

BRITISH + HOME + FOR + INCURABLES.



PROGRAMME

OF

❖ GARDEN PARTY

AT

THE HOME ❖

CLAPHAM ROAD,

*In celebration of the "Coming of Age" of the
Charity,*

ON WEDNESDAY, 19TH JULY, 1882,

To be honoured by the presence of

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

(Patroness of the Institution)

Accompanied by

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES *will arrive at the Main Entrance of the Home at 4.30 o'clock, and will be received by the Right Hon. Viscount HOLMESDALE (the President) and Members of the Board of Management.*

A GUARD OF HONOUR

OF THE

7th Surrey Rifle Volunteers, and the Band of that Regiment
WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE.

After inspecting the Home, **THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES**
will proceed to the GARDEN, and be conducted
to Seats on the Dais.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM WILL BE SUNG BY THE CHOR,
Accompanied by the Band of the Grenadier Guards.

(By kind permission of Colonel CHURCH)



THE PRESIDENT will then welcome **THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES**, and request **THE PRINCESSES** to receive Purses from Ladies and Children.

During the Presentation of Purses the Band of the Grenadier Guards will play
A MARCH, BY SCHUBERT

The Treasurers will present to Her Royal Highness the **BIRTHDAY GIFT**, being the result of the Special Appeal on behalf of the Charity, on its
"Coming of Age."

The **PRESIDENT** will propose a vote of thanks to **H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES**, to which **H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES** will reply

THE CHOIR will sing the following Selection :-

" Many Happy Returns of the Day "
(Specially composed for this event)
" O Sweetest Charity."
" God bless the Prince of Wales "



SONG

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...

*Blockley.***"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY."**

(ARRANGED AS A QUARTETT, BY MONTEM SMITH.)

Merry words, merry words, ye come bursting around,
 Telling all that affection can say ;
 'Tis the music of heart-chords, that dwells in the sound,
 " Many happy returns of the day."
 The red cheek of the child is more rich in its glow,
 And the bright eye more swift in its ray,
 When his mates hail his birth, in their holiday-mirth,
 And drink " Happy returns of the day."

Tho' sorrow, tho' pain in this cold world abound,
 All here strive to while them away ;
 For patience around, and calm courage are found,
 Each happy return of this day.
 And we know that those " serve " who in confidence still
 " Wait " on and unceasingly pray ;
 And knowing God's will, that plain duty fulfil,
 And bless the return of each day.

The sunset that closes their darkened career,
 Who of hopeless disease are the prey ;
 Shall shine calm and clear, as they fade away here,
 'Mid happy returns of this day.
 For mercy and kindness illumine the page
 Of our Home in its generous sway ;
 Then gladly we'll sing on its " Coming of Age,"
 " Many happy returns of the day."

*The two last verses specially composed for the occasion, by a Friend
 of the Institution.*

GLEE (6 Voices)

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....

Montem Smith.

"O SWEETEST CHARITY."

O sweetest Charity, who, from above,
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here ;
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And pity's soul is in thy tear !
Hope and her sister, Faith, were giv'n
But as our guides to yonder sky ;
Soon as they reach the verge of heav'n,
Lost in that blaze of bliss, they die.
But long as Love, Almighty Love,
Shall on His throne of thrones abide,
Thou shalt, O Charity ! dwell above,
Smiling for ever by His side.—*Moore.*

NATIONAL SONG

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..

Brinley Richards.

"GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES."

Among our ancient mountains,
And from our lovely vales,
Oh, let the prayer re-echo
" God bless the Prince of Wales."
With heart and voice awaken
Those minstrel-strains of yore,
Till Britain's name and glory
Resound from shore to shore.

Should hostile bands or danger
E'er threaten our fair isle,
May God's strong arm protect us,
May heaven still on us smile.
Above the throne of England,
May Fortune's star long shine—
And round its sacred bulwarks
The olive-branches twine.

Departure of Their Royal Highnesses.

**The Home will be open to the inspection of Visitors after the
departure of Their Royal Highnesses.**

Programme
OR
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT
BY
THE BAND OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS
AND THE FOLLOWING CHOIR
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. MONTEM SMITH.

Master TOOP	Mr. BAXTER	Mr. BELL
Master PROBERT	Mr. COLLINS	Mr. CHAPLIN HENRY
Master WALENN	Mr. SCHARTAU	and
Master FRANK TEBBUTT	Mr. G. T. CARTER	Mr. MONTEM SMITH.

- I. PART SONG . . . " The Open Air." . . . *Mendelssohn.*
- II. PART SONG . . . " Take thy Banner." . . . *James Coward.*
- III. GAVOTTE . . . " Queenie." . . . *Musgrave.*
- IV. PART SONG . . . " O hush thee, my Babie." . . . *Sullivan.*
- V. SONG (with Vocal Accompaniment) " Marguerite." . . . *Anne Fricker.*
- VI. CORNET SOLO . . . " The Lost Chord." . . . *Sullivan.*
- VII. GLEE . . . " Oh, the Sweet Contentment." . . . *Horsley.*
- VIII. DANISH NATIONAL AIR " Welcome her, so fair." . . .
- IX. . . . " The Turkish Patrol." . . . *Michaelis.*
- X. PART SONG . . . " O Hills, O Vales." . . . *Mendelssohn.*
- XI. SESTET (from *Patience*) " I hear the soft note." . . . *Sullivan.*
- XII. SELECTION . . . " Patience." . . . *Sullivan.*
- XIII. . . . " GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

Tea, Coffee, Ice, and Refreshments will be provided.

PART SONG.

Mendelssohn.

...
 "THE OPEN AIR."

The open air awakens mirth,
 When blue the sky appears :
 We soon forget the cares of earth,
 Throw off the weight of years
 Why seek the narrow haunts of town
 In order to be gay ?
 Beneath the rustling trees sit down,
 And hear the breezes play.
 They sport around, like children fair,
 With wanton, lightsome tone,
 Their breath bears off all worldly care,
 We know not where 'tis gone

FIVE-PART SONG.

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..

...

James Coward

"TAKE THY BANNER."

Take thy banner, may it wave
 Proudly o'er the good and brave
 When the battle's distant wail
 Breaks the Sabbath of the vale,
 When the clarion's music thrills
 To the hearts of those lone hills,
 When the spear in conflict shakes,
 And the strong lance shivering breaks,
 Take thy banner, guard it 'till our homes are free,
 Take thy banner, guard it ; God will prosper thee

Take thy banner, but when night
 Closes round the ghastly fight,
 If the vanquished warrior bow,
 Spare him by our holy vow,
 By our prayers and many tears,
 By the mercy that endears,
 Spare him, he our love hath shared,
 Spare him, as thou wouldst be spared
 Take thy banner, guard it 'till our homes are free,
 Take thy banner, guard it ; God will prosper thee — *Longfellow*

GLEE.

W. Horsley, M.B.

"OF, THE SWEET CONTENTMENT."

Oh, the sweet contentment,
The countryman doth find !

Heigh trollollie loe,
Heigh trollollie lee,
That quiet contemplation,
Possesseth all my mind .

Then care away,
And wend along with me.

The ploughman, though he labour hard,
Yet on the holy-day,

Heigh trollollie loe,
Heigh trollollie lee,
No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away

Then care away
And wend along with me

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,

Heigh trollollie loe,
Heigh trollollie lee,
And with their pleasant roundelays,
Bid welcome to the spring :

Then care away,
And wend along with me.—*Izaak Walton*

DANISH NATIONAL AIR. ..

... *Harmonised by T. A. Wallworth.*

"WELCOME HER SO FAIR."

Welcome her so fair,
 With bright and flowing hair,
 May Fate through life befriend her,
 Love and smiles attend her '
 Beauties like some rose
 Her blushing cheeks disclose,
 As stars that gleam
 Her fond eyes beam;
 Each look, so soft and tender,
 Ev'ry soul entrances;
 Ah! those winning glances
 Might well the heart ensnare!
 Oh! welcome home the bride so fair!

Lightly as some fawn
 She glides across the lawn,
 With joyful strains they greet her,
 Glad companions meet her,
 Ah! with smiles and tears
 The bridal song she hears,
 For mem'ry strays
 To other days,
 Yet moments ne'er were sweeter
 Faithful friends are round her,
 Love with bliss hath crown'd her '
 May Heav'n her footsteps guide!
 Oh! welcome home the youthful bride!

PART SONG. ...

Mendelssohn.

"O HILLS, O VALES,"

O hills, O vales of pleasure !
 O woods with verdure drest,
 Where all the charms of leisure
 So oft have calm'd my breast :
 When far from ye I wander,
 Lost in the worldly train,
 My heart will fondly ponder,
 And sigh for ye again !

In shady glens reclining,
 I trace the wrong and right,
 The beams of reason shining,
 Shows virtue ever bright :
 The book I read is Nature's,
 There simple truths appear,
 But though she change her features,
 Her dictates still are clear

And I must soon resign ye
 For scenes of toil and strife,—
 Ah, why does fate consign me
 To play the farce of life ?
 Though call'd from ye by duty,
 Still where'er I stray,
 The spirit of your beauty
 Will never fade away !

SEXTET

FROM "PATIENCE."

Sullivan.

[ADAPTATION]

I hear the soft note of the echoing voice
 Of the dear old days long dead—
 It whispers, my sorrowing heart rejoice,
 For the last sad tear is shed :
 The sorrow that shadow'd our pathway will fade
 In the brightness of joys to come ;
 Heaven's blessing on those who have given us aid,
 Bringing peace once more to our home !

FOUR-PART SONG. ...

... Sullivan.

"O HUSH THEE, MY BABIE."

O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both gentle and bright;
The woods and the glens from the towers which we see,
They are all belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O hush thee, my babie.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows;
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose,
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O hush thee, my babie,

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

O hush thee, my babie.

SONG. ...

... Anne Fricker

"MARGUERITE."

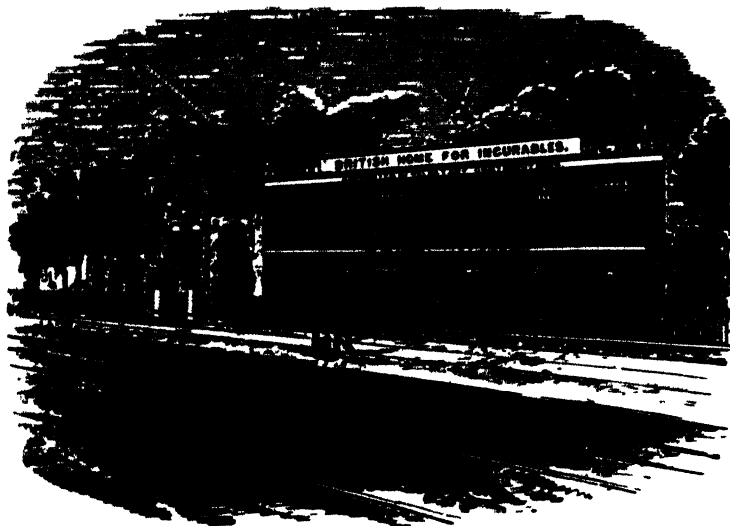
Marguerite ! Marguerite !
Was there ever name so sweet ?
Marguerite ! Marguerite !
Star-like daisy, bright and fair
I care not for the rose
In gay parterre that grows !
But true alike in sun or shower,
I love the daisy's constant flower,
Marguerite ! Marguerite !
Marguerite ! Marguerite !
Was there ever name so sweet ?
Marguerite ! Marguerite !
Pearl of beauty, rich and rare :
The diamond's glittering rays
In other eyes may blaze ;
I'll form a purer diadem,
With ocean's fair and pearly gem,
Marguerite ! Marguerite !

"Marguerite" signifies a daisy, a pearl

BRITISH HOME FOR INCURABLES,

CLAPHAM RISE, S.W.

PATRONESS—H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



+SPECIAL + APPEAL+

THE BRITISH HOME FOR INCURABLES was established—

To provide a home for life, with good nursing, skilled Medical attendance, and all necessary mechanical contrivances for the alleviation of the sufferings and afflictions of the patients.

To grant pensions for life to those who may have relatives or friends able partially to provide for them, but who are not able wholly to maintain them.

All over 20 years of age who are afflicted with incurable disease are eligible, except the Insane, the Idiotic and the pauper class.

Already 149 In-patients and 384 Out-patients with Annuities of £20 have been elected to the benefits of this Charity, 120 Candidates are now seeking election, and the Board are continually receiving new applications from others who are desirous of becoming Candidates, these sadly-afflicted persons are unable in any way to aid in their own support, and are thus thrown upon the resources of relations or friends, who often can render them but little help.

The Institution extends its operations to all parts of the United Kingdom, and is entirely dependant upon voluntary contributions. The income derived from all sources during the last 3 years past has fallen far short of the expenditure, to meet which, the Board have been compelled largely to trench on their capital: they therefore most earnestly ask for further contributions in aid of this excellent Charity, and hope that the august visit of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales will make the Institution more generally known, and thus increase the annual subscriptions, and general fund of the Charity, and so enable the Board to extend the usefulness of the Institution.

THE RT. HON. THE VISCOUNT HOLMESDALE, *President.*
CHARLES HOOD, ESQ., F.R.S., *Chairman.*

OFFICES—73, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C.

ROBERT G. SALMOND, *Secretary.*

