

Reappearance
of

Clara Butt
and
Hennerley Rumford

(Upon the return from their phenomenally successful Tour through
Australia and New Zealand).

COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL
Tuesday, June 30th, 1908
at 8 p.m.

BOOK OF WORDS
SIXPENCE.

(Under the Management of Mr. Ernest Crichton, by
arrangement with Messrs. Ibbs and Tillett, London.)



PROGRAMME.

DUET "Finale" from Sonata in A *César Franck*
 MM. CHARLES BARRÉ AND FRANK MERRICK.

SONGS "Wie bist du, meine Königin" }
 "Ständchen" } *Brahms*
 "O Death" }
 MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

SOLO VIOLIN "Am Meer" *Schubert-Wilhelmj*
 "Hungarian Dance in A" *Brahms-Joachim*
 MR. CHARLES BARRÉ.

LARGO "Ombra mai fù" *Händel*
 MME. CLARA BUTT.
Violin - MR. CHARLES BARRÉ.

SOLO PIANOFORTE "Aria con Variazioni" *Händel*
 MR. FRANK MERRICK.

NEW MAORI SONGS "Maori Canoe Song" }
 "Maori 'Poi' Song"; "Waiata Poi" } *Alfred Hill*
 MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

SOLO VIOLIN "Witches' Dance" *Bazzini*
 MR. CHARLES BARRÉ.

NEW SONG "Four Years Old" *Hermann Löhr*
 SONG (by special request) "The Lost Chord" *Sullivan*
 (*With Organ and Piano*).
 MME. CLARA BUTT.

SOLO PIANOFORTE "Scherzo in B flat minor" (Op. 31) *Chopin*
 MR. FRANK MERRICK.

NEW DUET "The day is done" *Hermann Löhr*
 MME. CLARA BUTT AND MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

ACCOMPANISTS . MR. ARTHUR E. GODFREY AND MR. CHARLTON KEITH.

BECHSTEIN GRAND PIANOFORTES.
 ERNEST CRICHTON, Sole Agent for Bristol and Clifton.



Programme.

Duet - - - "Finale" from Sonata in A - - - *César Franck*
 MM. CHARLES BARRÉ AND FRANK MERRICK.

Songs - - - "Wie bist du, meine Königin" }
 "Ständchen" } - - - *Brahms*
 "O Death" }
 MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

"WIE BIST DU, MEINE KÖNIGIN."

Wie bist du, meine Königin,
 Durch sanfte Güte wonnevoll!
 Du lächle nur Lenz düfte weh'n
 Durch mein Gemüthe—wonnevoll!

Frisch aufgeblühter Rosen Glanz,
 Vergleich ich ihm dem deinigen?
 Ach! über Alles was da blüht
 Ist deine Blüthe—wonnevoll!

Durch todte Wüsten wandle hin,
 Und grüne Schatten breiten sich,
 Ob fürchterliche Schwüle dort
 Ohn' Ende brüte—wonnevoll!

Lass mich vergeh'n in deinem Arm
 Es ist in ihm ja selbst der Tod,
 Ob auch die herbste Todesqual
 Die Brust durchwüthe—wonnevoll!

G. F. Daumer, nach Hafis.

English Version.

Ah! sweet, my love, thou charmest me,
 All grace displaying, pleasure-full!
 When thou dost smile, spring odours breathe,
 Around me playing—pleasure-full!

Fresh is the full-blown rose and fair,
 But fairer bloom thy roses far!
 Fairer than all that bloometh there
 In thine arraying—pleasure-full!

On through the windy wastes I press,
 Deep shadows broken all around;
 On through the fearful sultriness
 Endlessly straying—pleasure-full!

Fain would I die upon thy heart;
 'Tis Death itself inhabits there:
 Come Death, although with bitt' rest smart
 And pang 'twere slaying—pleasure-full!

R. H. Benson.

"STÄNDCHEN."

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
 So recht für-verliebte Leut';
 Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
 Sonst Stille weit und breit.
 Neben der Mauer im Schatten
 Da steh'n der Studenten drei,
 Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither,
 Und singen und spielen dabei.
 Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
 Sacht in den Traum hinein;
 Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten,
 Und lispelt: "Vergiss nicht mein."
Kugler.

English Version.

The moon pours down from heaven
 Her old true lover's light;
 One plashing fount in the garden
 Speaks to the silent night.
 Three students stand in the shadow,
 There by the garden wall;
 To the sound of the fiddle and zither
 Their voices rise and fall.
 The song steals in at the window
 Where my lady sleeps above;
 She dreams of the fair-haired singer,
 And whispers a word of love.
Paul England.

"O DEATH."

O death, how bitter art thou unto him that dwelleth in peace,
 to him that hath joy in his possessions and liveth free from
 trouble, to him whose ways are prosperous in all things, to him
 that still may eat! O death, how bitter art thou!

O death, how welcome thy call to him that is in want, and
 whose strength doth fail him, and whose life is but a pain, who
 hath nothing to hope for, and cannot look for relief! O death,
 how welcome is thy call!

Ecclesiasticus xli.

Solo Violin

"Am Meer" - Schubert-Wilhelmj
 "Hungarian Dance in A" - Brahms-Joachim

MR. CHARLES BARRÉ.

Largo

"Ombra mai fù" - Handel

MADAME CLARA BUTT.

Violin - MR. CHARLES BARRÉ.

Recitativo.

Frondi tenere e belle,
 Del mio platano amato,
 Per voi risplende il fato,
 Tuoni, lampi, e procelle
 Non v'ol traggino mai la cara pace,
 Ne giunga a profanarvi, austro rapace!

Aria.

Ombra mai fù
 Di vegetabile,
 Cara ed amabile
 Soave più.

*English Version.**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.

Air.

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

Paul England.

Solo Pianoforte

"Aria con Variazioni" - Handel

MR. FRANK MERRICK.

New Maori Songs

"Maori Canoe Song"
 "Maori 'Poi' Song": "Waiata Poi"

Alfred Hill

MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

"MAORI CANOE SONG."

It was the custom of the Maori youth at Rotorna to make a tiny flax boat, which, laden with a message of love, was blown by the gentle night-wind across the waters of the lake to his beloved on the further shore.

With keen, sharp edge of greenstone
 A message I will write—
 A token to my heart's own—
 And sail it hence to-night.
 † Whiua! Whiua!
 A message I will write, &c.

I'll build a tiny flax boat
 And set it on the sea;
 A soft night wind will make it float,
 My Maori love, to thee.
 Whiua! Whiua!

I'll set it on the sea, &c.

† Wai it.

"WAIATA *POI."

Mara, Maori maiden brown,
 Famed for poi play;
 Far on winds her name is blown,
 Dusky, lithesome fay.
 † Kiarite, kiarite,
 Poi porotiti tapara patua.
 Hei! ha! hei! Hei! ha!

Refrain.

Watch her supple wrist,
 And the poi twirl and twist;
 Hear the gentle tapping
 'Gainst the raupo wrapping
 Of this fascinating thing,
 Tiny ball on end of string.

Hark the sound the †piu-piu makes
 As her body moves;
 That it is enchanted flax
 Such sweet music proves.
 Kiarite! Kiarite! &c.

Alfred Hill.

* "Poi" Play, a rhythmical twisting, swaying, and striking of a small ball which is held by a string.

† Keep the rhythm, twist the Poi to tune.

‡ "Piu-piu," a kind of mat made of dried flax, and used by Poi dancers as a skirt. It gives a peculiar rustle with every movement of the body.

Solo Violin

"Witches' Dance" -
MR. CHARLES BARRÉ.

Bazzini

New Song

Song (by special request)

"Four Years Old" -
"The Lost Chord" -
(With Organ and Piano).

Hermann Löhr

Sullivan

MME. CLARA BUTT.

"FOUR YEARS OLD."

Give me no mansions ivory white,
Nor palaces of pearl and gold;
Give me a child for all delight
Just four years old.

Give me no gold and starry crown,
Nor harps, nor palm branches unrolled;
Give me a nestling head of brown
Just four years old.

Give me a cheek that's like the peach,
Two arms to clasp me from the cold.
And all my heaven's within my reach
Just four years old.

Dear God, you give me from your skies
A little Paradise to hold,
As *Mary* once *her* Paradise,
Just four years old!

Katherine Tynan.

Ernest Crichton,

Pianoforte Merchant and
Organ Manufacturer,
38, REGENT STREET, CLIFTON,
Tele. 509.
22, BRIDGE ST., BRISTOL,
Tele. 1035.
PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM,
Tele. 378.



SOLE AGENT
FOR
BROADWOOD,
BECHSTEIN,
SCHIEDMAYER,
JUSTIN
BROWNE,
etc., etc.

Great Clearance Sale

— OF —
PIANOS, ORGANS, PIANO-PLAYERS,
MUSIC, GRAMOPHONES, RECORDS, etc.

To induce piano purchasers to take this special opportunity of selection, we will pay the purchaser's fare to our nearest depôt. Every instrument delivered free. Sale Lists on application.

ERNEST CRICHTON'S
TUNERS & REPAIRERS
VISIT 10 COUNTIES. WRITE FOR TERMS.

Solo Pianoforte

"Scherzo in B flat minor" (Op. 31)

Chopin

MR. FRANK MERRICK.

Player - Pianos



are wanted in thousands of country and town houses.



They are always ready for use either by hand or with a roll.

¶ Parts being now standardised and the sale & & enormously increased, the cost of these delightful instruments is QUITE & & MODERATE

¶ Ordinary Pianos and other Instruments will be

accepted in part exchange. Call and try for yourself, or write for Illustrated Catalogues.

ERNEST CRICHTON,
38, REGENT St., CLIFTON,

And at BRISTOL & CHELTENHAM.

"THE LOST CHORD."

Seated one day at the organ,
 I was weary and ill at ease,
 And my fingers wandered idly
 Over the noisy keys ;
 I know not what I was playing
 Or what I was dreaming then,
 But I struck one chord of music
 Like the sound of a great Amen. *twice*

It flooded the crimson twilight
 Like the close of an angel's psalm,
 And it lay on my fevered spirit
 With a touch of infinite calm ;
 It quieted pain and sorrow,
 Like love overcoming strife ;
 It seemed the harmonious echo
 From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
 Into one perfect peace,
 And trembled away into silence
 As if it were loth to cease.
 I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
 That one lost chord divine,
 Which came from the soul of the organ,
 And entered into mine.

twice
 It may be that Death's bright angel
 Will speak in that chord again ;
 It may be that only in Heaven
 I shall hear that grand Amen.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

Solo Pianoforte

"Scherzo in B flat minor" (Op. 31)

Chopin

MR. FRANK MERRICK.

New Duet

"The day is done"

Hermann Löhr

MADAME CLARA BUTT AND MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

Come, read to me some poem,
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling
 And banish the thoughts of day.

Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

Longfellow.

 Accompanists—

MR. ARTHUR E. GODFREY AND MR. CHARLTON KEITH.

