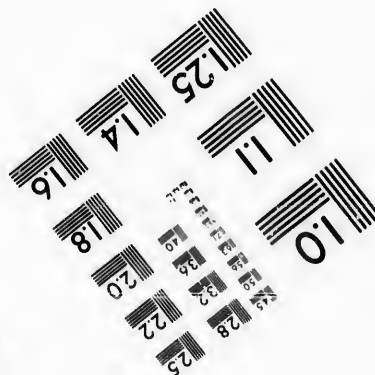
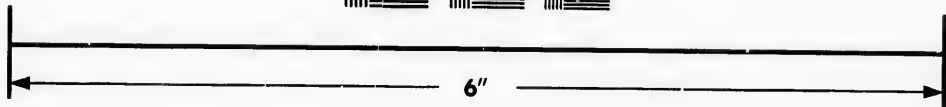
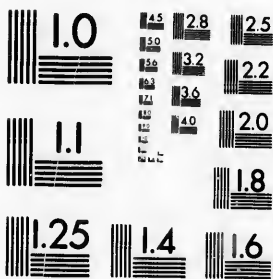


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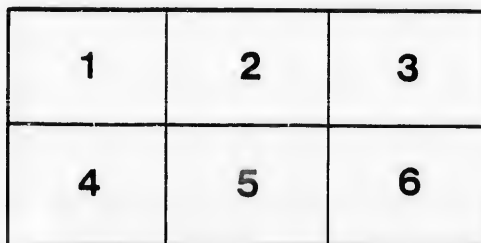
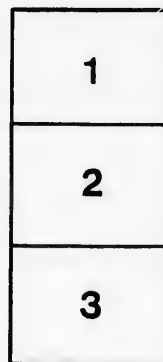
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THE LONDON

ARION CLUB

Second Season.

First Musical Evening

VICTORIA HALL,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17TH, 1886

THE CLUB WILL BE ASSISTED BY

Mrs. Bertha Dreschler Adamson

(Of Toronto).

VIOLIN.

Miss Ella Cole

(Of London).

SOPRANO.

Mr. Whitney Mockridge

(Of New York).

TENOR.

ACCOMPANIST, MISS MINNIE RAYMOND.

DIRECTOR,

MR. W. J. BIRKS.

Doors will be Closed during Numbers.

ADVERTISER.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

- (a) "The Joy of the Hunter,"
(b) "Hail to the Chief"

Weber's *Der Freischuetz*
Frans-Schubert

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

The joy of the hunter on earth all surpasses,
The fountain of pleasure for him doth abound ;
Through wood and through flood, where the stag flits and
passes,
He flies in pursuit while the horns gaily sound.
Oh, this is a pleasure that princes might envy,
For health and for manhood the chief of delights.
Mid echoes replying, when daylight is dying,
To rest and the wine cup our labor invites.
Then, hark ! follow, hark !

Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances !
Honor'd and bless'd be the evergreen pine !
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !
Heaven send it happy dew, earth lend it sap anew
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen sends our shout back agen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ierog.

Row, vassals, row for the pride of the Highlands !
Stretch to your ears, for the evergreen pine !
O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland, around him to twine !
O that some seedling gem, worthy such noble stem,
Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow ;
Loud should Clan Alpine then ring from her deep-most glen
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ierog !

Diana by night doth illumine her bower,
Where oft we are sheltered from day's angry glare :
We know in what caverns the wolf fits to cower ;
We follow the boar to his dark wooded lair.
Oh, this is a pleasure, etc.

VIOLIN SOLO—"Fantasia Caprice,"

MRS. ADAMSON.

Vieuxtemps

BALLAD—"The Miller and the Maid,"

MISS ELLA COLE.

Marzials

"Can't you stay one tiny moment ?"
Said the miller to the maid,
As she went along the shallows
In the twinkling alder shade,
"For I've so much to tell you,
And you always say me nay ;
And with such a pretty bonnet,
Oh I you take my breath away ;
For, hey dear ! you are so pretty."
She turned, and answered low,
"That's just what cousin Dobbin says,
But brother Boh says no ;
If you've nothing more to tell me, then,
Oh, miller, let me go !
For my mother's making griddle cakes
And waits for me I know."
"Oh ! but that's not it at all," he said—
The miller to the maid—
And he tried to see her pretty face
Beneath her bonnet shade,
"For, oh ! I'm so unhappy
From that twenty-third of May
When you came here for my wheaten best,
And stole my heart away—"

For I love you, oh ! so dearly—
She turn'd, and tried to go ;
"That's just what cousin Dobbin says
To every girl I know ;
If you've nothing more to tell me, then,
Oh I miller, let me go,
For my mother's making griddle cakes
And waits for me I know."
"Brother Boh and cousin Dobbin !"
Said the miller to the maid,
And he saw her pretty face at last
Beneath the bonnet shade,
"I'm dying, all for love of you,
And what am I to do
If I cannot get the marriage lines
And go to church with you ?
And it's now you know it all !" he said,
"So hless you, dear, and go—"
"Oh ! miller, miller, wait a bit,
I need not hurry so,
If you've something more to tell me
You can tell me as we go."
And he'd nothing left to tell her,
Yet he told it her I know ;
For one never tires of telling
"Oh ! sweetheart I love you so !"

SOLO—"I am waiting,"

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE.

Birch

I am waiting 'neath thy casement,
While thy eye is bright with stars above me,
Just to tell thee, dearest, how I love thee.
Canst thou hear me in thy slumber,
And almost believe that thou art waking ?
Wilt thou tell me on the morrow
That my poor fond heart is worth the taking ?
I have waited, I am weary,
And the stars that were so bright are paling ;

I am lonely in the dawning,
And my heart, my poor fond heart, is failing.
Wouldst thou whisper words of comfort
If thy heart could guess how mine is aching ?
Wilt thou tell me ere the sunset
That the love of years is worth the taking ?
Till the stars are all gone out above me,
I have waited till the morning,
Just to tell thee, dearest, how I love thee.

- (a) "The Beauguered,"
(b) "Tom he was a Piper's Son,"

Arthur S. Sullivan
E. Townshend Driffield

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Fling wide the gates ; come out !
Dauntless and true ;
Brothers, of heart be stout,
We are but few.
Bring from the battlements
Our flag again !
Tho' by the leaguer tent,
It hath no stain,
Mothers and wives to prayer
From morn till eve ;
The Lord of Hosts will care
For all we leave.
Plead that we sought not fight,
Nor chose the field,
But every free heart's right
We dare not yield.

Who needs the trumpet blown
To make him bold ?
Who speaks in undertone
Of ransom gold ?
Let such his counsel hide
In vault or cave,
We have no time to chide
A willing slave.
Mothers and wives to prayer,
Relief is nigh !
For you each arm will dare
Deeds not to die,
For sure as fire doth blaze,
Or foams the sea,
You shall to-night appraise
Songs of the free.

Tom, he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tunes that he could play
Was "Over the Hills and Far Away."
Now, Tom with pipe made such a noise
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they all stopped to hear him play
"Over the Hills and Far Away."
Tom with his pipe did play with such skill
That those who heard him could never stand still.

VIOLIN SOLO—"Mazurka,"

MRS. ADAMSON.

Wieniawski

SOLO—"M'Appari," (*Marta*)

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE.

Flotow

M'appari tutt' amor, il mio sguardo l'incontro:
Bella sì che il mio cor ansioso a lei volo:
Mi ferì, m'invaghi quell'angelica belfa,
Sculta in cor dal' amor cancellarsi non potrà:
Il pensier di poter palpitare con lei d'amor,
Puo' sopir il martir che m'affanna e strazia il cor.

Marta, Marta, tu sparisti,
E il mio cor col tuo n'ando!
Tu la pace mi rapisti,
Di dolor io moriro.

"Merry May," (by request)

MISS ELLA COLE AND THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Rippling brook, what glads thee see,
Bubbling, leaping, merrily low,
Lightly throwing silvery spray,
O'er the banks so green and gay?
List'ning flow'rets all are waiting
For the news I'm now relating,
Joyous May has now arrived.

Warbling larks in sunny rays,
Why so clear; your joyful lays,
Singing, rising, ah, so high,
Out of ken of every eye?

Whenever they heard they began to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.
He met Dame Trot with her basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs,
She danced about till the eggs were all broke;
She began to fret, but he laughed at the joke.
He met a cross fellow beating an ass,
Well laden with pots, pans, dishes and glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

My raptured gaze since first enchanting,
Softly, brightly, her form appear'd,
Its beauty rare my vision haunting,
Still to me remains endear'd.
Hote, my heart vainly filling
On life's journey by her side,
I to wend had been willing,
Fain with her had lived and died:
But that dream soul entrancing,
Fled as fides the cloud in air,
Like a swift meteor glancing,
Left me doomed to dark despair.

Martha, Martha, do not leave me,
Thou sole cause of all my woe!
Do not leave me broken-hearted,
Lonely to my grave to go.

Franz Abt

PART SECOND.

{ (a) "Hope,"
{ (b) "Song of Winter,"

G. M. Garrett
F. L. Hatton

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Come to the woods with me, love,
Come where the sweet birds sing:
Come to the woods with me, love,
And watch the wild flowers spring:
What tho' our hearts be full of care,
That care shall pass away—
The darkest hour of night, love,
Is that before the day.

Why shouldst thou weep to see, love,
That all things bright must fade?
Think how when tints of autumn
Deck forth the forest glade.
It is fairer than the spring
Or the noon of summer day.
Ah! wherefore should we weep to think
Youth's dream must pass away?

And when winter's storms, love,
Sweep the forests bare,
Ere the leaves have left the stem,
Fresh leaves are budding there:
So, in the stricken heart,
Whilst cherished hopes decay,
New hopes spring forth to life
Ere those have passed away.

List to that mystic harp, love,
The wild winds make their own,
Still to the breezes' voice
It yields an answering tone.
Hark, as the wailing notes
So sadly fall to die,
The thrilling strings again
Pour forth sweet harmony.

Come to the woods with me, love,
Come with a spirit light:

VIOLIN SOLO—"The Legend,"

MRS. ADAMSON.

Wieniawski

Hear the rejoicing song of birds,
Gaze on the waters bright:
Let not your heart be full of care—
Drive care and grief away;
Think how the darkest, longest night
Is followed by the day.

Loud blow the winds with flustering breath,
And snow falls cold upon the heath,
And hill and vale look drear,
The torrent foams with headlong roar,
The trees their chilly loads deplore,
And drop the icy tear.

The little birds with wishful eye,
Fornims unto my cottage fly,
Since they can boast no board.
In at the door the pilgrims peep,
But robin will not distance keep,
So perches on my board.

Come in, ye little minstrels sweet,
And from your feathers shake the sleet,
And warm your freezing blood:
No cat shall touch a single plume—
Come in, sweet choir—nay, fill my room,
And take of grain a treat.

There flicker gay about the beams,
And hop and do what pleasant seems,
And be a joyful throng
Till spring may clothe the leafless grove,
Then go and build your nests and love,
And thank me with a song.

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 more.

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 be 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.	F. A. H. Fysh.	W. E. SAUNDERS.	H. BAPT.	T. W. BIRKS.	F. M. BELL-SMITH.	CHAS. JONES.
PERCY CARROLL.	J. A. MUIRHEAD.	A. H. GREEN.	FRED. RAYMOND.	T. W. BIRKS.	H. MATTHEW.	THOS. HODK.	C. STODKWELL.
GEO. HAYES.	A. SOREATON.	H. S. SAUNDERS.	JOHN WARD.	CHAS. MUIRHEAD.		GEO. WINLOW.	
WILL. THOMPSON.							

