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| 1 | 2 | 3 |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 4 | 5 | 6 |$\{(a)$＂Bright Sword of Liberty，＂．． C．M．von Weber （ $(b)$＂Maiden，Listen，＂

## THE LONDON ARION CLUB．

> True Sword，thy blade is gleaming And brigl＂as sunhean seeming ； Sword of the brave and free．
> Bright Sword of Liberty，Hurrah ！
> I＇he arm of right shall wield thee， To despot never yield thee； Thou our defence shalt be．
> True Sword，to slaves a stranger， Of wrongs the stern avenger ； Thus shalt thou ever be Hright Sword of Liberty，Hurrah I
> Shine thus，dark blade，for ever， Subdned thou canst be never； Thou shalt our war－cry be， Bright Sword of Liberty，Hurrah ！

Maiden，listen to the lute＇s soft music， Gently floating on the evening breeze， Lovely Luna＇s silver light is shining， Through the verdure of the trees；
Guardian angels tending her in slumber， Ye slall make love＇s inage in her dreams． Rise and hasten thither，airy visions， Haste or e＇er the rosy morning beams；
Should she ask you who had sent you to her， Softly whisp＇ring，name her faithful swain，
Give the kiss whicn love to you entrusted， Straight her kisses bringing me again．

Ballad－＂Meeting and Parting，＂．
P．la Villa
MISS INEZ MECUSKER．
Oh bright the sky above me， And sweet the words you say，
Yon promise now to love me， ＇ill life＇s remotest day：
But time has many changes And love may soon be o＇er，
Some day we＇ll part as strangers， To meet，ah，never more！

Yon clasp me to your bosom， With kisses warm and sweet，

Aud life is in its blossom， And joy and hope complete． But charms are frail and feeting， And love has flown before，
In vain your soft reproving． Tho ${ }^{\text {s }}$ skies are summer fair；
The heart forgets its loving，
When winter chills the air，
Some day you＇ll scarce remember The happy days of yore．
＂On the March，＂ $\qquad$ V．E．Becker
THE LJNDON ARION CLUB．

```
    Sing, gallant comrades all, with voices free and strôg.
    Who sings a merry sung ne'er firds his journey long.
    Leff, right, march away; one, two, ever gay;
    Man by man, that's the plan,
    Tire we never can.
    Ne'er sighing sadly, still singing gladly,
    Gallant comrades, singing so
    To the world's end well go,
    Ready, if we will, to travel further still.
```

    Halt 1 There a pretty cottage see,
    Underneath a shady tree
    Tarry here, foaming beer will our spirits cheer.
    If a dainty lass we see,
    Not the less content are we,
    Though her smile, for awhile, may our hearts beguile.
    Hollo ho, thus ever merry on we go,
    Never sighing sadly, but still ginging gladly:
    Piano Solo－＂The Grand March from the Opera Tannhauser，＂． Wagner－Liszt MR．W．WAUGH LAUDER．

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{(a) "Springtime,"
                L. van Beethoven
(b) "Good-night, Beloved,"
E．G．Monk
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THE LONDON ARION CLUB．

Spring hither advanceth！
Her smiles of delight enliven the bowers，
From morning till night． Their minstrels with music salute her．
Spring waketh the flowers ！
They catch from the dews and sunlighted showers All day＇s glowing hues，
They dance and witn fracrance salute her．
Spring bringeth abundance ！ She floaterh on gales o＇er meadows and mountains， And forests and vales， And mortals rejoicing salute her．
＂Air with Variations，＂
Good night，good night，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．

# $\{(a)$ "Now to the Forest," Sir Henry R. Bishop 

## THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Now to the forest we repair Awhile like spitits wander there; In darkness we secure our prey, And vanish at the dawn of day.

Who hath bound the deep, deep river?
Who hath made the old oak shiver ?
Who hath wrapped the world in snow ? Who doth make the wild winds blow ? Sharp Jack Frost.
Who doth ride on the snowy drift, When the night wind's keen and swift?

O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Bent on mlschief, who is he? Sharp Jack Frost.
Who doth strike with icy dart
The wayworn trav'ler to the heart?
Who doth make the ocean wave,
The seaman's home, the seaman's grave : Sharp Jack Frost.
Who doth prowl at midnight hour,
I, ike a thief around the door,
Through each crack and crevice creeping Through the very key-hole peeping ? Sharp Jack Frost.

Ballad-"Tit for Tat,".
Henry, Pontet

## MISS INEZ MECUSKER.

If you cross the hlll, by my father's mill,
And walk aloug the fields about a mile. By the willow copse. where the pathway stops, You'll find a very high and awkward stile; It has four high steps so widely set, To cross it by myself I am afraid,
I never dare that way repair,
Unless at hand I've strong and friendly aid.
'Twas there one day in the month of May, I met a loving lad,
And in my sweetest tones
1 asked him would he mind, would he be so very kind, As to help me over those four awkward stones? He helped me one, he helped me two,
And then to my surprise he paused and said:
"Rose, I love you!" I only laughed:
"Rose, do you love me?" I said "Not I."
"Then stay where you are, sweetheart," said he,

And turned away without another word:
I could not get up or down in my fright,
What was I to do in such a sad and sorry plight?
"Come back, come back," I wildly cried,
"Come back I want to go to town,
"If you'll help me o'er the stile, you'll gain my sweetest smile,
"And pe:haps I'll tell you more when I am down." He helped me three, he helped me four,
Then with a lauk's. I bounded lightly o'er:
"Rnse, what say you "" 1 only laughed ;
"Rose, you promised," I said, "Not I." I told him to stav where he was just then, And tripped away without another word:
He did not get up. he did not go down.
But sat upon the stile, looking at me with a frown: And if you cross the hill, and walk about a mile, I think you'll find him sitting on that self-same stile.
$\{(a)$ "Merry Hiay,". $\qquad$
$\qquad$

## THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Rippling brook, what glads thee so, Hubbling, leaping, mrm'ring low, Lightly throwing silv'ry spray,
O'er the banks so green and gay? List'ning flow'retf , 11 are waiting, or the news I'm. . w relating, Joybus May has now arrived.
Warbling larks in sunny rays,
Why so clear your joyfu! lays,
Singing, rising, ah, so high,
Out of ken of every eye?
We to heaven alone must bring lt ,
Yea, to list ning clouds must sing it,
Joyous May has now arrived.
Why my heart dost beat so free, Say, what fills thee so with glee, Bounding as if far away,
Thou wouldst meet the coming day Let me beat with joy and pleasure, Joys of freedom have no measure,

Towers the lofty battlements crowning,
Maidens, although with pride ever frowning,
Victory daring, efforts unsparing, amply repay:
Gaily the trumpets sound for recruiting,
Sound for our pleasures slashing and shooting,
Victory gainlng, danger disdaining,
Maidens and walls by conquest obtaining,
These can our efforts amply repay.
Proudly the soldiers then march a way.
Honor and freedom victory lending,
Peoples oppressed from ty rants defending.
Vengeance unsparing fall on the daring cause of the fray.
Then to the trumpet's summons attending,
Wrongs soon avenging, death is descending
Wrongs soon avenging, death is desce
Vainly offences brave retribution,
Nought the incignant champions can sway,
Proudly the soldiers then march away.
Piano Solo-"The Royal Polish "olonaise,".

The pageant of Poland's king sweep. g in stately procession up the aisle of the Cathedral.

MR. W. WAUGH LAUDER.
f(a) "Dear Maid,"
L. de Call
(b) "The Equinox,"
C. Kreutzer

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Dear maid, of Fortune's smiles beware, Nor heed her flatt'ring tongue: She lures thee off to haunts of care Where sorrow fills the song.

Ah I what are all her piles of gold, Can those old Care control?
Though splendor vast thine eyes belold, 'Twill ne'er inspire the soul.

To lore alone thy homage pay The queen of true delight Her smiles of joy shall gild the day And bless the dreams of night.

Hark! the storm, how it howls ;
" Merci Diletti Amici,"—Sicilian Vespers................................................. Verdi
MISS INEZ MECUSKER.

Merci diletti amici,
Hi (quei leggia dri fior:
II caro dono e immagine Del vostro bel candor Oh, fortunato il vincol Che mi prepara amore Se voi recate pronube
Voti felicial core
Merce del don
O caro, sogno o dolce ebbrezza
Dignato amor mi balza il cor Celente un aura gia respiro Che tutti i sensi i mebbrio.

Oh, piagge di sicilia
Risplenda un di seren
Assai vendette orribili 'I'i laceraro il sen
11 laceraro il sen
lii speme colma e immerrore
Di guanto il cor soffri
11 giorno del nio guibillo
Sia di tue glorie il di Gra disco if don di questi fior:

To all, dear loyal friends, 1 rehder The tribute of my heart,
To me the votive flowers ye tender
A nameless joy impart ;
Oh, welcome, hallowed power
Of love, whose chain hath bound me
And wreaths in this sweet hour
Your grateful smiles around me Dear loyal friends, How welcome all
For never again shall fear or sorrow
Hope's radiant vision chase away,
But ever will a happier morrow
For love await each happy day.
Sicilia! yet victorious
Thine arm may I behold,
Again in freedon glorious
And potent as of old
Elate with hope, forgetting all Thy agony and shaine,
My day of triumph shall recali Thine own heroic fame.

Aye, loyal friends,
How welcome all.
"Arion Waltz,"

## 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, $U$ come, and join the dance,
While we enjoy it may, let us be gay
What were ihe 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 lieguiling,
Conld 1 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 QLEEN.

Mr. W. Waugh Lauder has consented to play Miss Mecusker's accompaniments.


## अirst Cenar.

Messrs. J. I. Anderson.
Geo. Hayes.
Wm. Lewis.
J. A. Muirhead.
W. E. Sauriders.

## Serand Cenor.

Messrs. A. H. Green. Fred. Raymond. A. Screaton.

Thos. Telfer. John Ward.

## Xirst wass.

Messrs. H. Bapty.
Thos. Hook.
A. McQueen.

Thos. Reid.
A. P. Saunders.

## Sccand 7ass.

Messrs. F. H. Coles.<br>F. A. H. Fysh.<br>H. S. Saunders.<br>C. Stockwell.<br>Geo. Winlow.

Mresideat: Mr. W. E. Saunders.
Uire-president: Mr. Geo. Hayes.
Scc.-Tras. : Mr. F. A. H. Fysh.馬irector: Mr. W. J. Birks.

The Steinway Grand Piano used on this eecasion is kindly furnished from the Toronto Warerooms of Mesirs. A. S. S. Nordheimer.


