

GRAND FESTIVAL  
FREEMASONS' HALL

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.K.T.

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER.

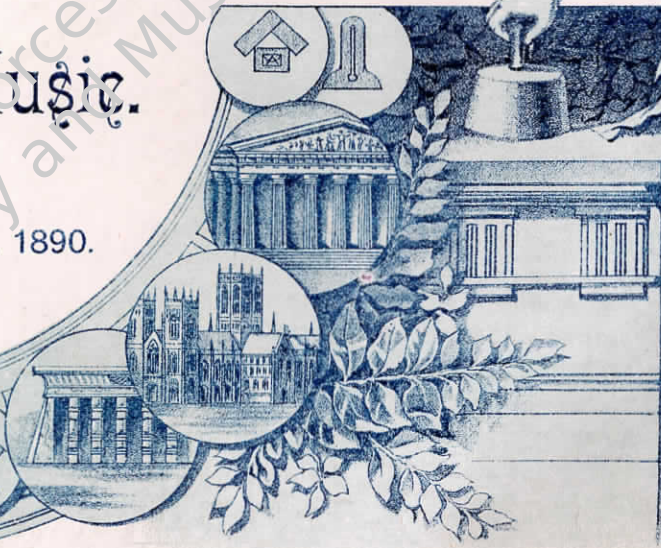
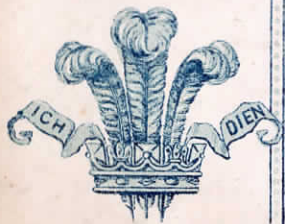
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE EARL OF LATHOM.

Deputy Grand Master,

IN THE CHAIR.

Programme  
of Music.

Wednesday, April 30th, 1890.



—| GRAND | FESTIVAL, |—

AT

FREEMASONS' HALL, LONDON,

30th APRIL, 1890.

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❖ Programme of Music ❖

TO BE PERFORMED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

BRO. M. MAYBRICK,

PAST GRAND ORGANIST.

During the Banquet the following Music will be  
performed by the

## LONDON MILITARY BAND.

President :

Sir A. SULLIVAN.

Conductor :

Mr. DAN GODFREY, R.C.M.

(Licentiate R.A.M.)

### PROGRAMME.

1. MARCH ... .. "Carmen" ... .. Biset.
2. PRELUDE to "Nadeshda" ... .. Goring Thomas.
3. VAISE ... .. "Immortellen" ... .. Gung'l.
4. SPRING ... From Ballet Suite "The Four Seasons" ... Verdi.  
Clarinet Obligato, Mr. A. SMITH.
5. GAVOTTE ... "Elegance and Grace" ... Cowell.  
From Suite "The Language of Flowers."
6. ENTR'ACT ... "The Merry Masons" ... .. Knödel.
7. GRAND SELECTION ... "The Gondoliers" ... .. Sullivan.
8. VALSE "LENTE AND PIZZICATO" From Ballet Suite "Sylvia" Delibes.
9. SONG ... .. "In the Starlight" ... .. Dan Godfrey, Junr.  
Solo Cornet, Mr. FRANK JAMES.
10. { a. CHANSON DE PRINTEMPS (Song without words) ... Mendelssohn.  
      b. INTRODUCTION AND LANDLER,  
          "Grossmütterchen" (Little Grandmother) ... Lange.
11. KING HENRY'S SONG "Pastime with Good Company" ... Sullivan.  
(From Henry VIII. Music.)  
Solo Euphonium, Mr. GUILMARTIN.
12. PAS DE HUIT From "Ruy Blas" Burlesque ... .. Lutz.
13. GALOP ... .. "Champagne" ... .. Lumbye.

After the Banquet, Grace will be sung.

## LIST OF TOASTS

IN THE BANQUETING HALL.

TOAST 1 - HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

NATIONAL ANTHEM "God Save the Queen" Bro. Henry Carey (1685-1743)  
BY THE BAND.

TOAST 2 - HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES  
AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

TOAST 3 - HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE M.W. GRAND MASTER.  
"God Bless the Prince of Wales" ... Bro. H. Brinley Richards (1817-1885)  
BY THE BAND.

TOAST 4 - THE M.W. THE PRO. GRAND MASTER.

TOAST 5 - THE R.W. THE DEPUTY GRAND MASTER.

TOAST 6 - THE R.W. THE GRAND WARDENS AND THE OTHER  
GRAND OFFICERS, PRESENT AND PAST

TOAST 7 - THE R.W. THE PROVINCIAL AND DISTRICT GRAND  
MASTERS.

TOAST 8 - THE MASONIC CHARITIES.

TOAST 9 - THE GRAND STEWARDS.

# PROGRAMME OF MUSIC

## IN THE TEMPLE.

1. GLEE ... .. "Come, Bounteous May" ... .. *Spofforth.*  
 BROS. HODGES, FROST, FRYER, HANSON, DE LACY, AND  
 SHIPLEY.
2. SONG ... .. "Tell Me to Stay" ... .. *Tosti.*  
 MR. DURWARD LELY.
3. SONG ... .. "The Better Land" ... .. *Cowen.*  
 MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.
4. SONG ... .. "The Sailor's Dance" ... .. *Mokoy.*  
 BRO. MAYBRICK.
5. SONG ... .. "By the Fountain" ... .. *Stephen Adams.*  
 MISS ALICE GOMEZ.
6. SONGS... .. { a. "Deep in the Valley" ... .. *Florence Aylward.*  
 { b. "I'm a Roamer" ... .. *Mendelssohn.*  
 SIGNOR FOIL.

7. VIOLONCELLO SOLO Fantasia on "Carmen" ... .. *Biset—Hollman.*  
 MONSIEUR HOLLMAN.
8. ARIA ... .. "La Calandrina" ... .. *Foncelli.*  
 MADLLE. ANTOINETTE TREBELL.
9. SONG ... .. "The Distant Shore" ... .. *Sullivan.*  
 MR. DURWARD LELY.
10. SONG ... .. "Here's to the Year that's Awa'" ... .. *Dunlop.*  
 MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.
11. SONG ... .. "The Owl" ... .. *Stephen Adams.*  
 BRO. MAYBRICK.
12. SONG ... .. "Sleep, my Love, Sleep" ... .. *Sullivan.*  
 MISS ALICE GOMEZ.
13. GLEE ... .. "Bold Robin Hood" ... .. *Bishop.*  
 BROS. HODGES, FROST, FRYER, HANSON, DE LACY, AND  
 SHIPLEY.

At the Piano - - - - - Bro. WILHELM GANZ, P.G.O.

The Concert Grand Pianoforte from the celebrated manufactory of Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS, London and New York.

# BOOK OF WORDS.

## "COME, BOUNTEOUS MAY."

GLEE ... .. *Spofforth.*

BROS. HODGES, FROST, FRYER, HANSON, DE LACY, AND SHIPLEY.

COME, bounteous May! in fulness of thy might,  
 Lead briskly on the mirth-infusing hours;  
 All recent from the bosom of delight,  
 With nectar nurtured and involved in flow'rs.  
 By Spring's sweet blush, by Nature's teeming womb,  
 By Hebe's dimply smile, by Flora's bloom,  
 For Venus' self demands thee, come.

## "TELL ME TO STAY."

SONG ... .. *Tosti.*

MR. DURWARD LELY.

TELL me to stay, I cannot go  
 Nor say farewell and leave you so,  
 With none in life on whom to lean  
 Or be to you as I have been.  
 Let me be still in sorrow's night  
 All I have been when life was bright.  
 Let me be near you; sweet that hour  
 You wake to feel and learn love's power.  
 Tell me to stay, and I will stay,  
 Though all the world shall pass away.  
 Tell me to stay, O heart of mine,  
 And I for evermore am thine.  
 Tell me to stay, you do not know  
 How dark and lone the world may grow,  
 How soon pride wanes from less to less,  
 And silence turns to bitterness.

Be proud, be silent, if you will,  
 I cannot help but love you still,  
 One sigh, one tear, and I shall know  
 'T heart you would not have me go.  
 Tell me to stay, and I will stay,  
 Though all the world shall pass away.  
 Tell me to stay, O heart of mine,  
 And I for evermore am thine.

## "THE BETTER LAND."

SONG ... .. *F. Cowen.*

MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.

"I HEAR thee speak of a Better Land,  
 Thou call'st its children a happy band—  
 Mother, where is that radiant shore?  
 Shall we not seek and weep no more?  
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
 And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?"  
 "Not there, not there, my child!"  
 "Is it far away in some region old,  
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,  
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—  
 Is it there, sweet Mother, that Better Land?"  
 "Not there, not there, my child!"  
 "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,  
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,  
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,  
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
 Far beyond the clouds—far beyond the tomb—  
 It is there, 'tis there, my child!"

*Mrs. Hemans.*

“THE SAILOR'S DANCE.”

SONG ... .. Molloy.

BRO. MAYBRICK.

WHAT'S he that talks of a jig or a reel,  
Who has never been a sailor,  
Or a hornpipe seen on a ship of the Queen,  
Or an arctic ocean whaler?  
You hear the ring of the Bosun's call,  
“For a dance, my lads, all ready,”  
The moon is high in the radiant sky,  
And the old ship going steady!  
Then it's heel and toe to the tuneful bow,  
And it's all so light and breezy,  
You may look in France or in Spain for a dance,  
But the hornpipe beats them easy.

The tar alone has a dance of his own  
And it takes a tar to dance it;  
But a lassie sweet with her two little feet  
Is the one charm to enhance it.  
You dance with one or you dance with two,  
As the notion takes your fancy,  
In an Indian glade with a dusky maid,  
Or at home with blue-eyed Nancy.  
For it's heel and toe to the tuneful bow,  
And it's all so light and breezy,  
You may look in France or in Spain for a dance,  
But the hornpipe beats them easy.

It speaks of home to the hearts of a crew,  
And it sets us all a-dreaming,  
As we dance in tune to the light of the moon,  
On a lonely ocean gleaming.  
It takes us back on the homeward track  
To the friends that soon will greet us,  
The ringing cheer as we touch the pier,  
And the welcome that will greet us.  
Oh! it's heel and toe to the tuneful bow,  
And it's all so light and breezy,  
You may look in France or in Spain for a dance,  
But the hornpipe beats them easy.

*J. L. Molloy.*

“BY THE FOUNTAIN.”

SONG ... .. Stephen Adams.

MISS ALICE GOMEZ.

I WAS passing by the fountain, I remember it so well,  
I saw a sweet face dreaming where the waters flash'd and fell;  
And the green leaves wav'd above her, and the birds sang sweet and clear,  
And there was one beside her, who whispered in her ear:  
“While the silver fountain falleth, and the stars are in the sky,  
I shall love thee, dear, for ever, with a love that shall not die.”

It was after years I saw it, that same sweet face of yore,  
But the fountain it was frozen, and the birds sang there no more.  
There was grey among her gold hair, there were tears within her eyes,  
As she stretched her hands imploring towards the empty skies,  
“Art thou coming, my beloved?” I heard her bitter cry;  
But the stars gave back no answer, the fountain no reply.

And once again I saw it, that same sweet face of old,  
But the waiting all was over, and the little tale was told.  
He would come no more for ever, too well she knew it now,  
While her heart gave back the echo of her lover's broken vow;  
“While the silver fountain falleth, and the stars are in the sky,  
I shall love thee, dear, for ever, with a love that shall not die.”

*F. E. Weatherly.*

- SONGS { a. "DEEP IN THE VALLEY" ... *Florence Aylward.*  
 b. "I'M A ROAMER" (*Son and Stranger*) *Mendelssohn.*

SIGNOR FOLI.

"DEEP IN THE VALLEY."

DEEP in the valley, afar from ev'ry beholder,  
 In the May morning my true love came to me,  
 Silent we sat, her head upon my shoulder,  
 Fondly we dream'd of the days about to be,  
 Fondly we dream'd of the days so soon to be.

Deep in the valley the rain falls colder and colder,  
 Safely she sleeps beneath the churchyard tree.  
 Yet still I feel her head upon my shoulder,  
 Yet still I dream of the days that could not be,  
 Yet still I weep o'er the days that will not be.

*Miss Muloch.*

"I'M A ROAMER."

I AM a roamer, bold and gay,  
 Who thro' the world have danced my way:  
 From Poland to the Irish Sea  
 Do I know all, and all know me.  
 The Tarantelle,  
 With French *vielle*,  
 The minuets,  
 With castanets,  
 The rigadoon,  
 The Arab tune,  
 The polka hop,  
 The new *galoppe*.  
 I know them all, from A to Z,  
 And by my heels can save my head.

I am the man whate'er they play,  
 Can put you in the proper way;  
 Where every clown among you all  
 Would stumble o'er his leg and fall.

You know not yet  
 The *piquette*,  
 Nor Scottish reel  
 With toe and heel;  
 For a quadrille  
 You have no skill;  
 A bear could do  
 A *valse* like you.

But pity I am come to show,  
 And teach you rustics all I know.

Thank the good stars, who, you to teach,  
 Have put a master in your reach;  
 What profits arm, or leg, or span,  
 Save one can use them like a man.

FANTASIA 'ON "CARMEN."

VIOLONCELLO SOLO ... .. *Bizet—Hollman.*

MONSIEUR HOLLMAN.

"LA CALANDRINA."

ARIA ... .. *Foncelli (Anno, 1750).*

MOLLE. ANTOINETTE TREBELLI.

Chi vuol comprar la bella calandrina  
 Che canta da mattino infino a sera  
 Chi vuol comprarla  
 Venga a contratto!  
 Sempre a buon patto la venderò,  
 E così gentil, ha così dolce il canto  
 E venderla deggio che l'amo tanto  
 Ma questo è il mio mestiere  
 No l fò per piacere!  
 Venga, Venga,  
 Sempre a buon patto la venderò  
 La bella calandrina!  
 Compratela, compratela,  
 Chi vuol comprarla?  
 Sempre a buon patto la venderò.

"THE DISTANT SHORE."

SONG ... .. Sullivan.

MR. DURWARD LELY.

A MAIDEN sat at her door,  
And sighed as she looked at the sea,  
"I've a dear, dear love, on a distant shore,  
A-dying for news of me."  
And the Wind was listening near,  
And saw that the maid was fair,  
So the kind Wind whispered a word in her ear,  
As he played with her bright brown hair :  
"Be of good cheer, dear heart,  
I fly to that distant shore ;  
Thy lover I'll tell, thou lovest him well,  
Ever and evermore."

The maiden dried her eyes,  
And a smile shone over her face ;  
For she saw bright hope in the changing skies,  
As the Wind flew off apace ;  
And she bade the kind Wind good speed,  
"Hurry, oh, Wind," said she,  
"Oh, say that I love him, indeed and indeed."  
And the Wind cried over the sea :  
"Be of good cheer, dear heart,  
I'll fly to that distant shore,  
Thy lover I'll tell, thou lovest him well,  
Ever and evermore."

The Wind tore over the wave,  
Scattering the ocean spray ;  
But alas! the lover he flew to save,  
He met on his homeward way ;  
And his good ship sank in the rage,  
And every soul beside  
And the Wind came sobbing to tell the tale,  
And the maiden drooped and died.  
"Be of good cheer, dear heart,  
At rest on a distant shore,  
Where thou and thy lover walk hand in hand,  
Ever and evermore."

W. S. Gilbert.

"HERE'S TO THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'."

SONG ... .. Dunlop.

MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.

Here's to the year that's awa'.  
We'll drink it in strong and in sma'.  
And here's to each bonnie lass,  
We so dearly have loved,  
In the days of the year that's awa'.

Here's to the soldier that bled,  
To the soldier who bravely did fa',  
O their fame will remain  
Tho' their spirits are fled,  
On the wings of the year that's awa'.

Here's to the friend we can trust,  
When the storms of adversity blaw,  
Who will soothe all our care,  
And be nearest our heart,  
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.

Here's to the land of our birth,  
To the Queen wha's the pride o' us a',  
May she ever be blest,  
Nor look back with regret  
On the days o' the year that's awa'



SONG ... .. "THE OWL." ... .. *Stephen Adams.*

BRO. MAYBRICK.

THERE passed a man by an old oak tree,  
"To-who," said the owl, "to-who!"  
His hair was wild and his gait was free,  
"He must be a lover," said the owl in the tree,  
"To-who, to-who, to-who!"  
"Whither away?" said the owl, as he passed,  
"Whither away, fair sir, so fast?"  
"I go," quoth he, "a maid to woo,  
A maiden young, and fair, and true."  
"To woo," said the owl, "to woo!  
Is anybody true in the world? to-who!"  
"Ha! ha!" laughed the lover, as away he sped,  
"That's just like an owl," he said.  
There passed a man by the old oak tree,  
"To-who!" said the owl, "to-who!"  
His face was as long as long could be,  
"He must be married," said the owl in the tree,  
"To-who! to-who! to-who!"  
His gait was neither free nor fast,  
He shook his fist at the owl as he passed;  
"Oh! oh!" said the owl, "it's you! it's you;  
And haven't you been the maid to woo?"  
"To woo," said the man, "to woo,  
There's nobody young, or fair, or true!"  
"Ho! ho!" laughed the owl, as he went to bed,  
"That's just like a man," he said. *F. E. Weatherly.*

SONG ... .. "SLEEP, MY LOVE, SLEEP." ... .. *Sullivan.*

MISS ALICE GOMEZ.

SLEEP, my love, sleep; rest, my love, rest!  
Dieth the moan of the wind in the tree;  
Foldeth her pinions the bird in her nest;  
Sinketh the sun to his bed in the sea.  
Sleep, sleep, lulled on my breast,  
Tossing and troubled and thinking of me.  
Hush, my love, hush! with petals that close,  
Bowling and bending their heads to the lee;  
Fainteth the lily and fadeth the rose,  
Sighing and sad for desire of the bee.  
Hush! hush! drooping like those,  
Weary of waiting and watching for me.

Peace, my love, peace! Fallett the night,  
Veiling the shadows her glory for thee;  
Eyes may be darken'd while visions are bright,  
Sense may be fetter'd tho' fancy is free.  
Peace! peace! stann'o'ring light,  
Longing and loving and dreaming of me.

GLEE ... .. "BOLD ROBIN HOOD." ... .. *Bishop.*

BROS. HODGKINS, FROST, FRYER, HANSON, DE LACY, AND SHIPLEY.

OH! bold Robin Hood is a forester good,  
As ever drew bow in the merry greenwood;  
At his bugle's shrill singing  
The echoes are ringing,  
The wild deer is springing for many a rood,  
It's summons we follow,  
Through brake, over hollow,  
The shrilly-blown summons of bold Robin Hood.  
And what eye hath e'er seen  
Such a sweet maiden queen  
As Marian, the pride of the foresters' green;  
A sweet garden flower,  
She blooms in the bower,  
Where alone, to this hour, the wild rose hath been;  
We hail her in duty,  
The queen of all beauty.  
We will live, we will die by our sweet maiden queen.

And we've a gray friar,  
Good as heart may desire,  
To absolve all our sins, as the case may require,  
Who, with courage so stout,  
Lays his oak plant about,  
And puts to the rout all the foes of his choir;  
For we are his choristers,  
We merry foresters,  
Carousing still with our militant friar,  
Robin and Marian! Robin and Marian!  
Drink to them one by one, drink as you sing;  
Robin and Marian! Robin and Marian!  
Long with their glory old Sherwood shall ring.

FINIS.

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MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER.

GRAND STEWARDS.

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TREASURER.

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HON.-SECRETARY.

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No. 46. BRO. EDWARD W. STANTON.

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„ 58. „ EDWARD JAMES GRAY.

„ 6. „ PHILIP CHAS. NOVELLI.

„ 60. „ ELIAS ROGERS.

„ 8. „ HENRY PULLMAN.

„ 01. „ FREDK. CHARLES WATTS.

„ 14. „ WILLIAM REGISTER.

„ 99 „ EDWARD HUMPHREYS.

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„ 197. „ CAPT. MARCUS SHARPE.

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„ 459. „ CHAS. PERCIVAL HENTY.

„ 29. „ FREDERICK BURGESS.

Programme  
of Music.

