun ;
If she's not mine in half-an-hour,
I'll flog ev'ry mother's son!
And odds bobs, etc."

We fought for twenty minutes,
When the Frenchman had enough ;
"I little thought," said he,
"That your men were of such stuff."
Our Captain took the Frenchman's
sword,
A low bow made to he ;
"I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur,
But polite I wish to be.
And odds, bobs, etc."

Our Captain sent for all of us ;
"My merry men," said he,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads,
But yet I'll thankful be :
You've done your duty handsomely,
Each man stood to his gun ;
If you hadn't you villains, as sure as day
I'd have flogg'd ev'ry mother's son.
And odds bobs, etc."

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

4. SONGS

- (a) "Parting" - - - - - Rogers
- (b) "You and I" - - - - - Liza Lehmann
- (c) "Ni Jamais, ni Toujours" - - - - - Old French
- (d) "The Danza" - - - - - Chadwick

MRS. DOROTHY HARVEY

5. SONGS - Traditional Irish Melodies - - - - -

MR. PLUNKET GREENE

(a) "The Gentle Maiden" - - - - - Arranged by Arthur Somervell

There's one that is pure as an angel,
And fair as the flowers of May,
They call her the gentle maiden
Wherever she takes her way.
Her eyes have the glance of sunlight,
As it brightens the blue sea wave,
And more than the deep sea treasure,
The love of her heart I crave.

Though parted afar from my darling,
I dream of her everywhere,
The sound of her voice is about me,
The spell of her presence there.
And whether my prayers be granted,
Or whether she pass me by,
The face of that gentle maiden
Will follow me till I die.

HAROLD BOULTON.

(b) "Little Mary Cassidy" - - - - - Arranged by Arthur Somervell

Oh, 'tis little Mary Cassidy's the cause of all my misery
The reason that I am not now the boy I used to be ;
Oh, she bates the beauties all that we read about in history,
Sure half the country-side's as lost for her as me.

Travel Ireland up and down—hill, village, vale and town—
Giri like my "cailling donn"* you'll be looking for in vain ;
Oh, I'd rather live in poverty with little Mary Cassidy
Than Emperor, without her, be o'er Germany or Spain.

'Twas at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught a sight of her
And heard her sing an Irish song, till tears came in my eyes ;
And ever since that blessed hour I'm dreaming day and night of her ;
The devil a wink of sleep I get from bed to rise.

Her cheek, the rose of June, her song the lark in tune,
Working, resting, night or noon, she never laves my mind ;
Oh, till singing by my cabin fire sits little Mary Cassidy,
'Tis little aise or happiness I'm sure i'll ever find.

What is wealth, or what is fame, or what is all that people fight about
To the kindness of her kisses or the glancing of her eye ?
Oh, though troubles thron'g my breast, sure they'd soon go to the right-about,
If I thought the curly head would nestle there by'n'bye.

Take all I own to-day—kin, kith and care away,
Ship them all across the say, or to the frozen zone,
Lave me here an orphan bare—but O lave me Mary Cassidy,
I never would feel lonesome with the two of us alone.

F. H. FAHY.

"Angl. "brown-haired girl."

(c) "Clare's Dragoons" C. V. Stanford

When on Ramillies' bloody field
The baffled French were forc'd to yield,
The victor Saxon backward reel'd
Before the charge of Clare's men.
The flags we conquer'd in that fray
Look lone in Ypres choir, they say.
We'll win them company to-day,
Or bravely die like Clare's men.

Vive la ! for Ireland's wrong,
And *vive la !* for Ireland's right,
Vive la ! in battle throng
For a Spanish steed and sword
bright.

Another Clare is here to lead,
The worthy son of such a breed.
The French expect some famous deed
When Clare leads on his warriors.

Our Colonel comes from Brian's race,
His wounds are on his breast and face,
The gap of danger's still his place—
The foremost of his squadron.

Vive la ! for Ireland's wrong, etc.

Oh ! comrades, think how Ireland pines
For exiled lords and rifled shrines,—
Her dearest hope the ordered lines
And bursting charge of Clare's men.
Then fling your green flag to the sky,
Be "Limerick !" your battle cry,
And charge till blood floats fetlock high
Around the track of Clare's men.

Vive la ! for Ireland's wrong, etc.

THOMAS DAVIS

Condensed from his "Clare's Dragoons" by Alfred Perceval Graves

(d) "Oh, Ye Dead" Arranged by C. V. Stanford

(Voice of the Living)

"Oh, ye dead ! oh, ye dead ! whom we know by the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes though ye move like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far-off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that wail'd you, like your own, lie dead ?"

(*Voice of the Dead*)

"It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan ;
And the fair and the brave whom we lov'd on earth are gone ;
 But still thus e'en in death,
 So sweet the living breath
Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd o'er,
 That ere condemn'd we go
 To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it awhile, and think we live once more !"

THOMAS MOORE.

(e) "Eva Toole"

Who's not heard of Eva Toole,
Munster's purest, proudest jewel,
Queen of Lim'rick's lovely maidens,
Kerry's charming girls ?
As her gliding course she takes
Like a swan across the lakes,
With her voice of silver cadence,
And her smile of pearls !

Oh, the eyes of Eva Toole !
Now, why wouldn't Cromwell cruel
Just have called two centuries later,
Here on Carrig height ?
For one angry azure flash
From beneath her ebon lash !—
And away old Noll would scatter
Out of Eva's sight.

Is't describe you Eva Toole ?
As she danced last night at Shrule,
Her two feet like swallows skimmin'
Up and down the floor.
Or the courtesy that she dropped
Every time the music stopped,
Not the oldest man or woman
Saw such grace before.

Yet altho' you threw your rule
O'er us all then, Eva Toole,
Ne'er a one but I was in it
Of all your sweethearts fine.
And my heart's in such a riot,
That to keep the crayture quiet,
I am runnin' round this minute,
Just to make you mine !

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

(f) "Remember the Poor" - - - - - *Arranged by C. V. Stanford*

Oh ! remember the poor, when your fortune is sure,
 And acre to acre you join ;
Oh ! remember the poor, tho' but slender your store,
 And you ne'er can go gallant and fine.
Oh ! remember the poor when they cry at your door,
 In the raging rain and blast,
Call them in ! cheer them up with the bite and the sup,
 Till they leave you their blessing at last.

The red fox has his lair, and each bird of the air
 With the night settles soft in his nest ;
But the King who laid down His celestial crown
 For our sakes, he had nowhere to rest.
Oh ! the poor were forgot till their pitiful lot
 He bowed Himself to endure ;
If your souls ye would make, for His Heavenly sake,
 Oh ! remember, remember the poor.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

(g) "Trottin' to The Fair" - - - - - C. V. Stanford
(Old Air, "Will you take a flutter")

Trottin' to the fair,
Me and Moll Molony,
Seated, I declare,
On a single po' v.
How am I to know that
Molly's safe behind,
With our heads in—oh, that
Awkward way inclined?
By her gentle breathin'
Whisper'd past my ear,
And her white arms wreathin'
Warm around me here.

Thus on Dobbin's back
I discoursed the darling,
Till upon our track
Leaped a mongrel snarling,
"Ah!" says Moll, "I'm frightened
That the pony'll start—"
And her hands she tightened
Round my happy heart;
Till I axed her, "May I
Steal a kiss or so?"
And my Molly's grey eye
Didn't answer "No."

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

(h) "Quick! We have but a Second" - - - Arranged by C. V. Stanford
(Old Air, "Paddy O'Snap")

Quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
For oh! not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again!
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

See the glass how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine and blushes
That thou should'st delay to sip.
Shame, oh! shame unto thee,
If e'er thou seest that day
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouch'd away!
Then quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

THOMAS MOORE.

(i) "The Kilkenny Cats" - - - - - Arranged by C. V. Stanford
(Air, "Better Let Them Alone")

[These ferocious monsters, entering upon a family quarrel, engaged each other with such inveterate and surprising fury, that after an encounter prolonged throughout an entire night, nothing but their tails remained upon the field of action.—OLD LEGEND.]

In the dacent ould days before stockings or stays
Were invented, or breeches, top-boots, and top-hats,
You'd search the whole sphere from Cape Horn to Cape Clear,
And never come near to the likes of our Cats.
Och, tunder! Och, tunder! you'd wink wid the wonder
To see them keep under the mice and the rats,
And go wild for half-shares in the phisants and hares
They pulled up the back stairs to provision our Pats.
Och! the Cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's wild Cats!

But the shame and the sin of the Game Laws came in
With the gun and the gin of the landlord canats,
And the whole box and dice of the rats and the mice
Made off in a trice from our famishing Cats.
What did the beasts do? What would I or would you?
Is it lie down and mew till we starved on our mats?
Not at all, faix! but fall, small and great, great and small,
With one grand caterwaul on each other's cravats,
Och! the Cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's wild Cats.

And that mortal night long we should hark, right or wrong,
To the faste and the song of the Cannible Cats,
Gladiath'rin' away till the dawn of the day
In fifty-three sharps, semi-quavers, and flats;
And when we went round with the molkcarts we found,
Scattered over the ground like a sprinkle of sprats,
All the rest, bit and sup, of themselves they'd ate up,
Only just the tip-ends of the tails of the Cats.
Och! the Cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's quare Cats!

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