

Programme and Book of Words
 OF SEVENTEENTH
ANNUAL CONCERT
 In the COWDRAY HALL,
 On SATURDAY, 14th MARCH, 1936,
 AT 8 P.M.
 BY



HALL RUSSELL'S MALE VOICE CHOIR
 (Conductor—Mr. GEORGE A. INNES),

Winners at the Arbroath Music Festival, 1934 ;
 Winners of the Huntley Buist Challenge Trophy, Dundee Music Festival, 1933 ;
 Winners, Lord Aberdeen's Gold Medal, Aberdeen, April, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936 ;
 Winners of the Pullar Silver Quaich, Perth Music Festival, March, 1930, 1931 ;
 Winners of "Edinburgh Society of Musicians" Challenge Trophy, Edinburgh Musical Festival, June, 1924 ;
 1st for Male Quartettes, Edinburgh Musical Festival, June, 1924 ;
 Winners of the Pollokshields Philharmonic Challenge Shield, Glasgow Musical Festival, May, 1923 ;
 Gold Medallists, N.E. of Scotland Musical Festivals, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924 ;
 1st for Male Quartettes, 1922 1923.

ARTISTES :

Miss Margaret E. Innes, Soprano.
 Miss Jessie and Miss Jean Gordon in Violin and Piano Duets.
 Soloists from the Choir will include—
 Mr. Alex. Cain, Mr. Arthur Eakins, Mr. John Low,
 Mr. Mathieson Wright.
 Humorous Songs by Mr. James J. Paxton.
 Accompanist, - Mr. Robert Speirs.

*To enable the audience to enjoy the Concert undisturbed, the doors will be
 closed during the performance of each item.*

PROGRAMME.



National Anthem.

- MALE { (a) "The Cloud Capp'd Towers" (Steven's Glee),.....
CHOIR { *arr. Sir Hugh S. Robertson*
(b) "Softly Falls the Shades of Evening" (J. L. Hatton),.....
arr. Purcell J. Mansfield

"THE CLOUD CAPP'D TOWERS."

The cloud capp'd tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wrack behind.

"SOFTLY FALLS THE SHADES OF EVENING."

Softly fall the shades of evening
O'er the valley, hush'd and still,
As the sun's last rays are fading
From the distant western hill.
Balmy mists have lull'd to slumber
Weary tenants of the tree,
Stars in bright and glorious number
Sparkle on the waveless sea.

Softly fall the shades of evening
On the bosom of the deep,
Winds in gentle whispering murmurs
Woo the sweet wild flowers to sleep,
Far on high the moon ascending,
Sheds on all her peaceful light;
From her silv'ry throne she smileth,
Smileth on a world of dreams.

SOLO—"The Faery Song" (from "The Immortal Hour"),.....
Rutland Boughton

Mr. ALEX. CAIN.

MALE QUARTET—"A Highland Love Song,".....*Sir Hugh S. Robertson*

Mr. JOHN HARVEY, Mr. JOHN WRIGHT, Mr. JOHN LOW, and
Mr. JOHN SHEARER.

MALE CHOIR—"The Burden of Damascus,".....*Granville Bantock*

"THE BURDEN OF DAMASCUS."

Behold, Damascus is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap.

The cities of Aroer are forsaken: they shall be for flocks, which shall lie down, and none shall make them afraid.

The fortress also shall cease from Ephraim, and the kingdom from Damascus, and the remnant of Syria; they shall be as the glory of the children of Israel, saith the Lord of Hosts.

Ah, the uproar of many peoples, which roar like the roaring of the seas; and the rushing of nations, that rush like the rushing of mighty waters!

The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters; but he shall rebuke them, and they shall flee far off, and shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like the whirling dust before the storm.

At eventide behold terror; and before the morning they are not. This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us.

SOLO (a) "The Lass with the Delicate Air,".....*Arne*
(b) "Rise up and reach the stars,".....*Eric Coates*

Miss MARGARET E. INNES.

MALE (a) "Tiger, Tiger,".....*C. Armstrong Gibbs*
CHOIR (b) "O, no John" (Somerset Folk Song), *arr. Eric H. Thiman*

"TIGER, TIGER."

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hands? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

"O, NO JOHN."

On yonder hill there stands a creature, Who she is I do not know ; I'll go ask her hand in marriage, She must answer yes or no. O, No John, No John, No John, No ! My father was a Spanish Captain, Went to sea a month ago, First he kissed me, then he left me, Bid me always answer no. O, No John, No, etc.	O Madam, in your face is beauty, On your lips red roses grow, Will you take me for your husband ? Madam, answer yes or no. O, No John, No, etc. O madam, since you are so cruel, And that you do scorn me so, If I may not be your husband, Madam, will you let me go ? O, No John, No, etc.
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O, hark ! I hear the church bells ringing,
 Will you come and be my wife ?
 Or, dear madam, have you settled
 To live single all your life ;
 O, No John, No John, No John, NO !

SOLO—"The Toreador" (Carmen), *Bizet*

Mr. MATHIESON WRIGHT.

MALE f(a) "There rolls the Deep," *Jean Louis Nicodé*
 CHOIR l(b) "Smugglers," *E. Markham Lee*

"THERE ROLLS THE DEEP."

There rolls the deep, so broad, so strong, So free in sunlight gleaming. The spirit of the Almighty Broods o'er untrodden waters.	There rolls the deep, the Thunderer, Resistless and Eternal. In silent adoration bending, I worship Thee, the Maker.
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"SMUGGLERS."

A sea craft, and a free craft, Away in the rushing wind ! Devil-may-care, to do and dare, And leave land and law behind. A rough crew, and a tough crew, With a rascal in command ! With a black flag, and a slack flag, And a tale of contraband !	A grey night, and a fey night, What fortune waits to be told ? Fate's pitch and toss for gain or loss, Both are alike to the bold ! A head light, and a dead light, An enemy on our bow, So a side tack, and a tried tack, The devil won't catch us now— Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
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A shy sail, and a sly sail,
 Till the keel grates on the shore :
 Now a strong haul, and a long haul,
 And the dark night's work is o'er.

VIOLIN AND f(a) "Hejre Kati," *Jeno Nubay*
 PIANO l(b) "Lullaby," *Brahms*

Miss JESSIE and Miss JEAN GORDON.

SOLO—"Sigh no more, Ladies," *W. A. Aikin*

Mr. ARTHUR EAKINS.

MALE { (a) "Scots, wha hae," *arr. Sir Hugh S. Robertson*
CHOIR { (b) "Joy of my heart," " "

"SCOTS, WHA HAE."

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed, or to victorie!
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave!
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in ev'ry blow!
Let us do, or dee!

"JOY OF MY HEART."

Joy of my heart, Isle of *Moola!
Whither I wander, East or West,
Waking or dreaming, thou art near me;
Joy of my heart, Isle of Moola!

Peat and heather! how you call me,
Little wee bohan by the hill side.
Joy of my heart, etc.

Sing ye o' the Coolins o' Skye,
Of Harris or Eigg, or fair Iona.
Joy of my heart, etc.

Kindly hearts are waiting to cheer me,
Welcoming arms are there to hold me.
Joy of my heart, etc.

*Moola = Mull.

SOLO { (a) "The Four Maries," *arr. Sinclair Dunn*
{ (b) "Wee Willie Winkie," *arr. Gleadhill*

Miss MARGARET E. INNES.

HUMOROUS SONG—"James the Ninth," *Bernard Newman*

Mr. JAMES J. PAXTON.

MALE CHOIR—"The Village Blacksmith,"arr. J. Bell

"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH."

Under a spreading chestnut tree	Week in, week out, from morn till night,
The village smithy stands ;	You can hear his bellows blow,
The smith, a mighty man is he,	You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With large and sinewy hands,	With measured beat and slow ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms	Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
Are strong as iron bands ;	When the evening sun is low,
His hair is crisp, and black, and long,	And children coming home from school,
His face is like the tan,	Look in at the open door ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,	They love to see the flaming forge,
He earns what e'er he can,	And hear the bellows roar,
And looks the whole world in the face,	And catch the burning sparks that fly
For he owes not any man.	Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice,
It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise.
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies,
And with his hard rough hand
He wipes a tear from out his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

SOLO—"The Bedouin Love Song,"Ciro Pinsuti

Mr. JOHN LOW.

VIOLIN AND PIANO—"Scottish Melodies,"arr. Moffat

Miss JESSIE and Miss JEAN GORDON.

MALE (a) "Good-night, Good night, Beloved,"Ciro Pinsuti
CHOIR (b) "Green grow the rashes,"arr. A. G. Colborn

"GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT, BELOVED."

Good-night, good-night, beloved !
I come to watch o'er thee !
To be near thee, to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me !
Good-night, beloved.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flow'rs,
Good-night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.
Good-night, good-night, beloved.

"GREEN GROW THE RASHES."

There's nought but care on ev'ry han', In ev'ry hour that passes, O ; What signifies the life o' man An' 'twere na' for the lasses, O ! Green grow the rashes, O ! Green grow the rashes, O ! The sweetest hours that e'er I spent Were spent among the lasses, O !	Gi'e me a canny hour at e'en, My arms about my dearie, O ; An' wardly cares an' warldly men May a' gae tapsal teerie, O ! Green grow the rashes, etc.
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The wardly race may riches chase, An' riches still may flee them, O ; An' tho' at last they catch them fast, Their he'rts can ne'er enjoy them, O ! Green grow the rashes, etc.	For you sae douce ye sneer at this, Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ; The wisest man the warld e'er saw, He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O ! Green grow the rashes, etc.
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Auld nature sweers the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O ;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O ;
Green grow the rashes, etc.

Auld Lang Syne.

For particulars as to Membership of
Hall Russell's Male Voice Choir,

please apply to the Conductor,
or to the Secretary,

Mr. Albert Cushnie, 8 Thistle Place,
Aberdeen.

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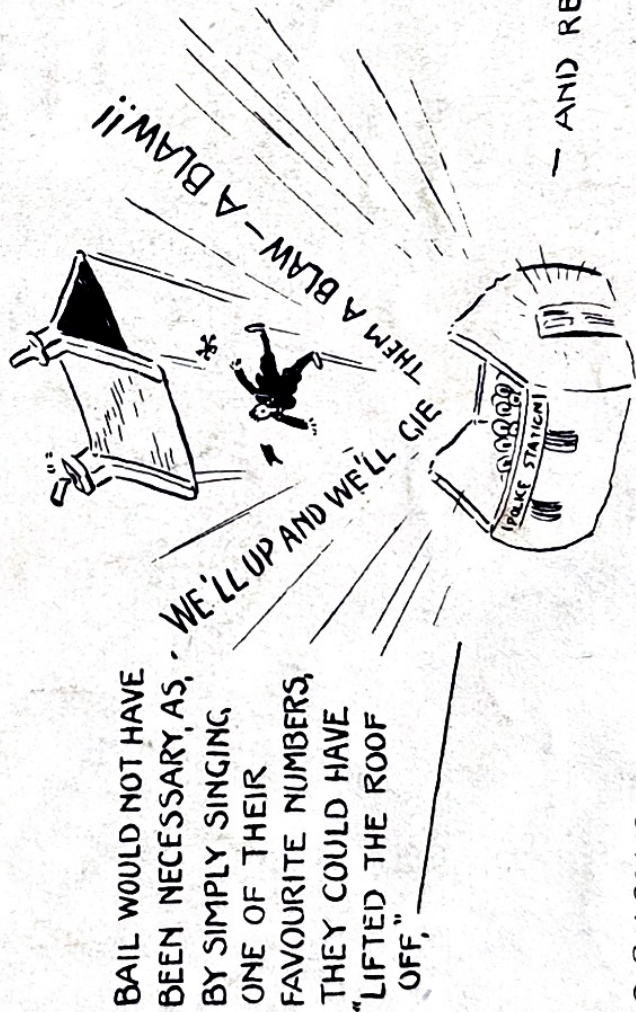


HALL RUSSELL'S MALE VOICE CHOIR, BY SERENADING A LADY AT 3-A.M.

Serenading an Insch Lady at 3 a.m.



RAN THE RISK OF BEING ARRESTED FOR A BREACH OF THE PEACE. HAD THIS HAPPENED



D. R. LESLIE

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122/94