

❖ PROGRAMME: ❖

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Concert to commence at 8 p.m.
Doors closed during each item.

1. SONG - "Come if you dare" - *Purcell*
Choral Society
 2. FLUTE SOLO "Scherzo Capriccio" (opus 250) *Sabathil*
Mr. Arthur E. Sayer
 3. LADIES' CHORUS "La Carita" - *Rossini*
(Solo, Miss Dorothy Penfold).
Ladies of the Choir
 4. SONG - "To the Forest" - *Tschaikowsky*
Mr. J. Danks.
 5. SONG - "Villanelle" - *Del'Acqua*
(Flute obligato by Mr. Arthur E. Sayer).
Miss Dorothy Penfold,
 6. MALE CHORUS—
"A Spell is on the Woods and Meadows" *H. Goring*
Male Members of the Society
- SHORT INTERVAL. —
7. CHORUS "Scotland Yet" (Auld Scots). *Granville Bantock*
Choral Society
 8. LADIES' TRIO "A Love Song" *Granville Bantock*
(Obligatos: Violin—Miss Myrtle Knight; Piano—Miss Muriel Hyett)
Ladies of the Society
 9. SONG - "We Wandered" - *Brahms*
Miss Dorothy Penfold,
 10. FLUTE SOLO "The Brook" (Opus 33) *Paul*
Mr. Arthur E. Sayer
 11. SONGS } "Wanderer's Night Song" - *Schubert*
 } "Eleanore" - *Mallinson*
Mr. J. Danks
 12. CHORAL BALLAD "Young Lochinvar" - *Cyril Jenkins*
(Tenor Solo, Mr. H. Williams)
Choral Society
- "GOD BLESS OUR SPLENDID MEN."

The Bendigo Choral Society.

exists for the practice and rendition of the best choral music, and has in the past endeavoured to give honored place to the splendid English School. We are fortunate in having the services of a first-rate conductor in Mr. W. C. Frazier, A.R.C.O. (London). We would appeal to the music-loving public of Bendigo to give their generous support to this worthy aim, as it is greatly to the benefit and advantage of Bendigo that such a splendid field of training should exist for our young people. Your support would be greatly appreciated. We would point out that an annual subscription of 10/6 (and over) entitles the subscriber to two reserved seats at each concert. The next concert will be given in December. The Hon. Secretary will be glad to hear from intending subscribers.

(1) "Come if you Dare."

Come if you dare, our trumpets sound,
Come if you dare, the foes rebound;
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of
the thundering drum.
Now they charge on amain, now they rally
again;
The Gods from above, the mad labour
behold,
And pity mankind that will perish for
gold.
Follow the foe, they quit their ground,
Faint from afar their trumpets sound
They fly, they fly, Victoria the bold Brit-
ons cry.
Now the victors we hail,
Let their glory prevail,
May honour be theirs for their valour so
bold,
For honour is better than silver or gold.

(3) "La Carita"

("Charity.")
English version by Rev. J. Troutbeck,
Chorus—
Love never failing, love all divine,
Thou on mankind dost from heaven ever
shine,
Thou dost console us, soothing our pain,
From thee contentment and gladness we
gain.
Solo—
God in His nature thou dost reveal,
So thou the sore-wounded heart dost heal,
So thou the soul with faith dost inspire,
And dost enkindle bright hope's quench-
less fire.
Chorus—
Love never failing, etc., etc.
Solo—
When all the world thy sweet voice shall
hear,
War's loud alarm we no longer shall fear,
Hatred and pride and wrath shall be stilled,
And ev'ry heart shall with kindness be
filled,
Chorus—
Love never failing, etc., etc.
Solo and Choir—
God in His nature thou dost reveal,
So thou the sore-wounded heart dost heal,
So thou the soul with faith dost inspire,
And dost inkindle hope's quenchless fire.

(6) "A Spell is on the Woods and Meadows."

(Words by Louis G. Elson).
A spell is on the woods and meadows,
A tender glow is in the sky,
While softly blending lights and shadows
In pleasant contrast, greet the eye.
The light is faint, and fainter gleaming
From out the portals of the west,
And nature lies asleep and dreaming,
A happy dream of peace and rest.
O Autumn, thou art tinged with sadness,
Thy beauty lasts but for a day,
And in the midst of all our gladness,
We feel that thou must pass away.
Soon shall the winter, chill and hoary,
Cloud all thy charms in mantle gray,
Oh Autumn, thou with all thy glory,
Must pass too soon away.

(7) "Scotland Yet."

Words by H. S. Kiddell (1798-1870).
Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair,
Gae bring it free and fast,
For I maun sing anither sang
Ere a' my glee be past.
And trew ye, as I sing, my lads,
The burden o't shall be,
"Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland
knowes
And Scotland's hills for me!
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!"
The heath waves wild upon her hills,
And, foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing o' freedom still,
As they dance down the dells,
And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
That's girded by the sea.
"Then Scotland's dales, and Scotland's
vales
And Scotland's hills for me;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!"
The thistle wags upon the fields,
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foeman's dearest bluid,
To dye her auld grey plaid,
And, looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee:
"Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's
might,
And Scotland's hills for me;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three."

They tell o' lands in brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang,
Gie me the hills where Ossian dwelt,
And Coila's minstrel sang,
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That kenna to be free;
"Then Scotland's right, and Scotland's
might,
And Scotland's hills for me,
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!"

(8) "A Love Song."

(Words by Helen F. Bantock)

Love is the rainbow of our stormy years,
Shining above the grey, the gloom,
With soft effulgence life it doth illumine,
A harbinger of hope, yet born of tears.
Love is the first awak'ning into breath
Of the whole fragrance of the young
heart's rose,
Which o'er life's morning heavenly sweet-
ness throws,
Too soon its petals falling, falling, fade
to death.

Love is a well-spring in a burning noon,
Whispering alone its joyful song.
Where life, all weary, leans and listens
long,
Then passing, onward goes, but ah! too
soon.

Love like a star hangs o'er the rest-less
deep,
Where the soul, trembling, is on dark
tides thrown;
In vigil tender high in heav'n alone,
The star its steadfast, shining watch
doth keep.

(12) "Young Lochinvar."

O young Lochinvar is come out of the
West,
Through all the wide Border his steed was
the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons
had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in
war,
There never was knight like the young
Lochinvar.
He stayed not for brake, and he stopped
not for stone,
He swam the Esk river, where ford there
was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came
late;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in
war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
Lochinvar.
So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and
brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on
his sword,

(For the poor craven bridegroom said
never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye
in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
Lochinvar!"

Tenor Solo—

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you
denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like
its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love
of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of
wine,
There are maidens in Scotland, more
lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young
Lochinvar!"

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight
took it up.
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw
down the cup,
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd
up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in
her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother
could bar,
"Now tread we a measure!" said young
Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so love'ly his face
That never a hall such a galliard did
grace,
While her mother did fret, and her father
did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his
bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered,
"I were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with
young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in
her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and
the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he
swung,
So light to the saddle before her he
sprung,
"She is won! we are gone, over bank,
bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,"
quoth young Lochinvar,

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of
the Netherby clan,
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves they
rode and they ran,
There was racing and chasing on Canobie
Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did
they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in
war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young
Lochinvar?

—Sir Walter Scott.

The Bendigo Choral Society,

SEASON 1918, - SECOND CONCERT.

Sixth Grand Concert,

MASONIC HALL,

SEPTEMBER 17th, at 8 p.m.

ARTISTS:

Miss Dorothy Penfold, A.R.C.M.

Miss Myrtle Knight,

Mr. J. Danks,

Mr. Arthur E. Sayer,

Mr. H. Williams,

Conductor: Mr. W. C. Frazier, A.R.C.O.,

Pianiste: Miss Muriel Hyett, L.A.B.

ADMISSION 1/- and 1d. Tax.

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J. WALTER.

NOTE—Subscribers are reminded that they may book seats on and after 11th Sept.,
at Flight's (without extra tax) by handing in the Coupon for September Concert
attached to their Members' Ticket. Unused Coupons for the June Concert may
also be used by presenting them at the box office.

Holders of 1/1 tickets may reserve seats by paying 6d extra for each seat at the box
office.

J. HUDSPETH,

HON. SECRETARY,

85 Wills Street, Bendigo.