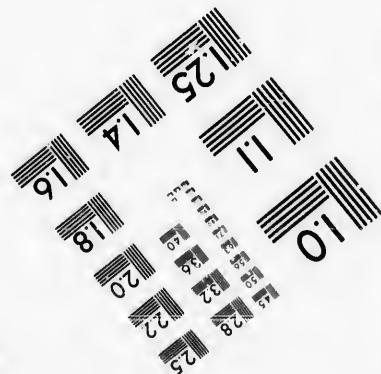
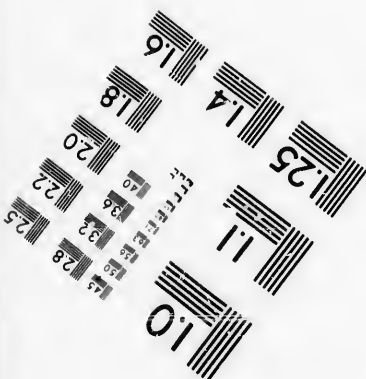
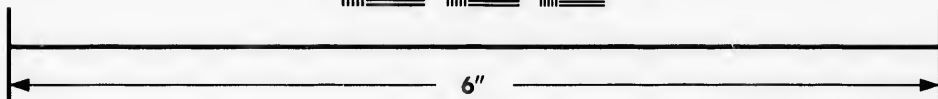
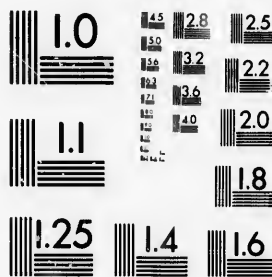


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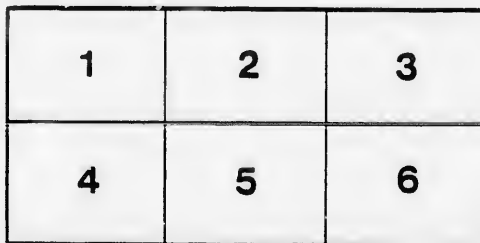
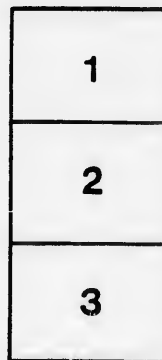
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THE LONDON

ARION CLUB



Second Musical Evening

— IN —

...» VICTORIA HALL «...»

FRIDAY, MAY 22ND, 1885

At Eight o'clock.

On this occasion the Club will be assisted by the Celebrated Solists.

MISS INEZ MECUSKER

(Of Buffalo)

Soprano,

—AND—

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE

(Of New York)

Tenor.

Pianist, - - Mrs. C. G. Moore.
Flautist, - - Mr. C. E. Saunders.
Accompanist, - - Miss Raymond.
Director, - - Mr. W. J. Birks.

Doors will be closed during numbers.

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 freedom 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 felicitia.
O bei lochi! bei lariove leggiadra e bella,
Ella aggrarsi suol ove gentile,
E snella ella percorre il stolo.
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 descended.

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 sara la vita un ciel di delizia e puro amor,

Fine al martir dolce mio ben tanto sofrir corona himen,
E sara 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, ia.

Of 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, ia.

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 delight.

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 bringing
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 conqueror ones inay tell,
I have forgot, unknown my tomb,
I am 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) "The Song is Here," Ries

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

She is the flower of the meadow,
Guarded by the dew-drops,
Till the sunbeams come to cheer
O may love be the cause,
Bear thy heart to the flower,
To its own dear home,
Where no other flower
Maiden's heart is so true.

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.

BALLAD—"Who will Buy My Roses Red,".....*Schlieffarth*
MISS INEZ MECUSKER.

Who will buy my roses red,
Who will buy my violets blue,
Gathered fresh from mossy bed
Glittering with the morning's dew?
Are your jewels rich and rare
Half so sweet and half so fair?
Can the gorgeous turquoise' blue,
Match my modest violets' hue?
No, no, for sweeter far
The woodland flow'rs than jewels are.
Thus a little maiden sang, tra la la,
Merrily her warbling rang, tra la la.

Fair your flowers, sweet child, I said,
Fresh and fair and fragrant, too;
But your cheeks are rosier red,
And your eyes a brighter blue.
Then her pretty curls she shook,
Heeding not my words or look,
Laughing turned and went her way,
Still singing her merry lay.
No, no, for sweeter far,
The woodland flow'rs than jewels are.
Thus I heard her singing still, tra la la,
Echoing o'er vale and hill, tra la la.

Part Second.

"Ah! Non Credea," (*Mignon*).....*Thomas*

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE.

Ah! non credea l'afflitta nel vergin suo candore,
Che l'innocente fiamma ond'era accessa in sen,
Potesse un dì mutarsi in un cocente amore,
E turbar de'suoi giorni il bel corso seren!
Ah! se del fior gli smenti colori,
Qui tu brami avvivare ancor.
Almo april dagli tu un bacio che i'rori
O mio cor dagli tu, un sospiro, d'amor un sospiro
Ahi che le chieggo indarno un sol detto d'amor un accento?
De' mali suoi l'arcan non posso penetrar!
Lo sguardo mio la turba e l'empie di sgomento
La fannoi detti miei dirotta lagrimar.

Ah! little thought the hapless maid in innocence arrayed,
What she in her breast now nurtured would ardent love
become;
And thus perturb the peaceful current of her life.
O balmy April, who the bloom of faded flowers restorest,
Kiss her fair cheek, and a sigh of affection her breast shall
disclose.
Vainly do I implore that she a single word will utter,
Her secret woes to me she fain would not reveal;
One glance of mine with trouble her tender heart distresses.

{ (a) "When the Hues of Daylight Fade,".....*Reissiger*
{ (b) "Sleeping, Why Now Sleeping?".....*Stirling*

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

When the hues of daylight fade,
O'er the bosom of the deep,
When the breezes through the shade,
Murmur faintly as in sleep.

Each star is beaming
For thee its brightest ray,
And languishes the gleaming
From fire-flies now streaming
Athwart the dewy spray.

When the dew is on the grass,
And the moonlight on the tree,
Softly, softly will I pass,
Softly steal, my love, to thee.

Awake, the skies are weeping
Because thou art away,
But if of me thou'rt dreaming,
Sleep, loved one, while you may.
Wake, love, wake.

Sleeping, why now sleeping?
The moon herself looks gay,
While through the lattice peeping,
Wilt not her call obey?
Wake, love, wake.

Music's wings shall hover,
Softly thy sweet dreams o'er
And fanning dark thoughts away,
While dearest 'tis thy lover
Who'll bid each bright one stay.

"Regnava nel Silenzio," (*Lucia di Lammermoor*).....*Donizetti*

MISS INEZ MECUSKER.

Regnava nel silenzio,
Alta la notte e bruna,
Colpia la fonte un pallido
Raggio di tetra luna;
Quando un somesso gemito
Fra l'aure udir si fe ed ecco,
Ecco su quel margine,
L'ombra mostrarsi a me.
Qual di chi parla muo versi
Il labro suo vedea,
E con la mano esauime,
Chiamarmi a se pareva,
Stette un momento immobile,
Poi ratta dilegno,
E l'onda pria si limpida
Di sangue rosseggiò sì, priasi limpida.
Ah, il presagio orrendo e questo!
Cancellar doveidal petto
Il fatale amato oggetto,
Ma nol possa, egli e mia luce,
E conforto al mio penar.
Quando rapito in estasi,
Del più cocente ardore,
Col favellar del core,
Mi giura eterna fe.
Gli affani miei dimentico,
Gioja diviene il pianto,
Parni che a lui daccanto,
Si schiuda il ciel per me.
Par che si schiuda! il ciel per me.

Silent the sombre wings of night,
Darkness around were spreading,
While on yon fount, pallid beams of light
Calm the wan moon was shedding.
Sudden a wailing voice I heard
Borne on the breeze of night,
When, lo, there, by the fountain's marge,
Rose up the shade.
Thus as amazed her form I scann'd,
Soundless her white lips e'en moving,
Fell she to waving her lifeless hand,
Sternly as though repoving;
Motionless all awhile she stood,
Then melted in the tide,
While of that spring the limpid food
With crimson now was dyed.
Ah, this dread warning forebode dire disaster!
From my heart to blot now to e'er
His dear image I must fain e'eravor.
Yet I cannot, he's my soul's power,
My dear solace, only solace,
Yielding to sweet love's power,
Borne on its torrent surge,
Words from his heart
His love he pledged,
No heart-pangs
No happier lot
When in his
Of heaven I
Surely, O

PIANO SOLO—Andante and Rondo Capriccioso.....*Mendelssohn*

MRS. C. G. MOORE

"The Image of the Rose," *Reichardt*

MISS INEZ MECUSKER AND THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

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

With fragrant incense around it swelling,
Appared the gem of lustre mild,
Oh! 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.

"Then You'll Remember Me," (*Bohemian Girl*) *Balfe*

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE.

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well;
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes—
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
"Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me.

"Arion Waltz," *F. A. Vogel*

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Hark, hark, now rumbles the bass,
Now haste the dancers to place,
Then haste to the dance.
Dearest maiden, dance with me,
Canst thou refuse me? wilt thou not choose me?
Come, O come, and join the dance,
While we enjoy it may, let us be gay,
What were the world without dance?
Circling round in mazy dance,
Flashing eyes with pleasure glance,
Making rapture, joy, heave every breast.
From those lips so smiling,
All my heart beguiling,
Could I snatch one fond kiss, bliss indeed were mine.

Dearest maiden dance ever with me,
Thou, my loveliest maiden,
With charms richly laden,
With thee, mine alone, can I happy be.
Soon ends the ball; dance one and all,
Dance, yes, dance.
Now the festive dance is o'er,
Grant, sweet enslaver, only one favor,
But one rose—I'll ask no more,
Give me as pledge of thine thou wilt be mine.
Now the gay, festive hour at an end,
Let us homeward wend,
And to each one a parting Good-night,
Fare thee well. Good-night.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

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

First Tenor.

Messrs. J. I. Anderson. Geo. Hayes. A. T. H. Johnson.
Wm. Lewis. J. A. Muirhead. W. E. Saunders.
A. Sreaton.

Second Tenor.

Messrs. A. H. Green. Fred Raymond. H. S. Saunders.
John Ward.

First Bass.

Messrs. H. Bapty. T. W. Birks. F. A. H. Fysh.
Thos. Reid. A. P. Saunders.

Second Bass.

Messrs. F. M. Bell-Smith. Thos. Hook. C. Stockwell.
Geo. Winlow.

President: Mr. W. E. Saunders.

Vice-President: Mr. Geo. Hayes

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