

PROGRAMME
80TH BIRTHDAY
CELEBRATIONS

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN
ASSOCIATION



ROYAL ALBERT HALL

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 9TH 1935

AT 3 P.M.

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THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
OF GREAT BRITAIN
1855 — 1935

Patron: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

80TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

THANKSGIVING SERVICE AND
PRESENTATION OF PURSES

IN THE
ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON

(*Manager:* Charles B. Cochran)

PRESENTATION OF PURSES TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

AT 4 P.M.

Conductor of Massed Choirs
Mr. Arnold Goldsbrough

Conductor of Welsh Choir
Mr. Tom Pickering, Mus. Bac.
(By Courtesy of the B.B.C.)

Leaders of the Display
Miss Ruth M. Nicholl Miss Isabel Chisman Miss Helen M. Pollard

At the Organ: Mr. O. H. Peasgood

Accompanists
Miss Mary Chapman Miss Constance Medley

The Choir is composed of representatives from the following Divisions:—
London, Western, Southern, Eastern, North-Western, Midland, Welsh and
Scottish.

The Guard of Honour is formed from representatives of the 12 oldest Y.W.C.A.
Guide Companies: 2nd Altrincham, 2nd Derby, 3rd Exeter, 1st Henley, 2nd Hull,
1st Kirkcaldy, 23rd Newcastle-on-Tyne, 12th Norwich, 1st Putney, 1st St. John's
Wood, 1st Swansea, 1st Worcester.

All costumes made and supplied by the Y.W.C.A. Costume Hire Department.

Stewards: Guiders

Programme Sellers: Junior National Staff and Girl Members of the Association

Organising Secretary: Mrs. M. Buchanan

Bösendorfer Grand Pianofortes

FOREWORD

A BIRTHDAY Celebration, in any life, should be first of all a time of grateful joy. When Y.W.C.A. members began to think about the history of their Association, born eighty years ago, they wanted to express this wonder and joy in some open and beautiful way. The plan of this Celebration tries to represent our history, the fourfold lines of our aims, and our trust and resolves for the coming years. The Birthday Party enjoyed by young and old members will grow before our eyes into the world-wide circle, till it includes fifty-six nationalities. The Blue Triangle will be surrounded by the golden globe. The Association is pledged to keep the chain of peace unbroken. It is a joy to have so many visitors from other lands, bringing greetings and sharing in the family party.

The Association in Great Britain has grown on fourfold lines—physical, intellectual, social and spiritual. To-day the physical exercises, games and dances are more than a display—they are an expression of delight in the right use of gifts. The beauty of music and dramatic action stand for the educational aim, and, as to this Celebration we welcome so many friends to share our happiness, we want the Association to be always a centre of fellowship and service wherever we are called. Along all these lines there may be new fields of adventure before us. We grow hopefully because we have seen the world-wide expansion of a tiny seed.

The gifts to be presented to Her Gracious Majesty are expressions of this fellowship dedicated to carrying out the whole spiritual purpose. Our gratitude to God and our re-dedication will be gathered up in the Thanksgiving Service with which the Celebration closes.

About 600 girls will take part in the arena programme. They represent, as they come and pass and mingle, the streams of life that have flowed in and through and round the Association these eighty years. May the stream flow on to a fuller life to the Greater Glory of God.

PROGRAMME

2.40. Community Singing *in which all are invited to join*

2.55. Y.W.C.A. Hymn

True-hearted, whole-hearted ; faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be ;
Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee :

Chorus

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free ;
True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be !

True-hearted, whole-hearted ; fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King ;
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

Chorus

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free ;
True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be !

3.0. ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

God save our gracious King
Long live our noble King
God save the King.
Send him victorious
Happy and glorious
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

3.3. Massed Choirs Hymn to the Stars *Dyson*
To Music *Schubert*

Welsh Choir Codiad yr Ehedydd
(*Rising of the Lark*)

Massed Choirs Awake thou Wintry Earth *Bach*

HYMN TO THE STARS

When I survey the bright Celestial sphere ;
So rich with jewels hung,
That Night doth like an Ethiope bride appear ;
My soul her wings doth spread and heaven-ward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read in the large volumes of the skies.

No unregarded star contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed, far from our human sight,
But if we steadfast look we shall discern
In it, as in some holy book how man may heavenly knowledge learn.

For the bright firmament shoots forth no flame so silent but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

(William Habington, 1605-1654.)

TO MUSIC

O Music, come and light my heart's dark places,
Arouse to life my spirit's inmost ear.
Awake in me such love no time effaces,
O Voice divine speak on and I shall hear.

O Music, make me strong to conquer sorrow,
My soul with love of noble things fulfil,
Then fear I not the silence of death's morrow,
For Death himself my music shall not still,
Not Death himself my music still.

(Reprinted from *Schubert's Songs*, translated by A. H. Fox
Strangways and Steuart Wilson, by permission of the Oxford
University Press.)

CODIAD YR EHEDYDD

Clyw ! Clyw ! foreol glod !
O' ! fwynedyw'r defnyn-nau'n dod
O wynfa lân i lawr.
Ai mân ddefnynnau cân,
Aneirif lu ryw dyrfa lân,
Ddihangodd gyda'r wawr ?
Mudyw'r awel ar y waun,
A brig y grug, yn esmwyth grŷn :
Gwrando mae yr aber gain,
Ac yn ybrwyn ymguddia'i hun :
Mor nefol serchol ydyw'r sain,
Sy'n dod i swyno dyn.

Cwyd ! Cwyd ! ehedydd, cwyd
O le i le, ar adain lwyd,
Yn uwch, yn uwch o hyd.
Cân, cân dy nodau cu,
A dos yn nes at lawen lu
Adawodd boen y byd.
Canu mae, a'r byd a glyw
Ei alaw lon o uchel le ;
Cyfyd hiraeth dynol-ryw,
Ar ôl ei lais, i froydd ne :
Yn nes at ddydd, yn nes at Dduw
I fyny fel efe.

English Translation "The Rising of the Lark."

Hark ! Hark ! the rising lark !
Whose morning song of praise and mirth
Comes down from heaven to earth.
Those tiny pearls of song,
Come they from an unnumbered throng
Of heaven with the dawn ?
Silent meads the lay now hear,
O'er spray and blossom falling clear ;
List'ning rivers hear the song
While 'mid the reeds they glide along :
That heavenly, sweet, enchanting song
Brings joy to earth below.

Rise ! rise ! sweet lark arise !
On airy pinion cleave the skies
And singing ever soar,
Pour out thy sweetest lay,
With joyful heart proclaim the day
When pain shall be no more.
Sing aloft, the world shall hear
Thy merry lay down-dropping clear ;
Linking up the hearts of men,
To heaven recalling them again :
Towards the Dawn we'll follow them
Above, above, like thee.

AWAKE THOU WINTRY EARTH

Awake thou wintry earth, fling off thy sadness.
Ye vernal flow'rs, laugh forth your ancient gladness.
A new and lovely tale throughout the land is sped,
It floats o'er hill and dale to tell that Death is dead.

Descended to the grave, where our beloved lie sleeping,
Hath Christ return'd to save man's heart from woe and weeping.
O earth, break forth and sing, renew thy bright array,
With fairest blooms of spring bestrew the Saviour's way.

(Reprinted by permission of the Oxford University Press.)

- 3.15 A Birthday Fantasy By younger members (aged 8 to 13), from the Eastern, Southern, and Western Divisions, and the daughter of the Founder (The Hon. Emily Kinnaird).
- 3.23 Team Games By Pioneers (aged 14 to 16) from North and North-Western Divisions.
- 3.30 Keep Fit Display By Senior members from Midland Division.
- 3.35 Our World-Wide Association Symbolic Formation.
1. The "80" Dance By Scottish Members
 2. Making the Triangle By London Members
 3. Encircling the Globe By North-Eastern and other Divisions
 4. History leads the way By Various Members
 5. The World comes into the Picture By Representatives of other countries.

INTERVAL

- 4.0 HER MAJESTY will walk across the Arena to the platform preceded by the Guard of Honour
- 4.5 Presentation of Purses: During the presentation there will be singing by the Massed Choirs and the Welsh Choir
- 4.17 The Hon. Emily Kinnaird: Message to the Association
- 4.20 A Service of Thanksgiving and Re-dedication
Conducted by The Very Reverend the Dean of St. Paul's, K.C.V.P., D.D., D.Litt.
Address by The Very Reverend Principal J. Harry Miller, C.B.E., D.D., St. Mary's College, St. Andrews

SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING AND RE-DEDICATION

HYMN: *All Standing*

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and salvation:
Come ye who hear,
Brothers and sisters draw near,
Praise him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:
Hast thou not seen?
All that is needful hath been
Granted in what he ordaineth.

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee:
Surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee:
Ponder anew
All the Almighty can do,
He who with love doth befriend thee.

(Reprinted from Songs of Praise, enlarged edition, by permission of the Oxford University Press.)

The Dean

Let us recollect that as we stand here in the presence of God we are united in spirit with all those members of our Association who have passed on to a fuller life and with our fellow members throughout the world.

One Minute Silence

"Our Father—": *All together*

READING: *All Seated*

Isaiah, Chapter xlii, Verses 5 to 9 inclusive.

PRAYER OF ADORATION: *All Standing*

Most glorious Lord God, infinite in mercy, full of compassion, long-suffering, and of great goodness, we adore and praise and glorify Thy Holy Name, worshipping Thee with the devotion of our souls and bodies, and acknowledging that whatsoever we are or have or know is all from Thee, the Fountain of being and blessing, of sanctity and pardon. We give thanks unto Thee with cherubim and seraphim, and all the companies of the heavenly host, saying: Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, to whom be all honour and glory and dominion and power, now and for evermore. Amen.

ADDRESS: *All Seated*

DR. HARRY MILLER

PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING AND INTERCESSION:

All Standing

The Dean O Almighty God, we believe that Thou art here present, help us to remember Thy presence. Thou knowest all things. There is nothing in us, but Thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether; Help us in the prayers we are about to offer for ourselves, and for our Association, that what we ask may be according to Thy will, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Let us give thanks unto God

Our Father, we thank Thee for the courage and faith of those pioneers whom Thou didst inspire, eighty years ago, to found this Association to which we belong; we thank Thee for the great vision of the Church Universal, and a world-wide fellowship in Christ, which our founders and earliest leaders conceived as their goal.

The Dean Praise the Lord, oh my soul;

Response And all that is within me, bless His Holy Name.

The Dean Our Father, we thank Thee for the consecrated lives of the women of our Association, in whom others have seen the image of their Master, and for the knowledge that even through us, in so far as we depend on Thee, the Association will be used by Thee for the building of Thy Kingdom.

Praise the Lord, oh my soul;

Response And all that is within me, bless His Holy Name.

Let us make confession unto God

The Dean Our Father, we Thy children come before Thee with shame and penitence, acknowledging that as individuals, and as an Association, we have fallen short of our high purpose, that we have been so often busied with things of little worth, rather than with the building of Thy Kingdom, that we have been too easily satisfied with our service to Thee, that we have failed to claim and use the mighty power of Thy Spirit, which Thou art ever ready to bestow.

O God make clean our hearts within us.

Response And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.

The Dean *Let us make intercession with God*

Our Father, we pray that Thou wilt continually inspire and guide the work of our Association, and that Thou wilt grant unto us the courage which is ever ready for fresh adventure in Thy service.

O Lord, hear our prayer.

Response And let our cry come unto Thee.

The Dean We pray that the width and depth of our fellowship may more and more become real to all who share in it, and that Thou wilt receive and bless this re-dedication of our Association to Thy service and to Thy call to reconciliation and peace between peoples of different churches, nationalities and races.

O Lord, hear our Prayer.

Response And let our cry come unto Thee.

The Dean We pray that Thou wilt so reveal Thyself in us and in this Association which is Thine, that through the Young Women's Christian Association Thy children may be drawn to know the love of God the Father, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the life-giving power of the Holy Spirit.

O Lord, hear our Prayer

Response And let our cry come unto Thee.

Let us dedicate ourselves anew to the Service
of our Master

SILENCE

The Dean O Thou in whom we live and move and have our being, we offer and present unto Thee our Souls and our bodies, our thoughts and our desires, our words and our deeds, to be a living and continual sacrifice through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE BLESSING

HYMN

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath life and breath come now with praises before him!
Let the amen
Sound from his people again:
Gladly for aye we adore him!

LIST OF PURSES

These purses have been collected by the efforts of the whole Association membership and in particular of many thousands of girl members

		<i>Presented by</i>				<i>Presented by</i>	
EASTERN DIVISION							
Cambridge	£80	For local work	Miss Joan Chivers	Northampton	£80	For local work	Mrs. Compton James
Ipswich	£80	For local work	Miss Winifred Glenn	Nottingham	£160	For local extension work	Miss Iris Robinson
Norwich	£86	For local work	Miss Betty Dipple	Wolverhampton	£280	For local work	Mrs. Bruford
Bury St. Edmund's	£80	For local work	Miss Daisy Manning				
MIDLAND DIVISION							
Birmingham	£1,250	For Extension Work in Birmingham	Mrs. G. Philip Achurch	NORTHERN DIVISION			
	£80	Central Y.W.C.A. for local work	Mrs. Alan Cadbury	Bradford	£560	7 purses of £80 each for local work	Mrs. Saville Smith Mrs. E. Howarth Miss A. J. Carlton
	£80	For Snow Hill Hostel emergency work	Miss Mary Barker	Huddersfield	£80	For special clubs in unemployment areas	£80 For Divisional funds
	£80	Saltley Y.W.C.A. for local work	Miss Clarice Carr	Hull	£320	For local work	Miss Ida Jessop
Coventry	£80	For local work	Miss Angela Brazil		£80	Committee purse for local work	Miss E. Green
Derby	£80	For local work	Dr. Rose		£80	Membership and helpers' purse for local work	Miss D. Wharf
Leicester	£460	For local work	Miss Wesson				
Loughborough	£102	For local work	Miss Ivy Johnson				

LIST OF PURSES—continued

		<i>Presented by</i>				<i>Presented by</i>	
Leeds (Central)	£80	Committee purse for local work	Mrs. John Marshall	Glasgow	£320	Glasgow Association in four purses of £80 each for local work	Mrs. Marcus Dods
	£80	For local work	Miss M. C. G. Whitaker		£80	For Whiteinch Club	Miss Aikman
	£80	Membership purse for local work	Miss Pullan	Kirkcaldy	£80	For local work	Mrs. Hutchison
Leeds (Hunslet)	£80	For local work	Mrs. Donley	Leith	£80	For local work	Miss Helen Hogg
	£80	For local work	Miss Robinson	Rothsay	£80	For local work	Miss Bessie Johnston
York	£80	For local work	Miss C. Croucher				
	£80	For local work	Miss D. M. Heselwood				
NORTH-EASTERN DIVISION							
Gateshead	£800	Bazaar for local work	Miss Crawford	Dartford	£94	For local work	Miss Gladys Warner
	£80	Membership collection for local work	Mrs. Morris	Oxford	£80	For Club Building fund	Lady Trevelyan
East Newcastle	£80	For local work	Mrs. Hornsby		£1,500	Do.	Miss Molly Read
Whitley Bay	£80	For extension work	Miss Gertie Curran	St. Albans	£80	For local work	Miss Vacheret
NORTH-WESTERN DIVISION							
Altrincham	£80	For local work	Miss Emily Blease	Southsea	£85	For local work	Miss Woolcott
Birkenhead	£110	For local work	Mrs. Norman Oulton	Watford	£80	For local work	Miss May Mealing
Blackburn	£100	For local work	Miss Sally Duckworth	Winchester	£80	For local work	Miss Edith Wells
Kendal	£160	Two purses of £80 each for local work	Miss C. M. Barrack	Worthing and Alton	£90	For local work	Miss M. Gibberd
Lancaster and Morecambe District	£80	For Divisional funds	Miss N. Philipson	Southern Division	£80	For Divisional work	Miss C. M. Everitt
Macclesfield	£80	For local work	Miss Ida Bailey		£94	Do.	Miss O. M. Blakey
Preston	£80	For local work	Mrs. R. Gregson	WELSH DIVISION			
Warrington	£80	For local work	Miss Orton	Aberystwyth	£105	For local work	Councillor Mrs. T. E. Roberts
North-Western Division	£80	For Divisional funds	Mrs. Goodier Haworth	Cardiff	£115	For local work	Mrs. Charles Williams
North-Western Division	£80	For Divisional funds	Miss Pauline Mann	Llanelly	£80	For local work	Miss M. A. Brodie
In Memory of Mrs. Theodore Howard	£90	For Southern and North-Western Divisional funds	(great-grand-daughter of Mrs. Howard)	Newport	£80	For local work	Mrs. Aston
SCOTTISH DIVISION							
Ayr	£80	For local work	Miss Jessie McKissock	Rhyl	£100	For local work	Mrs. Brittlebank
Blairgowrie	£80	For new club building	Mrs. Monair	Welsh Division	£221	For Divisional funds (Menai Bridge £80)	Miss Marion Lewis
Aberdeen	£80	For Club Building fund	Miss Mary Marnoch	WESTERN DIVISION			
Edinburgh	£80	Central Club for local work	Miss Jessie Purvis	Bristol	£94	Y.W.C.A. Wayfarers' Club for local work	Miss E. M. Fisher
	£144	General Committee for local work	Mrs. Gaudin		£102	Neville House Hostel for Overseas and local work	Miss Helen Cox
				Exeter	£80	For local work	Miss L. Smith
				Torquay	£80	For local work	Mrs. Enos Smith
				Somerset County (Clevedon, Taunton, Wellington, Weston-super-Mare)	£80	For general work	Miss Lily Bull
				Western Division	£80	For Divisional work	Miss Mabel Slocombe

LIST OF PURSES—continued

LONDON Y.W.C.A. Presented by		
Acton	£90	Girls' Purse for local work Miss Ethel Rawlings
	£80	Women's Purse for local work Miss Eileen Milner
Blackheath	£80	For local work Miss Bertha Edwards
Bromley Central Club	£80	For local work Miss Dora Lee
	£80	Appeal Council Miss Peggy Thomas
	£80	Membership purse for local work
Crouch End	£80	For local work Mrs. Herbert Gray
Croydon	£80	Committee purse for local work Councillor Miss Glazier
	£80	Membership purse for local work Miss Alice Greenfield
Downham	£80	For local work Miss Kitty Taylor
Ealing	£80	For local work Mrs. Brooks, C.C.
Hampstead	£80	For local work Mrs. Carus-Wilson
Harrow	£80	For local work Miss Win Burton
Highbury and Upper Norwood	£130	For local work Miss Madge Swain (Highbury)
International Hostel and Bedford House	£80	For International and London work Miss Irene Mitra (Indian member)
Putney	£80	For local work Miss H. Nicholas
Richmond	£80	For local work Miss Valerie Lane
Theatrical Hostel	£80	For local work Miss Sylvia Kley
Tottenham	£80	For local work Miss Gladys Stevens
Wimbledon	£80	For local work Mrs. J. D. Taylor

LONDON AND NATIONAL JOINT REVENUE COMMITTEE

London Presidents and Vice-Presidents	£160	2 purses of £80 each for General funds	Mrs. C. L. Stocks, Miss Pamela Hurcomb
National Treasurer	£160	2 purses of £80 each for General funds	Miss Evelyn Barlow
London workers and friends	£160	2 purses of £80 each for General funds	Miss D. J. Lawrie, Miss Prudence Ellison
Anonymous	£160	2 purses of £80 each for General funds	Miss Hawes, Mrs. Berkley Jeaffreson
Overseas	£320	4 purses of £80 each	Miss Irene Cox, Miss Alice Moore (W. African Member), Miss Hilda Samuel (Indian Member), Miss Bek-To Chiu (Chinese Member), Miss Diona Stewart-Jones
"Friends of London Clubs"	£160	2 purses of £80 each	Miss Annie Course, Miss Daisy Thompson

Presented by			
District Collections	£160	2 purses of £80 each	Miss M. Crawford, Miss U. Curgenven
Blackheath Hostel	£80	For general funds	Miss Batten
St. John's Wood Hostel	£80	For general funds	Mrs. Wingate Rinder
Friends of the World's Y.W.C.A.	£80	For general funds	The Hon. Mrs. Montagu Waldegrave

OTHER NATIONAL PURSES FOR GENERAL FUNDS

National President	£120	Mrs. Arthur Grenfell
National Staff	£87	Miss Edith Oliver (Head, Clerical Staff, National Offices)
Campers	£80	Miss Amy Stevenson
Girl Guides and School-girls	£80	Miss Ruth Chapman

PURSES COLLECTED FOR GENERAL FUNDS BY THE HON. EMILY KINNAIRD

Individual Gifts and District Collections

Sir Herbert Austin	£80	Mrs. Waite
Mrs. Abel Smith	£80	Mrs. Abel Smith
Lord and Lady Parmoor	£80	The Lady Parmoor
Sir Edgar Horne	£80	Miss Ellis
Mrs. Warrie	£80	Miss D. Iremonger
The North	£80	Miss Iremonger
Angus and Perthshire	£80	Mrs. Smith
Roxburgh and Dumfries	£80	Miss Ferguson
For Overseas	£80	Miss Hensman
For Overseas	£80	Mrs. Ghosh

From Descendants of Founders and Benefactors

Mrs. Rees Mogg	£80	Mrs. Rees Mogg
Lord Dulverton	£80	Miss Martha Inskip
Lord Leverhulme	£80	Miss Prudence Vansittart
Lord Iveagh	£80	Miss Poulton
The Hon. Alice Nevison	£80	Miss Waller
The Hon. Elsie Cameron Corbett	£80	Miss Garnett
The Kinnaird family	£80	Miss Lucy Gough (great-grandchild of the Founder)

The Mackinnon, MacNeill and Denny families	£80	Miss Mary Sidney
The Barclay, Bevan and Holland families	£80	Miss Romilly
The Tritton family	£80	Miss Marigold Tritton (great-grandchild of the first World's Y.W.C.A. President)

Octogenarians

From Octogenarian Friends	£80	Miss Brown Douglas
From One Octogenarian	£80	The Hon. Emily Kinnaird
Miss Kinnaird will also present £80 from Bristol and district, and £80 from Mr. Williamson		

COMMUNITY SONGS

NOTE—The numbers refer to the Community Song Book

4

BILLY BOY

Where hev ye been aal the day,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy ?
Where hev ye been aal the day, me Billy Boy ?
I've been walkin' aal the day
With me charmin' Nancy Grey.
And me Nancy kittl'd me fancy,
Oh, me charmin' Billy Boy.

Is she fit to be yor wife,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy ?
Is she fit to be yor wife, me Billy Boy ?
She's as fit to be me wife
As the fork is to the knife,
And me Nancy kittl'd me fancy,
Oh, me charmin' Billy Boy.

Can she cook a bit o' steak,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy ?
Can she cook a bit o' steak, me Billy Boy ?
She can cook a bit o' steak,
Aye, and myek a gairdle cake,
And me Nancy kittl'd me fancy,
Oh, me charmin' Billy Boy.

Can she myek an Irish Stew,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy ?
Can she myek an Irish Stew, me Billy Boy ?
She can myek an Irish Stew,
Aye, and "Singin' Hinnies" too,
And me Nancy kittl'd me fancy,
Oh, me charmin' Billy Boy.

9

CRADLE SONG.

Roses whisper "good night"
'Neath silv'ry light,
Asleep in the dew
They hide from our view,
When the dawn peepeth thro'
God will wake them, and you,
When the dawn peepeth thro'
God will wake them, and you.

Slumber sweetly, my dear,
For angels are near
To watch over you
The silent night thro',
And to bear you above
To the dreamland of love,
And to bear you above
To the dreamland of love.

17

BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE.

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea,
Oh—Rio (Chorus).
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea,

Chorus.

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away, love, away,
'Way down Rio,
So fare ye well my pretty young gel,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Sing goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue,
Oh—Rio,
And you who are listening, goodbye to you (Chorus).

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar,
Oh—Rio,
And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star
(Chorus).

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain,
Oh—Rio,
And we're all of us coming to see you again (Chorus).

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,
Oh—Rio,
And she waved her white hand as we passed the South
Pier (Chorus).

The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree,
Oh—Rio,
They're all growing green in the North Countrie
(Chorus).

22

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

Sigh no more, ladies,
Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
Men were deceivers ever :
One foot on sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never,
To one thing constant never.

Chorus.

Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
To hey nonny, nonny,
Hey nonny nonny,
Hey nonny nonny,
Hey nonny nonny.

Sing no more ditties,
Ladies, sing no more,
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
Of dumps so dull and heavy :
The fraud of man was ever so
Since summer first was leafy,
Since summer first was leafy.

Chorus.

Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
To hey nonny nonny,
Hey nonny nonny,
Hey nonny nonny,
Hey nonny nonny,
Hey nonny nonny.

30
WHEN THAT I WAS AND A LITTLE TINY BOY.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
With hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.
With hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
But that's all one our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
With hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
For the rain it raineth every day.

36
HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY.

Here's a health unto His Majesty,
With a fa la la la la la la la!
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fa la la la la la la la!
And he that will not wish him health,
He shall have neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself,
With a fa la la, with a fa la la,
With a fa la la la la la la la la la!

38 LOCH LOMOND.

By yon Bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright o'er Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Chorus.

Oh, ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me an' my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

I mind where we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue the highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming (Chorus).

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart will ken nae second Spring again,
Tho' the wae'ful may cease frae their greeting (Chorus).

47 BLOW THE MAN DOWN.

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down,
To me way-ay, blow the man down.
Oh, blow the man down, bullies, blow him away,
Oh, gimme some time to blow the man down.

We went over the Bar on the thirteenth of May,
To me Way-ay, etc.
The Galloper jumped, and the gale came away,
Oh, gimme some time, etc.

Oh, the rags they was gone and the chains they was
jammed,
And the skipper sez he, "Let the weather be hanged."

As I was walking down Winchester Street,
A saucy young damsel I happened to meet.

I sez to her, "Polly, and how do you do?"
Sez she "None the better for seein' of you."

Oh, it's sailors is tinkers, and tailors is men,
And we're all of us coming to see you again.

So we'll blow the man up and we'll blow the man down,
And we'll blow him away to Liverpool Town.

51 THE JOLLY WAGGONER.

When first I went a-waggoning,
A waggoning did go,
I filled my parents' hearts with grief,
With sorrow, care and woe;
And many are the hardships
That I have since gone thro'
Sing wo! my lads, sing wo!
Drive on my lads, I-ho!
Who would not lead the stirring life
We jolly waggoners do?

Upon a cold and stormy night
When wetted to the skin,
I bear it with a contented heart
Until I reach the inn,
And when we sit about the fire,
With landlord and his kin,
Sing wo! etc.

Now Summer is a-coming on,
What pleasures shall we see
The merry finch is twittering
On every greenwood tree;
The blackbird and the thrushes too,
Are whistling merrily,
Sing wo! etc.

When Michaelmas is coming on,
We'll pleasure also find,
We'll make the gold to fly, my boys,
Like chaff before the wind,
And every lad will home return,
To wife and children kind,
Sing wo! etc.

52 THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES O!

Three gipsies stood at the Castle Gate,
They sang so high, they sang so low,
The lady sate in her chamber late,
Her heart it melted away as snow.

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill,
That fast her tears began to flow,
And she laid down her silken gown,
Her golden rings and all her show.

She pluck-ed off her high-heeled shoes,
A-made of Spanish leather, O.
She would in the street, with her bare, bare feet;
All out in the wind and the weather O.

O saddle me my milk-white steed,
And go and fetch me my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

O he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!

What makes you leave your house and land?
Your golden treasures for to go?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,
To follow the wraggle taggle gipsies, O?

What care I for my house and my land?
What care I for my treasure, O?
What care I for my new-wedded lord?
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

Last night you slept on a goose feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

56 THE CUCKOO.

Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Pray, what do you do?
In April I open my bill,
In May I sing night and day,
In June—I change my tune,
In July away I fly,
In August away I must.

Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Pray, where do you go?
Up high into the sky,
Far away, over the sea,
To Spain I fly again,
Day and night I take my flight,
Cuckoo, Goodbye to you.

Y GELYNNEN.

(THE HOLLY.)

Fy mwyn gyfeillion dowch ynghyd
Mewn pryd i ganmol y glasbren
Pren canmolus gweddus gwiw'ai enw yw y Gelynnen.
Ffal-di-rw-di-lam-tam,
Tw-li-ridli
Tryla-lam-tam-ty-lam-ta-ni.
Pren canmolus gweddus gwiw
A'i enw yw y Gwlynnen.

I ba beth y cyffelybaf hon,
I fosen gron neu'r ywen,
Neu rhyw neuadd wych o blas
Ond ffeind yw y las Gelynnen.
Ffal-di-rw-di-lam-tam,
Tw-li-ri-dl-i,
Try-la lam-tam ty-lam ta-ni.
Neu rhyw neuadd wych o blas
Ond ffeind yw y las Gelynnen.

Pe bai hi yn law neu ôd,
Mi allwn fod yn llawen;
Neu rhys dywydd a fai'n fwy
Does dim ddaw trwy y Gelynnen.
Ffal-di-rw-di-lam-tam, etc.
Neu rhyw dywydd a fai'n fwy
Does dim ddaw trwy y Gelynnen.

Aderyn to a gafodd dy,
A cheiliog du'r fwyn fwyalchen,
Ac eistedd mae f'anwylyd wen
Dan gysgod pren y Gelynnen.
Ffal-di-rw-di-lam-tam, etc.
Eistedd mae f'anwylyd wen
Dangysgod pren y Gelynnen.

THE HOLLY.

Come, gentle friends, let's gather round,
And sing with voices merry,
Praising loud the evergreen,
The tree whose name is the Holly,
Fal-de-roo-dee lam-tam,
Too-lee-rid-dle-ee
Tri-la lam-tam til-lam-ta-nee.
Praising loud the ever-green,
The tree whose name is the Holly.

This brave holly cannot be compared
To yew or sturdy oak tree,
Nor to Palace grand, nor Hall,
It stands alone "The Holly!"
Fal-de-roo-dee-lam-tam,
Too-lee rid-dle-ee,
Tri-la lam-tam, til-lam-ta-nee.
Nor to Palace grand, nor Hall,
It stands alone "The Holly!"

Now were it to rain or snow,
Below I'd still be jolly ;
For no harm can come to me
So safe beneath the Holly Tree.
Fal-de-roo-dee-lam-tam, etc.
For no harm can come to me
So safe beneath the Holly Tree.

I hear the happy red-breast sing
" A single life is folly,
My little wife and I, we nest
On a sheltered bough of the Holly."
Fal-de-roo-dee-lam-tam, etc.
" My little wife and I, we nest
On a sheltered bough of the Holly."

HUNTING THE HARE.

Over hill and plain they're bounding,
Thro' the air they seem to fly ;
Hark ! the merry horn is sounding,
List ! the hunter's jovial cry !
Now thro' dingle, dell, and hollow,
Dart they on at fearless pace ;
O ! what joy the hounds to follow,
There's no pleasure like the chase.

When the day's glad sport is over,
Seated in the Baron's hall,
Round the festive board discover,
Gallant hunters one and all.
Laughing loudly, joking, singing,
As the feast goes on a-pace.
While the ancient roof is ringing
With the glories of the chase !

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