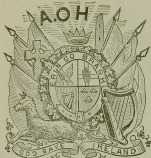


* The Day We Celebrate. *



GRAND
CONCERT AND ORATION,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS,
— IS THE —

♦ Auditorium, ♦ Shaftesbury ♦ Hall, ♦

March 17th. 1893.

Concert under the direction of

MRS. L. E. COSTELLO.

Tickets, 25 Cts. - Reserved Seats, 80 Cts.

Concert to commence at eight o'clock.

F. W. FALVEY, Chairman. H. McCAPPEY, Treas. J. McGARRY, Secretary.

CATHOLIC REGISTAR PRINT.

Programme



Part 1.

1. SONG....."Though Dark are our Sorrows"
MISS A. FOLEY.
2. SONG....."The Minstrel Boy"
MR. FRED WARRINGTON.
3. READING....."The Name of Patrick"
BELLE ROSE EMSLIE, (A. T. C. M.)
4. SONG....."The Irish Exile's Lament"
MISS KATE STRONG.
5. COMIC SONG....."The Ship that Carried me Over"
MR. J. H. CAMERON.
6. SONG....."The Dear Little Shamrock"
MISS T. FLANAGAN.
7. DUETT.....Selected.
MISS KATE STRONG, MR. FRED WARRINGTON.
8. SONG....."A Bunch of Shamrocks"
MISS A. FOLEY.
9. READING....."Dawn on the Irish Coast"
MR. J. H. CAMERON.

ORATION - - - - - By Mr. C. R. Devlin, M.P.



⊙ Programme ⊙



Part 11.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. TABLEAUX..... | { Ireland in Chains,
Ireland Free. |
| 2. SONG..... | "Mavourneen" |
| MISS T. FLANAGAN. | |
| 3. READING..... | Selected |
| BELLE ROSE EMSLIE, A. T. C. M. | |
| 4. HARP SOLO..... | |
| MISS BREEN. | |
| 5. SONG..... | "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old" |
| MR. FRED WARRINGTON. | |
| 6. SONG..... | "Rory, Darlin'" |
| MISS KATE STONG. | |
| 7. SONG..... | "Mother England's Men." |
| MR. I. H. CAMERON. | |

ACCOMPANIST, - - - - - Mrs. L. E Costello

The Piano used on this occasion is furnished by Messrs. Mason, Risch & Co., 32 King street West.



1893 Celebrate

IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.

High upon the gallows tree
Swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face
With the courage of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.

"God save Ireland!" said the heroes!
"God save Ireland!" said they all;
"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battle-field we die,
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall."

Girt around with cruel foes,
Still their spirit proudly rose;
For they thought of hearts that loved them, far and near—
Of the millions true and brave
O'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.

"God save Ireland!" said they proudly;
"God save Ireland!" said they all;
"Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battle-field we die,
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall."

Climbed they up the rugged stair,
Rang their voices out in prayer;
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast;
Close beneath the gallows tree
Kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to home, and faith, and freedom to the last.

"God save Ireland!" prayed they loudly;
"God save Ireland!" said they all;
"Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battle-field we die,
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall."

Never till the latest day
Shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives then given for our land;
But on the cause must go,
Amidst joy, or weal, or woe,
Till we've made our Isle a nation free and grand.

"God save Ireland!" say we proudly;
"God save Ireland!" say we all;
"Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battle-field we die,
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall."