



Bishop Auckland
Musical Society,
Wednesday,
December 10th, 1913.

Auckland Musical Society

ESTABLISHED 1875.

TOWN HALL, BISHOP AUCKLAND
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10TH, 1913.

PARADISE AND THE PERI

SCHUMANN,

GO SONG OF MINE

ELGAR.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC AND SONGS.
FULL ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS.

MABEL MANSON

SOPRANO.

MABEL CROW

SOPRANO.

EFFIE MARTYN

CONTRALTO.

FRANK MULLINGS

TENOR.

IVOR FOSTER

BARITONE.

NICHOLAS KILBURN

CONDUCTOR.

LEEDS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Doors open at 7; Concert at 7-30; Conclude about 10 p.m.

Trains to Shildon, Darlington, Middlesbrough, &c., 10-59 p.m.;
to Spennymoor, &c., and Ferryhill, 11-8; Hunwick, Willington,
Durham, &c., 11-12; Etherley, Crook, &c., 11-15.

M. BRAITHWAITE & SON, TYPESETTERS, 87, AUCKLAND.

THE CHORUS.

SOPRANOS.

Angus, Miss A.	Fawell, Mrs.	Mitchell, Miss M.	Snailham, Miss M.
Abram, " B.	Gittins, Miss M.	Messenger, Miss L.	Spoor, " D.
Borland, " M. W.	Harburn, " M.	Moffatt, " A.	Thirkell, Miss D.
Bradley, " D. G.	Jennings, " E.	McGuire, " A.	Thompson, Mrs
Braithwaite, Miss D.	Johnson, " S.	Oliver, " G.	Trevethan, Miss E.
Boothroyd, Mrs	Jennings, " Edith	Oliver, " M.	Tait, Miss C.
Burdess, Miss R.	Kilburn, " N.	Parker, Miss E.	Wilson, Miss H.
Cook Miss	Liddle, Miss N.	Raine, Mrs.	Wadman, " E.
Cottrell, " E.	Liddle, " L.	Richardson, Miss E.	Wood, Mrs.
Cocks, " M.	Leighton, " M.	Richardson, " H.	Ward, Miss M.
Dent, " G.	Lythgoe, " I.	Richardson, " J.	Wright, " A.
Davison, " A.			Whitefoot " D.H.

CONTRALTOS.

Anderson, Mrs.	Grieve, Mrs	Jewitt, Miss B.	Price, Miss C.
Anson, Miss E.	Heslop, Mrs.	Kilburn, Mrs. N.	Rhodes, Miss E.M.
Butcher, " M.	Hewitson, Miss	Kaines, Miss O.	Townend, Mrs J.
Cooke, Miss E. A.	Hewitson, " L.	Nelson, " E.	Walton, Mrs. J. H.
Cook, Mrs. W. J.		Oliver, Miss	Wyllie, Miss A.A.

TENORS.

Blenkin, T.	Edkins, Geo.	Jennings, Thos.	Snowdon, T.
Braithwaite, J. W.	Harwood, J. W.	May, W. O.	Vyncomb, H. S.
Cook, W. J.	Hargreaves, Rev. W. F. C.	Orton, T.	Waters, J.
		Peverley, S.	Wilkinson, W.

BASSES.

Bell, J. G.	Gregson, H.	Marsden, J. A.	Stubbs, Wm.
Braithwaite, C. W.	Grieve, T. W.	Nelson, W.	Taylor, J. A.
Bell, S.	Huntingdon, J.	Nelson, H.	Taylor, G. H.
Cook, Alf.	Hubbard, G. F.	Phillipson, H.	Vickers, A.
Dent, W. D.	Ibberson, A. U.	Robinson, F.	Wren, J.
Ferens, A.	Keen, E.	Rochester, J. W.	Wilkinson, J.
Gray, A.	Kilburn, O. D.	Robertson, G. C.	Weatherell, W.H.

STEWARDS.

Badcock, S. E.	Ferens, H. E	Etches, G. F.
Burnell, J.	Snaith, J. W.	Maw, W. G.
Emsley, H. J.	Ferens, F. E. M.	Braithwaite, J. G.

THE LEEDS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Violins.

Elliott, E.
Norton, W.
Maude, E.
Dunford, A. E.
Drake, E.
Cohen, A.
Kilburn, Paul
Wright, H.
Shepherd, I.
Kellett, M.
Boothroyd, A.
Wilson, W.
Ortori, H.

Violas.

Moxon, E.
Thornton, H.
Bedford, H.
Jackson, W.

Violoncellos.

Hemingway, A.
Smith, C.
Whitteron, W.
Lonsdale, G.

Double Basses.

Barker, J. L.
Glover, G.
Shepherd, T. H.

Flutes.

Whitelock, L.
Lee, G. F.

Oboes.

Holt, F.
Holt, H.

Clarinets.

Lupton, W. W.
Kilburn, D.

Bass Clarinet.

Lupton, W. W.

Bassoons.

Camden, A. L.
Seel, J.

Horns.

Stuteley, P.
Wood, S.
Haley, J. A.
Watson, S.

Trumpets.

Hemingway, M.
Tomlinson, A.

Trombones.

Hudson, M.
Eycott, J.
Parkin, E.

Timpani.

Barker, J.

Percussion.

Mellor, F.

Secretary for the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, Ltd.—

EDWARD MAUDE, 2, Kelso Road, Leeds,

NOTICE.

The SEASON'S SECOND CONCERT will take place
on

TUESDAY, MARCH 31st, 1914,

when will be given, with Full Orchestra, Chorus and
Soloists, Songs, Orchestral Pieces, and

SCENE—"The Martyrdom of St. Stephen" (St. Paul)

MENDELSSOHN.

CHORAL ODE—"The Sunworshippers."

GORING THOMAS.

THE LEEDS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

EDITH McCULLAGH

Soprano.

WEBSTER MILLAR

Tenor.

NICHOLAS KILBURN

Conductor.

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 Bigland, E. H., Henknowle
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 Boots, "Cash Chemists"
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 Dunn, J. E., Penrith House, Cockton Hill
 Lady Eden, Windlestone
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 Hendy, J. C. B., Etherley
 Hendy, J. C., Wear Terrace
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 Jennings, T., Market Place
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 Snaith, W., Bedford Lodge
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 Spark, T., Russell Street
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 Thompson, Horace, Penrith House
 Thorburn, H. W., Cradock Villa
 Tindale, G. W., Park Gate House
 Townend, T. F., Elm-side
 Trotter, Bruce & Loft, North Bondgate
 Waddington, F., Market Place
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 Walton, W. E., Etherley Lane
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PROGRAMME.

- 1.—Orchestra
- (a) Prelude, Act 3, Lohengrin ... *Wagner*
- (b) Adagio, Serenade Op. 11. ... *Brahms*
- 2.—Scena, "Oh! tis a glorious sight," ... *Weber*
FRANK MULLINGS.
- 3.—Choral Ode, "Go Song of Mine," ... *Elgar*
- 4.—Song, "Ombra ma fu," ... *Handel*
EFFIE MARTYN.
- 5.—Scena, "Oh! Star of Eve," ... *Wagner*
IVOR FOSTER.
- 6.—Cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," *Schumann*

PROGRAMME I.

1.—Orchestral Pieces

- (a) Prelude Act 3, Lohengrin .. *Wagner*
(b) Adagio Serenade Op. II. .. *Brahms*

(a)—This is the well-known introduction to the 3rd Act of Wagner's Opera "Lohengrin." Its brilliant orchestration and melodic charm serve to make it one of the universal concert-room favourites.

(b)—The term Serenade was originally applicable to a composition intended for use in the open-air at night time, and consisted of a series of short movements. Most of the great composers of the past have written in this form. The title is, however nowadays given to concert works of larger proportions, and such is the Serenade from which the interesting movement of Brahms to be performed on this occasion is taken.

2.—Recit and Aria, "Oh! 'tis a glorious sight,"

Weber

FRANK MULLINGS.

RECIT.

Yes, even love to fame must yield.
No recreant knight am I:
My home it is the battle field,
My song the battle cry!

ARIA.

Yes, 'tis a glorious sight to see!
The charge of christian chivalry;
When thundering over the ground they go,
Their lances levelled in long, long row!

One shock and those lances are shiver'd all,
But they shiver not in vain,
They have raised for a foe, a rampart wall
With bodies of the slain!

On they spur over dying and dead,
Swords are a flashing round every head,
They are raised again but they gleam no more,
Every blade is dimm'd with gore.

The fight is done ! the field is won !
 Their trumpets startle the sinking sun !
 As the night winds whirl the red leaves afar
 They have scattered the might of the Mosleman !

Mourn ye maidens of Palestine
 Your lovers lie stark in the cold moonshine !
 The eyes ye kissed ere ye bade them go
 Are food for the kite and the hooded crow !

Joy to the high born dame of France !
 Conquest waits on her warriors lance !
 Joy to the girls of fair Guienne,
 Their lovers are hastening home again !

Hark ! they come ! the brave ones see !
 Who have humbled the pride of Prynimrie
 Twine the wreath, the feast prepare !
 Fill to the brim the goblet fair,
 Strike the harp and loud and high
 Swell the song of victory.

3.—Choral Ode, "Go Song of Mine" ... *Elgar*

Although short this Ode displays in a marked degree those qualities of character and sustained beauty which are found in all Elgar's best work. The text is a translation by our Poet Dante G. Rossetti, of an old Italian Poem by Guido Cavalcanti, 1250—1301

Dishevelled and in tears, go song of mine,
 To break the hardness of the heart of man :
 Say how his life began
 From dust, and in that dust doth sink supine :
 Yet, say, the unerring spirit of grief shall guide
 His soul, being purified,
 To seek its Maker at the heavenly shrine.

4.—Recit and Aria, "Ombra ma fu" ... *Handel*

EFFIE MARTYN.

RECIT.

Can we weep for thee beloved
 Where in peace thou reposest ?
 Ah ! never may we deplore thee.
 South wind, west wind, breathe upon her,
 Let the birds of the valley with music lull her,
 But let no sounds of sorrow break through her dreaming.

ARIA.

Slumber dear maid !
 Green boughs will cover thee,
 Calm airs breathe over thee,
 Where thou art laid.
 Slumber thou peacefully
 Oh ! gentle maid !
 Green boughs will cover thee,
 Calm airs breathe over thee,
 Where thou art laid.

5.—Recit and Air, "O Star of Eve"

(Tannhäuser) ... *Wagner*

IVOR FOSTER.

RECIT.

Like death's dark shadow night her gloom extendeth,
 Her sable wing o'er all the vale she bendeth ;
 The soul that longs to tread yon path of light,
 Yet dreads to pass the gates of fear and night,
 I look on thee, O star in heaven the fairest,
 Thy gentle beam thro' trackless space thou bearest ;
 The hour of darkness is by thee made bright.
 Thou leadest us upward with pure kindly light.

AIR.

O, Star of Eve, thy tender beam,
 Smiles on my spirit's troubled dream,
 From heart that ne'er its trust betrayed,
 Greet, when she passes, the peerless maid :
 Bear her beyond this vale of sorrow,
 To fields of light that know no morrow.

6.—"PARADISE AND THE PERI."

Schumann.

THE PERI, a beauteous Spirit expelled from Paradise, stands at the gate of the abode of the blessed, lamenting her exclusion. The angel who guards the gate, promises her she shall be re-admitted, if she brings to the portal "the gift that is most dear to Heaven." The Peri goes forth to seek this gift, and brings successively the last drop of a hero's blood, shed for liberty, and the last sigh of a love that has sacrificed life itself for the beloved one—but these gifts are rejected as insufficient. At length she brings the first tear of penitence shed by a repentant sinner. This is accepted as the gift most dear to Heaven, and the gates of Paradise are unbarred to the triumphant Peri.

MABEL MANSON
Soprano.

MABEL CROW
Mezzo Soprano.

EFFIE MARTYN
Contralto.

FRANK MULLINGS
Tenor.

IVOR FOSTER
Baritone.

PARADISE AND THE PERI is the second of the four poems which form MOORE'S LALLA ROOKH. Schumann's setting contains some few verbal alterations made, for musical reasons, by the composer. Referring to this work, which a high German authority (Dr. Philipp Spitta) has called one of the most enchanting musical poems in existence, Dr. W. H. Hadow in his STUDIES IN MODERN MUSIC says—"The great musical event of the year 1843 was PARADISE AND THE PERI, an oratorio not for the conventicle but for bright happy people as Schumann calls it in a letter to his friend Krüger."

The Score was finished by the middle of June, and the work performed at Leipzig under the composer's direction on December 4th. Its success was so great that it was repeated on December 11th, and on the 23rd at Dresden. It was indeed a new departure for the concert room: not so much in form, for HANDEL'S ACIS AND GALATEA and HAYDN'S SEASONS may be regarded as in some sense its fore runner, but in vividness of expression and unity of treatment, Schumann himself said of the work, "It is my latest work and I hope my best: I am full of gratitude to Heaven for having sustained my energies while I wrote it." He further, in a letter to an intimate friend, curiously refers to its composition; "A soft voice," he says within me kept saying while I wrote "be of good cheer," it is not in vain that thou art writing!

PART I.

(The words are printed by permission of Messrs. Novello & Co.)

No. 1.—SOLO CONTRALTO.

One morn. at gate of Eden, a Peri,
Weeping, disconsolate, was standing:

And as she, listening, heard the springs
 Of life within like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings,
 Athwart half open heav'n-portals glowing,—
 Wept she, to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that sacred place.

No. 2.—SOLO SOPRANO.

The Peri.

How blest, seem to me, banished child of air,
 And holy the spirits that wander in there !
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and of sea,
 And stars e'en themselves have bright flowers for
 me,
 One blossom of heaven outweighs them all ;
 Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
 With bright Plane-tree isle reflected clear,—
 And sweetly the founts of that valley fall,—
 Yet, oh it is only the blest can say
 How waters of Heaven outshine them all.
 Go, wing now thy flight swift from star to star,
 From world to world shining bright, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall.
 Take all—all the pleasures of all the bright
 spheres,
 And each one be lengthened throughout endless
 years—
 One moment of heaven is worth them all.

No. 3.—RECIT. TENOR.

The glorious Angel who was keeping
 The gates of light, beheld her weeping,—
 And as he listening nearer drew,
 And heard her song, a tear fled glist'ning
 downward.
 He said :

SOLO CONTRALTO.

The Angel.

One hope is thine,
 Thou nymph of fair but of an erring line,
 Within the Book of Fate 'tis written,
 The Peri yet may be forgiven,
 Who to this gate eternal bringeth
 The gift that is most dear to heaven.
 Go, seek it now, redeem thy sin.
 'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in !”

No. 4.—SOLO SOPRANO.

The Peri.

But whither now?—
 Ah, where now shall she find the gift for heav'n?
 I know the wealth hidden in every urn,
 Wherein the red rubies of Chilmimar burn:
 I know where the isles of perfume are,
 Full many a fathom down in the sea.
 I know, too, where the Genii hid
 The jewell'd cup of their King Jamshid,
 With life's elixir sparkling high.
 Alas, gifts like these are not for the sky.
 Was ever gem that shone so brightly,
 Like the steps on great Allah's throne so mighty?
 And O what drops of life should we be
 In the great deep of Eternity?

No. 5.—SOLO TENOR.

While thus she mused, now fanned her pinions,
 That land of India's bright dominions;
 O beauteous land!—O realm so bright!
 Whose palms whisper soft and light,
 Whose silent stars bedeck the night;
 Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
 O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
 Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
 Of warmest sun, with diamonds teem;
 Where streams murmur soft and light,
 All bright with gold beneath their tides,
 And sandal-groves and bowers of spice—
 O Paradise!

No. 6.—CHORUS.

But crimson now her rivers ran
 With human blood,
 And man is sacrificed by man!
 Death through her spicy bowers stalketh,
 With iron tread the flow'r he crushes—
 Land bright with sunbeam, who invadeth,
 Fierce thy inmost shades?
 Now o'erthrowing all, alas!—
 Thy cavern shrines, thy thousand thrones, and
 monarchs!
 'Tis he, 'tis he of Gazna! fierce in wrath!

Chorus of Indians and Conquerors.

Hail to Mahmoud, the mighty in war!
 May death the tyrant seize!
 To Mahmoud be honour, the great in war:
 May death the tyrant seize!
 Now slay him!

No. 7.—SOLO TENOR.

Behold a youthful warrior stand
 Alone beside his native river,
 The red blade broken in his hand
 And one last arrow in his quiver.
 Undaunted see the warrior stand,
 A prisoner, by his native river,
 Though sword be shattered in his hand,
 And but one arrow in his quiver.

Chorus of Conquerors.

Hail to Mahmoud, glory's strength!
 All hail to the mighty lord;

SOLI, BASS AND TENOR.

The King of Gazna.

Come, valiant one, submit to me,
 For I am loth my wrath should smite thee,
 Submit, and highly I'll requite thee—
 Crowns and trophies thou shalt share!

A Youth.

'Tis thou hast slain my nation,
 Thou spreadest desolation,
 For thee this arrow's left—

Gazna.

Ha, thou shalt rue this!

No. 8.—CHORUS.

Woe!
 For false flew the shaft, though pointed right
 well;
 The tyrant did live, the hero fell!

No. 9.—SOLO TENOR.

The Peri marked where he was lying,
 And when the rush of war was past,
 Then did she on a ray descend,
 Of morning light—she caught the last
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
 Before its freeborn spirit fled.

No. 15.—SOLO MEZZO-SOPRANO.

Poor youth! thus deserted, one thought only
 Comfort gave still in death—
 That she, whom he had loved so for years,
 Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—
 Safe in her father's princely halls,
 Where fountains breathe out coolness,
 Perfumed by many a brand
 Of sweetest wood from India's strand,
 And pure as she whose brow they fanned.
 But see—who comes approaching youder,
 This dark and lonely bower to seek,
 Like Health's young envoy doth she wander,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek.
 She 'tis! far off through midnight dim,
 He knew his own betrothed bride,
 Her arms are round him now,—
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And in cool lake her loosened tresses
 Dips she, to bind his burning brow.

The Youth.

Thou here! Fly hence—from me a breath
 Will bring thee death!

No. 16.—SOLO MEZZO-SOPRANO.

The Maiden.

Oh! let me only breathe the air, love,
 That blessed air that's breathed by thee,
 And, whether on its wings it bear, love,
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
 There, drink my tears, love, while they fall—
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all
 To give thy brow one moment's calm.
 Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 Am I not thy loved bride—yes, thine?
 The one, the chosen one, whose place
 In life or death is by thy side!
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
 In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 That must be hers, when thou art gone?
 Can I now live and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself? Ah, no!
 Then turn to me, my own, oh turn, love,
 Before like thee I fade and burn.

Cling thou to those cool lips, and share,
Life's latest breath that lingers there.

SOLO TENOR.

She dies, she sinks—as dies the lamp
In foul charnel airs pent or cavern-damp,
And all her eyes' sweet light is darken'd.
One pang—his earthly pain is over—
The youth no longer liveth.
One long, long kiss the maiden giveth,
The last—and dies, and dies in giving.

No. 17.—SOLO SOPRANO (*The Peri*) AND CHORUS.

Sleep on, in visions of odour oh rest,
For balmier airs never stirred
Round the pile of the bright, the lone Phoenix
bird,
Who at the last sings his own death-lay.
Sleep, then, and rest in visions so blest,
Thou, the truest, most loving of hearts.

CHORUS.

She spake—and then the Peri spread
Throughout the place unearthly breathings,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each dead pale face there,
They seemed two lovely saints there sleeping.
And now the Peri watched and beamed,
Till light o'er all their death-bed streamed ;
Until their souls should wake again,
Sleep! sleep!

PART III.

No. 18.—*Chorus of Houris with Soli.*

Wreathe ye the steps to great Allah's throne!
Wreathe them with flowers, wreathe them all
over!
That e'en the Heaven's humblest upon
Mildly a glance of th' Eternal may hover.
Onward now wend we, worship and bend we,
Gladly, humbly, unto the Lord!
Likewise the loved ones remember right,
Who on the earth still are toilsome wending ;
Downward is darkness, upward is light—
Hatred there, here love never ending.

Lo, on the path to heav'nly light,
 See where the Peri comes hither sailing,
 Beautiful Peri, despond not quite,
 Faith and truth have been still unfailing.
 Go, seek the boon, it shall be given,
 That most dearly is prized in Heaven.
 Now we wend back to the rosy bowers,
 Pleasures we're giving, pleasures receiving,—
 For to enjoy bright love still is ours :
 In these bright gardens evermore living.
 Day star is mounting—joy's crystal fountain
 Floweth for those who wait on the Lord.

No. 19.—SOLO TENOR.

Now morn is blushing in the sky ;
 Again the Peri soars above :
 She brings to Heav'n that precious sigh
 Of pure self-sacrificing love.
 High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
 Soon the Elysian palm she'll win ;
 For see, the spirit at the gate
 Smiled as she gave the off'ring in ;
 And now she hears bright Eden's trees,
 They ring their crystal bells,
 That ring, that ring in that ambrosial breeze,
 That from the throne of Allah swells ;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake,
 Upon whose banks admitted souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take.
 But ah, the Peri's hopes were vain.—
 Again the fates forbade, again
 The angel told her with regret,

SOLO CONTRALTO—*The Angel.*

“ Not yet ! ”

True was the maiden, and her story
 As writ in light o'er Allah's head,
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.
 But, Peri, see—the crystal bar,
 It moves not yet—
 For holier yet the boon must be
 That opes the gates of Heav'n for thee.

No. 20.—SOLO SOPRANO—*The Peri.*

Rejected, and sent from Eden's door,
 Ah, vanished the light of hope once more—

Then shall I never, never find it,
The holy, beautiful boon!
Ah, must the courage vanish that urged me on—

Yet will I not rest, but constantly
From pole to pole I'll wander,—
Nor pause nor tarry here or yonder,
Till that the prize falleth to me,
Till that the guerdon have been giv'n,
Till ope for me the gates of Heav'n.
And though the jewel guarded be,
Fast though the granite rocks may bind it,
I will, I must, yet surely find it

No. 21.—SOLO BARITONE.

And now o'er Syria's rosy plain,
The light of eve is spread again,
And, like a glory, broad the sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in winter grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer in a vale of flowers
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

For him, who looked from upper air,
O what enchanted regions there!
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling life below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on fair banks,
More golden all where sunlight's falling.
And then the mingling sounds upcoming
Of shepherd's ancient reed with humming
Of bees, wild bees of Palestine,
That banquet through the flow'ry valleys;—
And Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And shady woods, where nightingales are
singing!

No. 22.—SOLO TENOR AND QUARTET.

And as she hov'ring downward bends,
Lo a sister troop around her wends.
Say, is it so?
That to Heaven thou would'st go?
Contents not thee, the sunbeam free,
And earth, and moon, and star-beam.
Then take us with thee too, Peri.

SOLO BARITONE.

But nought can make the luckless Peri glad
Her wing is dull, her heart is sad!

Joyless sees she the sun down looking
 There on that temple, once her temple,
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 And fling their shadows from on high.

No. 23.—SOLO SOPRANO.

The Peri.

Yet haply there may lie concealed,
 Beneath those chambers of the sun,
 Some amulet of gems annealed
 In the fierce fires, some fair tablet sealed
 With that great name, the name of Solomon,
 Which spell'd by my illumin'd eyes,
 May teach me where, beneath the moon,
 In earth or sea there lies the boon,
 The charm that speedy now restoreth !
 To brightest heaven an erring Spirit !
 Away !

SOLO TENOR.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither ;—
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
 Nor have the golden bow'rs of Eve
 Begun to fade and wither ;—
 When, o'er the vale of Baalbec winging
 She sees a lovely child at play,
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they.

And, near the boy, who, tir'd with play
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay.
 She saw a wearied man dismounting
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Impatient fling him down to drink
 Beside an im'ret's rustic fountain.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To that fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
 Full on a brow more fierce than that,—
 Lo, sullen-fierce; a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,
 In which the Peri's eyes could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed :
 Treason—and broken oaths—and shrine profaned
 By blood of guests—
 That face so passion-stained displayed there.

SOLO CONTRALTO.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From Syria's minarets.
 The boy has started from the bed,
 Where he had laid his infant head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels with his forehead to the south,
 And lisps th' eternal name of God.
 And seeming, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 A straying babe of lovely Paradise—
 Who, lighting here,
 His bright home now once more is seeking.

SOLO TENOR.

And how felt he, the wretched man
 Reclining there—while mem'ry ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 O'er all that turbid flood his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace.

SOLO BARITONE.

There was a time—thou blessed child—
 When young, and haply pure as thou,
 I prayed like thee—but now!—

No. 24.—QUARTET AND CHORUS

Oh blessed tears of true repentance!
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Js found the first, the only feeling
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

No. 25.—SOLO SOPRANO AND TENOR AND CHORUS

The Peri.

There falls a drop on the land of Egypt,
 Through with'ring hot airs of June,
 Down from the moon—
 Of so healing a pow'r, that in one single hour,
 Fell contagion dies,
 And now health once more animates earth and
 skies!

Is it not thus, oh man so sinful,
 The tears of true repentance fall?
 Though foul thy fiery plagues have been,
 One heav'nly drop hath dispell'd them all!

TENOR.

And see ! behold him kneeling there
Beside that child, in humble pray'r,
While now the sunbeam shines upon them
The guilty and the guiltless one.

CHORUS.

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon that tear-drop—
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well th' enraptur'd Peri knew
It was the smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail the tear
That heralds now her glory near !
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
That triumphs now a soul forgiven !

No. 26.—SOLO SOPRANO, WITH CHORUS

The Peri.

Joy, joy for ever ! my work it is done—
The gates now are passed, and high Heaven is
won !
Oh ! am I not happy,
My work it is done.
To thee, oh sweet Eden ! how sad,
Are Shadukiam's diamond turrets,
How poor are the bowers of Amberabad,
Oh welcome, oh welcome, come 'mid the blessed
Thou strovest bravely, and restedst ne'er,
Now hast thou won it, the prize rich and rare.
Farewell, ye odours of earth, for ye die ;
Swiftly ye pass like a lone lover's sigh ;—
My feast is of the Tooba tree.
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity.
Farewell, ye vanish, ye flowers that shone
That bloom'd in my wreath, all so bright but so
brief.
What are the brightest that ever hath blown
To lote-tree that springeth by Allah's throne,
Whose boughs eternal bright blossoms own
And whose flow'rs have a soul—yes, in ev'ry
leaf.

PREVIOUS CONCERTS.

1876—	March 10	Messiah -	-	Handel
	Nov. 27	May Day, and Selection from Messiah	-	Macfarren
1877—	April 6	Brousil Family, &c. -	-	
1878—	Feb. 11	Elijah -	-	Mendelssohn
	Nov. 18	Rose Maiden (Cowen) Chorus of Reapers, &c. -	-	Liszt
1879—	March 10	Creation -	-	Haydn
	Dec. 15	Judas Maccabæus -	-	Handel
1880—	May 20	Hezekiah (Armes) Part I. of Elijah	-	Mendelssohn
	Dec. 25	Messiah (2nd time) -	-	Handel
1881—	April 5	Christus (Mendelssohn) Preciosa, & Miscellaneous	-	Weber
	Dec. 13	May Queen (Bennett), Sun Worshippers	-	G. Thomas
1882—	April 27	Athalie (Mendelssohn) The Rose Maiden (2nd time)	-	Cowen
	Dec. 12	Alfred -	-	Front
1883—	April 11	Samson -	-	Handel
	Dec. 18	Jason and Miscellaneous Selection -	-	Mackenzie
1884—	April 22	Creation (2nd time) -	-	Haydn
	Dec. 16	St. Paul -	-	Mendelssohn
1885—	April 14	Loreley (Mendelssohn) Psalm 13th	-	Liszt
	Dec. 15	Messiah (3rd time) -	-	Handel
1886—	May 4	St. Elizabeth and Miscellaneous	-	Liszt
	Dec. 10	St Thomas and Miscellaneous	-	Kilburn
1887—	April 19	Hymn of Praise and Miscellaneous-	-	Mendelssohn
	Dec. 8	H.M. Pinafore and Miscellaneous -	-	Sullivan
1888—	April 12	Elijah (3rd time) -	-	Mendelssohn
	Dec. 4	Hero and Leander (Lloyd), The Golden River	-	Kilburn
1889—	April 30	The Spectre's Bride and Miscellaneous	-	Dvorak
	Oct. 26	Valleria—Foli Concert Party (Miscellaneous)	-	
	Dec. 30	Messiah (Solos by Members) (4th time)	-	Handel
1890—	April 15	The Seasons, Part I. (Haydn), Fair Ellen (Max Bruch)	-	Babylon(Goetz)
	Dec. 1	Hear my Prayer (Mendelssohn), D'ble Concerto (Violin) J. S. Bach	-	
1891—	April 7	Saint John's Eve -	-	Cowen
	Dec. 8	Concert Lecture (Wagner) Song of Miriam	-	Schubert
1892—	March 28	Ancient Mariner (Barnett) Inchcape Rock	-	Bridge
	Dec. 7	Pirates of Penzance -	-	Sullivan
1893—	April 11	Alexander's Feast, &c. (Handel) Psalm 23rd	-	Kilburn
	Dec. 14	Choral Mass in D, &c. -	-	Dvorak
1894—	April 5	As the Hart Pants -	-	Mendelssohn
	Nov. 23	The Kobolds and Miscellaneous -	-	Parker, H. W.
1895—	April 23	The Revenge -	-	Stanford
	Dec. 10	5th Chandos Anthem (Handel), Babylon	-	Kilburn
	Dec. 10	Messiah (5th time) -	-	Handel
1896—	April 17	Christus, 2nd time (Mendelssohn) Pied Piper	-	Walthew
	Dec. 17	Judas Maccabæus (2nd time) -	-	Handel
1897—	April 21	King Olaf -	-	Elgar
	Dec. 15	Samson (2nd time) -	-	Handel
1898—	April 21	My Spirit was in heaviness	-	J. S. Bach
	Dec. 7	Banner of St. George -	-	Elgar
	Dec. 7	Elijah (4th time) -	-	Mendelssohn
1899—	April 5	Hiawatha's Wedding Feast	-	ColeridgeTaylor
	Dec. 13	Chandos Anthem No. 6	-	Handel
	Dec. 13	Part I. of St. Paul, &c. -	-	Mendelssohn
1900—	April 18	Revenge (2nd time) Sunworshippers (2ndtime)	-	Stanford—G. Thomas
	Dec. 4-5	Messiah (Handel), Hiawatha (ColeridgeTaylor)—Festival	-	
1901—	April 10	Bavarian Highlands (Elgar), Fair Ellen	-	Max Bruch
	Dec. 11	The Golden Legend (Sullivan) The Song of Destiny	-	Brahms
1902—	April 16	New Year's Song (Schumann), The Jackdaw of Rheims	-	W. H. Speer
	Dec. 17	Creation (3rd time) -	-	Haydn
1903—	April 29	Minnehaha (C. Taylor), Faust	-	Schumann
	Dec. 9	Revenge (3rd time) Adonis (Jensen) Violin Concerto	-	Beethoven
1904—	April 20	Acis and Galatea (Handel) Pied Piper (2nd time)	-	Walthew
	Dec. 7	Faust -	-	Berlioz
1905—	May 8	Requiem -	-	Brahms
	Dec. 13	Rose Maiden (3rd time) -	-	Cowen
1906—	April 25	Sunworshippers (Sullivan) Nenia	-	Goetz
	Dec. 12	Violin Concerto (Tchaikovski) Black Knight	-	Elgar
1907—	May 1	King Cups (Sachs), Seasons—Parts 2 and 4	-	Haydn
	Dec. 4	Babylon (Kilburn) The Raven	-	Shapleigh
1908—	April 1	Elijah (5th time) -	-	Mendelssohn
	Dec. 16	Minnehaha (Taylor), Christus (Mendels'n), Violin Concerto (Brahms)	-	
1909—	April 18	The Spectre's Bride (2nd time), etc. -	-	Dvorak
	Dec. 8	Miriam (Schubert), Violin Concerto -	-	Mendelssohn
	Dec. 8	Go Song of Mine (Elgar), Captive Queen	-	Sibelius
1910—	April 13	Wagner, Brahms, Sullivan, and The Raven	-	Shapleigh
	Dec. 14	Messiah -	-	Handel
1911—	Mar. 21	Leeds Symphony Orchestra. Violin Concerto	-	Elgar
	Dec. 6	Leeds Symphony Orchestra. New Year's Song	-	Schumann
	Dec. 6	Forsaken Mermaid -	-	Schervell
1912—	Mar. 26	Stabat-Mater (Rossini) May Queen (Bennett) Parsifal Scene (Wagner)	-	
	Nov. 13	St. Petersburg String Quartet, etc.	-	
1913—	Mar. 11	Music Makers and Time Spirit	-	Elgar and Bantock
	Dec. 10	Paradise and Peri	-	Schumann