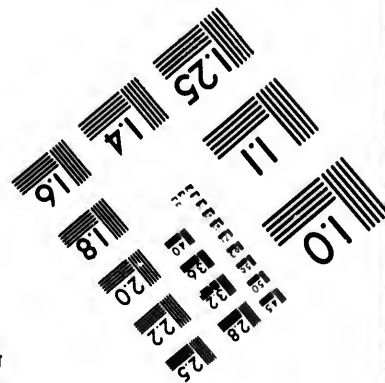
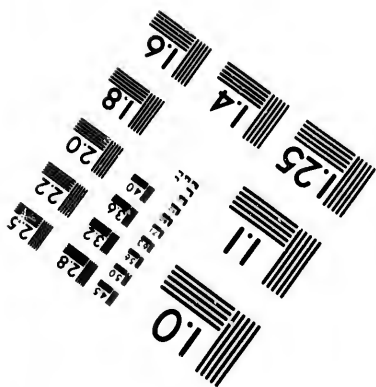
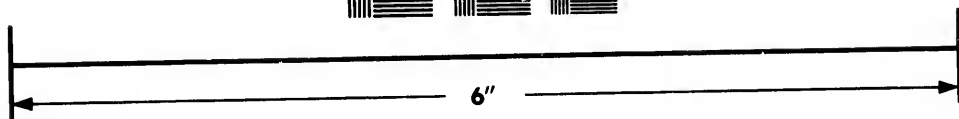
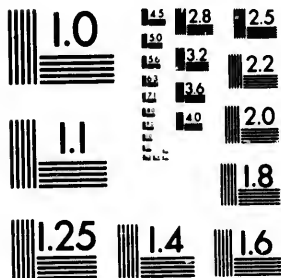


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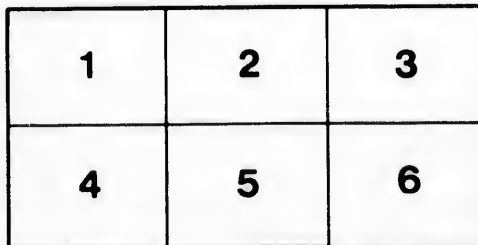
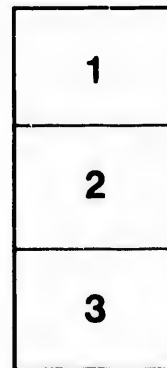
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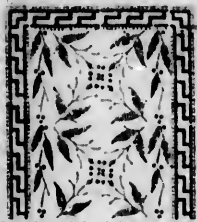
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PART I.

PIANO SOLO—.....“Lust March”.....*Benedict-Beyer*
Prof. Adams

SONG—.....“Hearts and Homes”.....*Blockley*
Mr. Mallandane

Hearts and Homes, sweet words of pleasure,
Music breathing as ye fall;
Making each the other's treasure,
Once divided losing all.
Homes ye may be high or lowly
Hearts alone can make you holy.
Be the dwelling e'er so small,
Having love it boasteth all.

Ref. Hearts and Homes, sweet words of pleasure,
Music breathing as ye fall;
Making each the other's treasure,
Once divided losing all.
Hearts and Homes! Hearts and Homes.

Hearts and Homes, sweet words revealing,
All most good and fair to see,
Fitting shrines for purest feeling,
Temples meet to bend the knee,
Infant hands bright garlands wreathing,
Happy voices incense breathing.
Emblems fair of realms above,

“For Love is Heaven, and Heaven is love.”—*Ref.*

MADRIGAL—.....“Hail! Merry Month of May”.....*Weber*
The Choir

Hail! all Hail! thou merry month of May!
We will hasten to the woods away,
Among the flow'rs so sweet and gay,
Then away to hail the merry, merry May,
The merry, merry May, then away to hail the merry,
merry month of May.

Hark! Hark! Hark! to hail the month of May,
 Now the songsters warble on the spray,
 And we will be as blythe as they,
 Then away to hail the merry, merry month of May.
 The merry, merry month of May.
 Then away to hail the merry, merry month of May.

SONG—"Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still" . . . *Wrightson*
 Mr. Isaac Henderson

'Tis years since last we met,
 And we may never meet again,
 I have struggled to forget.
 But the struggle was in vain,
 For her voice lives on the breeze,
 And her spirit comes at will
 In the midnight on the sea,
 Her bright smile haunts me still.

At the first sweet dawn of light,
 When I gaze upon the deep
 Her form still greets my sight
 While the stars their vigils keep.
 When I close mine aching eyes,
 Sweet dreams my senses fill
 And from sleep when I arise
 Her bright smile haunts me still.

I have sail'd 'neath alien skies;
 I have trod the desert path,
 I have seen the storm arise
 Like a giant in his wrath.
 Every danger have I known
 That a reckless life can fill,
 Yet her presence is not flown,
 Her bright smile haunts me still.

QUARTETTE—"Come Where the Lilies Bloom" *Thompson*
 Mrs. Twyford, Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Henderson, and
 Mr. Edwards

Come away, away, away,
 Come where the lilies bloom so fair,
 Dome away, away, away,
 Come where the lilies, the sweet, fragrant lilies,
 Oh, come where the lilies bloom so fair,

Down in the meadows, the green, verdant meadows,
 Oh, come where sweet fragrance fills the air.
 Come away, etc. (first four lines).

May.

Here beautiful lilies grow,
 Here beautiful lilies grow,
 White, white as the drifting snow,
 Here beautiful lilies grow, white as snow.
 Come where the shadows gently are falling
 Over land and sea, over land and sea.
 Evening shadows fall around us,
 And the flowers have gone to sleep.
 Come, come where the lilies, the sweet fragrant lilies
 O, come where the lilies bloom so fair,
 Down in the meadows, the green, verdant meadows,
 Oh, come where the sweet, fragrance fills the air.

May.

rightson

Come, come, come, come, come, come,
 Come, come, come, come, come, come,
 Rippling stream, flowing on,
 Come, come, on the air.

Come away, away, away,
 Come where the lilies bloom so fair,
 Come away, away, away,
 Come where the lilies bloom.
 Come where the lilies bloom, come away,
 Come away, come, oh, come away.

VIOLIN SOLO—.....“Carnival of Venice.....*Paganini*
 Mr. Pichler

SONG—.....“Will He Come”.....*Sir A. Sullivan*
 Mrs. Beckingsale

I can scarcely hear she murmured,
 For my heart beats loud and fast
 But surely in the far, far distance
 I can hear a sound at last.
 It is only the reapers singing
 As they gather in the sheaves,
 And the evening breeze has risen
 And rustles the dying leaves
 The dying leaves.

mpson
 and

“Listen! there are voices talking,”
 Calmly still she turns to speak,

Yet her voice grew faint and trembling
 And the red flushed in her cheek.
 It is only the children playing
 Below, now their work is done,
 And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
 By the rays of the setting sun,
 Of the setting sun.

Fainter grew her voice and weaker,
 As with anxious eyes she cried,
 "Down the Avenue of Chestnuts
 I can hear a horseman ride."
 It was only the deer that were feeding
 In a herd in the clover grass ;
 They were startled, and fled to the thicket
 As they saw the reapers pass.

Now the night arose in silence,
 Birds lay in their leafy nest,
 And the deer couched in the forest,
 And the children were at rest.
 There was only a sound of weeping
 From watchers around a bed,
 But rest to the weary spirit,
 Peace to the quiet dead !
 Peace to the quiet dead !

SONG—..... "I am a Friar of Orders Grey"..... *O'Keefe*
 Rev. Father Fay

I am a friar of orders grey,
 And down the valley I take my way,
 I pull not blackberry, haw, nor hip,
 Good store of venison fills my scrip ;
 My long bead-roll I merrily chant,
 Wherever I go no money I want,
 Wherever I go no money I want.
 And why I'm so plump, the reason I'll tell,
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well,
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well
 What baron or squire, or knight of the shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy friar ? [holy friar,
 Lives half so well, half so well, lives half so well as a
 Lives half so well as a holy friar ?

After supper of heaven I dream,
 But that is fat pullets and clouted cream;
 Myself by denial I mortify,
 With a good dainty bit of warden pie;
 I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin,
 With old sack wine I'm lined within,
 With old sack wine I'm lined within.
 A chirping cup is my matin song,
 And the vesper bell is my bowl, ding, dong,
 And the vesper bell is my bowl, ding, dong.
 What baron or squire & etc.

MADRIGAL—.. "Matona, Lovely Maiden" .. *Orlando Lassus*
 The Choir

Matona, lovely maiden

Oh listen to the song,

Matona, lovely maiden,

Oh listen to the song

I sing beneath thy window

While night clouds roll along,

Dong, dong, dong, derry, derry, dong, dong,

Dong, dong, dong, dong, dong,

Derry, derry, dong, dong, dong, dong,

I pray you hear my ditty, 'tis sweet and not too long,

'Tis pointed if not witty, and sharpen'd like a prong,

Dong, dong, dong, derry, derry, dong,

Dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong,

Derry, derry, dong, dong, dong, dong,

The words of choicest tissue, to shoot,

To shoot love's aim belong,

Then from your window issue,

Or else you do me wrong.

Dong, dong, dong, derry, derry, dong, dong,

Dong, dong, dong, dong, derry, derry, dong,

Dong, dong, dong, dong,

You'll say, if once you catch them,

And note their fine ding dong

Petrarcha could not match them,

They are so sweet and strong,

Dong, dong, dong, derry, derry, dong, dong,

Dong, dong, dong, dong, dong,

Derry, derry, dong, dong, dong, dong,

. O' Keeffe

ly friar,
 well as a

But if you think the measure,
Should to all scorn belong,
A more complying treasure
I'll choose, I'll choose from out the throng.
Dong, dong, dong, derry, derry, dong, dong,
Dong, dong, dong, dong, dong,
Derry, derry, dong, dong,
Dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong,

— *Interval of Ten Minutes* —

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PART II.

INSTRUMENTAL—.....“Meditation”.....*Bach-Gounod*
ORGAN, PIANO AND VIOLIN

Miss Cordiner, Prof. Adams and Mr. Pichler

SONG—...“Good Bye, Sweetheart, Good Bye”....*Hatton*
Mr. H. T. Devine

The bright stars fade, the moon is breaking,
The dew-drops pearl each budding leaf,
And I from thee my leave am taking,
With bliss too brief, with bliss, with bliss too brief.
How sinks my heart with fond alarms,
The tear is hiding in mine eyes,
For time doth thrust me from thine arms—
“Good bye, Sweetheart! Good bye, Sweetheart!
Good bye!”
For time doth thrust me from thine arms—
Good bye, Sweetheart, good bye!

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,
Loud swells the song of Chanticleer,
The secret bounds o'er Earth's soft glowing,
Yet I am here, I am here;
For since night's gems from Heaven did fade,
And morn to floral lips doth bid,
I could not leave thee though I said
“Good bye, Sweetheart, good bye! Good bye, Sweet-
heart, good bye!”
I could not leave though I said
Good bye, Sweetheart, good bye!

MADRIGAL—.....“The Red Cross Knight”.....*Dr. Callcott*
The Choir

Blow, Warder, blow thy sounding horn.
And thy banner wave on high:

For the Christians have fought in the Holy Land,
 And have won the victory, and have won the victory.

Loud, loud the Warder blew his horn,
 And his banner waved on high ;
 Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
 And the feast, the feast, eat merrily.

The Warder looked from his tower on high,
 As far as he could see—

“ I see a bold Knight, and by his red cross,
 He comes from the East Country.”

Then, loud the Warder blew his horn,
 And call'd till he was hoarse,

“ I see a bold Knight, and his shield bright,
 He beareth a flaming cross.”

Then, down the Lord of the Castle came
 The Red Cross Knight to meet ;

And when the Red Cross Knight he espied
 Right loving he did him greet.

Thou 'rt welcome here, thou Red Cross Knight,
 Dear Knight, for thy fame 's well known ; Come

And the mass shall be sung,
 And the bells shall be rung,

And we 'll feast right merrily, merrily,
 And we 'll feast right merrily, merrily, merrily.

“ Oh ! I am come from the Holy Land,
 Where saints did live and die ;

Behold the device I bear on my shield,
 The Red Cross Knight am I.

And we have fought in the Holy Land,
 And we 've won the victory,

For with valiant might did the Christians fight,
 And made the proud Pagans fly.”

Thou 'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross Knight—
 Come, lay thy armour by,

And for the good tidings thou didst bring
 We 'll feast us merrily, merrily, merrily.

For all in my castle shall rejoice

That we 've won the victory, that we 've won the vic-
 tory.

And the mass shall be sung,
 And the bells shall be rung.

And the feast eat merrily, merrily,
The feast eat merrily, merrily, merrily.

SONG—.....Opera "Ruddigore"....*Sir A. Sullivan*
"Rose"

Miss Douglas Parker

If somebody there chanced to be
Who loved me in a manner true,
My heart would point him out to me,
And I would point him out to you.

(*Referring to a book.*)

But here it says of those who point,
Their manners must be out of joint ;
You *may* not point, you *must* not point,
It's manners out of joint to point ! Ah !

Had I the love of such as he,
Some quiet spot he 'd take me to ;
Then he could whisper it to me,
And I could whisper it to you.
But whispering, I've somewhere met,
Is contrary to etiquette ;
What can it be ? Now, let me see—
Yes, yes ! It's contrary to etiquette.

If any well-bred youth I knew,
Polite and gentle, neat and trim,
Then I would hint as much to you,
And you could hint as much to him.

(*Referring to book.*)

But here it says in plainest print,
"It's most unlady-like to hint ;"
You *may* not hint, you *must* not hint,
It says you mus'nt hint in print. Ah !

And if I loved him through and through.
(True love, and not a passing whim),
Then I could speak of it to you,
And you could speak of it to him.
But here I find it does 'nt do
To speak until you're spoken to ;
Where can it be ? Now, let me see—
Yes, yes ! Don't speak until you're spoken to,

PIANO SOLO— ((a) "Lieder Ohne Worte"....*Mendlessohn*
 ((b) "Wanderstunden".....*Heller*
 Prof. Adams

DUET—.....Opera "Ruddigore"....*Sir A. Sullivan*
 "Rose" and "Richard"
 Miss Douglas Parker and Mr. Charles Nelson

RICHARD :

The battle's war is over, my love !
 Embrace thy tender lover, O my love !
 From tempest's welter, from War's alarms,
 O give me shelter within those arms !
 Thy smile alluring,
 All heart-ache curing,
 Gives peace enduring,
 O my love ! O my love !

ROSE :

If heart both true and tender, O my love !
 A life-love can engender, O my love !
 A truce to sighing, and tears of bane,
 For joy undying shall aye be mine,
 For joy undying shall aye be mine.

ROSE AND RICHARD :

And thou and I, love,
 Shall live and die, love,
 Without a sigh, love,
 Without a sigh, my own, my love.
 And thou and I, love,
 Shall live and die, love,
 Without a sigh, love,
 Without a sigh, love, my own, my love.

SONG—....."Love is a Dream".....*Cowen*
 Mrs. Gendron

Tiny white cloudlets floated above us,
 Scent of white clover came over the sea,
 Down in the valley sheep-bells were ringing,
 Sunbeams danced merrily over the sea.
 Far down below us the brooklet was flowing,
 Larks sang their matins to Heav'n above,

Over the hill-side we wandered together,
Whispering softly our story of love.

Love is a dream,
Sad is the awaking,
Sunshine and sorrow
Must ever meet,
Love is a dream—
Ah ! could it last forever,
For life is hard,
For life is hard,
Life is hard,
And love, and love so sweet.

The lark's song ceased, and the roses faded,
Shadows grew longer, and daylight died,
Slowly we wandered down to the valley.
Hand clasped in hand, by the brooklet's side ;
The air was heavy with scent of white clover,
The rest'less sea had a sound of pain,
The day was over, our dream was broken,
And life and sorrow came back again.

Love is a dream,
Sad is the awaking,
Sunshine and sorrow
Must ever meet.
Love is a dream—
Ah ! could it last forever,
For life is hard,
For life is hard,
Life is hard,
And love, and love so sweet.

DUET AND CHORUS .. Opera " Ruddigore " .. *Sir A. Sullivan*
" Rose " and " Richard "

Miss Douglas Parker, Mr. Charles Nelson and Choir

RICHARD

Happily coupled are we,—you see
I am a jolly Jack Tar, my Star,
And you are the fairest, the richest,
The rarest of innocent lasses, you are, by far,
Of innocent lasses you are.

Fanned by a favoring gale, you 'll sail
 Over life's treacherous sea with me ;
 And, as for bad weather, we 'll have it together,
 And you shall creep under my lee, my wee !
 And you shall creep under my lee, my wee,
 For you are such a smart little craft,
 Such a neat little, sweet little craft,
 Such a bright little, tight little, slight little,
 Light little, trim little, prim little craft !

CHORUS:—

For she is such a smart little craft,
 Such a neat little, sweet little craft,
 Such a bright little, tight little, slight little,
 Light little, trim little, prim little craft.

ROSE

My hopes will be blighted, I fear, my dear,
 In a month you'll be going to sea, quite free,
 And all of my wishes you 'll throw to the fishes,
 As though they were never to be, poor me !
 As though they were never to be.
 And I shall be left all alone to moan
 And weep at your cruel deceit, complete.
 While you 'll be asserting your freedom
 By flirting with every woman you meet—
 You cheat ! Ah !—
 With every woman you meet ! Ah !—
 Though I am such a smart little craft,
 Such a neat little, sweet little craft,
 Such a bright little, tight little, slight little,
 Light little, trim little, prim little craft.

CHORUS :—

For she is such a smart little craft,
 Such a neat little, sweet little craft,
 Such a bright little, tight little, slight little,
 Light little, trim little, prim little craft,
 Such a bright little, tight little, slight little,
 Light little, trim little, prim little craft.

MADRIGAL—"... "Soon as I Careless Strayed" ...C. Festa
The Choir

Soon as I careless stray'd
Find youth with eyes averted,
Phillis I met, by all the swains deserted ;
Swift she (tho' late so coy) then flew to meet me,
My back I turned, all deaf to her entreaty.
She warbled thus her ditty—
O Shepherd, now have pity,
And to your faithful lover
Your passion true discover.
Then did I, cold and haughty, view her,
And thus replied to her :
The love that 's won by gold will prove noding,
For, since my purse is empty, I 'll go no more a-woeing,
I 'll go no more a-woeing, no more a-woeing.

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