

*W. R. Carter*

EAST LANCASHIRE MASONIC  
BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION  
(INCORPORATED).

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Programme  
of  
Grand Festival.



FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH, 1925.

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

*5-11-25*  
*W. R. Carter*

EAST LANCASHIRE MASONIC HALL, BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER.



*Photo—Daily Dispatch*

Laying of Foundation Stone, Sunday, 4th October, 1925, at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, by Electrical Control,

EAST LANCASHIRE MASONIC HALL, BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER.



*Photo—Daily Dispatch*

Laying of Foundation Stone, Sunday, 4th October, 1925, on the Site, by direct Electrical Control from the Free Trade Hall.



# East Lancashire Masonic Benevolent Institution (Incorporated).

PRESIDENT:—R.W. Bro. The Rt. Hon. THE EARL OF DERBY,  
K.G., etc., P.G.W.(Eng.), Prov. Grand Master.

DEPUTY PRESIDENT:—W.Bro. Lt.-Col. Sir ALAN J. SYKES, Bart.  
P.G.D.(Eng.), Deputy Prov. Grand Master.



## Grand Festival,

FRIDAY, 20th NOVEMBER, 1925.



### Objects of the Festival:

(A) TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE INSTITUTION (PARTICULARLY FOR THE BUILDING OF THE MASONIC TEMPLE IN BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER—TO BE FOR EVER THE PROPERTY OF THE INSTITUTION).

(B) TO ESTABLISH A LASTING MEMORIAL TO THOSE BRETHREN OF THE EAST LANCASHIRE PROVINCE WHO MADE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE IN THE GREAT WAR, AND TO OUR LATE DEPUTY PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER, W.BRO. J. B. GOULBURN, P.G.D.(ENG.), WHO, AS ONE OF THE ORIGINATORS OF THE SCHEME FOR A CENTRAL MASONIC HOME FOR EAST LANCASHIRE, HAD HOPED TO SEE THE BUILDING ERECTED IN HIS LIFETIME.

INCIDENTAL TO THE FOREGOING THE FESTIVAL ALSO SERVES TO CELEBRATE (1) THE CENTENARY OF THE PROVINCE, SINCE THE CREATION IN 1826 OF THE TWO DIVISIONS OF THE PROVINCE OF EAST LANCASHIRE (1732); (2) THE JUBILEE OF THE EAST LANCASHIRE MASONIC BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION (1875), AND THE SERVICE FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF OUR RIGHT WORSHIPFUL PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER, THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY, PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTION AND CHAIRMAN OF THIS FESTIVAL.

# Festival Committee.

Chairman :

W.Bro. JAMES HIGSON, P.G.D.(Eng.), Prov.Asst.G.M.

Vice-Chairman :

W.Bro. JOHN E. FREEMAN, P.G.D.(Eng.), P.Prov.C.W.

Secretary :

W.Bro. R. VERNEY CLAYTON, P.A.G.Reg.(Eng.), Prov.G.Sec.

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*(Members of the Committee of Benevolence.)*

W.Bro. H. J. BLEASDALE, P.P.G.D.  
" " F. W. BROADBENT, P.A.G.Reg.(Eng.)  
" " WM. BROOKS, P.G.D.(Eng.)  
" " G. J. CRITCHLEY, P.G.Md.Bearer (Eng.)  
" " JOHN CROMPTON, P.P.Dep.G.Reg.  
" " G. WENHAM DAVIES, P.P.G.D.  
" " WILLIAM DODD, P.P.G.W.  
" " JAS. EARNSHAW, P.P.G.D.  
" " R. V. S. HOUGHTON, P.P.G.W.  
" " CHAS. HATTERSLEY, P.P.G.D.  
" " JOHN B. KENYON, P.P.G.W.  
" " J. M. MACFARLANE, P.P.G.W.  
" " JOHN R. ROBERTS, P.P.G.D.C.  
" " J. E. SOUTHERN, J.G.D.(Eng.)  
" " Dr. W. O. STEINTHAL, P.G.D.(Eng.)  
" " T. H. THOMPSON, P.P.G.W.  
" " H. E. TRAVIS, P.G.D.(Eng.)  
" " TOM WHITTAKER, P.P.G.W.

(*Co-opted Members.*)

- W. Bro. HARRY BARLOW, P.P.G.Org.  
" " R. H. BAXTER, P.A.G.D.C.(Eng.)  
" " EUSTACE B. BEESLEY, P.P.G.W.  
" " GEORGE BOARD, P.P.G.W.  
" " F. BROCKLEHURST, P.P.G.W.  
" " C. W. BUTLER, P.P.G.D.  
" " Col. A. ENGLAND, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P., P.P.G.W.  
" " A. GREASY, P.P.G.D.  
" " A. HARRISON, P.P.G.W.  
" " T. H. HEWLETT, P.P.G.D.  
" " W. HORROCKS, P.P.G.W.  
" " W. HOWARTH, P.P.G.D.  
" " G. V. HUTTON, P.P.G.D.  
" " GEO. JACKSON, P.P.G.W.  
" " R. E. LABROW, P.P.G.D.  
" " GEO. C. LIND, Prov.G.D. of C  
" " F. RAVENSCROFT.  
" " A. E. ROBINSON, P.P.G.D.  
" " FRANK ROWLAND, P.P.G.W.  
" " ROBERT SCHOLES, P.P.G. Regr.  
" " T. H. SCHOLFIELD, P.P.G.W.  
" " W. B. SNAPP, P.P.G.D.  
" " W. F. SPENCER, P.P.G.D.  
" " HENRY STEELE, P.P.G.D.  
" " F. STONEHOUSE, P.P.G.W.  
" " TOM STOTT, P.G.D.(Eng.)  
" " W. TRAIN, P.P.D.G.D.C.  
" " H. WILLIAMSON.  
" " A. WORTHINGTON, P.P.G.W.



## Sub-Committees.

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### (a) REFRESHMENTS:

- Chairman.* W.Bro. Col. A. ENGLAND C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P.,  
P.P.G.W.  
*Convener.* W.Bro. E. B. BEESLEY, P.P.G.W.  
" " W. C. MINTO, Prov.S.G.W.  
" " T. H. SCHOLFIELD, P.P.G.W.  
" " J. E. SOUTHERN, J.G.D.(Eng.), P.P.G.W.

### (b) ENTERTAINMENTS:

- Chairman.* W.Bro. HAMILTON HARRIS, P.P.G.D.  
" " H. BARLOW, P.P.G.Organist.  
" " R. H. GREAVES, Prov.G.Organist  
" " J. CROMPTON, P.P.Dep.G.Tega.  
" " J. BOSTOCK, P.P.G.D.

### (c) DECORATIONS:

- Chairman.* W.Bro. R. H. BAXTER, P.A.G.D.C.(Eng.), P.P.G.W.  
*Convener.* W.Bro. R. E. LABROW, P.P.G.D.  
" " F. DICKS, P.P.G.W.

### (d) HOUSE & RECEPTION:

- Chairman.* W.Bro. R. H. BAXTER, P.A.G.D.C.(Eng.), P.P.G.W.  
*Convener.* W.Bro. W. R. SNAPE, P.P.G.D.  
" " E. B. BEESLEY, P.P.G.W.  
" " JOHN B. KENYON, P.P.G.W.  
" " TOM WHITTAKER, P.P.G.W.

### (e) SPECIAL STEWARDS COMMITTEE:

- Chairman.* W.Bro. G. J. CRITCHLEY, P.G.Std Bearer (Eng.),  
P.P.G.W.  
*Convener.* W.Bro. C. W. BUTLER, P.P.G.D.  
" " CHAS. HATTERSLEY, P.P.G.D.  
" " G. C. LIND, Prov.G.D.C.  
" " A. E. ROBINSON, P.P.G.D.  
" " DR. W. O. STEINTHAL, P.G.D.(Eng.)  
" " R. E. LABROW, P.P.G.D.  
" " A. HARRISON, P.P.G.W.  
" " G. V. HUTTON, P.P.G.D.  
" " T. H. HEWLETT, P.P.G.D.  
" " F. RAVENSCROFT.

## Programme.

5-0 to 5-30 p.m.

STEWARDS ASSEMBLE, during which there will be an

**Organ Recital** by W. Bro. R. H. GREAVES,  
Prov. G. Orgt.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

**Business Meeting.** The Secretary of the Institution (W. Bro. R. VERNEY CLAYTON, P. A. G. Regr., Eng., Prov. G. Secretary) will announce the amount of the Contributions by the Lodges and the number of Stewards.

The R. W. Prov. G. M. (The EARL OF DERBY K.G., etc.) will address the Stewards.

The Chairman of the General Committee of the Institution (W. Bro. JAMES HIGSON, P. G. D. Eng., Prov. Asst. G. M.) will move a vote of thanks to the Chairman of the Festival, which the Vice-Chairman (W. Bro. J. E. FREEMAN, P. C. D., Eng., P. Prov. G. W.) will second.

**Refreshments** will be served (see Special Card of Directions).

During Refreshments the BESSES O' TH BARN BRASS BAND (under the direction of W. Bro. HARRY BARLOW, P. P. G. Orgt.) will play Selections.

**Unveiling** by the Worshipful Depy. Prov. Grand Master (Bro. Sir ALAN J. SYKES, Bart., P. G. D., Eng.) of the PORTRAIT (by *Sir William Orpen, K. B. E.*) of the President of the Institution and Chairman of the Festival (the Rt. Hon. the EARL OF DERBY, K. G., etc.) Presented by the Lodges and Chapters of the Province and to be placed in the new Masonic Hall.

**Concert.** The Programme for this follows.

N. B.—Smoking will be permitted after the Unveiling Ceremony, and in the LARGE HALL, only.



## Artists.

Contralto	-	-	Miss FLORENCE FIELDEN.
Tenor	-	-	Bro. WALTER HYDE.
Bass	-	-	W.Bro. HAMILTON HARRIS, P.P.G.D.
Violin	-	-	Miss GERTRUDE BARKER
Entertainer	-	-	Bro. NELSON JACKSON.

### MANCHESTER MASONIC CHOIR.

*(Organised and Conducted by W.Bro. Hamilton Harris, P.P.G.D.)*

*Assisted by W.Bro. J. Bostock, P.P.G.O., and  
W.Bro. G. Sydney Smith.*

Accompanist	-	-	W.Bro. R. H. GRAVES, Prov. G. Org.
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## PROGRAMME OF MUSIC

BY

### THE BESSES O' TH BARN BAND.

*Conductor: - V.Bro. HARRY BARLOW, P.P.G.Org.*

MARCH	"La Reine de Saba"	<i>Gounod</i>
OVERTURE	"Magic Flute"	<i>Mozart</i>
CORNET SOLO	"Hailstorm"	<i>Rimmer</i>
	<i>Soloist—Mr. W. RUSHWORTH.</i>	
SELECTION	"Aida"	<i>Verdi</i>
XYLOPHONE SOLO	"Tick Tack"	<i>Rimmer</i>
	<i>Soloist—Mr. W. PARKINSON.</i>	
CELEBRATED PRELUDE in C sharp Minor		<i>Rachmaninoff</i>
WALTZ	"Wendische Weisen"	<i>Gungl</i>
ENTR'ACTE	"Sunset"	<i>Jones</i>
HUMORESQUE	"March of the Manikins"	<i>Fletcher</i>

# Programme.

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Glee—"Here's Life and Health"

*Hollingworth*

The Choir.

Here's life and health to England's King,  
The pride of all the nation ;  
May all the world his praises sing,  
And pow'r uphold his station.  
May peace and plenty crown his day,  
May health and wealth be his we pray,  
May all his subjects loyal be,  
Drive back the foe, and keep him free.

Air—"Softly awakes my heart." (*Samson & Delilah*)

*Saint Saens*

Miss Florence Fielden.

Softly awakes my heart, as the flowers awaken,  
To Aurora's tender zephyr,  
But say, O well beloved, no more I'll be forsaken,  
Speak again, O speak for ever.  
O say that from Delilah, you never will part,  
Your burning vows repeat, vows so dear to my heart.

Ah, once again, do I implore thee,  
Ah, once again, then say you adore me,  
Ah, I here implore thee,  
See, I implore thee,  
Ah, once again, then say you adore me.

'E'en as to whisp'ring winds sways the waving grain,  
To and fro so gently moving,  
So sways my trembling heart, consoling all its pain,  
To thy voice so dear so loving.  
The arrow in its flight, is not swifter than I,  
When leaving all behind, to your arms I fly.

Ah, once again, then I implore thee, etc.

Recit. & Air—Lend me your aid" (*La Reine de Saba*)

Gounod

With Band Accompaniment.

Bro. Walter Hyde.

Recit.

How frail and weak a thing is man!  
How poor this work of ours!  
Hideous and vain it standeth,  
A dwelling for luxury.  
A temple fit for pride!  
Hardly worthy of man!  
All nobleness a-wanting!  
This they call Building for all eternity!

Sons of Tubal Cain.  
Oh! strong and noble race,  
Benefactors of man!  
High and God-like minds,  
In your path thro' the world,  
Ye left a track of greatness.

Libanus beareth witness in last noble ruins,  
Where far the sand heaps high the desert plain,  
Even there rise the wond'rous forms ye have made—  
From out the past in solemn grandeur.  
Ah! before your awful pow'r I bow the head!  
Lend me your aid, O'n race divine?  
Fathers of old to whom I've prayed!  
Spirits of pow'r be your help mine!  
Lend your aid

Oh grant that my wild dream be not vain,  
That future time shall owe to me  
A work their bards will sing in other strain.  
Thro' Chaos still an iron sea  
From the Cauldron the molten wave  
Ere it will flow into its mould of sand,  
And ye, oh sons of Tubal Cain,  
Fire my soul and guide my hand!

Lend me your aid, etc.

Violin Solo—"Largo"

Handel

With Band Accompaniment.

Miss Gertrude Barker.



**Aria—(a) " O Isis and Osiris " (Magic Flute) Mozart**

With Male Voice Chorus.

With Band Accompaniment.

**W. Bro. Hamilton Harris.**

Oh ! Isis and Osiris guide them,  
Send down thy spirit on the pair ;  
Still, all their wand'ring steps directing,  
Fit them our solemn rites to share.  
Bid them endure through dangers low'ring,  
Shield them in trial's hour, o'erpow'ring.  
Oh ! let thy mercy be their guard  
Ever their virtue's rich reward.

**Song—(b) " Le Cor " (by request) Flieser**

**W. Bro. Hamilton Harris**

I love the sound of horn, at night in forest gloom,  
Let it sing of the tears of the hind that meets its doom,  
Or the huntsman's farewell re-echoed all around,  
When still the wild north wind, doth make the woods resound !  
Oftimes alone, when resting in midnight deep  
I would smile thus to hear it, and yet more oft would weep !  
Seeming then to hear as by prophets foretold  
Sounds telling of the death of paladins of old !  
Souls of knights of old have ye again been born ?  
Is it ye who are speaking with the voice of the Horn ?  
Roncevaux ! Roncevaux ! In thy gloomy vale,  
The spirit of great Roland still doth weep and wail.

*Trans by N.W.W.*

**Entertainer Bro. Nelson Jackson.**

**Recit.—" If I pray " } (Faust) Gounod**

**Duet—" Revere the delight " }  
Bros. Walter Hyde & Hamilton Harris.**

*Faust* If I pray there is none to hear !  
To give me back my love, its believing and its glow.  
Accurst be all ye thoughts of earthly pleasure,  
And every by-past treasure  
Which by mem'ry bind me below !  
Accurst ye toys which did allure me,  
Yet when possess no rapture could secure me !  
Fond dreams of hope !  
Ambition high ! and their happiness so rare !  
Accurst my vaunted learning,

And forgiveness and prayer :  
Accurst the patience, that calms the yearning,  
To pow'rs of ill, I cry !

*Meph.*

I reply !  
You stare as you greet me !  
Does it fright you to meet me ?  
With sword at my side  
And a cap on my head  
And a purse rather heavy  
And a gay velvet cloak on my shoulder  
I travel, as noblemen travel !  
Speak out wise man !  
What is your will ! at once tell me !  
Are you afraid ?

*Faust*

No !

*Meph.*

Do you doubt my right to aid you ?

*Faust*

I may be,

*Meph.*

It were easy to prove me !

*Faust*

Begone !

*Meph.*

Begone ?

Is this the way to cheat me ?

Now learn, old man, with all your skill,

Well-born hosts politely treat me,

Not as you have done to-day,

Call for aid from far away,

Then to say "Begone !" as if to beat me !

*Faust*

Can'st thou do aught for me ?

*Meph.*

Aught !

All, but first let me hear what I must do !

Is it gold ?

*Faust*

What is gold to one who has learning ?

*Meph.*

Good ! methinks I can fancy your yearning ;

'Tis, then, for glory ?

*Faust*

No, for more !

*Meph.*

For a kingdom ?

*Faust*

No ! I would have thee restore,

What outbuys them all !

My youth ! my youth restore me !

Be mine the delight

Of Beauty's caresses,

Her soft wavy tresses,

Her smile beaming bright.

Be mine the warm current of blood in ev'ry vein,

The passion of torrent,

Which nothing can rein,

The rapture, whose pleasure

To time giveth flight,

O youth without measure,

*Meph.* Be mine the delight !  
 'Tis well, 'tis well,  
 Be young and enjoy without measure,  
 I will content your wildest craving ;  
*Faust* And what will thy guerdon be ?  
*Meph.* What ? my fee ?  
 Hardly worth having !  
 UP HERE I will wait on your pleasure,  
 But DOWN THERE, you must wait on ME !  
*Faust* Below ?  
*Meph.* Below !  
 Come on, sign it !  
 What now ? what appals you ?  
 Needs there more to chase the cold ?  
 Is it woman that calls you ?  
 Doubt, but turn you and behold !  
*Faust* Heav'nly vision !  
*Meph.* Come !  
*Faust* Shall I see her again ?  
*Meph.* It seems so !  
*Faust* When ?  
*Meph.* Why, to-day !  
*Both* Away, then !  
*Faust* Be mine the delight, etc.,  
*Meph.* Be thine the delight, etc.

Chorus—"Soldiers' Chorus" (*Faust*)

Gounod

*With Band Accompaniment.*

The Choir.

Glory and love to the men of old !  
 Their souls may copy their virtues bold ;  
 Courage in heart, and sword in hand,  
 Ready to fight, or ready to die for the Fatherland.  
 Who needs bidding to dare by a trumpet blown ?  
 Who lacks pity to spare when the field is won ?  
 Who would fly from a foe if alone or last ?  
 And boast he was true, as coward might do, when peril is  
 Glory and love to the men of old, etc. [past.

Now to home again we come,  
 The long and fiery strife of battle over ;  
 Rest is pleasant after toil as hard as ours beneath a  
 stranger sun ;  
 Many a maiden fair is waiting here to greet her  
 truant soldier lover.

And many a heart will fail and brow grow pale to hear  
 The tale of cruel peril he has run.  
 Glory and love to the men of old, etc.



Glee—"Strike the Lyre"

Cooke

The Choir.

Strike, strike the lyre, let music tell,  
The blessings spring shall scatter round,  
Fragrance shall float on every gale,  
And op'ning flow'rets paint the ground.  
Oh! I have past whole hours in sighs,  
Condemn'd the absent fair to mourn,  
But she appears, sorrow flies,  
Pleasure smiles at her return,  
I love the proud and solemn sweep  
Of harp and trumpet's harmony  
Like swellings of the midnight ocean,  
Like anthems of the op'ning sky.  
But lovelier to my heart the tone  
That dies along the twilight's wing  
Just heard a silver sigh and gone,  
As if a spirit touch'd the string.  
Welcome! is the joyous strain,  
That bids the anxious lover win,  
The smile of beauty wakes again,  
And discord lies at her return.

Songs—(a) "An Eriskay Love Lilt"

M. Kennedy Fraser

(b) "Kishinou's Galley"

" "

Bro. Walter Hyde.

- (a) Bhaic mi oro bhan o  
Bheir mi oro bhan i  
Eheir mi oro o ho  
Sad am I without thee.

When I'm lonely dear white heart,  
Black the night or wild the sea,  
My love's light my foot finds  
The old pathway to thee.

Thou'rt the music of my heart,  
Harp of joy, oh cruit mo chridh,\*  
Moon of guidance by night,  
Strength and light thou'rt to me.

\* Harp of my heart.

—Sung by Mary Macinnes of Eriskay

(b) High from the Ben-a-Hayich,  
On a day of days  
Seaward I gazed,  
Watching Kishmul's galley sailing.  
O hio, huo, faluo.

Homeward she bravely battles,  
'Gainst the hurtling waves,  
Nor hoop, nor yards,  
Anchor, cable, nor tackle has she.  
O hio, huo, faluo.

Now at last 'gainst wind and tide,  
They brought her to  
'Neath Kishmul's walls,  
Kishmul Castle our ancient glory.  
O hio, huo, faluo.

Here's red wine and feast for heroes,  
And harping too.  
O hio, huo, faluo.

Song—"Sea Wrack"

*Hamilton Harty*

Miss Florence Fielden.

The wrack was dark an' shiny where it floated in the sea ;  
There was no one in the brown boat but only him and me ;  
Him to cut the sea wrack, me to mind the boat ;  
An' not a word between us the hours we were afloat.

The wet-wrack,

The sea-wrack,

The wrack was strong to cut.

We laid it on the grey rocks to wither in the sun  
An' what should call my lad, then, to sail from Cushendon ?  
With a low moon, a full tide—a swell upon the deep,  
Him to sail the old boat, me to fall asleep.

The dry-wrack,

The sea-wrack,

The wrack was dead so soon.

There, a fire low upon the rocks to burn the wrack to kelp ;  
There, a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an' sorra one to help,  
Him beneath the salt sea, me upon the shore,  
By sunlight or moonlight, we'll lift the wrack no more.

The dark-wrack,

The sea-wrack,

The wrack may drift ashore.

Violin Solo—(a) "Paraphrase on Paderewski's Famous  
" Minuet " *arr. by Kreisler*

(b) " Zigeunerweisen " *Sarasate*

Miss Gertrude Barker.

Songs of the Sea

With Male Voice Choir.

*Stanford*

W. Bro. Hamilton Harris.

(a) " Drake's Drum "

Drake, he's in his hammock and a thousand miles away,  
(Captain, art thou sleeping there below ?)  
Slung between the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,  
And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.

Yonder limes the island, yonder lie the ships,  
With sailor lads dancing heel an' toe,  
And the shore lights flashing and the night tide dashing,  
He sees it all so plainly as he saw it long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, and ruled the Devon seas,  
(Captain, art thou sleeping there below ?)  
Roving tho' his death fell, he went with heart at ease,  
And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.

'Take my drum to England, hang it by the shore,  
Strike it when your powder's running low ;  
If the Dutch sight Devon, I'll quit the port of Heaven,  
And drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,  
(Captain art thou sleeping there below ?)  
Slung atween the round shot, list'ning for the drum,  
And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;  
Where the old trade's plying and the old flag flying,  
They shall find him ware and waking, as they found him long ago.



(b) "Outward Bound"

Dear Earth, near Earth, the clay that made us men,  
The land we sowed, the hearth that glowed—O Mother,  
must we bid farewell to thee?  
Fast dawns the last dawn, and what shall comfort then  
The lonely hearts that roam the outer sea?  
Grey wakes the daybreak, the shiv'ring sails are set.  
To misty deeps the channel sweeps—O Mother, think on  
us who think on thee!  
Earth-home, birth-home, with love to remember yet  
The sons in exile on th'eternal sea.

(c) "The Old Superb"

The wind was rising easterly, the morning sky was blue,  
The Straits before us open'd wide and free;  
We look'd towards the Admiral, where high the Peter flew,  
And all our hearts were dancing like the sea.  
The Foe are gone to Martinique with four and twenty sail,  
The "Old Superb" is old and foul and slow;  
But the Foe are gone to Martinique, and Nelson's on the  
trail,  
And where he goes the "Old Superb" must go.  
So, Westward ho! for Trinidad, and Eastward ho!  
for Spain,  
And "Ship ahoy!" a hundred times a day;  
Round the world, if need be, and round the world again,  
With a lame duck lagging, lagging all the way.  
The "Old Superb" was barraged and green as grass  
below.  
Her sticks were only fit for stirring grog;  
The pride of all her mis'hipmen was silent long ago,  
And long ago they ceased to heave the log.  
Four years out from home she was, and ne'er a week in port,  
And nothing save the guns aboard her bright;  
But Captain Keats he knew the game, and swore to share the  
sport,  
For he never yet came in too late to fight.  
So Westward ho! for Trinidad, etc., etc.  
"Now up, my lads," the Captain cried, "for sure the case  
were hard,  
If longest out were first to fall behind;  
Aloft, aloft with studding sails, and lash them on the yard,  
For night and day the trades are driving blind."

So all day long and all day long behind the fleet we crept,  
And how we fretted none but Nelson guessed ;  
But ev'ry night the " Old Superb " she sail'd when others  
slept,  
Till we ran the French to earth with all the rest.  
O 'twas Westward ho ! for Trinidad, etc , etc.

Song—" Once Again "

*Sullivan*

Bro. Walter Hyde.

Entertainer— Bro. Nelson Jackson.

Part Song—" The Beleagured "

*Sullivan*

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,  
Tho' by leaguer rent, it hath no stain,  
Mothers and wives to prayer, from now till eve,  
The Lord of Hosts will care for all we leave.  
Plead that we sought not fight, nor chose the field,  
But ev'ry free hearts' right we dare not yield.  
Who needs the trumpet blown to make him hold ?  
Who speaks in undertone of ransom gold ?  
Let such his counsel hide in vault or cave,  
We have no time to chide a waiting slave,  
Mothers and wives to prayer, relief is nigh,  
For you each arm will dare needs not to die,  
For sure as fire doth blaze, or foams the sea,  
You shall to night upraise songs of the Free.

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GOD SAVE THE KING.

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**T**HE Committee gratefully acknowledge the kindness  
of the Artists in so generously providing the  
Entertainment.