

WORKMEN'S CLUB,

CROWN HILL, CROYDON.

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A CONCERT

WILL BE GIVEN

ON TUESDAY, JULY 10th, 1866,

AT THE

PUBLIC HALL,

*In Aid of the Funds of the*

WORKMEN'S CLUB,

BY A PARTY OF

LADY AND GENTLEMEN AMATEURS.

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Conductor—HARRY TAYLOR, Esq.

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Admission:—Members (on producing their Cards of Membership) with the privilege of introducing a lady friend, at the same price, 3d.; Non-Members, 6d.

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*Doors open at 7.30, to commence at 8.15.*

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Tickets can be obtained at the Doors; at the Club; or of any Member of the Committee.

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RICHARDSON, PRINTER, CROYDON.

# PROGRAMME

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## PART I.

Part Song	"I love my love in the Morning"	G. Allen.
Duett	"The Sea Nymph's Home"	
Solo	"Fair Annie"	Molique.
	Mr. A. Lester.	
Glee	"Spring's Delights"	Müller.
Solo	"Queen of the Sea"	Schoesser.
Part Song	"Blanche"	Thuchen.
Septette	"Blow gentle Gales"	Bishop.
Part Song	"The Sea hath its Pearls"	Pinsuti.
Solo	"The Village Blacksmith"	Weiss.
Solo and Chorus	"Now, Tramp, Tramp."	

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## PART II.

PART SONG	"The Bluebells of Scotland."	arranged by Neilhardt.
TRIO	"I Naviganti"	Randegger.
Solo	"Irish Ballad"	
	Mr. A. LESTER.	
PART-SONG	"The Cookoo sings in the Poplar tree"	Macfarren.
FOUR-PART SONG	"When evening's twilight"	Hatton.
SOLO	"The Bailiff's Daughter."	
PART-SONG	"Ave Maria"	H. Smart.
TRIO	"I'm not the Queen"	Balfe.
FOUR-PART SONG	"The Soldier's Love"	Thuchen.
Solo	"Scroggins' Ghost."	
PART-SONG	"Hunting Song"	Mendelsshon.
SOLO AND CHORUS	"God Save the Queen"	arranged by Novello

# PROGRAMME.

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## Part I.

PART SONG.

*G. Allen.*

I love my love in the morning,  
For she like morn is fair,  
Her blushing cheek,  
Its crimson streak,  
Its clouds her golden hair ;  
Her glance its beams so soft and kind  
Her tears its dewy showers,  
And her voice the tender whisp'ring wind,  
That stirs the early bowers.  
Oh ! I love my love in the morning,  
For she like morn is fair.

I love my love in the morning,  
I love my love at noon,  
For she is bright as the lord of light  
Yet mild as autumn's moon,  
Her beauty is my bosom's sun  
Her faith my fost'ring shade,  
And I will love my darling one  
Till even the sun shall fade.  
Oh ! I love my love in the morning  
I love my love at noon.

I love my love in the morning  
I love my love at even,  
Her smile's soft play is like the ray  
That lights the western heaven,  
I loved her when the sun was high  
I loved her when he rose,  
Yes, but best of all when evening's sigh  
Was murmuring at its close.  
Oh ! I love my love in the morning]  
I love my love at even.

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### DUETTE "THE SEA NYMPH'S HOME."

Oh, who can tell the beauties—  
The beauties of the ocean ;  
The many things that dwell there,  
And have both life and motion,  
Hundreds of fathoms down below,  
Where mortals ne'er attempt to go,  
Except to ne'er come back again,  
But stay to hear the sea nymph's strain.

This is no place for mortal eye,  
 To see the beauties which here lie.  
 Tra, la, la, la, la—  
 But stay to hear the sea nymph's strain,  
 Tra, la, lal, la, la, la.

Down, down among the choral rocks,  
 The water-sprite and mermaid  
 Dance all through their sparkling halls  
 Which were for mortals ne'er made;  
 Singing so merrily as they go upon the  
     light toe,  
 With skins so fair and flowing hair;  
 Free from sorrow and from care.  
 This is no place for mortal eye,  
 Ours are the beauties which here lie—  
 Tra, la, lal, la, la, la.  
 But stay to hear the sea-nymph's strain,  
 Tra, la, lal, la, la, la.

SONG.

FAIR ANNIE.

*Motique.*

The maidens of Germany all are so sweet,  
 More beautiful none can be shown;  
 And when in the dance you just see the small feet,  
 'Twould move e'en the heart of a stone.  
 But none look so brightly, and none dance so lightly  
 As Annie, sweet Annie, dear Annie, my Annie alone.

The maidens of Germany never coquet,  
 As over the Rhine they are known;  
 They are all so coy, and so modest and neat,  
 The heart is as gay as the gown.  
 But she that grows daily more modest and gaily  
 Is Annie, sweet Annie, dear Annie, my Annie alone.

The maidens of Germany all are so good,  
 And if a sweet wife you would own,  
 Go take a fair maiden of German blood,  
 Your fate you will ne'er have to mourn.  
 But as there are many, I beg you'll let Annie,  
 Fair Annie, sweet Annie, dear Annie, my Annie alone.

GLEE

SPRING'S DELIGHTS.

*Muller.*

MR. A. LESTER.

Spring's delights are all reviving  
 Verdant leaf-lets clothe each spray,  
 Hawthorn buds give joyful tidings,  
 Welcome news, 'tis blythe May Day.

Rural pastimes, grateful off'ring,  
 Hail the promise for the year,  
 Village swains their pains disclosing,  
 Maidens lend more willing ear.

These delights but last a season,  
 Fading quickly with the year,  
 Still these hours, if spent with reason,  
 Surely brings us Autumn cheer.  
 Come then dearest, hear my pleading,  
 Turn not from my suit away,  
 But my honest heart receiving,  
 Make me bless this bright May Day.

SONG                    QUEEN OF THE SEA.                    *Schloesser.*

Away on the sea, away on the sea,  
 With the wild waves dashing around.  
 To a life that ever is merry and free,  
 Where true hearts are sure to be found.

Whenever the call of his country rings,  
 The bold British sailor will be  
 As true to the last, as his guiding star,  
 To Britannia, the Queen of the Sea.

But, victory won, he thinks of his home,  
 And lov'd ones, that absence endears ;  
 Fond faces, sweet smiles, seem to hover around,  
 And eyes shining brightly through tears.

Such men are the boast and pride of our land,  
 The noble, the hearty, the free,  
 And true to the last, as needle to pole.  
 To Britannia, the Queen of the Sea.

PART SONG.                    BLANCHE.                    *F. Kuchen.*

My love is gone to battle,  
 The drum has beat adieu,  
 My foot-steps fain would follow  
 That youth so brave and true ;  
 With banners proudly streaming,  
 They gaily marched away,  
 Oh ! well shall I remember,  
 The parting of that day.  
 " When loudly raves the din of war,  
 When thund'ring cannons peal afar,  
 My heart," he softly said, " will be,  
 My own sweet Blanche, with thee.  
 Then adieu, fare thee well,

For the drum has beat,  
Fare thee well, my own true love !  
Adieu, adieu, adieu, my love !”

My love has gone to battle,  
To win a soldier's name,  
If Fortune smile upon him,  
She'll crown his brow with fame ;  
The token that I gave him,  
When we our troth did plight,  
Will nerve his soul to duty,  
And guard him in the fight ;  
“ When home,” he said, “ again I see,  
My bride, sweet Blanche! thou then shalt be ;  
So, courage ! wipe that tear away,  
And for thy soldier pray.  
Then, adieu, fare thee well,  
For the drum has beat,  
Fare thee well, my own true love,  
Adieu, adieu, adieu, my love !”

GLEE.      BLOW GENTLE GALES.      *Bishop.*

Blow gentle gales, and on your wing,  
Our long expected succours bring !  
Look, look again, 'tis all in vain !  
Lo, behold a pennant waving,  
'Tis the sea-birds pinions laving,  
Hark ! a signal fills the air,  
'Tis the beetling rock resounding,  
Now fills the air,  
Wild as our hope, and deep as our despair !

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

PART SONG.

*Pinsuti.*

The sea hath its pearls,  
The heaven hath its stars ;  
But my heart, my heart,  
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven ;  
Yet greater is my heart,  
And fairer than pearls and stars  
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,  
Come unto my great heart ;  
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven  
Are melting away with love !

SONG.

*Weiss.*

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chesnut tree  
 The village smithy stands,  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands ;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands.

Week in, week out, from morn to night,  
 You can hear the bellows blow ;  
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge  
 With measured beat and slow,  
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
 When the evening sun is low.

The children coming home from school  
 Look in at the open door ;  
 They love to see the flaming forge,  
 And hear the bellows roar,  
 And catch the burning sparks that fly  
 Like chaff from the threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church  
 And sits among his boys  
 He hears the parson pray and preach  
 He hears his daughter's voice  
 Singing in the village choir,  
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice  
 Singing in Paradise !  
 He needs must think of her one more  
 How in the grave she lies,  
 And with his hard rough hand he wipes  
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing ;  
 Onward through life he goes ;  
 Each morning sees some task begun,  
 Each evening sees it close ;  
 Something attempted, something done,  
 Has earned a night's repose.

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 NOW TRAMP, O'ER MOSS AND FELL.

CHORUS AND SOLO.

*Bishop.*

Now tramp, tramp o'er moss and fell,  
 The batter'd ground returns the sound,  
 Chanters proudly swell ;  
 Clan Alpine's cry is "Win or die,"  
 Guardian spirits, of the brave !  
 Victory o'er my hero wave.

## Part II.

## THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

PART SONG.

*Arranged by A. Neithardt.*

O where, and O where, is your Highland laddie gone?  
 He's gone to fight the foe, for Victoria on the throne;  
 And, 'tis O in my heart, I wish him safe at home!

O where, and O where, did your Highland laddie dwell?  
 He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue  
 Bell,

And, 'tis O in my heart, I love my laddie well!

Suppose, and suppose, that your Highland Lad should  
 die?

The bag pipes should play o'er him, and I'd sit me  
 down and cry;

And, its O in my heart, I wish he may not die!

TRIO.

I. NAVIGANTI.

*Randegger.*

TRANSLATION.

The winds are sleeping, calm is the sea,  
 And all is silent from lea to lea,  
 But though the tempest rages no more,  
 The mariner, watchful, must ply his oar.

Oh waves deceitful, treacherous winds,  
 No peace nor rest, the sailor finds;  
 For, though tho' tempest rages no more,  
 The mariner, watchful, must ply his oar.

Wherefore, wherefore, this quarrel with  
 wind and wave?

Is it not wiser their frowns to brave,  
 Let lazy silence reign there no more,  
 To songs united let's ply the oar.

Bright stars are sending,  
 Their rays are lending,  
 Soft and sweet light,  
 To calm and still the night.

And sigh and greeting,  
 O'er waves are stealing,  
 Sent by hearts beating,  
 Full of love's feeling,  
 Then row in measure,  
 To songs of pleasure,  
 The waves dividing,  
 In moon's rays gliding.

Our bark is steering,  
 The shore swift nearing,  
 Then on our landing,  
 Loved ones are standing.  
 Then row etc.



THE CUCKOO SINGS IN THE POPLAR TREE.  
PART SONG. *Macfarren.*

The Cuckoo sings in the poplar tree,  
But his carol is not gay,  
For he knows that spring,  
Like himself's on the wing  
By the ricking of the hay ;  
Little we heed his pensive note,  
High on the poplar spray,  
While in the new-mown meadows swete,  
In sunshine we make hay.

Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

Old women tell us, in mournful tone,  
That our merry days will pass,  
And that death will soon,  
Come and mow us down,  
Like the flowers in the grass.  
But if so swift the moments fly,  
Let us drive cares away ;  
Better it is to laugh than cry,  
In sunshine then make hay.

Cookoo ! Cookoo !

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WHEN EVENING'S TWILIGHT.

FOUR-PART SONG.

*Hatton.*

When evening's twilight gathers round,  
When every flower is hushed to rest,  
When Autumn leaves breathe not a sound,  
And every bird flies to it's nest ;  
When dewdrops kiss the blushing rose,  
When stars are glittering from above ;  
Then I think of thee, my love—  
Then, O then, I think of thee.

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THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER.

There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,  
And he was a Squire's son ;  
And he loved a bailiff's daughter dear,  
Who lived at Islington.  
But she was coy,—and never would  
To him her heart bestow ;  
So he was sent to London town,  
Because he loved her so.  
When seven long years had past and gone,  
She put on mean attire,  
And off to London she would go,  
About him to enquire.

As she was going along the road,  
 The weather being hot and dry,  
 She sat her down on a grassy bank,  
 And her love came riding by.

"Oh! give me a penny, kind sir," she said;  
 "Relieve a maid forlorn."

"Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,  
 Pray tell me where you were born?"

"Oh! I was born at Islington."

"Then tell me if you know

The bailiff's daughter of that place?"

"She died, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,  
 My saddle and bridle also;  
 And I will seek some foreign land,  
 Where no man may me know."

"Oh stay, oh stay! my goodly youth;  
 She standeth by thy side;  
 She is not dead, but here alive  
 And ready to be thy bride!"

PART SONG.                    AVE MARIA.                    *Henry Smart.*

Ave Maria, 'tis the hour of pray'r,  
 And quiet reigns o'er earth and sky and ocean,  
 The chime of bells falls on the charmed air,  
 Awak'ning thoughts of peace and calm devotion.  
 Ave Maria.

Oh! snatch an hour from earth-born toil and care,  
 And let thine heart on spirit wings ascendings,  
 Pour forth the tide of mingled praise and pray'r,  
 With never ceasing songs of angels blending.  
 Ave Maria.

THE LAUGHING TRIO.                    *Balfe.*

*Elvira* — I'm not the Queen, ha! ha!  
 I must have been, ha! ha!  
 The maid you've seen, ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Manuel* — Or maid or queen,  
 In shape or mien,  
 You both have been.

*Elvira* — Tho' anger now should move me,  
 I can't for mirth reprove you,  
 Ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha!

*Manuel* — I'm sure 'twas you,  
 I know 'twas you,  
 Yes, you! Yes you! 'twas you.

*Carmen*—What's passing here,

*Manuel*—Great heaven 'tis he!

*Elvira*—What he? a peasant boy. this Lady!

*Carmen*—Me!

*Manuel*—I'm not the dolt I seem to be,

This the peasant boy,

I saw with thee last night.

Oh, yes, the boy is to an angel changed,

But still I recognise,

I'd know you under any colours ranged.

*Carmen*—You compliment.

*Manuel*—Such was not my intention.

*Carmen*—Oh, how spiteful!

*Elvira*—'Tis delightful; Oh, truly I must long this jest enjoy,

He takes a maid of honour for a boy.

*Carmen*—So I'm a boy, a pretty boy,

A roguish boy, ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Manuel*—Yes, yes, laugh on 'tis true!

You were the boy, you were the maid,

Laugh on 'tis true quite true.

*Elvira*—Tho' anger now should move me,

I can't for mirth reprove thee.

FOUR PART SONG.

*Thuchen.*

SOLDIERS LOVE.

Before the morning sun is beaming,  
And soldiers of their conquests dreaming,  
The drums resound to arms, to arms;  
Dearest maid now fare thee well.

And while the call to arms is pealing,  
Each soldier to his true love stealing,  
Perhaps to bid the last farewell,  
Dearest maid.

Farewell dear maid and cease thy weeping,  
We all are here in heaven's keeping,  
The soldier's bride will true remain,  
Dear maid.

SCROGGINS' GHOST.

Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown,  
Ri fol de riddle ol de da;  
The prettiest lass in all our town,  
Ri fol, &c.

He courted her with a posy true—  
"If thou loves I as I loves you,  
No knife can cut our love in two."  
Ri fol, &c.

But scissors cut as well as knives,  
Ri fol de riddle ol de da;

And quite uncertain's all our lives,  
Ri fol, &c.

The day they were to have been wed,  
Fate's Scissors cut poor Giles' thread,  
So they could not be mar-ri-ed.  
Ri fol, &c.

Molly laid her down to weep,  
Ri, fol, &c.  
And cried herself quite fast asleep,  
Ri, fol, &c.

Of a sudden she saw beside the bedpost,  
A figure tall her sight engrossed,  
And it cried, "Ah! I'm Giles Scroggins'  
ghost,"  
Ri fol, &c.

The ghost he said all solemnly,  
Ri fol de riddle ol de da;  
"Molly, thou must come with I,  
Ri fol, &c.

All in the grave your love to cool."  
She cried "Yah! I'm not dead, you fool!"  
Said he, "My dear, why that's no rule!"  
Ri fol, &c.

The ghost he seized her all so grim,  
Ri fol de riddle ol de day;  
All for to go along with him,  
Ri fol, &c.

"Now come," said he "ere morning beam,"  
"I can't," she cried, and screamed a scream,  
But she woke and she found she'd dream'd a  
dream!  
Ri fol, &c.

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PART SONG      HUNTING SONG.      *Mendelssh on*

Now morning advancing, looks over the hill;  
Her radiance is glancing on valley and rill.  
Horns gaily are playing the call to depart;  
The coursers are neighing, now they start, now  
they start.

Now rapidly bounding, the hunters are seen;  
The full cry resounding, sheds life o'er the scene.  
Hounds eagerly flying, rush after the prey;  
The huntsmen are crying, "Hark, away, hark away,"  
See, now farther and farther, they bound along,  
The woodlands and valleys re-echo their song,  
Like gales o'er the heather, they sportively stray:  
Hearts bounding together, while steeds bound away

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GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.