

... THE ...

Third Subscription Concert

Will be held on MARCH 19th, 1912,

:: In Greenacres Co-operative Hall, ::

When we are giving

"BRIDE OF DUNKERRON"

(SMART),

AND MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The Principals engaged are:

Madame ANNIE WALKER, Soprano,
Of Manchester Concerts.

Mr. JOHN BOOTH, Tenor,
Of London and Provincial Concerts.

Mr. GEO. PARKER, Baritone,
Of Manchester Cathedral.

THE CHOIR OF THE SOCIETY OF 130 VOICES,

:: Accompanied by an Augmented Orchestra. ::

Leader of Orchestra - - - J. WOOF GAGGS.

Accompanist - - - W. H. GREEN, A.R.C.O.

Conductor - - - HY. BROOKES, Mus. Bac.

OLDHAM

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

27th SEASON.

PRESIDENT

Mrs. C. E. LEES.

SECOND

Subscription Concert

Tuesday Evening, Jan. 16th, 1912.

— IN THE —

Greenacres Co-operative Hall, Oldham.

Miscellaneous Selections.

PRINCIPAL:

Mr. HORACE BINKS, Tenor,

Of Manchester and Provincial Concerts.

ORCHESTRA:

1st Violins	Mr. J. W. GAGGS.	Clarinet	Mr. T. WADSWORTH.
	Mr. J. ROBERTS.	Oboe	Mr. A. NICHOLLS.
	Mr. E. CRAIG.	Bassoon	Mr. F. FOULDS.
2nd Violins	Mr. J. H. HALKYARD.	Horns	Mr. E. WHITTAKER.
	Mr. J. BRIERLEY.		Mr. E. WHITTAKER.
Viola	Mr. H. SEAL.	Trumpet	Mr. E. BELL.
Cello	Mr. J. H. FOULDS.	Trombone	Mr. E. BARLOW.
Contra Bass	Mr. G. PARNELL, Jun.	Tympani	Mr. J. BALL.
Flute	Mr. V. NEEDHAM.		

CHOIR OF 130 VOICES.

Pianoforte - Mr. W. H. GREEN, A.R.C.O.

Conductor - Mr. HY. BROOKES, Mus. Bac.

Mr. F. HOLROYD, 108, Morris Street, Hon. Secretary.

Mr. F. S. BUCKLEY, 12, Chadderton Park Road, Assist. Hon. Sec.

Mr. C. BEAUMONT, 488, Middleton Road, Chadderton, Secretary.

STEWARDS:

Mr. W. T. HALKYARD.	Mr. A. BARLOW,
„ E. FITTON.	„ C. BULLOUGH.
„ W. GILLESPIE.	„ J. W. WOOD.

A REQUEST.

Will the Ladies kindly remove their hats or wear such as will not interfere with those sitting behind.

Ample Cloakroom is provided at entrance to Concert Room.

Programme.--Part I.

OVERTURE.....“ Raymond ”.....Thomas

CHORAL SONGS.....
 { a “The Dance”
 b “False Love”
 c “Lullaby” }.....Elgar

From “Scenes from the Bavarian Highlands.”

a

COME and hasten to the dancing,
 Merry eyes will soon be glancing,
 Ha ! my heart upbonds !
 Come and dance a merry measure,
 Quaff the bright brown ale my treasure,
 Hark ! what joyous sounds !

Sweet-heart come, on let us haste,
 On, on, no time let us waste
 With my heart I love thee !
 Dance, dance, for rest we disdain
 Turn, twirl, and spin round again,
 With my arm I hold thee !

Down the path the lights are gleaming,
 Friendly faces gladly beaming
 Welcome us with song.
 Dancing makes the heart grow lighter,
 Makes the world and life grow brighter
 As we dance along !

b

NOW we hear the Spring's sweet voice
 Singing gladly through the world ;
 Bidding all the earth rejoice.

All is merry in the field,
 Flowers grow amidst the grass,
 Blossoms blue, red, white they yield.

As I seek my maiden true,
 Sings the little lark on high
 Fain to see her praises due.

As I climb and reach her door,
 Ah ! I see a rival there,
 So farewell ! for evermore.

Ever true was I to thee,
 Never grieved or vexed thee, love,
 False, oh ! false, art thou to me.

Now amid the forest green,
 Far from cruel eyes that mock
 Will I dwell unloved, unseen.

SLEEP, my son, oh ! slumber softly,
While thy mother watches o'er thee,
Nothing can affright or harm thee,
Oh ! sleep, my son.

Far away
Zithers play,
Dancing gay
Calls to-day.

Vainly play
Zithers gay !
Here I stay
All the day.

Happily
Guarding thee,
Peacefully
Watching thee.

Sleep, my son, oh ! slumber softly,
While thy mother watches o'er thee,
Oh ! sleep, my son.

RECIT & AIR....."Lend me your aid".....Gounod

Mr. HORACE BINKS.

RECIT.

HOW frail and weak a thing is man : how poor this work
of ours ; hideous and vain it standeth, a dwelling for luxury, a
temple fit for pride. Hardly worthy of man ! All nobleness
wanting ! This they call . . . this they call building for all
eternity. Sons of Tubal Cain, oh, strong and noble race.
Benefactors of man : high and God-like minds. In your path
thro' the world ye left a track of greatness. Libanus beareth
witness in vast noble ruins, where far the sand heaps high the
desert plain. Even there rise the wond'rous forms ye have
made, from out the past in solemn grandeur. Ah ! Before
your awful power, I bow the head.

AIR.

Lend me your aid, oh race divine !
Fathers of old, to whom I've prayed,
Spirits of power, be your help mine,
Lend me your aid,
Fathers of old, to whom I've prayed,
O lend your aid.

RECIT.

Oh grant that my wild dream be not vain, that future time
shall owe to me, a work that birds will sing in their strain.
Tho' chaos still an iron sea. From the caldron the molten wave
soon will flow into its mould of sand, and ye, oh sons of Tubal
Cain, fire, oh fire my soul, and guide my hand.

AIR.

Lend me your aid, oh race divine,
Fathers of old, to whom I've prayed,
Spirits of power, be your help mine,
Lend me your aid.

a "Chanson de Matin" } Elgar
b "Chanson de Nuit" }

ORCHESTRA.

PART SONGS } a "My little pretty one"Willan
(Unaccompanied.) } b "Howsweet the moonlight sleeps" Leslie

(a)

MY little pretty one !
My softly winning one !
Oh ! thou'rt a merry one !
And playful as can be.
With a beek thou com'st anon ;
In a trice, too, thou art gone,
And I must sigh alone,
But sighs are lost upon thee.

Art thou my smiling one,
Art thou my pouting one,
Art thou my teasing one,
A goddess, elf, or grace ?
With a frown thou wound'st my heart,
With a smile thou heal'st the smart ;
Why play the tyrant's part
With such an innocent face.

(b)

HOW sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this brook,
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music creep in our ears,
Soft stillness and the night become the touch of harmony.

SONG....."Marna"Oliver

Mr. HORACE BINKS.

THE little white waves sing a happy song round us,
The little white clouds now are sailing above ;
The seagulls are soaring in heaven's azure glory,
And here we are sitting and dreaming of love.
O Marna, beloved, dream on, dream for ever,
Here in the breath of the soft summer gale,
Fate may bring shadows, and sorrow may waken,
But Marna, beloved, our love shall not fail.

Hark ! the drum and the fife, now are sounding
The tramping of men down the long village street,
I must away to the war o'er the ocean,
And leave you, O Marna, my dreams fond and sweet.
O Marna, beloved, weep not though I leave you,
Duty is calling and I must depart,
But I will return with a garland to give you,
O Marna, wait on for me, Star of my heart !

The cold angry sea now is roaring around me,
The sunlight is hidden, the wild clouds fly past,
I would that my heart were some bird of the ocean,
So I might seek for you and find you at last.
O Marna, sleep softly, sleep soundly, beloved,
Here by the ocean with never a care,
But in that far heaven look down on my sorrow,
O Marna, beloved, and wait for me there !

CHORAL SONGS..... $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} a \text{ "Aspiration"} \\ b \text{ "On the Alm"} \\ c \text{ "The Marksman"} \end{array} \right\}$ *Elgar*

From "Scenes from the Bavarian Highlands."

a

OVER the heights the snow lies deep,
Sunk is the land in peaceful sleep;
Here by the house of God we pray,
Lead, Lord, our souls to-day.

Shielding, like the silent snow,
Fall his mercies here below.

Calmly then, like the snow-bound land,
Rest we in His protecting hand;
Bowing, we wait His mighty will:
Lead, Lord, and guide us still.

b

A MELLOW bell peals near,
It has so sweet a sound;
I know a maiden dear
With voice as full and round.

A sunlit alm shines clear,
With clover blossoms sweet;
There dwells my maiden dear
And there my love I meet.

There flying with no fear
The swallows pass all day,
And fast, my maiden dear,
Sees chamois haste away.

I cannot linger here,
I cannot wait below;
To seek my maiden dear,
I, to the alm must go.

The mountain's call I hear,
And up the height I bound;
I know my maiden dear
Will mark my Juchhè sound.

Rejoicing come and here
My flaxen-haired sweetheart;
I love thee maiden dear,
Nay! bid me not depart!

c

COME from the mountain side,
Come from the valleys wide,
See, how we muster strong
Tramping along!

Rifle on shoulder sling,
Powder and bullets bring,
Manly in mind and heart,
Play we our part.

Sure be each eye to-day,
Steady each hand must stay
If in the trial we,
Victors would be!

• Sharp is the crack! 'tis done!
Lost is the chance, or won;
Right in the gold is it?
Huzza! the hit!

The sun will sink and light the west
And touch the peaks with crimson glow;
Then shadows fill the vale with rest
While stars look peace on all below.

In triumph then we take our way,
And with our prizes homeward wend;
Through meadows sweet with new-mown hay,
A song exultant will we send.

INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

→= PART II. =←

OVERTURE....."William Tell"*Rossini*

SONGS $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} a \text{ "Passing by"} \\ b \text{ "Sympathy"} \end{array} \right\}$ *Purcell*
.....*Marshall*

MR. HORACE BINKS.

a

THERE is a lady, sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind,
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gestures, motions, and her smile,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguile,
Beguile my heart I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged, and doth range
Her country, so my love doth change,
But change the earth, or change the sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

b

GIVE me thy hands and draw me to thy heart,
Give me one look—then all my doubts depart,
For I have seen the sympathy that lies,
Like tender flame, within those dear soft eyes.
Ah! Love, give me thy sympathy!

Give me thy love, that I may live again,
Give me thy lips, and kiss away my pain,
For all my soul is pleading still for thee,
To give, and give again, thy sympathy.
Ah! Love, give me thy sympathy!

PART SONG....."In the Twilight"*Hy. Brookes*
(Unaccompanied)

THE sun withdraws his ling'ring rays ;
The woods loom dusk and dim.
I hear no more the skylark's praise,
Nor thrush's evening hymn.
For in a soft and silver calm,
A hush no music mars ;
With steps of dew, and breath of balm,
The night comes, and the stars.
Now the last rose of sunset fades,
And the last bird is still ;
A young moon, wondering, scans the glades,
Where Peace has all her will.
The flow'rs have shut their hearts of gold,
Men cease to toil and strive,
And ev'ry lamb has found the fold,
And ev'ry bee the hive.
And is it thus, when hearts grow tired,
Of all they loved by sight,
That softly like a dream desired,
Comes on the last long night ?
'Neath the dim west, the world has rest,
Sleeping with even breath—
Will life so creep to such sweet sleep,
In the mild arms of death.

a "Intermezzo and Valse Lente" { *Delibes*
b "Pizzicato" {

ORCHESTRA.

RECIT....."Deeper and Deeper still" { *Handel*
AIR....."Waft her Angels" {

MR. HORACE BINKS.

RECIT.

DEEPER, and deeper still, thy goodness, child,
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel sentence on my falt'ring tongue.
Oh ! let me whisper it to the raging winds
Or howling deserts ; for the ears of men
It is too shocking.—Yet, have I not vowed ?
And can I think the great Jehovah sleeps,
Like Chemosh, and such fabled deities ?
Ah ! no : heaven heard my thoughts, and wrote them down,
It must be so.—'Tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs,
That lash me into madness.—Horrid thought !
My only daughter ! so dear a child,
Doom'd by a father !—Yes, the vow is past,
And Gilead hath triumphed o'er his foes.
Therefore, to-morrow's dawn—I can no more.

AIR.

WAPT her angels through the skies,
Far above yon azure plain ;
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, for ever reign.

CHORAL BALLAD ... "Banner of St. George"*Elgar*
(By kind permission of Messrs. Novello & Co. Ltd.)

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

SCENE I.

WITHIN Sylenë's walls no sound is heard,
Save the sad wail of anguish and despair.
From his dank lair the awful dragon comes,
His breath a pestilence, his glance a sword ;
His scales of brass an armed host defy ;
Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure white sacrifice, to stay his rage ;
The women of Sylenë rend their hair
Disconsolate, and mourn their daughters slain.

"No more they charm the passing hours,
The comely daughters of our pride ;
No more they twine the laughing flowers,
Or sing their songs at eventide.
The voice of love no longer cheers—
We listen for its tones in vain ;
All mirth, alas ! is changed to tears,
And we must weep our dear ones slain."

Forth from the palace, beautiful as day,
Fair Sabra comes, the daughter of the king ;
Night in her eyes, and sunshine in her hair ;
She turns her gentle face upon the throng.
And all grows hushed around her, grief itself
Dies sobbing into silence ; for she seems
A pale, sweet vision from a purer world ;
And tearful faces are upturned in love.
"Fear not," she cries, "the darkest hour of night
Is oft the harbinger of silver dawn."

The aged monarch, worn and grey,
Beside the lovely princess stands,
No more he sees in fair array
The muster of his warrior bands.
Alas ! his bravest knights are slain,
Right well they strove, but strove in vain ;
Now only words of anguish flow,
The cry, "O woe, Sylenë, woe :
Our daughters are devoured ! the dragon waits
A maiden sacrifice ! or e'er the night
We all in hideous death shall be o'erwhelmed !
All hope is gone ! O woe, Sylenë, woe !"

Like charmed music o'er the 'frighted throng
Falls Sabra's voice, pure as an angel's song,
Clear as the throbbing of a silver bell,
It lulls the tumult by its magic spell.
"O calm your hearts" (she cries), "O still your fears,
And let Hope shine amid the reign of tears ;
The foe demands a sacrifice, this day
Your Princess, Sabra, will the tribute pay.
A maiden of Sylenë proud am I,
For those I love 'twill not be pain to die ;
Belovèd sire, O weep thou not for me,
I give my life to set Sylenë free."

O beauteous Love ! thou flower of heaven,
Transplanted to a world of care ;
O spring thou up in dreary hearts,
With grace divine and beauty rare,
Then shall the desert places bloom,
As glorious as the bowers above,
And earth like Eden's garden smile,
O flower of heaven ! O beauteous Love !

SCENE II.

Without a fear beside the dragon's tarn
The princess waits to die ! A form of light,—
Her robes are spotless as the virgin snow,
And snow-white lilies deck her sunny hair.
With sad, sweet smile of innocence and love,
She listens to her father's last lament.
"Belovèd sire," she whispers, "dry thine eyes,
For oft-times blessing wears a dark disguise ;
And say of me henceforth with love and pride,
To give Sylenë peace she lived and died."

Hark ! 'tis the ringing hoof of steed,
A warrior comes at foaming speed,
The sunbeams glint with flashing light
On shining mail and helmet bright.
See ! see ! his coal-black steed draws nigh,
The shivered stones in sparkles fly !
Whence comest thou, majestic knight,
With spur of fire and sword of might ?
With cross of red, and dauntless brow,
Majestic knight, whence comest thou ?

St. George no answer makes, but gives command
"Unbind the maiden !" but the princess cries,
"Nay, I am here a willing sacrifice
To save Sylenë. Stand thou back, brave knight !
The awful dragon stirs beneath the flood !"
The knight of Cappadocia dauntless stands.
"Though all the powers of darkness shall assail,
At heaven's command, I fall—or I prevail !
My good sword Ascalon is keen and bright,
No tarnish of unworthy strife is there ;
Never unsheathed but to defend the right,
Or guard the honour of the cross I wear !
O fair white maid, whatever foe be nigh,
In life or death thy champion knight am I !"
Loud cry the people, "Haste ! the dragon comes !
The flood divides ! see his abhorrent head
From the black wave emerges ! See his eyes
With baleful glare light on the helpless maid !
His voice is thunder ! Haste, brave knight, away !
He comes ! the mighty dragon vast and dread !
Away ! Away ! Alas, too late, too late !"

They meet like waves when o'er the deep,
Contending winds in fury sweep !
The knight is brave, the dragon strong,
The combat rages fierce and long,
Until the hero's spear, alas !
Is broken on the scales of brass.

Unhorsed he fights ! hope is not gone !
A meteor flash of Ascalon !
The dragon falls with hideous cries,
Lashes the earth in vain, and dies.
Loud burst the shouts of wild delight
That hail with joy the victor knight !

The light of heaven is on his noble brow,
He seeks not earthly honour, earthly fame,
He mounts his steed : "Farewell, O gentle maid ;
Ye people of Sylenë, fare you well ;
For I must bear the cross in other lands,
And strive and suffer, till the morn shall dawn,
That brings for me the martyr's fadeless crown !"

Where the strong the weak oppress,
Where the suffering succour crave,
Where the tyrant spreads distress,
There the cross of George must wave !

EPILOGUE.

It comes from the misty ages,
The banner of England's might,
The blood-red cross of the brave St. George,
That burns on a field of white !
It speaks of the deathless heroes,
On fame's bright page inscribed,
And bids great England ne'er forget
The glorious deeds of old !

O'er many a cloud of battle.
The banner has floated wide.
It shone like a star o'er the valiant hearts
That dashed the Armada's pride !
For ever amid the thunders,
The sailor could do or die,
While tongues of flame leaped forth below,
And the flag of St. George was high !

O ne'er may the flag belovèd,
Unfurl in a strife unblest,
But ever give strength to the righteous arm,
And hope to the hearts oppressed !
It says through the passing ages,
"Be brave if your cause be right !
Like the soldier-saint whose cross of red
Still burns on your banner white !"

Great race, whose empire of splendour
Has dazzled a wondering world !
May the flag that floats o'er thy wild domains
Be long to all winds unfurled !
Three crosses in concord blended,
The banner of Britain's might !
But the central gem of the ensign fair
Is the cross of the dauntless knight !

SHAPCOTT WENSLEY.

GOD SAVE THE KING.