

# DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATION

## GRAND Patriotic Concert

By the **Toronto  
Philharmonic**



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

Massey Music Hall

Monday, June 21st  
1897 At 8 p.m.

### Officers—Season 1896-97

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Vice-President	Mr. A. E. PLUMMER
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Mus. Bac., Oxon.

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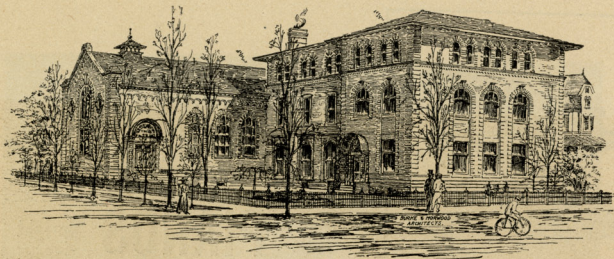


CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, AGED 20.





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EDWARD FISHER, MUSICAL DIRECTOR

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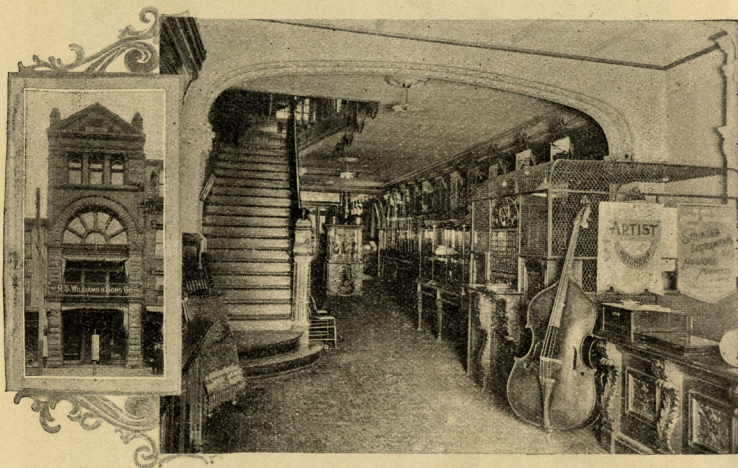
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
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“YOUR MAJESTY”—JUNE 20TH, 1837.

[Immediately upon the death of William IV., the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham went to Kensington Palace to inform the Princess Victoria that she was Queen of England. They arrived at five o'clock in the morning, and the young Princess—she was just eighteen—came from her apartment wrapped in a dressing gown.]

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THE manufacture of pianos was commenced by Mr. T. A. Heintzman, founder of the firm, just fifty years ago—in 1847. We cannot celebrate our Diamond Jubilee this year, but we're well on the road to it. It is, however, our Golden Jubilee, marking half a century of progress in piano building.

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The one piano chosen for use by Madame Albani, R. Watkin Mills, Plunket Greene, Ben Davis, Prof. Von Scarpa, Madame Van De Ver Green, Ellen Beech Yaw, and all great visiting artists who favor Toronto with their presence. The piano in use in to-day's Jubilee Concert.



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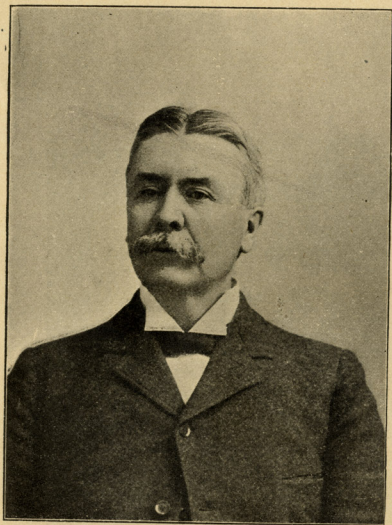


H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

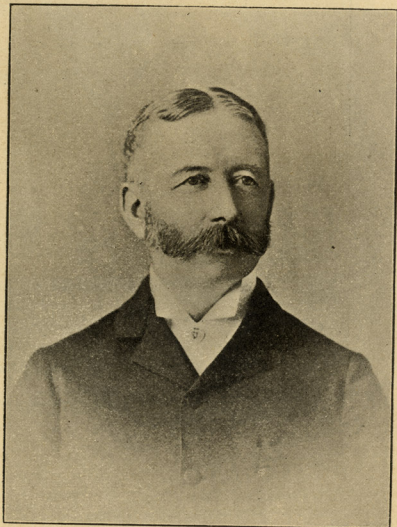




H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



J. K. MACDONALD, President Toronto Philharmonic.



J. T. JONES, Chairman Chorus Committee.



**M**R. J. HUMFREY ANGER, the well-known Professor of Harmony and Counterpoint at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has had a distinguished career as a musician.

Born in Berkshire, England, in 1862, he early evinced a decided taste for music, and in 1880 became an articulated pupil to an eminent musician, Mr. Cedric Bucknall, Mus. Bac., Oxon, Organist of All Saints' Church, Clifton, Bristol.

Mr. Anger's first appointment was as Organist and Choirmaster at the parish church of Frenchay, near Bristol.

been in existence for over thirty years, and during the two seasons of his residence conducted "Judas Macchabeus," "Ode to St. Cecilia" (Handel), "Hear My Prayer" (Mendelssohn), "The Earl King's Daughter" (Gade), and various minor works.

In 1892 he was elected a member of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, and was subsequently chosen by ballot to sit on the Council of the South Midland section.

Shortly after his appointment to the professorship at the Toronto Conservatory of Music in 1893, he was made one of the examiners in music for Trinity University, which position he still holds.



J. HUMFREY ANGER,  
The Conductor of the Toronto Philharmonic.

While there he won the gold medal offered by the Bath Philharmonic Society for the best cantata for soli voices, chorus and orchestra, the judges being Sir A. Sullivan, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, and Eaton Faning.

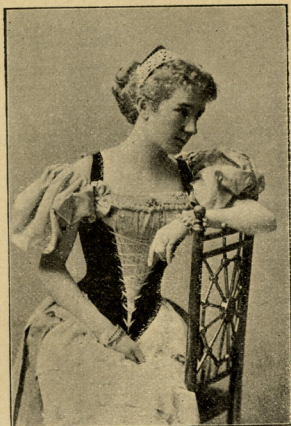
The cantata, a setting of Psalm xcvi., was performed at Bath in the following year with a full orchestra and chorus of 200 voices under the composer's baton, and was enthusiastically received.

Mr. Anger having matriculated at Oxford in 1884 proceeded to the degree of Mus. Bac. in 1889. He is also a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists, and has been successively assistant master at Surrey County School, Cranleigh, and organist of Ludlow church, Shropshire, for which position he was selected out of no less than one hundred candidates.

While in this latter position he became Conductor of the Ludlow Choral and Orchestral Society, which had

Want of space prevents our giving a detailed list of the various works he has composed, but among others we may note "Bonnie Belle" (prize), madrigal for six voices; "All on a Summer's Morning," madrigal for six voices; Evening service in C; impromptu for the piano; concert overture for the organ; minuetto scherzoso for the organ; "Trelawny," a glee for male voices; three Christmas carols, and the above-mentioned setting of the 96th Psalm for chorus and soli voices, with orchestral accompaniment, hitherto unpublished.

Besides these works, he delivered last winter a course of public organ recitals, six in number, illustrating the development of organ music since the 16th century, with explanatory lectures, which were highly enjoyed by all who had the pleasure of listening to them, and stamped him at once as a man of great musical culture and scholarly erudition.



MISS FLORENCE MACPHERSON, Contralto.



MRS. H. W. PARKER, Soprano.



MRS. LILA LUND-REBURN, Contralto.



MISS MARY WALDRUM, Soprano.



Diamond Jubilee Celebration

# Grand Patriotic Concert

... BY ...

THE TORONTO PHILHARMONIC

MONDAY, JUNE 21st, 1897,

AT 8 P. M.

Under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada  
and the Countess of Aberdeen ; His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and  
Mrs. Kirkpatrick ; Lieut.-Col. Sir Casimir Gzowski, A. D. C., and Lady  
Gzowski ; Mrs. John Morrow ; His Worship Mayor Fleming,  
and the City Council of Toronto.

## SOLOISTS

### Soprano

Mrs. H. W. Parker  
Miss Mary Waldrum

### Contralto

Mrs. Mima Lund-Reburn  
Miss Florence Macpherson

### Tenor

Mr. Rechab Tandy  
Mr. Walter H. Robinson

### Bass

Mr. Fred. Warrington  
Mr. Pierre Delasco

### Accompanist

Signor Giuseppi Dinelli

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HON. CONDUCTOR

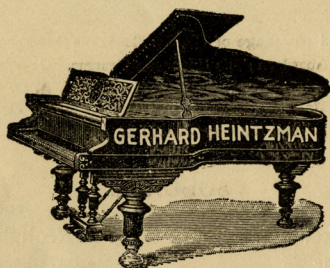
MR. J. HUMFREY ANGER

Mus. Bac., Oxon.

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# Programme



## PART I.

### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

CORONATION ANTHEM,	-	"Zadock the Priest"	-	-	-	Handel
SONG AND CHORUS,	-	"Rule Britannia."	-	-	-	Dr. Arne, (1740)
Mr. Pierre Delasco.						

### A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

#### A Sacred Cantata by J. Humfrey Anger.

1. CHORUS,	-	"O Sing Unto the Lord."	-	-	-	-
With Soprano Solo, Mrs. H. W. Parker.						
2. FUGUE,	-	"For the Lord is Great."	-	-	-	-
3. CHORUS,	-	"As for all the Gods of the Heathen."	-	-	-	-
4. SONG,	-	"Ascribe Unto the Lord"	-	-	-	-
Contralto, Miss Florence MacPherson.						
5. RECITATIVE,	-	"Tell it out Among the Heathen."	-	-	-	-
Tenor, Mr. Walter H. Robinson.						
6. CHORUS,	-	"Let the Heavens Rejoice."	-	-	-	-
7. RECITATIVE,	-	"For He Cometh."	-	-	-	-
Tenor, Mr. Robinson.						
8. CHORUS,	-	"Hallelujah ! Amen"	-	-	-	-

## PART II.

### PATRIOTIC ADDRESS

#### THE HON. G. W. ROSS, Minister of Education.

CHORUS,	-	"The Queen's Song."	-	-	-	Eaton Fanning
(Dedicated by permission to Her Majesty the Queen.)						
SONG AND CHORUS,	-	"The Land of the Maple."	-	-	-	H. H. Godfrey
SONG,	-	"There's a Land"	-	-	-	F. Allitsen
Mr. Fred Warrington.						
SONG,	-	"The Death of Nelson."	-	-	-	Braham
SONG,	-	"Let me Like a Soldier Fall."	-	-	-	Wallace
(From Maritana.)						
Mr. Rechab Tandy.						
SONG AND CHORUS,	-	"Hearts of Oak."	-	-	-	Dr. Boyce
SONG,	-	"I Want to Ask You."	-	-	-	Flotow
(From Martha.)						
Mr. Pierre Delasco.						
PART SONG,	-	"Here's a Health unto Her Majesty."	-	-	-	Saville
SONG,	-	"Home, Sweet Home."	-	-	-	Bishop
SONG,	-	"You've Heard of Our Brave Soldiers."	-	-	-	-
Mrs. Mima Lund-Reburn.						
DOUBLE QUARTETTE,	-	"Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled."	-	-	-	(Scotch)
SONG,	-	"Within a Mile o' Edinboro Town."	-	-	-	(Scotch)
Miss Waldrum.						
SONG,	-	"The Minstrel Boy."	-	-	-	(Irish)
SONG,	-	"Cruiskeen Lawn."	-	-	-	(Irish)
Mr. Walter H. Robinson.						
PART SONG,	-	"Men of Harlech."	-	-	-	(Welsh)

### THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

# PROGRAMME

## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

CORONATION ANTHEM, - - - - - *Handel*

“Zadock the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon King, and all the people rejoiced and said ‘God save the King, long live the King. May the King live for ever. Hallelujah. Amen.’”

## RULE BRITANNIA.

*Arranged by W. H. Callcott.*

*Music by Dr. Arne, 1740.*

1 When Britain first, at heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main;  
This was the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sung this strain:

CHORUS.

1 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never will be slaves.

2 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,

As the loud blast that tears the skies  
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule Britannia, etc.

3 The Muses still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coasts repair;  
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule Britannia, etc.

## A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

### SACRED CANTATA

—BY—

J. HUMFREY ANGER.

CHORUS, WITH SOPRANO SOLO (MRS. H. W. PARKER).

O sing unto the Lord a new song,  
Sing unto the Lord all the whole earth,  
Sing unto the Lord and praise His name;  
Be telling of His salvation from day to day.  
Declare His honour unto the heathen,  
And His wonders unto all people.  
O sing unto the Lord, etc.

CHORAL FUGUE (five voices).

For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily be praised;  
He is more to be feared than all gods.

CHORUS.

As for all the gods of the heathen, they are but idols,  
But it is the Lord that made the Heavens;  
Glory and worship are before Him,  
Power and honour are in His sanctuary.

AIR—*Contralto* (MISS FLORENCE MACPHERSON).

Ascribe unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people,  
Ascribe unto the Lord worship and power,  
Ascribe unto the Lord the honour due unto His name;  
Bring presents, and come into His courts,  
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,  
Let the whole earth stand in awe of Him.

RECITATIVE—*Tenor* (MR. WALTER H. ROBINSON).

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King,  
And that it is He who hath made the round world so fast that it  
cannot be moved;  
And how that he shall judge the people righteously.



CHORUS.

Let the Heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad,  
Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is.  
Let the field be joyful, and all that is in it ;  
Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord.  
Let the Heavens rejoice, etc.

RECITATIVE—*Tenor* (MR. ROBINSON).

For He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth,  
And with righteousness to judge the world,  
And the people with His truth.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah ! Amen.  
Let the Heavens rejoice, etc.  
Hallelujah ! Amen.

### THE QUEEN'S SONG.

A. D. 1897.

*Words by Sir Edwin Arnold, K. C. I. E., C. S. I.*

*Music by Eaton Fanning.*

For this great reign, now rounded to three score golden years,  
With pride and joy unbounded we raise a nations cheers ;  
So well beloved, so noble, ere now was nowhere seen ;  
Hail'd let her be till sky and sea respond " God Save the Queen ! "  
So true a Sov'reign Lady ne'er ruled all hearts before,  
Rise up and praise Victoria's days, the glorious years three score ;  
Heaven send her peace and glory, and when a crown above  
Fulfilling earth's fair story, is granted by God's love,  
Be this His grace to England, that for her deathless sake  
Reign after reign as royal remain, and thence example take.  
So true a Sov'reign Lady ne'er ruled all hearts before.  
Rise up and praise Victoria's days, the glorious years three score.  
Then o'er her subject waters, her realm, her wave linked lands,  
On Britain's sons and daughters, and labors of their hands,  
Sweet surety, strength and justice shall dwell, as now hath been,  
And God above this Isle will love who loved and saved our Queen.  
So true a Sov'reign Lady ne'er ruled all hearts before.  
Rise up and praise Victoria's days, the glorious years three score.

### THE LAND OF THE MAPLE.

*Words and Music by H. H. Godfrey.*

- 1 Oh Canada, my Canada, my thought is all of thee,  
Thy mountain chains and smiling plains that stretch from sea to sea ;  
The sunlight gleams on murm'ring streams, and sweetest melody  
Pours from the feathered songsters in the spreading maple tree.

CHORUS.

- Oh the land of the maple is the land for me,  
The home of the stalwart, the brave and the free ;  
The Rose and the Thistle, the Shamrock and " Lis,"  
All bloom in one garden 'neath the maple tree.
- 2 Oh Canada, dear Canada, none can compare with thee ;  
'Neath sunny skies the earth replies and laughs with harvest glee ;  
Thy winters cheer with air so clear, but best of all to me,  
The summer and the sunshine and the spreading maple tree.  
Oh the land of the maple, etc.
  - 3 In Canada, dear Canada, all dwell in unity,  
The Saxon, Gaul and Celt agree with Scots to keep us free ;  
Though we be four, yet are we one, if danger chance to be,—  
We'll boldly fight and stand for right, beneath the maple tree.  
Oh the land of the maple, etc.

## THERE'S A LAND.

*Words by Charles MacKay.*

*Music by Frances Allitsen.*

There's a land a dear land, where the rights of the free,  
Though firm as the earth, or as wide as the sea ;  
Where the primroses bloom, and the nightingales sing,  
And the honest poor man is as good as a king.

Show'ry ! Flow'ry ! Cheerful ! Tearful !  
England, wave guarded, and green to the shore !  
West land ! Best land ! Thy land ! My land !  
Glory be with her, and peace evermore.

There's a land, a dear land, where our vigour of soul  
Is fed by the tempests that blow from the pole ;  
Where a slave cannot breathe or invader presume  
To ask for more earth than will cover his tomb.

Sea-land ! Free land ! Fairest ! Rarest !  
Home of brave men and the girls they adore :  
Fearless ! Peerless ! Thy land ! My land !  
Glory be with her and peace evermore.

*Additional verse by Agnes M. Sibly.*

There's a Queen, a dear Queen, whom no Briton forgets,  
And upon whose dominion the sun never sets :  
Who has governed by love, and has helped us to fight  
For conquest of evil and succour of right.

Best reign ! Blest reign ! Longest ! Strongest !  
This year of all years, we'll sing and we'll pray :  
"Glorious ! Victorious ! Thy Queen ! My Queen !  
God bless and keep her to-night and for aye."

## THE DEATH OF NELSON.

*Words by S. J. Arnold.*

*Braham.*

RECIT. O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief  
oppress,  
Britannia mourns her hero now at  
rest ;  
But those bright laurels will not fade  
with years,  
Whose leaves are water'd by a na-  
tion's tears.

ARIA. 'Twas in Trafalgar's bay,  
We saw the foeman lay ;  
Each heart was bounding then ;  
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,  
For our ships were British oak,  
And hearts of oak our men  
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,  
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,  
Nor thought of home or beauty.  
Along the line the signal ran :  
"England expects that ev'ry man  
This day will do his duty."  
And now the cannons roar  
Along the affrighted shore,

Our Nelson led the way ;  
His ship, the Vict'ry nam'd ;  
Long be that victory fam'd,  
For victory crown'd the day !  
But dearly was that conquest bought,  
Too well the gallant hero fought,  
For England, home, and beauty,  
He cried, as a'midst the fire he ran,  
"England expects that every man  
This day will do his duty."

At last the fatal wound  
Which spread dismay around  
The hero's breast received,  
"Heaven fights upon our side,  
The day's our own," he cried ;  
"Now long enough I've liv'd.  
In honour's cause my life was pass'd,  
In honour's cause I fall at last,  
For England, home, and beauty."  
Thus ending life as he began,  
England confessed that ev'ry man  
That day had done his duty.

## YES ! LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

*Don Caesar.*

*From Maritana.....Wallace.*

1 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,  
That gentler ones may tell,  
How'er forgot unknown my tomb,  
I like a soldier fell !



2 I only ask of that proud race,  
Which ends its blaze in me,  
To die, the last, and not disgrace,  
Its an 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 !

## HEARTS OF OAK.

*Words by David Garrick.*

*Dr. Boyce.*

1 Come cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,  
To add something new to this wonderful year,  
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,  
For who are so free as the sons of the wave ?

CHORUS.

Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,  
We always are ready,  
Steady, boys, steady,  
We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again.

2 We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,  
They ne'er see us but they wish us away,  
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,  
And if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, etc.

3 They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,  
They frighten our women, our children and beaus ;  
But should their flat vessels in darkness get o'er,  
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak, etc.

## I WANT TO ASK YOU.

*From Martha.....Flotow.*

1 I want to ask you, can you not tell me  
What to our land, the British strand,  
Gives life and power, say  
That is old porter, brown and stout ?  
We may of it be justly proud,  
It guides John Bull where'er he be,  
Thro' fogs, and mists, thro' land and sea ;  
Yes, hurrah the hops, and hurrah the malt,  
They are life's flavour and life's salt.  
Hurrah, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, hurrah !

2 And that explaineth where'er it reigneth,  
Is joy and mirth ; at every hearth  
Resounds a joyous song ;  
Look at its goodly colour here,  
Where else you find such a beer,  
So brown a beer, and healthy, too ?  
The porter's health I drink to you ;  
Yes, hurrah the hops, and hurrah the malt,  
They are life's flavour and life's salt.  
Hurrah, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, hurrah.

## HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HER MAJESTY.

*Melody by Saville. 1670.*

1 Here's a health unto Her Majesty,  
With a fal lal lal la la.  
Confusion to her enemy,  
With a fal lal lal la la.  
And he that would not pledge her health,  
We'd wish him neither wit nor wealth,  
Nor yet a rope to hang himself,  
With a fal lal lal la la.  
2 Here's a health unto Her Majesty,  
With a fal lal lal la la.  
And all the Royal family,  
With a fal lal lal la la.

And he that would not cheer her name,  
We'd wish him neither luck nor fame,  
Nor yet a friend to share the same,  
With a fal lal lal la la.  
3 Here's a health unto Her Majesty,  
With a fal lal lal la la.  
In this her Diamond Jubilee,  
With a fal lal lal la la.  
And he that would not bless her reign,  
We'd wish him neither good nor gain,  
Nor yet a draught to ease his pain,  
With a fal lal lal la la.

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by J. Howard Payne.

Sir H. R. Bishop.

- 1 'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which seek thro' the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
Home ! home ! sweet sweet home !  
There's no place like home,  
There's no place like h me.
- 2 An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,  
Oh ! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again !  
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,  
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all  
Home ! home ! sweet sweet home !  
There's no place like home,  
There's no p'ace like home.

## YOU'VE HEARD OF OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS.

By H. Grey.

- 1 You've heard of our brave soldiers on the land,  
But what about the sailor on the sea,  
Who rides the stormy wave his country's fame to save ?  
Ah ! that's the British Hero. boys, for me !  
He keeps his watch through storm and winter's blast,  
And braves the keenest fury of the gale,  
Half frozen at his look-out on the mast,  
A sailor is the hero of my tale !

### CHORUS.

- Ah ! Jack, your heart is British oak,  
So let the foeman brag,  
While you're aboard of British ships  
You'll save Old England's Flag.  
Our " wooden walls " gave place to steel,  
Yet honest Jack is true ;  
So here's a health to sailors bold,  
For, Jack, we're proud of you !
- 2 Some say old England's " going to the dogs,"  
That British power is fast upon the wane ;  
But let 'em storm and shout, while honest Jack's about  
We'll show them we can thrash them all again.  
In gallant Nelson's time the Union Jack  
Waved proudly and defiant in the breeze,  
And though we cannot bring Trafalgar back,  
'till England must be mistress of the seas.  
Ah ! Jack, etc.
  - 3 So here's a toast to all our British tars,  
A toast we'll always give with " three times three,"  
Old England long will last, while our lads before the mast  
Retain for us dominion of the sea.  
So when we sing " Britannia rules the waves,"  
Let's see our word in that we always keep ;  
'Tis certain " Britons never will be slaves,"  
While British tars are sailing on the deep.  
Ah ! Jack, etc.

## " SCOTS, WHA HAE."

Bruce's address to his army.

(Old Scotch.)

- 1 Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;  
See the front o' battle lour ;  
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,  
Chains and slavery !



2 Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
 Let him turn and flee !  
 Wha for Scotland's King and law,  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw ;  
 Freeman stand or Freeman fa'.  
 Let him follow me !

3 By oppression's woes and pains !  
 By your sons in servile chains !  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free !  
 Lay the proud usurpers low !  
 Tyrants fall in every foe !  
 Liberty's in every blow !  
 Let us do, or die !

### WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOON.

(Old Scotch.)

*Words by D'Urvey.*

- 1 'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh toon, in the rosy time of the year,  
 Sweet flowers bloom'd and the grass was down and each shepherd woo'd his dear ;  
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay, kiss'd young Jenny, making hay,  
 The lassie blush'd, and frowning cried :  
 " Na, na, it winna do ; I canna, canna, winna, winna, munna buckle to."
- 2 Jockie was a wag that never wood wed, tho' lang he followed the lass ;  
 Contented she earned and ate her brown bread, and merrily turned up the grass.  
 Bonnie Jockie blythe and free won her heart right merrily,  
 Yet still she blushed, and frowning cried :  
 " Na, na, it winna do ; I canna, canna, winna, winna, munna buckle to."
- 3 But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride, tho' his flocks and herds were not few,  
 She gie'd him her hand and a kiss beside, and vow'd she'd for ever be true.  
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free, won her heart right merrily ;  
 At kirk she no more frowning cried :  
 " Na, na, it winna do ; I canna, canna, winna, winna, munna buckle to."

### THE MINSTREL BOY.

*Words by Thomas Moore.*

The Minstrel Boy to the war has gone,  
 In the ranks of death you'll find him ;  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp slung behind him ;  
 " Land of Song," said the warrior bard,  
 " Though all the world betray thee,  
 Our sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
 Our faithful harp shall praise thee."

The Minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its chords asunder,  
 And said " No chain shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and bravery ;  
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
 They shall never sound in slavery."

### THE CRUISKEEN LAWN.

(The Little Jug.)

(Old Irish.)

- 1 Let the farmer praise his grounds,  
 Let the huntsman raise his hounds,  
 And the shepherd his sweet scented lawn ;  
 But I, more blest than they,  
 Spend each happy night and day,  
 With my charming little cruiskeen lawn,  
 Oh ! my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.

CHORUS.

Gra ma-chree ma cruiskeen,  
 Slain-tegeal mavourneen,  
 Gra-ma-chree a cool in bawn,  
 Oh ! Gra-ma-chree a cool in bawn.

- 2 Immortal and divine,  
 Great Bacchus, god of wine,  
 Create me by adoption your son.  
 In hope that you'll comply,  
 That my glass ne'er shall run dry,  
 Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn,  
 Oh ! my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.  
 Gra-ma-chree, etc.

3 And when grim death appears,  
 In a few but pleasant years,  
 To tell me that my glass has run ;  
 I'll say " Begone, you knave,  
 For Great Bacchus gave me leave  
 To take an ther cruiskeen lawn,"  
 Oh ! my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.  
 Gra-ma-chree, etc.

### MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Words by *W. Duthie.*

(*Old Welsh.*)

- 1 Men of Harlech in the hollow, do you hear like rushing billow,  
 Wave on wave that surging follow, battle's distant sound ?  
 'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen, Saxon spearman, Saxon bowmen,  
 Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen, they shall bite the ground ;  
 Loose the folds asunder, flag we conquer under !  
 The placid sky, now bright on high, shall launch its bolts in thunder.  
 Onward ! 'tis our country needs us, he is bravest, he who leads us !  
 Honour's self now proudly heads us ; Cambria, God and Right.
- 2 Rocky steeps and passes narrow flash with spear and flight of arrow,  
 Who would think of death or sorrow ? Death is glory now !  
 Hurl the reeling horseman over ; let the earth dead foemen cover !  
 Fate of friend, of wife, of lover, trembles on a blow !  
 Strands of life are riven, blow for blow is given,  
 In deadly lock, or battle shock, and mercy shrieks to heaven !  
 Men of Harlech, young or hoary, would you win a name in story ?  
 Strike for home, for life, for glory ! Cambria, God and Right !

### THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

Arranged by *Theo. Martens.*

Music by *Alexander Muir.*

On merry England's far-famed land may kind heaven sweetly smile ;  
 God bless Old Scotland evermore, and Ireland's Emerald Isle,  
 They swell the song, both loud and long, till rocks and forests quiver,  
 God save our Queen and Heaven bless, The Maple Leaf Forever.

CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear. The Maple Leaf Forever !  
 God Save our Queen, and heaven bless, The Maple Leaf Forever.

---

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# CHORUS.

## SOPRANOS.

Mrs. Ball	Miss A. Cox	Miss O. Kidd	Miss Reid
" Corsan	" Cuddahee	" Lee	" L. Sprinks
" G. M. Hillman	" N. Currie	" F. Lasher	" M. Sprinks
" Hambleton	" Chapman	" H. F. Marsh	" A. Sampson
" Hayden	" Chard	" Milne	" F. Sparling
" F. Lea	" Downey	" G. Murphy	" G. Smith
" McGum	" E. Elder	" B. Mitchell	" Scott
" H. Parker	" Ewing	" Meyers	" F. Smith
" Pearce	" Fooks	" H. Moyer	" Saunders
" Parmley	" Falken	" McKinnon	" Swain
" W. Roberts	" Fisher	" McCall	" Tandy
" B. Reith	" Fraser	" McGauley	" Thompson
" Robertson	" M. G. Gall	" McKendrick	" Tarling
" Shipman	" S. Hamilton	" A. McWhinney	" Wright
" C. Sissons	" Hackett	" G. Parker	" A. Watson
" Webb	" Hughes	" E. Powell	" M. Watson
Miss Ashdown	" I. F. Henderson	" Patterson	" A. West
" M. B. Bruce	" Hills	" Plumtree	" E. West
" Brown	" Hirschfelder	" Robins	
" B. Black	" L. Hawken	" Robertson	

## ALTOS.

Mrs. Lemmon	Miss Blakely	Miss Griffiths	Miss McLeod
" Luff	" M. Bruce	" L. C. Gordon	" McCullough
" Landon	" Black	" Gall	" M. R. Markham
" Milne	" Cameron	" Hind	" V. Patterson
" McCutcheon	" Chance	" L. Hackett	" L. Richardson
" Patton	" Cox	" N. Hopkins	" Reiley
" Plant	" W. Cuthbertson	" N. B. Henderson	" M. R. Roundtree
" Shirley	" M. Cheadle	" K. Halliday	" M. Russell
" Sparks	" Dilworth	" E. Love	" Shaw
" Walkinshaw	" E. Edgar	" Lea	
" Wilson	" F. Fisher	" McAndrew	

## TENORS.

Mr. C. W. Aldred	Mr. R. Clarke	Mr. W. J. McBratney	Mr. W. E. Smiley
" Banting	" E. C. Pavenport	" W. E. McLean	" C. Tarling
" G. F. Beales	" T. D. Dockrey	" J. H. Pearce	" G. T. Veale
" C. W. Barton	" A. Forrester	" W. Roberts	" E. W. Wood
" I. Bennett	" C. J. Innocent	" E. J. Shirley	" W. Walsmsley
" J. E. Birchall	" E. P. Lea	" Thos. Shortiss	" H. West
" T. Carrie	" Luff	" N. H. Smith	" C. Williams

## BASS.

Mr. J. A. Alexander	Mr. W. E. Dunn	Mr. D. S. Landon	Mr. C. E. Smith
" L. R. Bridgman	" C. L. Dunn	" — Lea	" H. H. Saunders
" G. F. Bromley	" J. Fletcher	" J. R. Lee	" W. Smith
" J. H. Birchall	" J. R. K. Graham	" W. L. E. Marsh	" W. Sparks
" S. C. Brassier	" F. A. Gordon	" H. A. Murphy	" S. T. Tucker
" W. H. Ball	" S. E. Hoidge	" P. H. Patriarche	" E. Youmans
" Coombs	" Wm. Hood	" J. Patterson	" G. E. Williams
" C. Cohen	" C. L. Hutcheson	" A. Reid	" J. H. Wilson
" P. Cook	" J. T. Jones	" C. Sissons	

## PHILHARMONIC CHORUS COMMITTEE.

Mr. J. T. Jones, Chairman.

Mr. W. L. E. Marsh, Secretary.

Mrs. Parker  
" Reburn  
Miss Bruce  
" Chance  
" Cox  
" Hackett  
" Lee

Miss Reynolds  
Mr. Banting  
" A. Blakely  
" J. Blakely  
" L. R. Bridgeman  
" E. C. Davenport  
" F. Hayden

Mr. J. R. Lee  
" Walter H. Robinson  
" J. W. Sherlock  
" C. E. Smith  
" Walter Sparks  
" Rechab Tandy

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John Bayley  
H. C. Bayley  
C. Wagner  
P. Bailey  
M. Glionna  
J. Glionna

#### 2ND VIOLINS.

F. Napolitano  
A. McKeown  
F. Cornish  
W. B. Caldwell  
G. C. Winlow

#### VIOLAS.

E. Corlett  
F. Richards

#### CELLOS.

G. Dinelli  
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#### BASSES.

H. Pember  
H. Byron  
J. Dillon

#### FLUTES.

Dr. Saunders  
O. E. Foote

#### OBOES.

J. Allen  
J. Doonan

#### CLARINETS.

A. Coates  
H. Van Valkenburg

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#### TROMBONES.

A. Wakelin  
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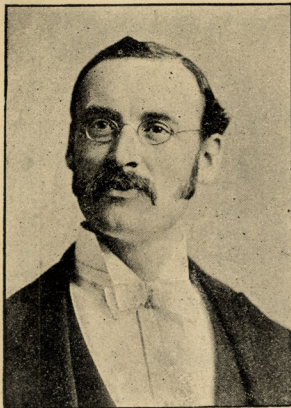
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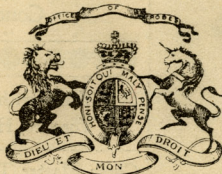
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Mr. & R Renfrew (trading as Renfrew  
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in ordinary to Her Majesty

To hold the said Place so long  
as shall seem fit to The Mistress of the Robes  
for the time being

This Warrant is strictly  
personal and will become void on the Death,  
Retirement or Bankruptcy of any person  
hereby appointed

Given under my Hand this  
Twenty ninth day of December 1886 in the  
50<sup>th</sup> Year of Her Majesty's Reign

L. J. Dunsbach,  
Mistress of the Robes.

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