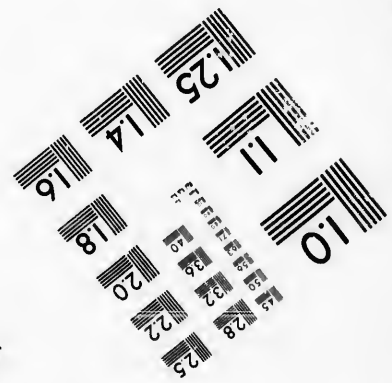
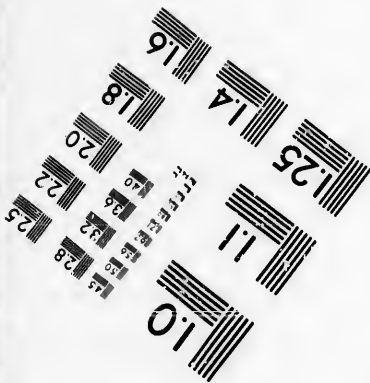
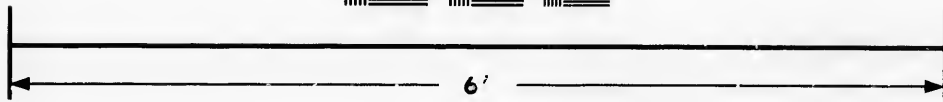
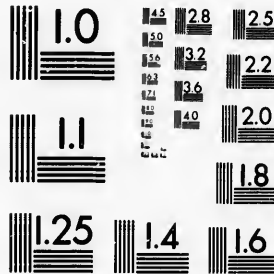


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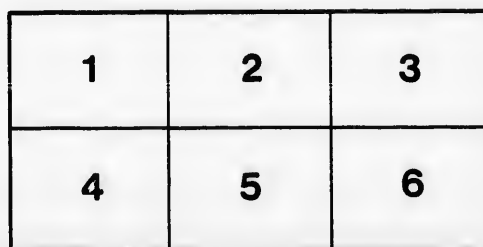
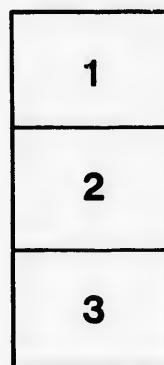
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PROGRAMME

OF A

CONCERT,

To take place at the Hall of the Saint John Mechanics' Institute, on THURSDAY evening, 17th February, 1842,

IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE INSTITUTION,

For which purpose several Professional Gentlemen and Amateurs have volunteered their service, and, by the kind permission of Colonel Maxwell, the excellent BAND of the 36th Regiment will take part.

PART I.

- 1.—Overture—Guy Mannering.—Band. Composed by Bishop, arranged by Mr. Seume.
- 2.—Address—by one of the Vice-Presidents.
- 3.—“Push the Red Wine about”—by Amateurs. Bishop.
- 4.—Band—The Old Oak Tree. Loder.
- 5.—Song—“The Mistletoe Bough”—by Mr. Card.
- 6.—Band—March—“Opera Puritani.” Seume.
- 7.—Quartette and Solo—“The Fairy Times”—by Amateurs. Petersilea.
- 8.—Waltz—Pianoforte. Card.
- 9.—Song—“’Twas on Corunna’s height”—(words by Mr. Main, of this City.) Petersilea.
- 10.—Band—Waltz—“Love not.” Seume.
- 11.—Song—“The Sailor’s Grave”—by an Amateur.

PART II.

- 1.—Band—Overture—Fra Diavolo. Auber.
- 2.—Glee—The Gipsies’ Glee—by Amateurs. Reeve.
- 3.—Band—(Troop)—Merry row the Bonny Bark. Seume.
- 4.—Recitative and Air—The Progress of Arts and Science. Card.
- 5.—Band—Queen Victoria’s March—Glover—arranged by Seume.
- 6.—Quintette, “See our oars with feathered spray.” Sir J. Stephenson.
- 7.—Band—Gallopade. Seume.
- 8.—Song—“The Gambler’s Wife”—(words by Dr. Coates,)—music by Petersilea.
- 9.—Band.
- 10.—Song and Chorus, “The Daisies peep from every field.” Petersilea.
- Finale—“God save the Queen!” Solo and Chorus.

Doors open at 7—Concert to commence at half-past 7. TICKETS, price 2s. 6d., may be had at the stores of Mr. J. G. Sharp, Messrs. Peters & Tilley, and Mr. A. M. Millan.

BRIGAND'S GLEE.

Music by H. R. BISHOP.

Push the red wine about,
 Let the cup mantle o'er;
 We shall not drain it out,
 There is plenty in store!
 For the clusters are ripe
 That now hang on the vine,
 And the juice, when 'tis press'd,
 Will be yours, boys, and mine.
 Spare it not, let it flow;
 Drink hard, and drink deep;
 What the farmer shall sow,
 The bold outlaw must reap.

When the dog-star has set,
 And the harvest-moon wanes,
 And the farmers are met,
 To rejoice in their gains;
 The outlaw, un welcome,
 Must needs be a guest,
 And receive a fat share
 Of the wine he loves best.

Spare it not, let it flow;
 Drink hard and drink deep;
 What the farmer shall sow,
 The bold outlaw must reap.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

The Mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
 The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
 And the Baron's retainers were blythe and gay
 And keeping their Christmas holiday;
 The Baron beheld with a Father's pride,
 His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride,
 And she with her bright eyes seem'd to be
 The star of the goodly companie.
 Oh! the Mistletoe Bough.

I'm weary of dancing, now she cried,
 Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide,
 And Lovel be sure thou'rt the first to trace
 The clue to my secret lurking place;
 Away she ran, and her friends began
 Each to'r, each nook and each room to scan,
 And young Lovel cried oh! where dost thou hide
 I'm lonesome without thee my own sweet bride.
 Oh! &c.

They sought her that night, they sought her
 next day,
 They sought her in vain when a week passed
 In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
 Young Lovel sought wildly but found her not;
 And years pass'd by and their grief at last
 Was told in a sorrowful tale long past,
 And when Lovel appeared the children cried
 "See the old man weeps for his fairy bride."
 Oh! &c.

At length an old chest that had long lain hid,
 Was found in a closet, they raised the lid,
 And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
 With the bridal wreath of the lady fair;
 Oh! sad was her fate, in sportive jest
 She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,
 It closed with a spring! and her beauty's bloom
 Lay withering there in a living tomb.
 Oh! &c.

FAIRY TIMES.

They may talk as they will, but the Fairy times,
 Are the pleasantest times of all,
 When up from their dwellings a few dark rhymes,
 The Genii of earth did call—
 "Oh from my heart I pray and vow,
 "If rhymes had but half such virtue new."

Oh for the days, when the Giants were rife
 With their Towers and painted Halls;
 And Heroes, each with a charmed life,
 Rode up to the Castle walls!
 "And knock'd with a loud and dreadful clang
 "Till the roofs and the gates and the wild
 woods rang."

When the good and fair, as the wizard hand stir'd,
 Were bound in a dreamy spell,
 When Maidens spoke, and at each sweet word,
 Roses and Diamonds fell—

"I wonder if any fair Lady now
 "Could open her lips and let diamonds flow."

They may talk as they will, &c.

'T WAS ON CORUNNA'S HEIGHT.

Words by MR. MAIN, of this City, Music by
 FRANZ PETERSILEA.

'T was on Corunna's height,
 The Scottish Hero fell,
 How deeply he was mourned,
 Let England's armies tell.
 Bright shone the Tartan host,
 Which Egypt's sands hath known,
 For his own, his gallant Highlanders
 Again were leading on!

Moore gave the signal forth;
 Heart-stirring words, tho' few;
 And away on Victory's wings
 Britannia's ensigns flew.

The battle wildly raged,
 And yielding were the foe,
 When forth there sped that fatal bolt
 Which laid the Hero low!

A cheer ran through the line,
 Moore, smiling, heard the sound,
 But tears stood on the soldiers' cheeks
 As they bore him off the ground.
 The dying Hero's blood
 Fell faster than the dew,
 And dimm'd proud Victory's eagle eye
 With clouds of midnight hue!

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

- 1 There is, in the lone lone sea,
 A spot, unmarked, but holy;
 For there the gallant and the free
 On his ocean-bed lies lowly,
 Down, down, beneath the deep,
 That oft in triumph bore him,
 He sleeps around and peaceful sleep,
 With the salt waves dashing o'er him.
- 2 He sleeps, he sleeps, serene and safe,
 From tempest and from billow,
 Where storms, that high above him chafe,

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Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.
The sea and him in death,
They did not dare to sever;
It was his home when he had breath—
'Tis now tis home for ever.

3 Sleep on, thou mighty dead;
A glorious tomb they've found thee;
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless ocean 'round thee.
No vulgar foot treads here,
No hand profane shall move thee;
But gallant hearts shall proudly steer,
And warriors shout above thee.
And tho' no stone may tell
Thy name, thy worth, thy glory,
They rest in hearts that loved thee well,
And they grace Britannia's story.

THE GIPSIES' GLEE.

Oh who has seen the miller's wife? I, I, I—
And kindled up now strife,
A shilling from her palm I took,
Ere on the cross lines I could look:
Who, who the farmer's daughter's seen? I, I, I,
In quest of her have been,
But as the farmer was within,
'Twas hard to escape him in whole skin,
From every place condemned to roam,
In every place we seek a home,
These branches form our summer roof,
By thick grown leaves grown weather proof.
In sheltering nooks and hollow ways,
We cheerly pass our winter days.

Come circle round the Gipsies' fire,
Our songs, our stories never tire,
Come stain your cheek with Nut or Berry.

&c. &c. &c.

THE PROGRESS OF ART AND SCIENCE.

Recitative.

When from the sacred garden driven
Man fled before his maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven
And cross'd the wanderer's sunless path.
'Twas Art, sweet Art, new radiance broke
When her light foot flew o'er the ground,
And thus, with seraph voice, she spoke,
"The curse, a blessing shall be found."

Air.

She led him through the trackless wild
Where noontide sunbeam never blaz'd;
The thistle shrank, the harvest smil'd
And nature gladden'd as he gaz'd;
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command, to him are giv'n,
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heav'n.
He rends the oak, and bids it ride
To guard the shores its beauty grac'd,
He smites the rock, upheav'd in pride,
The tow'rs of strength and domes of taste,
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner o'er the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

GLEE.

See our oars with feather'd spray
Sparkle in the beam of day;
In our little bark we glide
Swiftly o'er the silent tide,
From yonder lone and rocky shore
The Warrior Hermit to restore,
And sweet the morning breezes blow,
While thus in measure'd time we row.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Words by Dr. COATES—Music composed by F.
PETERSILEA.

Dark is the night!—No light!—No fire!—
Cold on the hearth the last few sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle side
For him who pledg'd her love—last year a bride!

Hark! 'tis his footsteps!—No—'tis past—'tis gone!
'Tic! tic! how wearily the time rolls on!
Why should he leave me thus? he once was kind,
And I believed 'twould last; how mad! how blind!

Rest thee, my babe! rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep, for there is no food; the fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearing work have done—
My heart must break—and thou!—The clock
strikes, one!

Hark! 'tis the dice-box! yes, he's there! he's there!
For this, for this he leaves me to despair,
Leaves love, leaves truth, his wife, his child!—
For what?—The wanton's smile, the villain, and
the sot!

Yet I'll not curse him—No, 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but still he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,
My child—His child—O fiend!—The clock
strikes two!

Hark, how the sign-board creaks, the blast howls
by!

Moan, moan, a dirge swells through the cloudy
sky!—

Ha! 'tis his knock,—he comes once more!—
No! 'tis the lattice flaps,—my hope is o'er!

Can he desert me thus?—he knows I stay night
after night

In solitude, to pray for his return!

And yet he sees no tear!—

No, no! it cannot be—he will be here!

Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart—

Thou'rt cold!—thou'rt freezing!—but we will
not part!

Husband! I die!—Father!—It is not he!

O God protect my child!—The clock strikes
three!

They're gone, they're gone!—the glimmering spark
has fled—

The wife and child are number'd with the dead;
On the cold hearth, outstretch'd in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast!—

The Gambler came at last,—but all was o'er;
Dread silence reign'd around.—The clock
strikes four!

MAY DAY.—Song and Chorus.

Words by P. PINDAR, Music composed by F. PETERSILEA.

The daisies peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odour yield;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.

Then lads and lasses, all be gay,
For this is *Nature's* holiday.

Behold the lark in ether float,
While rapture swells the liquid note!
What warbles he, with merry cheer?
"Let *Love* and *Pleasure* rule the year!"

Then lads and lasses, &c.

Lo! *Sol* looks down with radiant eye,
And throws a smile around the sky;
Embracing hill and vale and stream,
And warming *Nature* with his beam.

Then lads and lasses, &c.

Th' insect tribes in myriads pour,
And kiss with zephyr ev'ry flow'r;
Shall *these* our icy hearts reprove,
And tell us, we are foes to *Love*?

Then lads and lasses, &c.

FINALE.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.

Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Oh, Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them senseless fall.

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thees our hopes we fix,
God save the Queen.

FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Oh, Lord in bounty shed
Joys round the Infant's head;
Shield him from harm.

Hear now a nation's prayer,
Guard England's youthful Heir,
Make him thy special care,
God save the Queen.

