

## THE PALACE JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1892.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General  
Gossip.

## COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, June 3rd.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission 1d.

SATURDAY, 4th.—In the Queen's Hall, at 3 p.m., Children's Entertainment. Admission 1d. At 8 p.m., Concert by a Military Band. Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

SUNDAY, 5th.—Sacred Concert at 4 p.m., and Organ Recital at 8 p.m. Admission free.

MONDAY, 6th.—In the Queen's Hall, at 3 p.m., Entertainment by the Polytechnic Ladies' Band. Admission 1d. Reserved Seats, 3d. At 8 p.m., Concert by the Æolian Vocal Union. Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m. Library closed.

TUESDAY, 7th.—Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m. At 3 p.m., Professor H. G. Clarence's Excelsior Entertainment. Admission 1d. At 8 p.m., Entertainment by Willett's Imperial Minstrel Troupe. Admission 3d.

WEDNESDAY, 8th.—In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Costume Recital of "Maritana." Admission 3d. Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 9th.—Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m. Admission 1d. At 8 p.m., Tyrolese Entertainment by the Meier Family. Admission 3d.

THE library will be open each day during the week (except Whit-Monday, when it will be closed all day) from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. On Sunday from 3 p.m. to 10 p.m. Admission free.

THE attendances on Sunday last at the sacred concert, organ recital, and library, were respectively 1,846, 967, and 664. Total, 3,477.

GORLESTON HOLIDAY HOME.—Owing to the great success of last year's holiday, arrangements have been made to re-open the house then occupied, under the same management. Intending trippers should book dates as early as possible. To suit the members' convenience, weekly or monthly payments will be taken in the office.

THE evening classes will resume work on Monday, the 13th.

APPLICATIONS are coming in very freely for the 100 Day School Scholarships, valued at £10 each, which, by the generous help of the Drapers' Company, the governors are able to offer. The following particulars may be of some use to our readers:—

These scholarships will be tenable at the People's Palace Day Technical

School, and will be payable in three annual instalments, viz. :—

1st Year, £3.  
2nd Year, £3.  
3rd Year, £4.

The payment of such instalments will be conditional on the governors receiving a satisfactory report on the conduct and progress of the holders from the head master.

The Scholarships will be open for competition by boys, who, on the 1st day of September next, are not less than 12 years of age, and have passed the fifth standard of the Educational Code.

The subjects of the competitive examination will be:—English Grammar, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Free-hand Drawing, and Geometrical Drawing.

Successful candidates must attend the People's Palace Day Technical School for at least one complete session (September to the following July), and if their Scholarships are renewed for a second or third session, they must not leave before the end of that session.

As stated above, the value of each Scholarship is £10; £2 of this amount will go to pay the holder's school fee for each session, and the balance will be paid to the scholar.

The Governors reserve the right to withdraw, at any time, the Scholarship held by any boy whose conduct is unsatisfactory, or who fails to make sufficient progress with his studies.

\* The School Fee of £2 per annum includes Tuition, Drawing Paper, Exercise Books, Note Books, and the use of all Text Books, Drawing Boards, Tee-Squares, Workshop Tools, Chemical and Physical Apparatus, and Chemicals required.

Every Boy must be provided on entering the School, by his friends, with Drawing Instruments, Gymnasium Shoes, the School Cap, and other articles, the cost of which is about Twelve Shillings.

Forms of Applications may be obtained from the Clerk to the Governors, People's Palace, Mile End-road, E. The last day for receiving applications from intending candidates is Saturday, June 18th next.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On June 4th, we shall ramble from Wimbledon to Richmond. Train leaves Cannon-street at 3.15 for Waterloo, and thence to Wimbledon by S.E.R. This is an exceedingly pretty ramble, and if the weather is at all favourable, will certainly be very enjoyable. The panoramic view from the terrace of the Star and Garter, at Richmond, is alone worth a special journey. On Saturday, June 11th, we shall journey to Woodford, meet at Coborn-road, G.E.R., and take 3.40 train to Snaresbrook; tea at Mrs. Guy's. On Saturday, 18th, our goal will be Croydon, near Croydon. Train leaves London Bridge, L.B. & S.C.R., at 4 o'clock. Book for South Croydon.

A. MCKENZIE.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB. President: N. L. COHEN, ESQ.—The match at Walthamstow on Saturday last was decided in favour of our opponents, who, after getting us out for 21 runs, put to-

gether a total of 76. McCardle bowled well for the Palace. Match to-morrow at Richmond, *versus* Richmond Town and Green. Team: Messrs. A. Bowman (captain), C. A. Bowman, G. Adkins, W. Evison, J. Williams, J. Williamson, McCardle, J. McDougall, W. H. Cohen, H. R. Jones, F. A. Hunter. Umpire, J. Pugh. Train leaves Broad-street (N.L.R.) at 2.5 p.m.

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' ROWING CLUB.—On Tuesday, May 24th, a meeting was held for the purpose of forming the rules and electing the officers. The subscription was fixed at one shilling. The officers elected were: C. Atkinson, captain; J. E. Bishop, vice-captain; and W. H. White, hon. sec. and treasurer. Last Saturday afternoon a number of Old Boys journeyed to Putney by the 3.10 train from St. Mary's. It was a lovely afternoon, but a strong wind was blowing, and consequently the river was very rough. We put two crews on the river, and practised for about two hours. During that time we suffered not a little inconvenience from the water we shipped. We had scarcely landed when, to our disgust and chagrin, the wind dropped, and the bosom of Old Father Thames assumed a more peaceful form. After having disposed of some refreshments we made tracks for the station, and arrived home with the satisfaction of knowing that we had spent a very enjoyable afternoon. Next Saturday afternoon we again meet at St. Mary's Station at three o'clock sharp, and any Old Boys wishing to take part in these very agreeable outings, should at once communicate with

W. H. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' CRICKET CLUB.—On Saturday last a match was played between the Old Boys' C.C. and the Tredegar C.C., at Victoria Park, and after a very pleasant game, victory rested with the former club by 1 wicket and 28 runs. The best performance was the batting of Bissett in the second innings of the Old Boys. He went in first, and was not out when time was called, having then scored 45 runs, which included one 5 and four 4's. It was a good display of the forcing game, combined with good defensive play. The last wicket gave the most amount of trouble, Baines being content with keeping up his end, while Bissett scored fast. The best performance of our opponents was the bowling of Ramsden in the second innings of the Old Boys. Full scores:—

Tredegar, C.C.—1st Innings:—Merryfield, b Bissett, 2; Stuart, c and b Bissett, 3; Ward, b Bissett, 1; Ramsden, c and b Bissett, 7; Sawden, run out, 2; Edmunds, c Bissett, b Ames, 9; A. Judd, b Bissett, 0; Lough, c Langdon, b Ames, 10; W. Judd, not out, 2; Harvey, b Bissett, 2; Norford, b Ames, 0; extras, 6. Total, 44. 2nd Innings:—Merryfield, c Clements, b Bissett, 5; Stuart, c Oughton, b Ames, 1; Ward, c Myers, b Bissett, 4; Ramsden, c and b Ames, 0; Sawden, c Clements, b Ames, 0; Edmunds, b Ames, 5; A. Judd, c Clements, b Ames, 12; Lough, c Baines, b Ames, 8; W. Judd, c Ames, b Bissett, 0; Harvey, c Oughton, b Ames, 1; Norford, not out, 1; extras, 7. Total, 44.

Old Boys' C.C.—1st Innings:—Myers' b Judd, 1; Clements, b Ramsden, 4; Bissett, b Judd, 5; Langdon, b Ramsden, 0; Oughton, b Ramsden, 0; Ames, c Edmunds, b Judd, 3; Loyne, b Ramsden, 3; Coran, b Judd, 1; Christian, not out, 1; Burton, st Merryfield, b Ramsden, 1; Baines, b Judd, 2; extras, 12. Total, 33. 2nd Innings:—Myers, b Ramsden, 0; Clements, b Ramsden, 2; Bissett, not out, 45; Langdon, b Ramsden, 0; Oughton, b Ramsden, 0; Ames, b Ramsden, 4; Loyne, c and b Ramsden, 10; Coran, run out, 0; Christian, b Ramsden, 0; Burton, b Ramsden, 4; Baines, not out, 8; extras, 10. Total, for 9 wickets, 83.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A. Practices are held on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 8 o'clock, and we hope members will try to attend as punctually as possible, so that the practices may begin at 8 o'clock, not at 8.10, or 8.15. We are now practising Gounod's "Faust," which we will give in the Queen's Hall, on June 25th. We are about to study Handel's "Israel in Egypt." The Social will, most probably, be held on Saturday, June 18th. The annual competition will be held on June 28th, and July 1st, and the annual excursion will take place early in July. We were pleased to see such a good muster of the choir, on Sunday, May 29th, when we gave the "Stabat Mater." J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

Society of Arts.

RESULTS OF EXAMINATION.

BOOK-KEEPING.

1st Class Certificates.

Brown, Charles James  
Chapple, Ernest R.  
Curtis, Charles W.  
Dent, Frederick H.  
Felgate John  
New, Frederick  
Tanner, Catherine  
Wood, Joseph H.  
Young, Alfred W.

2nd Class Certificates.

Ambrose, Effie  
Attwell, Annie F.  
Auerbach, Albert  
Carr, Alice B.  
Cossor, Florence K.  
Davis, Harry T.  
Dowsett, Charlotte E.  
Elvin, Herbert H.  
Fettes, David  
Fullforde, Emily  
Green, Florence A.  
Hitchcock, John R.  
Holley, Elizabeth M.  
Johnson, William  
Langan, John  
Lindsay, Henry  
Marshman, Wm. J.  
Mazengarb, G. A.  
Metson, Lydia  
Newport, Arthur  
Parsons, Henry J.  
Petterson, Augusta C. H.  
Pleasants, Arthur G.  
O'Dwyer, Patrick  
Sessel, Lewis E.  
Starkey, Rosina E. M.  
Sutton, Alfred H.  
Tofts, Jane H.

Wallace, Robert J.  
Weeden, James W.  
Wignall, E. J.

3rd Class Certificates.

Allen, Charles E.  
Axford, Walter  
Bartlett, Henry T.  
Bonson, Joseph  
Bradley, F. G.  
Campbell, T. Colin  
Copeman, Percy J.  
Dore, Ethel M.  
Downs, Oliver A.  
Giles, Annie I.  
Hughes, Catherine E.  
Lane, Cora I.  
Lines, Henry J.  
Moody, Emily  
Moyses, Laura R.  
Notman, William C.  
Phipps, Henry C.  
Poulter, Thomas F.  
Purton, Henry  
Ridge, John  
Rolfe, Emily  
Saville, Benjamin R.  
Underwood, Winifred  
Walker, Edward H.  
Whitehead, Charles J.  
Willis, Charles R.

66 Candidates—9 1st Class; 31 2nd Class; 26 3rd Class. No failures.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

2nd Class Certificates.

Kingsbury, Elizabeth  
Richardson, Georgina  
Barlow, Mary A.  
Heather, Emily M. E.  
Whitehead, Dinah J.

8 Candidates—Two 2nd Class; Three 3rd Class; Three failures.

FRENCH.

1st Class Certificates.

Chilcott, Alice  
Dean, Mrs. H.  
Thomas, Sarah

2nd Class Certificate.

Bew, John, S.

3rd Class Certificate.

Sarfus, Frederick

5 Candidates—Three 1st Class; One 2nd Class; One 3rd Class; No failures.

GERMAN.

1st Class Certificate.

Dew, John

1 Candidate. No failures.

The following analysis of the Society of Arts Examination may interest our readers:—

People's Palace.—Papers worked, 81; 1st class, 13; 2nd class, 34; 3rd class, 31; failures, 3; prizes, 0.

City of London College.—Papers worked, 94; 1st class, 14; 2nd class, 38; 3rd class, 35; failures, 7; prizes, 3.

Birkbeck.—Papers worked, 104; 1st class, 10; 2nd class, 35; 3rd class, 41; failures, 18; prizes, 4.

Polytechnic.—Papers worked, 140; 1st class, 13; 2nd class, 31; 3rd class, 55; failures, 41; prizes, 0.

It will be seen from the above table that the People's Palace head the list of kindred Institutes. Not a single failure occurring among the Palace Students. The three failures being outsiders who sat for Domestic Economy.

How to Procure Sleep.

IN these days of high pressure, when restful nights and quiet sleep are more than ever necessary, plain and straightforward advice on some means of procuring them is truly welcome.

Dr. Charles E. FitzGerald, in his "Lectures on Physiology, Hygiene," etc., writes that "sleep which is aptly described as 'tired nature's sweet restorer,' is specially necessary for invalids and all who are delicate; in the case of an invalid there are often arrears to be made up, in consequence of many, perhaps even a succession of bad nights.

"The nurse should observe whether the patient's sleep is quiet or restless, or if he is disturbed with tossings as though from uneasy dreams. Sleep, to be refreshing, ought to be dreamless.

"During sleep the reason is in abeyance, and it has been suggested that dreams are the result of the reasoning or controlling centre of the brain being asleep, while the imaginative part is awake.

"During healthy sleep, the brain is in an anæmic or comparatively bloodless condition, and sleeplessness is often caused by an undue supply of blood to the head, as when the feet are cold or the brain is excited.

"Delicate and nervous people should avoid, towards night, brain work or anything likely to increase the flow of blood to the head, such as deep or sensational reading, or any other excitement, pleasurable or the reverse, and should try to promote equable circulation.

"Sleep may often be promoted by brisk friction of the feet, or a hot-water bottle, or even by standing up, walking about the room, or even sitting upright, for in all these positions, the blood tends to gravitate away from the brain to the lower extremities.

"Those who suffer from a feeble circulation should always have a hot-water bottle to their feet at night; to the very young, the aged, and the feeble, warmth is almost as essential as food.

"The duration of the sleep should be noted accurately, for there is no point on which ideas differ more than as to what constitutes a good night; some persons considering they have had a bad night if they wake once or twice, and expecting eight or nine hours' consecutive sleep, while others are satisfied with the necessary minimum of six hours.

"A nurse who is on night duty should have a sufficient time allowed for sleep during the day, as it is otherwise impossible for her to be vigilant through the night.

"The doctor's instructions should always be sought, and strictly carried out, as to giving nourishment during the night; in cases of exhaustion it is false kindness not to wake the patient at intervals in order to administer food.

"If any noise has to be endured at night, such as ticking of a clock or hammering, sleep, which otherwise seems hopeless, may sometimes be induced by counting the sounds.

"Opiates or sedatives should never be taken except under medical advice, for, though invaluable in some forms of illness, their use is too often grievously abused, and the practice of habitually resorting to narcotics cannot be too strongly deprecated."

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(33rd Concert, 5th Series),

ON SATURDAY, THE 4TH OF JUNE, 1892,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace ... ..

... .. MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

A MILITARY BAND—CONDUCTOR, MR. A. ROBINSON (late Bandmaster, Prince of Wales's 3rd Dragoons).

VOCALISTS—

MADAME BELLA MONTI.

MR. LEOPOLD VAN ZANDT.

Accompanist—MISS FLORENCE PHILLIPS.

PART I.

1. MARCH "Distant Greeting" Doring

2. OVERTURE "Tancredi" Rossini

3. SONG "The Last Watch" Pinsuti

MR. LEOPOLD VAN ZANDT.

Watch with me, love, to-night!  
Watch with me, love, to-night!  
This is the last, last time we meet  
For I must leave thee, O my sweet.  
Our fate is fixed, our dream is o'er,  
Our ways lie parted evermore!  
The fault was mine, be mine the pain  
To never see thy face again;  
To watch by wood, and wold, and shore,  
We two together, nevermore,  
Never, never, nevermore.  
Dear love, those days were bright,  
But we have lost their light;  
But, O beloved, watch with me,  
Watch with me here to-night.  
But, O beloved, watch with me,  
Watch with me here to-night!  
With me, to-night!

Watch with me, love, to-night!  
Watch with me, love, 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, O beloved, watch with me,  
Watch with me here to-night!  
But, O beloved, watch with me,  
Watch with me here to-night!  
O my beloved!

4. VALSE "Soldaten Lied" Gungl

5. SONG "Folle Ivresse" Kowalsky

MADAME BELLA MONTI.

6. SONG "The Bay of Biscay" J. Davy

MR. LEOPOLD VAN ZANDT.

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,  
The rain a deluge show'rs,  
The clouds were rent asunder,  
By lightning's vivid pow'rs.  
The night was drear and dark,  
Our poor devoted bark,  
Till next day, there she lay,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Now dashed upon the billow,  
Her op'ning timbers creak,  
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,  
None stop the dreadful leak.  
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,  
Each breathless seaman crowds,  
As she lay, till nex' day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

At length the wish'd for morrow,  
Broke through the hazy sky,  
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,  
Each heaved a bitter sigh.  
The dismal wreck to view,  
Struck horror to the crew,  
As she lay, all that day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Her yielding timbers sever,  
Her pitchy seams are rent,  
When Heav'n all bounteous ever,  
Its boundless mercy sent.  
A sail in sight appears,  
We hail her with three cheers!  
Now we sail, with the gale,  
From the Bay of Biscay, O.

7. FANTASIA ... .. Godfrey

"Reminiscences of Scotland"

A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART II.

8. LANCERS "Talk o' the Night" Williams

9. SONG ... .. Henry Klein

"Love's Rebuke"

MADAME BELLA MONTI.

Ye hapless ones who say, "Love's but a dream,"  
Bide with me here, and let me bid you pause: and, pausing, think.  
Have ye ne'er felt your quicken'd pulses beat  
And wildly throb, while list'ning to a step?  
Have ye ne'er watched, as song-birds watch the dawn,  
For one bright glance that bathed your soul in light?  
Have ye ne'er kept in memory's golden keep  
A word, a look, a breath, a passing sigh?  
Have ye ne'er felt the heavy hand of grief  
Loosen its grasp at sympathy's command;  
And cold and darkness change to warmth and light,  
While one you loved stood, loving, by your side?  
These are no dreams, ye scoffing loveless ones;  
Or if they be, then pray that ye may dream!  
Laugh not at love, that one bright ray of light  
From Heaven to Earth.

Haste with me now, and search the living world  
For those who love, and watch them as they pass  
Through sunlit glades, or crowded busy street.  
'Tis all alike, the picture knows no change:

Linked hand in hand, two happy ones go by,  
Building their lives, and smiling as they plan.  
Bound heart to heart, and clinging each to each,  
She to the strong, he to the trusting weak.  
Ah! could one glance from out their beaming eyes  
But meet your own! perchance 'twould make you pause,  
And, looking back, with yearning in your heart,  
Long for that bliss you deemed an idle dream!  
Laugh not at love, it yet your path may light  
*From Earth to Heaven.*

10. SONG ... .. *A. Mascheroni*  
"Thou Art my Life"  
MR. LEOPOLD VAN ZANDT.

When thou art near me, earth is bright and shining,  
When thou art gone, none can fill thy dear place,  
The hours are sad, with regret and re-pining,  
Until again I see thy well-loved face,  
Until again I see thy well-loved face.

I dare not dream what it would be to doubt thee,  
How dark would grow the world so bright before,  
I only know I cannot live without thee!  
I only know I cannot live without thee!  
I can but love thee now and ever more!  
I can but love thee now and ever more!

When we are meeting, I once more am living,  
And when we part, all my heart goes with thee;  
So deep the joy that thy presence is giving,  
Thou art the life, the very soul of me!  
Thou art the life, the very soul of me!  
Earth seems like Heav'n to me, since I have not thee,  
Sun may forget the day and seas the shore,  
But while I live I never can forget thee!  
But while I live I never can forget thee!  
I can but love thee now and ever more!  
I can but love thee now and ever more!

11. SELECTION "Bohemian Girl" *Balfe*

12. SONG ... .. *Frederic Clay*  
"She wandered down the mountain side"

MADAME BELLA MONTI.

She wandered down the mountain side,  
With measured tread, and slow—  
She heard the bells at eventide,  
Down in the vale below.  
A bird was singing its Psalm of rest,  
But she heeded not its song,  
For other thoughts fill'd full her heart  
And she sang as she went along.

I shall meet him where we always meet,  
He is waiting, waiting for me;  
My heart is full—I hear it beat—  
I am coming, my love, to thee.

Poor child! he's gone to his last rest,  
Alas! he perish'd in a foreign land;  
He nobly died with face to foe,  
Slain by a ruthless hand.  
Ah me! she knows not what they mean,  
For she heeds not what they say;  
And still at eventide again she's seen,  
And she sings as she wends her way.

I shall meet him where we always meet,  
He is waiting, waiting for me;  
My heart is full—I hear it beat—  
I am coming, my love, to thee.

13. MARCH "Brabant" *Steenbrügen*

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Doors Open at 7 p.m.

ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

The doors will be closed during the performance of each number on the Programme.

## WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS, 1892.

WHIT TUESDAY AFTERNOON, AT 3 O'CLOCK.

Programme of Entertainment by PROF. CLARENCE, the Royal Illusionist and Court Prestidigitateur,

OF

# "MYSTERIES, MARVELS, & MIMICRY,"

COMPRISING

CONJURING EXTRAORDINARY AND MYSTERIOUS ILLUSIONS

Upon a Novel and Grand Scale, introducing also a Most Laughable and Comical Combination called  
"TWINS,"

To be followed by a Clever Performance with some Educated

BANTAM FOWLS,

The whole concluding with

AN AMUSING NEGRO STUMP SPEECH ORATION.

Doors Open at 2 p.m.

ADMISSION—ONE PENNY

## PROGRAMME OF SACRED CONCERT & ORGAN RECITAL

TO BE GIVEN ON

# SUNDAY, the 5th of JUNE, 1892.

Organist ... .. *Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. (Organist to the People's Palace).*

At 4 p.m.

VOCALIST—MR. HUGO HEROLD.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SUNDAY AFTERNOON  
CHOIR.

1. CONCERTO IN D MINOR, No. 10 ... .. *Handel*  
(a. Adagio; b. Allegro; c. Aria; d. Allegro, quasi presto)

2. HYMN ... "Onward, Christian Soldiers" ...

*f* Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before.  
Christ the Royal Master  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go!  
*ff* Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

*f* At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory.  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.  
*ff* Onward, etc.

*f* Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
*mf* Brothers, we are treading  
Where the Saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
*cr* One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
*ff* Onward, etc.

*p* Crowns and thrones may perish  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
*cr* But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
*f* Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
*ff* Onward, etc.

There are still a few vacancies in the Sunday Afternoon Choir for Contraltos and Basses.

The Audience is cordially invited to stand and join in singing the Hymn.

ADMISSION FREE.

*f* Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song;  
Glory, laud, and honour  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and Angels sing.  
*ff* Onward, etc.

3. PASTORALE ... .. *Guilmant*  
(Originally written as duet for piano and harmonium)

4. VOCAL SOLO ... .. *Gounod*  
"The King of Love my Shepherd is"

5. PHANTASIE (Sonata, No. 15)... .. *Rheinberger*

6. ANTHEM "O, How Amiable" ... .. *Barnby*

O, how amiable are Thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hosts  
My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the Courts  
of the House of the Lord; my heart and my flesh rejoice  
in the Lord, rejoice in the living God.  
Blessed are they that dwell in Thy House; they will be  
always praising Thee.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy  
Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall  
be: world without end. Amen.

*Psalm lxxxiv., 1, 2, 4.*

7. {a. CANTILENE ... .. *Salomé*  
b. TOCCATA ... .. *Dubois*

8. VOCAL SOLO "It is Enough" (Elijah) *Mendelssohn*

9. POSTLUDE ... .. *Tours*

At 8 p.m.

1. MORCEAU DE CONCERT ... .. *Guilmant*  
(Prelude. Theme. Variations. Finale.)

2. CAVATINA ... .. *Raff*

3. "Zions Ways do Languish," and "Jerusalem" (Gallia)  
*Gounod*

4. FUGUE IN G MINOR (Book IV.) ... .. *Bach*

5. BARCAROLLE ... .. *Sterndale Bennett*

6. ALLEGRO MODERATO ... .. *Hopkins*

7. GRAND SOLEMN MARCH ... .. *Smart*

WHIT-WEEK HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS, 1892.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT BY THE POLYTECHNIC LADIES' BAND,

TO BE GIVEN ON MONDAY, THE 6TH OF JUNE, AT 3 O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS—

MISS MASIE RIVERSDALE. MISS ALICE A. ANDREWS. MR. J. C. McNAB.  
Solo Mandoline—MISS MILLINGTON. Solo Banjo—MISS BARRETTO ABBOTT. Solo Pianoforte—MRS. J. C. McNAB.  
Musical Sketches by MR. ROLAND HENRY. Director—MR. J. C. McNAB.

PART I.

1. PIANOFORTE DUET ... *Caldicott*  
"The Sleigh Race"  
MISS BARRETTO ABBOTT AND  
MRS. J. C. McNAB.

2. BELLS "The Village Chimes" *McNab*  
(Change-ringing, etc.)  
THE POLYTECHNIC LADIES'  
BAND.

3. SONG ... "The Toilers" *Piccolomini*.  
MISS ALICE A. ANDREWS.

Foot-sore and worn, all spent with heavy  
toil,  
Two tattered lads sat resting on a step;  
Breaking a crust, one shook his curly head,  
Half grimly smiled, and then most  
quietly said:  
"How strange a thing is bread:  
If we have it not most surely we can't  
live.  
And yet, to win it, so many men must die!  
My father was a miner, down beyond,  
And it's little of him ever I have seen;  
But I mind me of a loud and thund'ring  
crash,  
And a wailing, and a rushing to the pit,  
And a line of shattered forms upon the  
ground,  
And my father lying 'midst them—cold  
and dead!  
Dead—for bread!"

O happy ones of this fair earth,  
While gathered round your glow-  
ing hearth,  
Think of the toilers' load of care,  
And pray for all, in God's own  
prayer,  
"Give us this day our daily bread!"

"A fisherman was dad," quoth the other,  
"And he loved me and mother more  
than life;  
Be the 'take' great or small, he ever  
smiled,  
And our poor, old happy home was  
ever bright.

One sailing day he said, 'I'll take the boy';  
Would I go? O I leaped again for joy.  
Poor mother shed a world of bitter tears,  
But we chaff'd her, and laugh'd away  
her fears.  
Off we sailed, with a breeze upon the beam;  
But at dead of night it blew a fearful  
gale;

Then our shiver'd mast went crashing by  
the board,  
And my father, O! God help him,  
looked at me!

Then with trembling hands, he lashed me  
to a plank,  
And he kissed me—but I never saw him  
more,  
For the cruel wave that bore me back  
to life  
Toss'd him, stiff and stark, at morn,  
upon the shore,  
Dead—for bread!"  
O happy ones, etc.

4. QUINTET "Mexican Danse" *Ellis*  
(Mandolines, Banjo, and Guitar)  
MISS MILLINGTON, SPIERS, AND  
BARRETTO ABBOTT.  
MR. AND MRS. J. C. McNAB.

5. SONG ... "Dear Heart" *Tito Mattei*  
MISS MASIE RIVERSDALE.

So long the day, so dark the way,  
Dear heart, before you came,  
It seems to me it cannot be,  
This world is still the same.  
For then I stood as in some wood,  
And vainly sought for light;  
But now day dawns on sunlit lawns,  
And life is glad and bright!  
O leave me not, O leave me not,  
Dear heart, dear heart,  
I did not dream that we should  
part;  
I love but thee, O love thou me,  
And leave me not, dear heart.

With you away, the brightest day,  
Dear heart, goes by in vain;  
I dare not dream what life would seem  
If you ne'er came again!  
Dark ways before would darken more,  
The world would change to me;  
Each sun would set in vain regret  
That morning brought not thee!  
O leave me not, etc.

6. BANJO TRIO ... *Tilley*  
"Queen of the Burlesque"  
MISS MILLINGTON, SPIERS, AND  
BARRETTO ABBOTT.

7. SONG ... *Florence Aylward*  
"My love, my crown"  
MR. J. C. McNAB.

I had a fleet of golden ships  
That brought me o'er the waves,  
Red coral, like a maiden's lips,  
And pearls from ocean caves;

They bore the hopes I lov'd so well,  
The very heart of me,  
But ah! a storm upon them fell  
And whelm'd them in the sea.

I had a garden of delight  
Far from the world away,  
Where moon and star-beams shone by  
night,  
And roses shone by day.  
The nightingales sang over-head,  
Sweeter than any lute—  
But winter struck my roses dead,  
And every song was mute.

But ah! I have a queenly love,  
I worship her alone,  
She bends to me so graciously  
And takes me for her own;  
Then let the roses wither'd be,  
And let the ships go down,  
My queen, my only wealth is she,  
Her love, my only crown.

8. ORIGINAL MUSICAL SKETCH ... *Henry*  
MR. ROLAND HENRY.

9. BELLS "Soldiers' Chorus" *Gounod*  
(Faust)  
THE POLYTECHNIC LADIES'  
BAND.

INTERVAL.

PART II.

1. QUINTET "Napoli" ... *Ellis*  
(Mandolines, Banjo, and Guitar)  
MISS MILLINGTON, SPIERS, AND  
BARRETTO ABBOTT.  
MR. AND MRS. J. C. McNAB.

2. SONG ... *Blumenthal*  
"The Old Old Story"  
MISS ALICE A. ANDREWS.

Summer moonbeams softly playing,  
Light the woods of castle keep,  
And there I see a maiden straying,  
Where the darkest shadows creep.  
She is listening, meekly, purely,  
To the wooer by her side.  
'Tis the "old old story," surely, surely,  
Running on like time and tide, like time  
and tide.

Maiden fair, oh, have a care,  
Vows are many, truth is rare.  
Maiden fair, oh, have a care,  
Vows are many, many, many, truth is  
rare, is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple,  
Lordly doublet speaks his lot;  
She is wearing hood and whimple,  
His the castle hers the cot.  
Sweeter far she deems his whisper,  
Than the night bird's dulcet trill,  
She is smiling, he beguiling,  
'Tis the "old, old story" still, the old  
story still.

Maiden fair, oh, have a care!  
Vows are many, truth is rare.  
Maiden fair, oh, have a care,  
Vows are many, many, many, truth is  
rare, is rare.

The autumn sun is quickly going,  
Behind the wood of the castle keep,  
The air is chill, the night wind blowing,  
And there I see the maiden weep.  
Her cheeks are white, her brow is aching,  
The "old, old story," sad and brief—  
Oh heart betrayed, and left nigh break-  
ing,  
In mute despair and lonely grief.

Maidens fair, oh, have a care!  
Vows are many, truth is rare.  
Maidens fair, oh, have a care,  
Vows are many, many, many, truth is  
rare, is rare.

3. SOLO MANDOLINE "Cavatina" *Monti*  
MISS MILLINGTON.

4. NEW SONG... *Frank L. Moir*  
"Go not, Sweet Day"  
MR. J. C. McNAB.

Go not, sweet day, yet longer stay,  
To give my love fair greeting;  
Pass not, O sun, till love hath won  
The hour of happy meeting.

Sleep not, shy birds, till love's low  
words  
Shall steal upon thy hearing;  
Rest not, O lea, where winds float free,  
Until my love's appearing.

Then die, day; fade, sun; sleep, birds;  
rest, O lea;  
And leave the world to my love, my love  
and me.

Rise not, white moon, so soon, so soon,  
My love as yet delayeth;  
Wake not, O star, in heav'n afar,  
The hour of meeting stayeth.

Come not, O night, with mystic light,  
And magic spell around me;  
Sing not, O sea, thy melody  
Until my love hath found me.

Then rise, moon; wake, star; come, night;  
sing, O sea;  
And charm the world for my love, my  
love and me.

5. BANJO TRIO "Cromartie" *Heath*  
MISS MILLINGTON, SPIERS, AND  
BARRETTO ABBOTT.

6. SONG "Should he Upbraid" *Bishop*  
MISS MASIE RIVERSDALE.

Should he upbraid I'll own that he  
prevail,  
And sing as sweetly as the nightingale;  
Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I  
view  
As morning roses newly tipp'd with dew,  
Say he be mute, I'll answer with a smile,  
And dance, and play,  
And wrinkled care beguile,  
Should he upbraid.

7. HUMOROUS SONG ... *Hunter*  
"The Magpie"  
MR. ROLAND HENRY.

8. BELLS ... "Irish Airs" ... *McNab*  
THE POLYTECHNIC LADIES'  
BAND.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY

MR. TOM WILLETT'S IMPERIAL MINSTRELS

ON WHIT TUESDAY, JUNE 7TH, 1892, AT 8 P.M.

END MEN—MR. TOM WILLETT, MR. FRANK BANKS, MR. MILTON BECK, MR. GEORGE CRONK,  
MR. HARRY RICKWOOD, MR. HARRY BROOKES. INTERLOCUTOR—MR. DAN HARRINGTON.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

OPENING CHORUS ...	...	...	...	...	THE IMPERIAL MINSTRELS
COMIC SONG ...	...	...	...	"The Ball" ...	MR. HARRY RICKWOOD
BALLAD ...	...	...	...	"Dearest Image of my Heart" ...	MR. A. SCOTT
COMIC SONG ...	...	...	...	"The Four Sarahs" ...	MR. GEORGE CRONK
BALLAD ...	...	...	...	"Kathleen" ...	MASTER GEORGE WILLETT
COMIC SONG ...	...	...	...	"Hullo, Baby!" ...	MR. TOM WILLETT
BALLAD ...	...	...	...	"The Fisherman" ...	MR. JOHN RAY

First Part to conclude with the old favourite Extravaganza, "M. GUNNION'S GHOST."

PART II.

BANJO SOLO ...	...	...	...	...	MR. MILTON BECK
VOCAL DUET ...	...	...	...	"Brotherly Love" ...	MESSRS. RAY AND SCOTT
BONE SOLO ...	...	...	...	...	MR. GEORGE CRONK (CHAMPION OF THE WORLD)
PLANTATION SONG AND DANCE ...	...	...	...	...	MESSRS. WILLETT AND HARRINGTON
BALLAD ...	...	...	...	Selected ...	MASTER GEORGE WILLETT

Messrs. SMITH and MACK, the Great American Comedians and Dancers.  
Musical Mèlange, Messrs. BROOKS and BANKS.

Doors open at 7 p.m.

Admission THREEPENCE.

WHIT-WEEK HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS, 1892.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

ON WHIT MONDAY, THE 6TH OF JUNE, AT 8 O'CLOCK, BY

THE ÆOLIAN VOCAL UNION,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. HUGH DAVIES.

ARTISTES—

MISS FLORA EDWARDS. MR. ROBERT FAIRBANKS (of D'Oyley Carte's Opera Company). MR. HUGH DAVIES. MR. HENRY CRIBB. MR. CHARLES GAUGE. MR. W. A. HAMILTON. MR. HORACE WARD. MR. JOHN HADDON. MR. HOLDEN WALKER. MR. WALTER BANKS (Humorous). Solo Pianoforte and Accompanist—MDLLE. GABRIELLE BERETTA.

PART I.

1. PIANOFORTE SOLO... Sullivan "H.M.S. Pinafore" MDLLE. BERETTA.

2. CHORUS... Verdi "The Soldiers" (Il Trovatore). THE ÆOLIAN VOCAL UNION. (Conductor, MR. HUGH DAVIES).

Now with dice may fortune speed us, Other games will shortly need us, From our swords this blood we burnish, Lo! they come for succour praying; Still they make a brave display; Let us, without more delaying, Castellor attack to-day, no more delay.

SOLO.—Recit. MR. JOHN HADDON.

Yes, brave companions, at dawn To-morrow our leader has now resolved On storming the fortress on all sides; Within its walls a booty we're sure to find, 'Tis more than hopeful, if conquered, 'tis ours then.

CHORUS. Pleasure there invites us. Now let trumpet in war tones resounding, Call to arms, with courage bold we'll march undaunted. Happy to-morrow, our proud foes confounding, On those walls shall our banner be planted. Ne'er more brilliant were prospects victorious, Than the hopes which our hearts now elate; Thence we'll gather renown bright and glorious, Pleasure, honour, and profit, there awaits us, Honour we'll gather with booty rich combined.

3. SONG... "The Sailor's Grave" Sullivan MR. HORACE WARD.

There is in the wide lone sea A spot unmark'd, but holy. For there the gallant and the free In his ocean bed lies lowly,

Down, down, within the deep, That oft to triumph called him, He sleeps a calm and pleasant sleep With the salt waves washing o'er him. He sleeps serene and safe From tempest or from billow Where the storms that high above him chafe Scarce rock his peaceful pillow. The sea and him in death They did not dare to sever, 'Tis now his home while he had breath, 'Tis now his rest for ever.

Sleep on thou mighty dead, A glorious tomb they've found thee; The broad blue sky above thee spread, The boundless waters round thee. No vulgar foot treads here, No hand profane shall move thee, But gallant ships shall proudly steer, And warriors shout above thee.

And when the last trump shall sound, And tombs are asunder riven, Like the morning sun from the wave thou'lt bound To rise and shine in heaven.

4. DUET "The Army and Navy" Cooke MESSRS. CHARLES GAZE AND JOHN HADDON.

Soldier. O give me the tented field, With martial colours flying, As long as my arm can wield The sword in my girdle lying! Sailor. Let me have the rolling tide, The chase and the raging battle, The roar of the bold broadside, And the sound of the cannon's rattle!

Soldier. Oh! a soldier's life for me! The march and the bugle sounding.

Sailor. But a sailor's bold and free As the bark o'er the ocean bounding.

Soldier. Though the same green turf we tread

Sailor. May be the soldier's pillow. Though the blue sky's overhead, And beneath the trackless billow, Still a sailor.

Soldier. And a soldier.

Both Yes a {soldier} knows no fears, When the signal calls to battle,

And the music that he hears, Is the sound of the cannon's rattle.

Soldier. We die for our native land, As our sires of old before us, In the fame of their patriot band. And the banner that waves o'er us. Sailor. And while woman's voice can cheer,

Will Britain's bold defenders Makes Britain's foes still fear The flag that ne'er surrenders.

Soldier. Oh! a soldier's life for me, And a soul with ardour burning. Sailor. Oh! a life on the rolling sea, Yet for some bright smile returning.

Soldier. 'Mid the brave I take my stand In Britain's army ever. Sailor. In the cause of our native land, Be the navy mine for ever, For a sailor.

Soldier. And a soldier. Both Yes a {soldier} knows no fears, {sailor} etc.

5. SONG "Angus Macdonald." Roekkel MISS FLORA EDWARDS.

Oh, sad were the homes on the mountain and glen, When Angus Macdonald marched off with his men, Oh, sad was my heart, when we sobb'd one good-bye, And he marched to the battle, may be to die.

Oh, Angus Macdonald, the loch is so drear, And gloomy the mountains, for thou art not near;

Oh, Angus, my own, in the camps over sea, I'm waiting, and longing, and praying for thee.

"Oh, Father of Mercies, humbly I pray, Thou see'st the fight, and the camp far away;

Oh, watch o'er my Angus, and bring him to me, For Thou can'st defend him where'er he may be."

"Oh, hark! there's a stir in the trees in the glen, There's the call of the pibrochs; the marching of men,

The echoes are waking o'er forest and sea, 'Tis Angus my own coming home from the war,"

6. PART SONG... "Hark the Merry Drum." Krugh.

Hark, the merry drum is sounding Loud reveillé to the day. Forward march.

Hark the merry drum is sounding Loud reveillé to the day, See the charger proudly bounding, Eager for the coming fray. Forward march. Tra la la.

March my comrades on to glory, Fearless over sea or land, Long shall live renown'd in story, They who die for Fatherland, March away, Forward march. Tra la la.

Fares thee well my joy and pleasure Do not weep though now we part, Honour is the dearest treasure To a faithful soldier's heart, Welcome then the call of duty, Welcome din and storm of war, Cheered by thoughts of home and beauty Love shall be our guiding star. Fare thee well, Forward march.

7. SONG... "True as the Compass" Godfrey Marks MR. HOLDEN WALKER.

The topsails all are set, my boys, The anchor's weighed at last, With waving hands our dear ones stand To watch our ship go past, But many a stormy wind will blow, And many a breaker roar, Before we reach the hearts we love, And touch Old England's shore.

Sailing away, sailing afar, Darling, my heart is true, True as the compass to the star, True to Old England and you.

The flag's apeak, the anchor swung, Across the bar we steer, With many a jolly chorus sung And many a rousing cheer. Farewell, sweetheart, farewell, dear wife, Our fate lies on the sea, But He who keeps the sailor's life, His dear ones' guard will be. Sailing away, etc.

Away, away, the wind is fair, The shore looms dim and gray, But the hearts of all the dear ones there Shall never fade away. They smile upon us lovingly When we are far apart, But love shall cross the wildest sea, And hold us heart to heart. Sailing away, etc.

F. E. Weatherley.

8. SONG... "The Soldier's Tear"... Lee MR. HENRY CRIBB.

Upon the hill he turn'd To take a last fond look Of the valley and the village church, And the cottage by the brook.

He listened to the sound So familiar to his ear, And the soldier leant upon his sword, And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch A girl was on her knees, She held aloft a snowy scarf Which fluttered in the breeze. She breathed a prayer for him, A prayer he could not hear, But he paused to bless her as she knelt, And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot, Oh! do not deem him weak, For dauntless was the soldier's heart, Tho' tears were on his cheeks. Go watch the foremost ranks In danger's dark career, Be sure the hand most daring there Has wiped away a tear.

9. SONG... "The Diver"... E. J. Loder MR. ROBERT FAIRBANKS.

In the caverns deep of the ocean cold, The diver is seeking a treasure of gold; Risking his life for the spoil of a wreck, Taking rich gems from the dead on her deck; And fearful such sights to the diver must be— Walking alone in the depths of the sea!

He is now on the surface—he's gasping for breath— So pale, that he wants but the stillness of death To look like the forms he has left in the caves— Silent and cold 'neath the trembling waves; How fearful such sights to the diver must be— Walking alone in the depths of the sea.

And Mammon's the master, and man is the slave, Toiling for wealth on the brink of the grave, Leaving a world of sunlight and sound For night-like gloom and silence profound; And fearful the death of the diver must be— Sleeping alone in the depths of the sea— Douglas Manson.

10. PART SONG... "Tar's Song"... Hatton

Our ship now goes with a pleasant gale, Give it to her, boys, now give it her, For she's the craft to carry sail, Give it to her, boys, now give it her.

See, the wind is in our quarter, Make all taut and snug, boys, Swiftly she'll go through the water, Then we'll serve the grog, boys.

Hark! the breeze, the breeze begins to blow, So clear your pipes, and join in our heave ho! Our ship now goes with a pleasant gale, Cheerily, my men, heave ho!

Through the night how fast she's sped now, Keep her course nor'west, boys, Merry England's right ahead now, Soon we'll make the land, boys.

11. HUMOROUS SKETCH... MR. WALTER BANKS.

INTERVAL OF 10 MINUTES.

PART II.

12. GLEE "I Wish to Tune" Walmisley I wish to tune my quiv'ring lyre To deeds of fame and notes of fire, To echo from its rising swell, How heroes fought and nations fell.

The dying chords are strung anew, To war, to war, my harp is due, With glowing strings the epic strain To Jove's great son, I raise again.

All in vain, my wayward lyre Wakes silver notes of soft desire.

Adieu, ye chiefs renowned in arms, Adieu, the clang of wars alarm, To other deeds my soul is strung, And sweeter notes shall now be sung.

My harp shall all its powers reveal, To tell the tale my heart must feel, Love alone my lyre shall claim, In songs of bliss and sighs of fame.

13. DUET... "The Sailor Sighs" Balfe MISS FLORA EDWARDS AND MR. HORACE WARD.

The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore, As all its less'ning turrets blueely fade, He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more, And busy fancy fondly lends her aid. Ah! now each dear domestic scene he knew, Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime, Charms with the magic of a moonlight view, Its colours mellow'd not impair'd by time.

True as the needle homeward points his heart, Through all the horrors of the stormy main, This the last wish that would with life depart, To see the smile of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line, Or eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave, When sea and sky in midnight darkness join, Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit lightly hov'ring o'er, Attends his little bark from pole to pole, And when the beating billows round him roar, Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove In many a plantain forest waving wide, Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove, And giant palms o'erarch the golden tide.

But lo! at last he comes with crowded sail.

Lo! o'er the cliff what eager figures bend And hark! what mingled murmurs swell the gale, In each he hears the welcome of a friend

'Tis she, 'tis she herself—she waves her hands,  
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd,  
Soon through the whit'ning surge he springs to land,  
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

14. SONG ... .. *Braham*  
"The Anchor's Weighed"  
MR. W. A. HAMILTON.

The tear fell gently from her eye,  
When last we parted on the shore,  
My bosom heav'd with many a sigh  
To think I ne'er might see her more.  
"Dear youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste away?  
My heart will break—one little moment stay;  
Alas! I cannot, I cannot part from thee.  
The anchor's weighed,  
Farewell, remember me."

"Weep not, my love," I trembling cried,  
"Doubt not a constant heart like mine;  
I ne'er can meet another maid  
Whose charms can fix that heart like thine!"  
"Go, then," she cried, "and let thy constant mind  
Oft think of her you leave in tears behind."  
"Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be!  
The anchor's weighed,  
Farewell, remember me."

15. SONG ... .. *S. Adams*  
"The Heart of a Sailor"  
MR. JOHN HADDON.

Now, who's the man for a lass to wed,  
To be true and never leave her?  
You may trust to me, for I've sailed the sea—  
There's none like an honest sailor!  
For his thoughts are free as the wind or sea,  
And he's got such a dash of the briny,  
His heart is light and his laugh bright,  
He makes life all sunshiny.

He may sail in a smack or a man-o'-war,  
Or aboard an arctic whaler;  
But it's all the same, if Jack's his name,  
And he's got the heart of a sailor.

Then he has to be so oft at sea,  
Which saves a deal of bother,  
For husbands and wives don't always agree,  
As they should—with one another;  
And if he flirts with one or two  
In the ports of every nation,  
You can do the same without any blame,  
Which is surely a consolation.

So lasses all when he comes to you,  
And declares his adoration,  
Your love confess, and answer "Yes,"  
Without any hesitation.  
For he is the man for a lassie's hand,  
To be true and never leave her,  
And of all the husbands in the land,  
There's none like a true-born sailor.

16. PART-SONG ... .. *Sullivan*  
"The Beleaguered"

Fling wide the gate, come out dauntless and true!  
Brothers, of heart be stout, we are but few!  
Bring from the battlements our flag again—  
Though by the leaguer rent, 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 blow to make him bold?  
Who speaks in undertone of ransomed 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 will not die,  
For sure as fire will blaze, or foams the sea,  
You shall to night upraise songs of the free:  
For you each arm will dare deeds not to die.

17. SONG (Maritana) ... .. *Wallace*  
"Let Me Like a Soldier Fall"  
MR. CHARLES GAZE.

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,  
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,  
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race  
That ends its blaze in me.  
To die the last and not disgrace  
Its ancient chivalry.  
Tho' o'er my tomb no banner wave,  
Nor trumpet requiem swell;  
Enough they murmur o'er my grave,  
He like a soldier fell.

18. SONG "Black-eyed Susan" *Tibdin*  
MISS FLORA EDWARDS.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-eyed Susan came on board,  
"O where shall I my true love find?  
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
If my sweet William sails among your crew?"

William was high upon the yard,  
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below,  
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

Believe not what the landmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,  
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find,  
Yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

Oh, Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
My yows forever true remain,  
Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
We only part to meet again,  
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be,  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosoms spread,  
No longer must she stay on board!  
They kiss—she sighs—he hangs his head;  
The lessening boat unwilling rows to land  
"Adieu," she cries, and waves her lily hand.

19. SONG "I Fear no Foe" *Pinsuti*  
MR. ROBERT FAIRBANKS.

I fear no foe in shining armour,  
Tho' his lance be swift and keen,  
But I fear and love the glamour,  
Through thy drooping lashes seen  
Be I clad in casque and tasses,  
Do I perfect cuirass wear,  
Love thro' all my armour passes,  
To the heart that's hidden there.  
I fear no foe, etc.

Would I fend a blow so given,  
Would I raise a hand to stay,  
Tho' my heart in twain be riven,  
And I perish in the fray.  
I fear no foe, except the glamour,  
Of the eyes I long to see,  
I am here, love, without armour,  
Strike! and captive make of me.

20. HUMOROUS SKETCH ...  
MR. WALTER BANKS.

21. PART SONG ... .. *Hatton*  
"The Sailor's Song"

Sweetly blows the western wind,  
Softly o'er the rippling sea;  
And thy sailor's constant mind  
Ever turns to thee.

Tho' the north wind may arise,  
And the waves dash madly by,  
Tho' the storm should rend the skies,  
And vivid lightnings round us fly;

Then I love thee more and more,  
Then more dear art thou to me,  
And I sigh for that fair shore,  
Distant o'er the sea.

Thus, thy sailor when away,  
Fondly fancies home is near;  
And to thee his thoughts will stray,  
Thee he holds most dear,

Tho' the tempest may appal,  
And strike terror to the brave,  
Tho' on high for aid we call,  
And pray we may not find a grave.

PROGRAMME OF COSTUME RECITAL

OF W. V. WALLACE'S Romantic Opera

"MARITANA,"

On WEDNESDAY, 8th JUNE, 1892, at Eight o'clock,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MADAME ALICE BARTH (of the Carl Rosa Company),

WHO WILL BE ASSISTED BY THE FOLLOWING ARTISTES:—

MR. WILLIAM HILLIER (Primo Tenore of the Royal English Opera, Rousbey's Opera Company, etc., etc).  
MISS LILLIE MOWBRAY (of the Rousbey Opera Company). MISS ALICE FARQUHARSON (of J. W. Turner's Opera Company).  
MR. ARTHUR WALENN (Royal English Opera). MR. COWLRICK (of the Rousbey Opera Company).  
AND  
MR. CAMPBELL BISHOP (Principal Baritone, Valentine Smith's Opera Company, J. W. Turner's Opera Company, "Dorothy" Company, etc., etc.).

Pianist ... .. *Mr. H. WEBSTER.*  
Musical Director to the People's Palace ... .. *Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.*

Costumes by Messrs. E. SMITH & Co.

Wigs by CHARLES FOX, etc.

DRAMATIS-PERSONÆ.

Don Caesar de Bazan ... ..	MR. WILLIAM HILLIER	Marquis de Montifiore ... ..	MR. COWLRICK
Don José de Santarem ... ..	MR. CAMPBELL BISHOP	Marchioness de Montifiore ... ..	MISS ALICE FARQUHARSON
The King of Spain ... ..	MR. ARTHUR WALENN	Lazarillo ... ..	MISS LILLIE MOWBRAY
Captain of the Guard ... ..	MR. COWLRICK	AND	
The Alcade ... ..		Maritana ... ..	MADAME ALICE BARTH

ARGUMENT.

THE King of Spain is attracted by the beauty and lovely voice of Maritana, a gipsy girl. Whilst listening to her singing in one of the public squares of Madrid his passion is discovered by Don José, the Prime Minister, who determines to use the knowledge for his own purpose of trying to enslave the Queen, with whom he is secretly in love; his plans are unexpectedly aided by the appearance of Don Caesar, a ruined nobleman, who, having embroiled himself in a quarrel with the Captain of the Royal Guard (through protecting a poor boy, Lazarillo, from the ill-usage of a tyrannical master), wounds him fatally, in a duel, and is sentenced to death.—Don José determines to wed Maritana to Don Caesar; in order that, as his widow, the Countess of Garofa, she may obtain access to the Court, and thus complete her fascination of the King.—Accordingly he insists on the marriage taking place in the Prison an hour before the time fixed for Don Caesar's execution, and Maritana is closely veiled to prevent any recognition of her features.—Don José now receives a pardon from the King for Don Caesar, but, not suiting his plans to produce it, he conceals the document, and allows preparations to go on for Don Caesar's death.—Whilst the soldiers commissioned to despatch Don Caesar are—at his request—drinking a farewell cup with him, Lazarillo (who is permitted to be with Don Caesar in prison) manages to withdraw the bullets from the arquebuses, and so saves Don Caesar from his doom.—Finding himself at liberty, he proceeds to seek for Don José, that he may learn the whereabouts and identity of the lady he has married.—They meet at the Palace of the Marquis of Montefiore (a sycophant of the Court in the power of Don José), during a reception. To mislead Don Caesar, and further his own plans, Don José introduces the elderly Marchioness of Montefiore as the Bride, and Don Caesar—on her unveiling—horrified to behold her wrinkled face, willingly consents to accept the offer of relinquishing his wife, and quitting Madrid for ever, on payment of a handsome annuity. Just as he is signing the document, however, Maritana is heard singing a strain of "The harp in the air," in the outer saloon, and recognizing her voice as that of his bride, he endeavours to find and claim her, till forced off the scene by Don José and the soldiers. In Act 3 Maritana is discovered, surrounded by wealth and splendour, richly dressed and decked with jewels, which, too late, she discovers to have no charm for her lonely heart.—Don José now introduces the King as her husband, who vainly tries to conquer her aversion for him by vows of devotion. At this moment Don Caesar—having climbed the balcony—enters from the window. Maritana is bidden by the King to depart into an inner chamber, but soon returning finds the King departed and Don Caesar alone. Mutual explanations follow, and they discover they are the pair so strangely wedded in the prison. Maritana, fearing for her husband's safety if discovered by the King, implores him to go to the Queen and ask her intercession for the King's pardon.—This Don Caesar does whilst Maritana and Lazarillo implore the Virgin's protection over him. The King and Don Caesar return almost simultaneously, and his Majesty, hearing from Don Caesar that he has slain the wily tempter, Don José, just as he was proffering his vows of love to the Queen, in gratitude for the vindication of his honour, conquers his passion for Maritana, and rewards Don Caesar by making him Governor of Valentia.

[NOTE.—Madame Barth will give as much of the music of the Opera as is complete in itself without chorus.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A square in Madrid. People following MARITANA, who is singing. The KING, dressed in black, is amongst them; he wears a dark mantle.

ROMANZA—MARITANA.

It was a knight of princely mien  
One blue and golden day,  
Came riding thro' the forest green  
That round his castle lay;

And there heard he a gipsy maid  
Her songs of love reveal.  
Like a spirit of light  
She enchanted the knight,  
'Twas a King!  
'Twas the King of Castille!

ARIA—MARITANA.

I hear it again,  
'Tis the harp in the air!  
It hangs on the walls  
Of the old Moorish halls;  
Tho' none know its minstrel,  
Or how it came there.  
Listen! listen!  
'Tis the harp in the air!

It tells of the days that are faded and gone;  
It tells of the brave,  
Of the lovely and fair,  
Of a warrior's grave,  
Of a maiden's despair;  
There! there!  
List, pilgrim, list!—'tis the harp in the air!  
There! there!

DUETTO—MARITANA and DON JOSE.

Mar. Of fairy wand had I the power,  
Some palace bright my home should be,  
By marble fount, in orange bow'r  
Dancing to music's melody.

Doors Open at 7 o'clock. ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

The doors will be kept closed during the performance of each number on the Programme.

*Don J.* Those lovely eyes, those ruby lips,  
Might win a brighter home for thee  
Than crystal hall, where fairy trips  
Lightly to echo's minstrelsy.

*Mar.* Of fairy wand  
Had I command,  
At moonlit hour,  
In silken bower,  
To music's note,  
On air I'd float,  
In golden sheen.  
And jewels gay,  
Of pleasure queen—  
I'd laugh and sing,  
And dance and play.

*Don J.* Those sparkling eyes  
Are brighter prize  
Than gems that glow  
On kingly brow.  
Of those avail,  
Ere yet they fade,  
For joy will quail,  
When times o'er shade:  
Then laugh while love  
And beauty aid.

*Mar.* He thinks as others oft have done,  
My wild fantastic thoughts are vain,  
Are visions all now here, now gone,  
Like dreams that rise and fade again?

*Don J.* Thus woman's heart is ever bought  
If gold but gleam within her eyes;  
So by the flame the moth is caught,  
Burneth its giddy wing and dies.

RECIT.—DON JOSE.  
Think of the splendour—the glory—  
The bright career which waiteth thy future steps,  
One round of triumph!

*Mar.* Of fairy wand, &c., &c.

CONCERTED PIECE.  
DON CÆSAR, DON JOSE, THE CAPTAIN, and LAZARILLO.  
*Cap.* See, the culprit, quick, arrest him.  
*Don C.* Stay! one word, ere you molest him.  
Noble captain, brave sir, hear me.  
Stay thy rage, or learn to fear me.

*Cap.* Why my orders disobey you?  
*Laz.* Mercy! Mercy!  
*Don C.* List, I pray you.  
If a mere child's poor entreaty  
Fail to move that heart of thine;  
If his voice excite no pity,  
Brother soldier, list to mine.

*Cap.* Come, your duty quickly seek,  
Pray's and tears won't make me civil.

*Don C.* Oh, if 'twere not Holy Week  
Him I'd soon send to the devil;  
Gallant Captain!  
Loose my cloak.

*Don C.* Rage consumes me! I shall choke.  
Know sir, who I am;  
Count de Garofa,  
Don Cesar de Bazan;

Who, in the presence of his monarch,  
Covered hath a right to appear.  
[Putting on hat]  
You have insulted me beyond all bearing,  
Redress I seek.  
Hence to the devil with the Holy Week,  
Thus I chastise thy daring.  
*Cap.* A challenge, vengeance!  
*Don C.* A challenge, forward.

ENSEMBLE.  
*Don C.* Oh! you soon shall bite the dust,  
Honour's debt is quickly staid:  
Oh! that by a cut and thrust,  
Dunning creditors were paid!  
*Cap.* Come, you will not prove the first  
Braggart whom this blade hath staid.  
Only with a single thrust  
Your account is quickly paid.  
*Laz.* Oh! forbear, indeed you must,  
Be this frightful quarrel staid,  
If for me your life were lost,  
Evermore would grief upbraid.

*Don J.* Don't forget before you thrust,  
Holy Week who dares invade,  
Be his quarrel e'er so just,  
By the halter will be paid.

*Cho.* See this combat, all now must,  
Blow for blow and blade to blade,  
Happy he who falls the first,  
Conquest by the hangman paid.

DUETTO—MARITANA and DON JOSE.  
*Don J.* In turn, what say you,  
Shall I tell your fortune?  
*Mar.* With all my heart.  
*Don J.* Attend, I pray you.  
It is indeed your fortune I now impart.  
To you I promiserank,—carriage  
A splendid equipage, and speedy marriage!

*Mar.* Marriage!  
Oh! joy, all, all my heart desires  
Gladly I hear the stars decree,  
Only I fear this golden hope  
Is far too bright for me.

*Don J.* You seem amazed. Indeed  
I tell but what's decreed,  
As you shall see.  
*Mar.* Decered by whom?  
*Don J.* By me!  
*Mar.* By thee?  
*Don J.* And more than that with'n  
{my} hand  
{thy} hand  
Almost a sceptre, high command  
A princely heart—a palace home—  
The mirror'd hall, the glittering dome.

FINALE.  
DON CÆSAR, DON JOSE, LAZARILLO, ALCADE and MARITANA.  
*Don C.* Farewell my gallant Captain!  
I told you how 'twould be.  
You'll not forget brave Captain  
The lesson due to me.

*Laz.* The Alcade and the soldiers  
You they seek, I fear.

*Don C.* Then I another journey  
Must take, that's pretty clear.

ENSEMBLE.  
*Alc.* Stay! in the name of the King,  
I you arrest, sir; stay;  
Your sword at once resign,  
And now the laws obey.

*Don J.* Sir, the laws obey;  
Your sword at once resign.

*Don C.* Well, in the name of the King  
Since you arrest, I stay;  
My sword I thus resign,  
And now the laws obey.

*Cho.* Why, in the name of the King  
A noble Count thus stay?  
We Don Cesar defend,  
If he the word but say.

*Mar.* Midst of this tumult and strife,  
Scarce half awake I seem;  
(to J.) The words that you have said  
Still paint the pleasing dream.

*Don J.* Yes, by the name of the King  
Swear I, the sunny dream,  
Whene'er thou wak'st again  
Shall on thee brightly beam.

*Don C.* (to PEOPLE).  
Desist, I pray,  
The laws obey,  
*Don C.* Yes, I obey.  
*Alc.* Away!  
*Peo.* Stay, stay.  
*Don C.* No, I obey. Away.  
*Mar.* To-morrow I shall be a Duchess.  
*Don C.* To-morrow I no doubt shall swing.

*Don J.* Yes, too certain, that your fate is;  
*Alc.* March, by order of the King.  
*Mar.* Ah! what do my eyes behold?  
Free the gallant captive, pray;  
I to-morrow shall have gold,  
Gladly I'll his ransom pay.

*Don C.* Gen'rous creature, they'll not hear you.  
*Mar.* I'll with gold to-morrow pay;  
*Don C.* All good angels hover near you.  
*Alc.* Cease this folly—on, away!  
MARITANA, LAZARILLO, and ALL.  
Oh! misfortune, for this quarrel,  
Must his life ignobly pay?

*Don J.* I forwarn'd him for this quarrel,  
He with life must surely pay.

*Don C.* All must die of something some day,  
'Tis a debt we all must pay.  
*Alc.* Away! cease this folly and away!  
He with life must surely pay.

*Cho.* Stay! stay!  
*Don C.* No!—I obey.  
Away, &c.  
[They march him out B. MARITANA, &c  
exit L. and back.]  
END OF ACT I.

ACT II.  
SCENE I.—Interior of a Prison. DON CÆSAR is discovered asleep on a couch, LAZARILLO near him. Chimes of clock heard.  
ARIA—LAZARILLO.  
*Laz.* Alas! those chimes so sweetly pealing,  
Gently dulcet to the ear,  
Sound like pity's voice revealing,  
To the dying, "Death is near!"  
Still he slumbers—how serenely!  
Not a sigh disturbs his rest;  
Oh! that angels now might waft him  
To the mansions of the blest.  
Yes, yes! those chimes so softly swelling,  
As from some holy sphere  
(Continued on page 376.)

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Sound like hymns of spirits telling,  
To the dying, Peace is here!

Come, abide with us in heaven,  
Here no grief can reach thy breast;  
Come, approving angels wait thee

In the mansions of the blest.  
ARIA—DON CÆSAR.

Don C. Hither as I came, one poor old man,  
With silver hairs, and tear drops in his eyes,  
Wept that my life was wasted to a span,  
And mercy importun'd with bitter cries.

Laz. Thy father?  
Don C. Frantic were his looks, that poor old man,  
With silver hairs, grief's accent on his tongue,  
Lost in despair, before the guard he ran,  
And held a document, at least, so long—

Laz. His sad petition, thee to guard from ill?  
Don C. It was, alas! an unpaid tailor's bill!  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, this one eternal dun,  
Torment of earth, I shall at least outrun.

TRIO.  
Don C. Turn on, Old Time, thine hour-glass,  
The sand of life, why stay?  
Quick! let the gold-grain'd moments pass;  
'Tis they all debts must pay.  
Of what avail are grief and tears,  
Since life which came must go?  
And brief the longest tide of years,  
As waves that ebb and flow.

Laz. Stay, fleeting Time, thine hour-glass,  
The tide of life, oh! stay,  
Nor let the golden moments pass  
Like worthless sand away.  
For him, oh! be there many years,  
Apart from ev'ry woe;  
The blue serene which heaven wears,  
When waves scarce ebb and flow.

Enter DON JOSE.  
Don J. Despite old Time, thine hour-glass,  
Turn quickly as it may,  
His sand of life not yet shall pass,  
If he my wish obey.  
Of life there are full happy years,  
If well the die we throw,  
For May-day smiles and autumn tears  
Are waves that ebb and flow.

[LAZARILLO *exit*.]  
SONG—DON CÆSAR.  
Yes, let me like a soldier fall  
Upon some open plain;  
This breast expanding for the ball  
To blot out ev'ry stain.  
Brave, manly hearts confer my doom,  
That gentler ones may tell,  
How e'er forgot, unknown my tomb,  
I like a soldier fell!

I only ask of that proud race  
Which ends its blaze in me,

To die the last, and not disgrace  
Its 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!

BALLAD—"In Happy Moments"—  
DON JOSE.  
(The words of this song are omitted, the Assignees of the late Mr. Alfred Bunn claiming copyright therein.)

Concerted Piece.  
SOLO—DON CÆSAR.

Don C. Health to the lady, the lovely bride:  
Length of years to her be given,  
Like this brightly sparkling nectar,  
Radiant with the light of heaven!

ENSEMBLE.  
Health to the lady, the lovely bride!  
Life on her each bliss bestow,  
Like this cup of rosy nectar,  
May her hours with joy o'er-flow!

[During this chorus LAZARILLO withdraws the bullets from the arquebusses.]  
ENSEMBLE.

Don C. By this hand, so soft and trembling,  
By those looks so sunny bright:  
'Neath that cruel veil dissembling  
Youth and beauty hide their light!

Mar. Like the mist upon the mountain,  
So this veil obscures my sight,  
From this bosom palpitating,  
Closing every beam of light.

Don J. Hark! the organ, softly pealing,  
Calletth to the nuptial rite?  
Time is flying—quick, be stirring,  
You must wed and die to-night!

Don C. and Mar.  
Lo! the organ, sweetly pealing,  
Calletth to the hallowed rite.  
Ah! what mystery? no escaping!  
I must wed, and die to-night!

Mar. I must be a bride to-night!  
Laz. Yes, the organ, hope inspiring,  
Calling to the nuptial rite;  
Like a spirit seems to murmur,  
No, he shall not die to-night!

[Clock chimes quarter past six as all exeunt, SOLDIERS taking their arquebusses.]  
SCENE II.—A magnificent Saloon in the Palace of the MARQUIS MONTEFIORE, brilliantly illuminated.

RECITATIVE—THE KING OF SPAIN.  
Hear me, gentle Maritana,  
By the magic of thy beauty,  
Hear me swear, too, fair Gitana,  
This fond heart beats but for thee.  
A captive 'neath thy chains delighted,  
Tho' its doom be dark and heavy,  
By a smile of thine requited,  
It would not, if it could, be free.

ARIA.  
A mariner in his barque,  
When o'er him dim clouds hover,  
With rapture through tempest dark,  
Beholds one star above;  
Sweet hope then his bosom swells,  
His every care seems over,  
A smile, as from Heaven tells,  
Of home, of delight, of love.

CAVATINA—DON CÆSAR

There is a flower that bloometh,  
When autumn leaves are shed,  
With the silent moon it weepeth,  
The spring and summer fled.  
The early frost of winter,  
Scarce one tint hath overcast,  
Oh, pluck it ere it wither  
'Tis the memory of the past.

It wafted perfume o'er us.  
Of sweet tho' sad regret;  
For the true friends gone before us,  
Whom none would e'er forget.  
Let no heart brave its power,  
By guilty thoughts o'er-cast,  
For then a poison-flower,  
Is—the memory of the past.

FINALE—CONCERTED PIECE.  
DON CÆSAR, DON JOSE, ALCADE, and  
MARITANA, &c.

Don C. What mystery  
Must now control?  
It maddens—  
It distracts my soul!

Don J. With mystery  
Their steps control;  
Their meeting  
Would distract my soul.

Mar. What mystery  
Why thus control,  
What horror  
Now awaits my soul?  
END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A magnificent apartment, richly decorated with tapestry, mirrors, a portrait of the Virgin, &c. At back a corridor which overlooks the gardens of distant palace. Moonlight. MARITANA discovered surveying the apartment.

[MUSIC.]  
RECITATIVE—MARITANA.  
How dreary to my heart is this gay chamber!  
Those crystal mirrors and those marble walls  
Add to my gloom, while sweetly sad remembrance  
The joyful hours of liberty recalls.

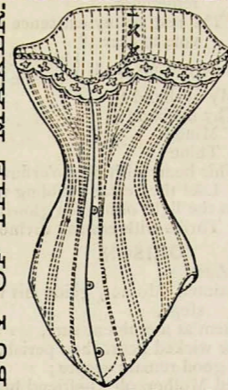
My lonely form reflected as I pass  
Seems like a spectre on my steps to wait,  
Enquiring from the gold enwreathed glass,  
Can mighty grandeur be thus desolate?

[ARIA—"Scenes that are brightest." The words of this song are also omitted, the Assignees of the late Mr. Alfred Bunn claiming copyright therein.]  
ARIA—DON JOSE.  
So! my courage still regaining,  
Banner waving, trumpet sounding,  
Nobly daring, my gage maintaining,  
So the wounded knight untiring,  
Forward! heart of chivalry  
On his gallant steed rebounding,  
At his lady's feet expiring,  
Dies for love or victory!

DUETTO.  
Don C. Surely, as thou art Don Cæsar,  
Yes, I am King of Spain.  
Ha, ha! Yes, yes,  
I'm King of Spain!  
Insolent! thou King of Spain?  
I can't my mirth restrain.  
Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
The King of Spain!  
(Continued on page 378.)

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Herbal Medicines at Small Cost—Test Them.  
Eyesight Tested and Glasses to suit the sight from 5jd.  
Good and Cheap Line in Pebbles.

**CORSETS.**  
BUY OF THE MAKER.  
  
**C. J. RUSSELL,**  
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**JARRETT & GOUDGE'S**  
High-class Iron Frame, Check Action  
**PIANOFORTES**  
And AMERICAN ORGANS.  
For Cash or by easy terms of payment.  
From **10/6** Per Month. From **10/6** Per Month.  
Highest awards obtained at Palace Exhibition for Design, Tone, Touch and General Excellence of Workmanship. A Seven Years' Guarantee with every instrument.  
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**TRIANGLE ROAD, HACKNEY.**  
Show Rooms. { LONDON WALL, One door from Moorgate Street, E.C. 308, MILE END ROAD, E. (Nearly opposite the Palace.) 401, MARE ST., HACKNEY, N.E.  
Pianos Reaired or taken in Exchange. Removals by our own Vans

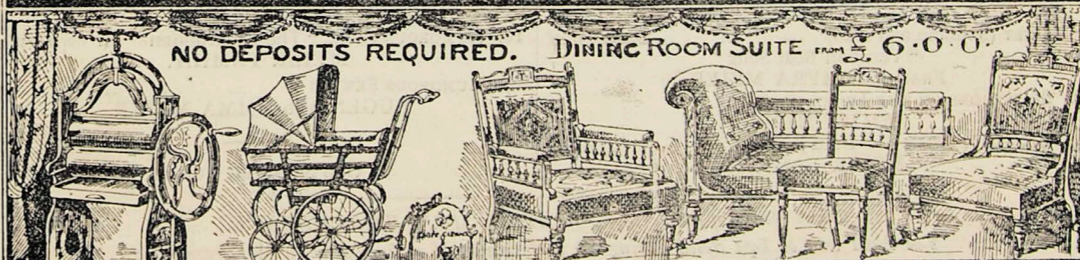
**CHARLES SELBY,**  
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Complete Funeral Furnisher,  
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A few doors from Board School.

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**ROGERS' "NURSERY" HAIR LOTION.**  
  
Destroys all Nits and Parasites in children's heads, and immediately allays the irritation. Perfectly harmless.  
Prepared only by W. ROGERS, Chemist, Ben Jonson Road, Stepney, E. Bottles 7d. and 1s. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Special Bottles, post free from observation, 15 stamps.

THE  
**SCOTTISH**  
Sanitary Laundry,  
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MILE END ROAD.  
Speciality  
Shirt and Collar Dressing

**THE HACKNEY FURNISHING COYS.**  
INSTALMENT SYSTEM.  
NO DEPOSITS REQUIRED. DINING ROOM SUITE FROM 600.  
  
TOWN HALL BUILDINGS  
MARE STREET, HACKNEY, N.E.  
From 2/1. L2. or 3 YEARS CREDIT. From 25/



<p><i>Don C.</i> Surely, as thou art Don Cæsar, Yes, yes, &amp;c.</p> <p><i>King</i> The King of Spain!</p> <p><i>Don C.</i> The King of Spain! &amp;c., &amp;c.</p> <p><i>Don C.</i> You marvel, signor, at this hour We, unattended, here are seen, So near a pretty woman's door, That woman, too, is not the Queen!</p> <p>But Kings, <i>you</i> know, like other men, Sometimes a little thus give way.</p> <p>Kings are but mortals, Don Cæsar, Of course, you'll not your King betray.</p> <p><i>King</i> Of course, Of course.</p> <p><i>Don C.</i> Don Cæsar, now I remember well, A witty, brawling, mad-brained sot!</p> <p>Beneath his sword it was that fell The Captain of our Guard, was't not?</p> <p>Be kind enough to make it clear, If shot, as ordered, t'other day, And, being dead, how came you here?</p> <p>Of course, we shall not you betray.</p> <p>Of course, Of course,</p> <p><i>King</i> Dread sire, your memory is short. <i>Don C.</i> What forget we?</p> <p><i>King</i> A most important thing, Don Cæsar, at eight o'clock received The pardon of the King! The night of his condemnation He received the pardon of the King</p>	<p><i>Don C.</i> Unhappy fate! The pardon arrived at eight, And I was shot at seven!</p> <p><i>King</i> You to denounce me were too late, You see I am forgiven!</p> <p><i>Don C.</i> 'Twere useless longer to retain A title not mine own. No, no!</p> <p><i>King</i> Then, then, <i>you</i> are not King of Spain?</p> <p><i>Don C.</i> As you suspect, I—</p> <p><i>King</i> Then, sir, you are not King of Spain</p> <p><i>Don C.</i> No, I my dignity forego. <i>Enter</i> MARITANA.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DUETTO.</p> <p><i>Mar.</i> A stranger here!</p> <p><i>Don C.</i> Is it thus we greet?</p> <p><i>Mar.</i> That voice, that voice!</p> <p><i>Don C.</i> Once more we meet. 'Tis the Zingara! Yes, Maritana.</p> <p><i>Don C.</i> O Maritana, wildwood flower, Did they but give thee a prouder name To place thee in a kingly bower, And deck thee with a gilded shame.</p> <p><i>Mar.</i> No! Maritana—tho' in this bower, Lips, the most pure, shall never blame A captive in a stranger's power, She'll perish ere she yield to shame!</p> <p>But who art thou my conduct thus to scan?</p> <p><i>Don C.</i> I am thy husband, Don Cæsar de Bazan.</p> <p><i>Mar.</i> My husband?</p> <p><i>Don C.</i> Thy husband!</p> <p>Yes, yes, I am the man.</p> <p><i>Mar.</i> He is the man!</p>	<p>Thine for ever is this faithful heart.</p> <p><i>Don C.</i> Yes, yes, thy husband never more to part.</p> <p><i>Mar.</i> But how to prove it? Dost thou remember Those words which at the altar thou saidst to me?</p> <p><i>Don C.</i> Yes, yes, I'll prove it! I said remember, "The rest of my existence I de- voted to thee!"</p> <p><i>Both</i> Yes, yes, oh joy! } 'tis he!                                   } 'tis she!</p> <p>My husband! Thy husband! Mine! Thine!</p> <p>This heart with bliss o'erflowing, Like the nectar bubbling wine, In the light of heaven glowing, Thrills with ecstasy divine.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ORISON.</p> <p><i>Mar. and Laz.</i> Sainted Mother, guide his foot- steps, Guide them at a moment sure, Let the wicked heart then perish, And the good remain secure; Sainted Mother, oh! befriend him, And thy gentlest pity lend him.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">FINALE.—MARITANA and ENSEMBLE</p> <p>With rapture glowing Bounds this heart o'erflowing, With rapture glowing, Kind friends around approve. Hence with sadness, Welcome gladness; Love and treasure, Welcome pleasure; Each sorrow blighted, Evermore united; Welcome Joy, and Peace, and Love.</p>
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## WHIT-WEEK HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS, 1892.

## PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT

ON THURSDAY, 9TH JUNE, AT 8 P.M., BY THE MEIER FAMILY.

## PART I.

1. PIZZICATO SERENADE (Sextet for two Mandolines,  
two Philomelas, one Zither,  
and one Guitar) ... *Eilenberge*
2. SOLO (Soprano) "My Deandle ... *Tyrolese Song*  
MYRA MEIER.
3. ORIGINAL DOLLIE'S SKETCH, WITH DANCE ... *C. Meier*  
EMMA MEIER.
4. SEPTIET ... "Prince Carl March" ... *Barth*  
(For three Mandolines, two Zithers, one Philomela,  
and Pianoforte.)
5. SOLO (Mezzo-Soprano) "The Dove" ... *C. Meier*  
Miss MAYVILLE.
6. VIOLIN SOLO "Concert Variations" ... *Farmer*  
EUGEN MEIER.
7. DUET (Soprano and Alto) ... *Blumenthal*  
"Venetian Boat Song"  
FRAU AND MYRA MEIER.
8. SELECTIONS ON THE DULCIMER—  
EMMA MEIER.
9. VOCAL QUARTET "Draü Waltz" ... *Tyrolese*  
MEIER FAMILY.

## PART II.

10. PERFORMANCE ON THE GLASS ORCHESTRA—  
HERR, FRAU, AND MYRA MEIER.
11. HUMOROUS SONG "Little Sally" ...  
EMMA MEIER.
12. QUARTET ... "Auf der Alm" ... *Tyr. lese*  
MEIER FAMILY.
13. PERFORMANCE ON XYLOPHONE AND GIGILIRA—  
EUGEN AND EMMA MEIER.
14. SOLO (Soprano) "The Cuckoo" ... *Tyrolese*  
MYRA MEIER.
15. PERFORMANCE ON THE MUSICAL FLOWER STICKS—  
EUGEN MEIER.
16. HUMOROUS GLEE "The Interruption" ... *Tyrolese*  
MEIER FAMILY.
17. HUMOROUS SKETCH ...  
EUGEN AND EMMA MEIER.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Doors open at 7 p.m.

ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

The doors will be kept closed during the performance of each number on the Programme.