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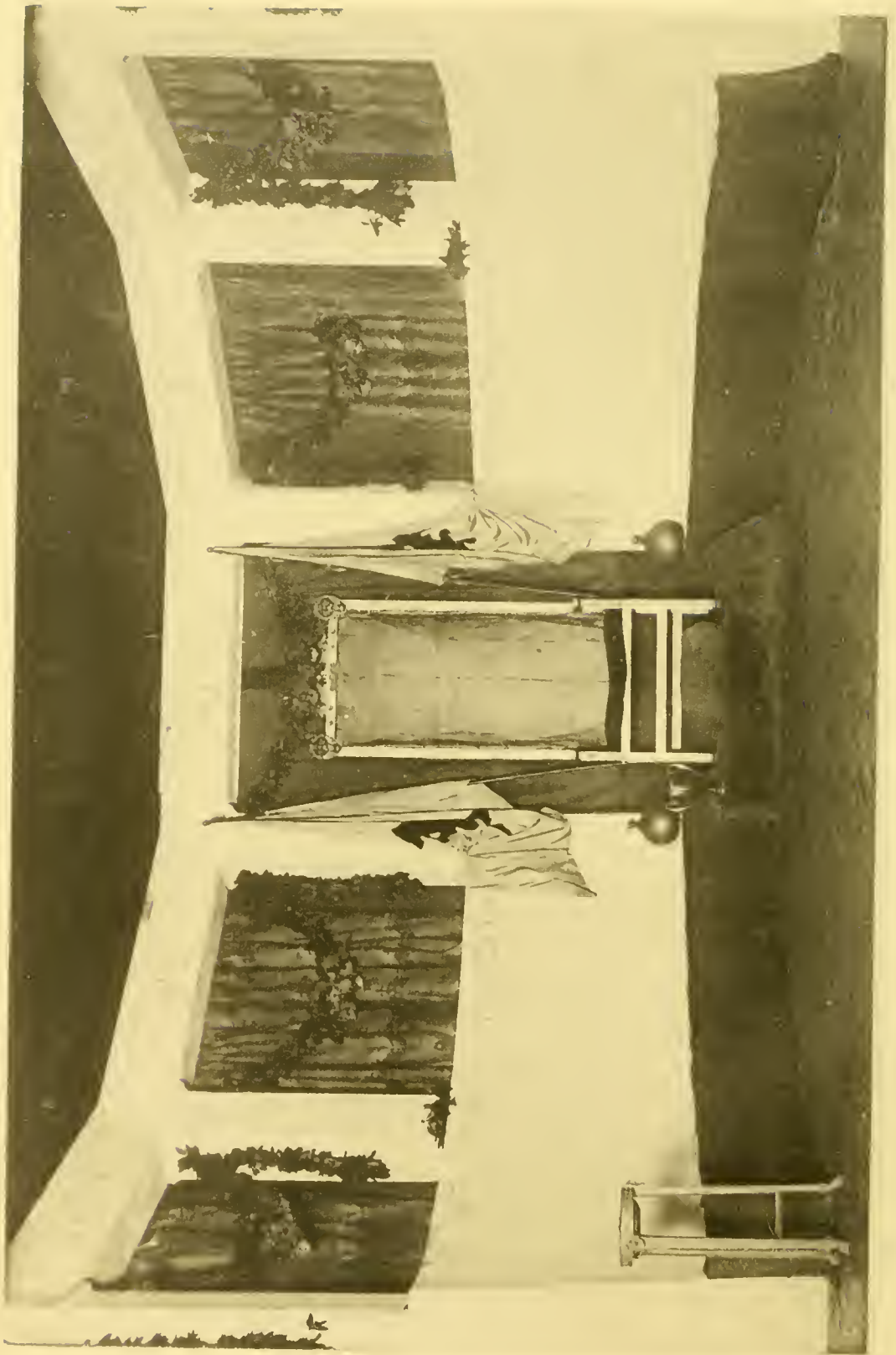














THE SILVER WEDDING  
OF  
**The Bear**

A MEMORIAL OF THE CELEBRATION  
OF THE  
TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY  
OF  
THE TAVERN CLUB



15 JANUARY 1909

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1910

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# AN ACCOUNT OF THE EVENING

[BASED ON THE SECRETARY'S ANNUAL REPORT 1909]

THE Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the founding of the Club, or "The Silver Wedding of the Bear" was celebrated on January 15, 1909. There were present over one hundred and twenty men, including former and present, active and non-resident members.

At seven o'clock "Wreath the Bowl" was sung on the staircase by Sullivan Sargent. This was immediately followed by the ceremony of Passing the Guarded Flame. Howard Walker dressed in a white scholar's gown stood on the stairs, and read from a scroll the following lines by Francis Sturgis, explaining the ritual about to be performed :

And now, good friends, the happy lot is mine  
To pass to you in trust this Guarded Flame.  
You shall receive this emblem of the Club  
Each in the order of his fealty;  
So, having held and given back this lamp  
Then pass ye onward to the Banquet Hall.

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Fair symbol of the spirit of the Club —  
Cherish it fondly, keep it ever filled  
With oil of good companionship, good cheer,  
Kind fellowship, as in the bygone days.  
Bright has it ever glowed for many a year  
Since first the little band of comrades met;  
Its light at times the hallowed flame which lit  
The way of those dear absent friends now gone;  
Forget not the traditions of the past,  
And guard this flame of five and twenty years,  
That in the many happy days to come  
We shall maintain the memories of the past.  
Oh, burn forever bright, thou Guarded Flame,  
And may thy guiding light forever glow.

The Tavern Bear, impersonated by Matthew Luce, then appeared, bearing in his paws a flaming golden torch, which he gave to Howard Walker, who called in succession the names of all the members present, beginning with the charter members, and going down the list in the order of election to the Club. Each member, as his name was called, took the torch, passed it duly to the man following him, and ascended to the dining-hall.

Early in the dinner the Secretary proposed a toast to the founder of the Club, and then, after reporting and reading numerous cable messages,

## OF THE BEAR

telegrams and letters from absent members in all parts of the world, he read a touching communication sent by Professor Norton to the Club before his death. He then gave the toast to "The absent — the living and the dead." Three courses farther on in the dinner, Paul Thorndike sang Mark Howe's "President's Song," with a stanza added for the occasion. Barrett Wendell read a sonnet, of which, unfortunately, no copy has been preserved.

After the dinner was over, Henry Rogers read a song-poem entitled "The Evolution of the Bear," the musical portion of which was sung by a choir under the direction of William Blake. Then Frank Watson in a memorably amusing fashion gave the toast "To the Bear," and Owen Wister followed with a poem, which he had come from Philadelphia, though ill at the time, to read. After the poem James Curtis proposed the toast "To the Cubs" in a humorous speech of rare excellence.

One of the pleasantest incidents of the evening occurred early in the dinner, when a large and handsome pot, containing honey for the Bear, was received from the St. Botolph Club. With it came the following verses, which were read: —

## THE SILVER WEDDING

1884-1909

Saint Botolph, wandering through his town one day,  
Espied the Bear, and stopped to watch him play.  
“Good Saint,” quoth Bruin, “you’ve perchance been told  
That I’m to-day one score and five years old.”

“Old!” cried the Saint; “dear Bear, you have in truth  
But just attained the heyday of your youth.  
For many years may we each play our part,  
Comrades in Baseball, Literature, and Art!

“Here’s Happy Days! And may nor ill nor care,  
But only joy attend my friend, the Bear!  
And as my tribute, dearer far than money,  
Accept, dear Bear, my sweetest pot of honey.”

The subjects of the Bear, pleased and touched by  
this appropriate and kindly remembrance, rose in  
their places, drank St. Botolph’s health, and  
cheered him to the echo.

While the men were still at the table, Herbert  
Jaques proposed that a handsome silver medal  
should be designed by Bela Pratt, to be given to  
members on the completion of their twenty-fifth  
year of membership in the Club. This proposal  
was put to vote, and unanimously carried.

The printed programme for the evening was large

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and effective, and had on its last page the following verses written for the occasion by Russell Sullivan : —

From infancy to man's estate,  
Through lustres now that number five,  
Our eager hands and hearts elate  
Have kept the Tavern fire alive.

Around the hearth, along the wall,  
The flickering lights and shadows play;  
The Yule-tide garlands deck the hall  
To-night, as in the earlier day.

While Youth is not too old to teach,  
While Age is not too old to learn,  
For each in all, and all in each,  
The flame, still handed on, shall burn.

Long lustres yet our fellowship  
Shall hold, and let the world slip by,  
Ere, with the wine-cup at his lip,  
The last good Taverner shall die!

In the upper hall, before the masque, an orchestra composed of the Adamowskis, William Blake, Cummings, Gaugengigl, Howe, Johns, Loeffler, Millet and Zerrahn, gave Gericke's "Tavern Club

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March," under the direction of Wallace Goodrich.

Then came "The Arraignment," a masque written by Arlo Bates, with music by Robert Atkinson. It was the right thing for the occasion, done with exactly the right sentiment; and the music was fully up to the high standard required for such a masque. The costumes, lighting, and setting were beautiful, and the acting was as good as the Tavern could produce.

The performance was followed by a supper and a meeting of the "Aurora Club." And so ended perhaps the most interesting evening in the annals of the Tavern, — an evening destined to become an inspiration to the younger members, and to the older an idealized memory of the best that has taken place in the Tavern Club in the last quarter of a century.

The following pages are devoted, in order, to the things said and sung which have been described in these introductory words.



PASSAGES FROM A FEW OF THE  
LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS  
READ AT THE DINNER-TABLE

• • •

FROM W. D. HOWELLS  
(FIRST PRESIDENT)

I wish with all my heart I could be with the Tavern Club for the celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary, but I cannot go to Boston, and I will not keep you from the warmth and glow of the spoken word with the ineffectual fires of the written phrase.

I love you all, both those whom I knew in our perennial youth and those I hope to know yet in my perennial age. Joy, fortune, life to you! Hold me a little longer in remembrance, and let me come to your fiftieth birthday dinner.

FROM OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Let me join in the Anniversary Celebration as well as I can from a distance by sending you all my love. I hope that the old men between 25 and 40 are able to keep the pace of the young fellows between 55 and 70. . . . So I hope that you will think of me still as one of your fellowship, and not unworthy to be regarded as a brother of the Club.

## THE SILVER WEDDING

FROM J. S. SARGENT

Friendly greetings. May the Tavern Club run strong! May it abound in attempts at improvement! May it defeat all attempts at improvement, and may it live a thousand years!

FROM I. J. PADEREWSKI

Deeply regretting absence on this solemn and happy occasion, beg all dear Taverners accept heartfelt congratulations with the expression of my constant affection and gratitude.

FROM DOUGLAS H. THOMAS, JR.

I had looked forward with so much pleasure to the reunion of all my old playmates. Give them my best love and wishes and remember I am home thinking of them and singing, "*Meum est propositum in Old Balti-mori.*"

FROM L. B. R. BRIGGS

I can only send the warm and grateful regard of a member to whom the good fellowship of the Club means far more than he has ever been able to show.

FROM HENRY P. BOWDITCH

Permit me to offer, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Club, my heartfelt wishes for its continued prosperity. May it long continue to be for others what it has, these many years, been for me, a centre for social mirth and the abode of a whole-souled *camaraderie!*  
*VIVAT, FLOREAT, CRESCAT TABERNA.*

## OF THE BEAR

With great regret that I am unable to present my good wishes in person to the Taverners celebrating the Silver Wedding of the Bear, I am proud to still be able to enroll myself among the most faithful subjects of His Ursine Majesty.

FROM CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

(17 August, 1907)

The message from the Tavern Club which came to me from its Midsummer Dinner through your kind hands gives me great pleasure. Such a token of remembrance warms the heart of an old man, and sets the birds singing in its bare ruined choirs. Please, when you have opportunity, give my cordial thanks to the Club collectively, and to its members individually, and assure them of my faithful and friendly interest and regard, and of my hope that I still, in spirit

“As no unwelcome guest  
At the Club table, when the lamps are lighted,  
May have my place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited.”

# THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE

BY M. A. DEW. HOWE

WRITTEN FOR THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY  
SUNG BY PAUL THORNDIKE  
AT THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

*Tune: "Vicar of Bray"*

When first our brotherhood began,  
In days of ancient fable,  
They looked about for just the man  
To sit at the head of the table;  
They spied him out with foresight keen,  
Who'd make all men his debtors,  
And seated Howells — William Dean —  
The Dean of Yankee letters.

## CHORUS

Then bless the Bear  
That guards the Chair  
At the Hub within the Hub, sir!  
My purpose still  
I will fulfill,  
And die in the Tavern Club, sir!

Next came a Colonel to command  
The Boylston Place battalions;

## OF THE BEAR

He guided well the noisy band  
Of gentlemen rascallions.  
In peace and war, to all the arts  
He held the magic key, sir,  
The key that opens kindred hearts —  
Did Colonel Henry Lee, sir!

### CHORUS

To Deans and Colonels now farewell,  
And hail to their successor!  
From out his academic cell  
Steps forth a loved professor,  
Of golden heart and golden tongue, —  
A gold the market's short on, —  
The Cambridge Grecian, ever young,  
Our own Charles Eliot Norton.

### CHORUS

Now he whose joy it is to enrich  
Both sides of Boston's river  
Adorns our presidential niche —  
'T is Higginson, the Giver.  
But titles new he needs them not,  
He'd scorn them all, I wager;  
Yet never here shall be forgot  
The Bear's — the Ursa's — Major.

### CHORUS

## THE SILVER WEDDING

### ADDITIONAL STANZA

Now dynasties may wax and wane —  
God bless them all, Lord love them! —  
But ever constant shall remain  
One Overlord above them.  
His silver wedding now we sing  
Who rules divinely o'er us —  
The Bear, the King, the Whole Damned Thing —  
Up, up, and swell the chorus!

### CHORUS

# THE EVOLUTION OF THE BEAR

BY HENRY M. ROGERS

## CANTO FIRST: THE BEAR

In the days that are called prehistoric  
The fellows who then owned the earth  
Were accustomed to point to their Totems,  
As Hall-marks of honor and birth.  
In vain to protest and remonstrate,  
In vain to cry out, "I'm a Man!"  
A beastie was tattooed upon them  
To prove them the sons of a Clan.

Some chose as their Totem the Lion  
Because of his thunderous roar;  
While the patrons of Crim-Conversation  
Took the symbols attached to the Boar.  
Now and then one selected the Tortoise,  
A few chose the timorous Hare;  
But the very élite of the Clansmen  
Were stamped with the sign of the Bear.

For the Sons of the Bear were the wisest,  
The strongest, the bravest, the best:  
And they wore the Bear's Crest on their bosoms,  
And the Bear hugged them close to his breast.  
And the word was passed down thro' the Ages —

## THE SILVER WEDDING

And so it continues to-day:  
That the Bear is the Totem of Princes,  
And will be forever and aye!

### CANTO SECOND: THE TAVERN BEAR

But, alas! there was feud 'mongst the Clansmen  
As to which guild of Bears should be first,  
And the Council most sagely selected  
The Bears of unquenchable thirst.  
“Let the Bears of the Tavern be foremost  
The Bears with a thirst day and night:  
The Bears of the Tavern forever,  
The Bears of the loose and the tight!”

### CANTO THIRD: “THE SILVER WEDDING FESTIVAL”

Once the Council proclaimed a great revel  
In the twenty-fifth year of the Clan;  
And the Bears from all nations assembled  
Till they trailed like a huge caravan.  
And the Chief of the Feast stood before them, —  
A Veteran covered with scars, —  
Dearly won in his fights with musicians,  
As well as in manifold wars.

And he told of the Bear's Silver Wedding:  
And he named the Grass Widows by scores,  
Whom the Bear had embraced in succession  
Then divorced them as harlots and whores.



## OF THE BEAR

And that's why the Bear never married,  
And that's why this bright Wedding Day, —  
Unshackled by female companions, —  
Is kept by this Bachelor gay.

Then the Chief called the Bears there assembled  
To drink to the Clansmen who wear,  
The emblem of highest distinction,  
The Crest of the Great Tavern Bear!  
And the multitude drank and applauded,  
And shouted aloud for a Song,  
For a Song to the Bear of the Tavern —  
To the Bear, to whom *we* belong!

And the Blake's Boy Choir were gathered,  
And Wallace the Minstrel was there,  
And they flushed with the joy of their singing,  
In praise of the Great Tavern Bear!  
And the walls of the Tavern Club trembled,  
And its rafters too echoed and rung  
With the passion of love and devotion  
To the Bear in whose honor they sung!

### CANTO FOURTH: THE SONG TO THE TAVERN BEAR

*Solo*

Here's to the Bear of the Tavern Club  
To the Bear with a pedigree!  
He makes his lair in the hearts of men  
As the Knight of Chivalry.

## THE SILVER WEDDING

He's always young — for he's never old —  
And his manners are passing fine.  
And the Tavern Bear is at his best,  
When the Tavern Clansmen dine!

### *Chorus*

Here's to the Bear — to the Tavern Bear —  
The pride of his Clansmen true!  
In bumpers we will drink his health  
In every kind of brew!

### *Solo*

There's not a gray hair in his hide,  
Nor a blink in his mild brown eye;  
He shows his teeth with a Heavenly smile  
To the Ladies passing by;  
He never growls, he never sulks,  
He is always full of cheer,  
And can sip champagne like a thoroughbred,  
Or get plumb-full on beer.

### *Chorus*

Here's to the Bear — to the Tavern Bear —  
The pride of his Clansmen true!  
In bumpers we will drink his health  
In every kind of brew!

### *Solo*

The Bear's just turning twenty-five,  
But he takes no note of time:  
He truly says that years don't count  
When a Bear is on the Climb.

## OF THE BEAR

He knows your hearts and that's enough, —  
Your hearts and his entwine.

He pledges you in bumpers, boys,  
And calls for nine times nine!

### *Chorus*

Here's to the Bear — to the Tavern Bear —  
The pride of his Clansmen true!  
In bumpers we will drink his health  
In every kind of brew!

# THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE BEAR

BY OWEN WISTER

Although he never was a pair,  
We sing the Wedding of the Bear.

Since '84 in Boston Town  
Over our heads the years have slipped;  
The Bear that then was glossy brown  
To-day, alas, is silver-tipped!

Unanimous we yet declare  
His heart hath whitened not a hair.

When Shakespeare said that crabbèd Age  
Together could not live with Youth,  
Sure then he penned a careless page,  
Sure then he hardly wrote the truth!

Age-leavened Youth, Youth-leavened Age,  
Both at this hearth together bide —  
Yea, yea, he penned a careless page!  
When he wrote that, the poet . . .  
joined the Ananias Club.

We sing the Wedding of the Bear  
Of Boylston Place and Old Park Square.

## OF THE BEAR

No Western peak, no Orient plain,  
Equator, pole, shall ye explore  
To find him; ye shall search in vain  
Through Audubon and Theodore; —

Call Boylston Place and Old Park Square  
The jocund purlieus of our Bear.

Ye know when comets seek our skies  
They wake such sweetness in the vines  
Those years, that vintners advertise  
Their vatted grapes as Comet Wines.  
(At least they did in times as late  
As eighteen-eleven, and 'fifty-eight.)

But, Taverners, were ye aware  
The pregnant year of 'eighty-four  
Which saw us housed in Old Park Square,  
A new-discovered comet bore?

No shop-worn Venus, oft-used Mars,  
No thread-bare horoscope was then:  
O fair conjunction of the stars,  
A comet swam into our ken!

Hence grew a wine within our veins  
Needing no voyage round the Cape;  
In Boylston Place it still remains, —  
Juice of the sacred Tavern Grape, —

## THE SILVER WEDDING

But mellowing as the lustres pass,  
    Though silver cobwebs veil the bin,  
Though flesh indeed may all be grass,  
    The Bear's red blood is hot within!

Sing we the Wedding of the Bear,  
Good vintages, and Old Park Square!

Where be the hostelries of eld,  
The Maison Dieu by Dover's pier,  
High Wycombe's hospital, that held  
For sick and sound alike good cheer?  
Say where be now the cheese and beer  
Of Pomme de Pin, where Villon played?  
Where drives Ben Jonson's Swan its trade?  
Where are the Inns of yester-year?

Empty The Mermaid's tap that welled,  
Dark now The Rainbow, save in name;  
Mitre, where Shakespeare's rhyme was spelled,  
And galleried George are gone in flame.  
Who feeds to-day The Fountain's fame?  
À Becket's slayers tippled here,  
And hither Chaucer's pilgrims came —  
Where are the Inns of yester-year?

By Durham Yard is Black Boy felled —  
Where puffs the Doctor now his weed?  
Dumb are the madrigals Pepys yelled,

## OF THE BEAR

While old Cock lobster cheered his greed.  
Alicant, muscadel, and mead!  
The revellers that held ye dear  
Hostels on earth no longer need —  
Where are the Inns of yester-year?

Taverners all! when Time hath knelled  
The hour of going, ye shall not fear  
To join the ranks of Wit unquelled.  
Where are the Inns of yester-year?

Sing we the Union of the Bear  
With all the ages in Park Square.

Though Burbage never trod this floor,  
Though Garrick never praised our stews,  
Though Cibber and Kean are gone before,  
Irving to them shall bear our news.

Some day shall Kipling's voice correct  
Dickens and Thackeray, if they scoff;  
Howells his word shall interject —  
But may it be a long day off!

Posthumous vision clearly views  
The treasured relics of our store;  
This sacred pen did Holker use,  
This Hellion verse Frank Sturgis bore.

## THE SILVER WEDDING

Watson's French accent — there's (I'm told)  
None other in the United States: —  
In yonder cock-tail glass, behold  
A metaphor, once mixed by Bates.

James Rhodes oft stood upon this rug;  
Here blissful Perry luncheon took;  
Vinton drank beer from this same mug;  
This seat was Morse's favorite nook.

A fig-leaf, one of Sculptor Pratt's;  
Loeffler's last two-step lies beneath;  
L'Amour, by Clayton, in four flats;  
John Sargent's brush here — for his teeth.

By T. R. Sullivan, *Une Page*;  
A fish-bone, left by Agassiz;  
A human soul! cured by massage! —  
Bequest of Morton Prince, M. D.

This play by Pier's entirely pure;  
This chest-note Thorndike used to sing;  
In this chair Wendell grew quite sure  
Shakespeare was not the whole damn thing.

Grant — Walker — Howe — where'er we turn  
They crowd — we may not count them all  
Else tapers would to darkness burn,  
And cock-crow find us in the hall.



## OF THE BEAR

How shall we 'mid the festal strain  
    Forbid all minor keys to sound,  
When the mind's eye beholds so plain  
    Old comrades with us, seated round?

The springs o'erflow our hearts, and fill  
    The cup of sight; we pause to see  
In vision him of Shady Hill,  
    And him his friends called Harry Lee.

Norton! dear Charles! thou 'rt with us yet,  
    We shrine thy friendship and thy grace;  
Dear Harry Lee, we don't forget  
    The wrinkled sunshine of thy face!

Name we no more! their mute toast blends  
    With ours to their successor's health —  
The scar-cheeked Soldier who befriends  
    The Muses and his Commonwealth!

In Old Park Square it was our way  
    To bid intrepid guests to dine;  
Then would we turn the night to day,  
    While waiter Julius poured the wine.

In Boylston Place our Silver-tips  
    Grow prudent when too late we play;  
Each cloaks himself, and off he slips,  
    And thinks his night not turned to day.

## THE SILVER WEDDING

Bless their gray heads! the trick is done;  
No matter if they bide or stray,  
Their happy hearts shine like the sun,  
The Bear has turned their night to day.

For every soul that entereth here  
There waits a bright transforming ray,  
Which let him find, darkness shall clear,  
And so his night be turned to day.

The Great Bear up at heaven's gate  
Sets never from the starry way;  
Our Bear shall never hibernate!  
He turns his people's night to day.

Sing we the Wedding of the Bear  
Of Boylston Place and Old Park Square!

# THE ARRAIGNMENT

BY ARLO BATES

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE BEAR	R. D. ANDREWS
WISDOM	BLISS PERRY
FRIENDSHIP	PAUL THORNDIKE
MIRTH	MATTHEW LUCE
WIT	J. B. BLAKE
MUSIC	ELIOT HUBBARD
POETRY	S. A. SARGENT
YOUTH	C. H. WALKER
WINE	S. W. LANGMAID
WEED	R. C. STURGIS
MRS. GRUNDY	W. S. PARKER

THE COURT OF THE BEAR. *At the back a dais raised on two steps. On a throne in the middle is seated the BEAR, crowned. On his right WISDOM, on his left FRIENDSHIP. On the right of WISDOM, POETRY, beyond him WIT, then WINE. On the left of FRIENDSHIP, MUSIC, YOUTH, and WEED. MIRTH on the steps of dais. A chair, left front, for MRS. GRUNDY.*

*The hall and the stage are in darkness. After a harp-prelude "Meum est" is sung, and the curtain rises. As the song proceeds the light is turned on gradually, so that at the close the stage is in full glow.*

## THE SILVER WEDDING

- BEAR. FOR five and twenty years, O friends,  
We've dwelt together. This night ends  
The quarter century. 'T were well  
We pause a little, while we tell  
The record of these years, and see  
If shamed or proud our hearts should be.
- MIRTH. Proud should we be; we've made this place  
The jolliest on the whole earth's face.
- BEAR. Yea; cheer is good; but were that all  
Still were we shamed here in our hall.
- YOUTH. And yet thy fame fills all the land;  
Thine image meets us on each hand.
- MIRTH *produces a trick bear which turns summersaults.*
- YOUTH *watches until it is quiet; then finishes his lines.*
- In mart or shop or home or street,  
The brown bear ready stands to greet;  
And go we here or go we there,  
Each child hugs close its precious bear.
- BEAR. But Theodore, the ubiquitous,  
Has played a nasty trick wit' us:  
I in the honor have no share, —  
My image is dubbed "Teddy Bear"!
- WIT. His trip to Africa will spread  
Teddy rhinoceri instead.
- WISDOM. On firmer ground your honors rest.  
Whatever deed has been the best  
While that a score and five years ran,  
Behind it was a Tavern man.  
From Subway up to Symphony,

## OF THE BEAR

Below, above, their works men see.  
The great chair cod-fish-canopied  
We filled, and gave the state its head.  
To England and to France we sent  
Wise men for their enlightenment;  
In hospitals, the sick, the weak  
Of Taverners the praises speak;  
When a new Prex. would Harvard find,  
Of honored name, strong heart and mind,  
For highest office in the land,  
Where should she seek but in thy band?  
Where Philippines in orient seas  
Swim turmoil-freighted, while disease  
And tyranny run riot, there  
Labors an envoy of the Bear.  
'T is Taverners the tariff mend,  
Our coinage forth in beauty send.  
In short, whatever is of worth  
Here in the Tavern has its birth.

YOUTH. Think, sire, what men have filled the carven chair,  
To represent thine august presence there.  
First kindly Howells, with his humor quaint  
Would force a smile from most ascetic saint;  
With eye life's oddest antics to perceive,  
And pen each "Modern Instance" to achieve.  
Even the non-existent could he see,  
And show "A Woman's Reason" cunningly.  
Then Lee, the well-belov'd, with heart of gold;  
Genial in brusqueness; of heroic mould;

## THE SILVER WEDDING

Keen in wise effort still to keep the stage  
Mirror admonitory to the age.  
What lustre rich it doth his memory lend  
That ever he was William Warren's friend.  
Then Norton, learned, suave, and débonnaire,  
Breathing of Helicon the very air;  
With subtle cynic humor, like the juice  
On citrons in the cup, its own excuse.  
He quaffed the richest which life's chalice yields;  
And walks with Dante the Elysian fields.  
Last — and long be it so — is he who came  
Out of the battle's smoke and blood and flame  
To set apart, that manliness increase,  
A Soldier's Field for all the joys of peace;  
Who gave to music the high service due,  
And stands first citizen in all man's view.

MIRTH. If I were not myself the joyous Mirth,  
I'd be the Bear, before aught else on earth.

BEAR. No more; though all this true may be,  
I'd have men praise my modesty.

WIT. Praise it yourself; men rate as best  
That modesty that's self-confessed.  
You know you're modest. Say so then,  
And win due homage from all men.

YOUTH. When I reflect how truly great we are,  
How tight our wagon's hitched on to a star —

MIRTH. You think you are the hitching-post, no doubt.

FRIEND. Be quiet, Mirth; don't put his raptures out.

MIRTH. If he's the star we're tied to, whizz! we go,

## OF THE BEAR

Tied to a comet, for a holy show!

YOUTH. At least a comet would spread forth your tale  
From star to star, and make your fame prevail,  
Until the Great Bear in the northern sky  
Would from sheer envy almost burst and die.

BEAR. The Great Bear is my brother. 'T is not his fault  
That I in virtue so above him vault.

WIT. How could a comet waft thy tail abroad,  
When thou art pleased tailless to go, my lord?

BEAR. I'm like a nation, which is happier far  
Having no tale.

WIT. This would friend Rhodes debar  
From the deft labors where his cunning pen,  
Retailing tales, makes the past live again.

WINE. (*Starting up.*) A den of punsters has this place  
become?

As Morse says, this is tougher than new rum!  
What ho! Without there! Bring us in the wine!  
These punsters' throats must be as dry as mine.

*Waiter brings in loving-cup, which is passed about, beginning with the BEAR. While this goes on, the BEAR speaks.*

BEAR. Now as we drink, give us a song;  
We'll join to make the chorus strong.

### *Song*

WINE. The earth hath thorns and tares,  
But, too, it has the vine;  
Man's life hath woes and cares,  
But, too, it has red wine.  
And the tares and the cares,

## THE SILVER WEDDING

And the thorns and the woes,  
Only brighten the shine  
Of the vine and the wine  
When the flagon foaming flows.

### *Chorus*

Then *viva* the vine and *viva* the wine,  
And joy be our portion, thine and mine.  
Bubbles wink  
While we drink,  
As to say,  
In their play: —  
“Drown care and be merry while yet that we may!”

WINE. Age fain would ruin all,  
Yet can but ripen wine;  
It spoils both great and small,  
But makes the drink divine.  
Mortals fall, great and small,  
As the rose fades and goes;  
But though all else decline,  
More divine grows the wine,  
When the flagon foaming flows.

### *Chorus*

BEAR. It is well sung, my henchman? Only Weed  
Can be thy peer in bringing cheer to man.  
WEED. Nay, I surpass him. He in festal hours,  
But I in labor's very midst bring cheer.  
WINE. We mate together. Truly for a girl  
You're not so bad.



## OF THE BEAR

- WIT. Oh, flout the girl outright,  
Don't damn her with faint praise!
- FRIEND. Come Wit; don't start a quarrel 'twixt the pair.
- WEED. My master Walter Raleigh would have said  
That he who drank tobacco cleared his wits.
- YOUTH. And true it is. I give you each a hand,  
For ill could I spare either. But, sweet maid,  
Sing us a stave to balance that of Wine.
- WEED. Be ready all to bear the burden, then.

### *Song*

The fragrance of a thousand flowers,  
The breath of isles of spice;  
The memory of enchanted hours  
That smacked of Paradise;  
All these are ours when smoke-wreaths float  
Their magic on the air;  
In happy dreams our fancies float,  
And all the world is fair.

### *Chorus*

For the weed in our need  
Brings cheer.  
'T is a friend to commend,  
Ever dear.  
For whatever in life we may lack, oh!  
We've a gift of the gods in tobacco!  
For whatever we lack,  
Be it sherry or sack,  
We've a gift of the gods in tobacco!

## THE SILVER WEDDING

WEED.     What fairy palaces we rear  
            As blue the smoke-wreaths rise;  
How long-lost dreams again draw near,  
            With love-reflecting eyes;  
The petty cares that vexed our life  
            Fly like black bats from day.  
Serene above the world of strife  
            We float on clouds away.

### *Chorus*

MIRTH.    Good work, old gal!  
            You and your pal  
            Make a fine bouncing pair.

MUSIC *advances and gives a hand to each of the singers.*

MUSIC.    Pupils of mine,  
            Fair Weed and Wine,  
            Credit you do my care.

POETRY *rises in turn and comes down.*

POETRY.   But can't you spare  
            For me a share  
            Of credit in their singing?

MUSIC.    Oh, you don't count.  
            To what amount  
            The words when songs are ringing?

WIT.       Well, here's a snub!  
            Poets may rub  
            Their poor pates bald with rhyming;  
            Then Music slits  
            Their verses to bits,  
            And calls it his own chiming.

## OF THE BEAR

POETRY. I write the lays,  
He takes the praise;  
It is not fair, I swear it!

YOUTH. He gets the fame,  
And you the blame,  
I wonder that you bear it!

FRIEND. What? Should he grudge to help a friend?  
No greater pleasure life could send him.

BEAR. Let all dissension have an end.  
Here each to friendly aid will bend him.

MIRTH. Bother dissension! Dance a round,  
Here only jocund hours are found.

*They begin a dance, MUSIC dancing with WINE, POETRY with WEED. They make a few passes, but are interrupted by the entrance of MRS. GRUNDY, who comes up through the audience. The others return to their places.*

YOUTH. What have we here?  
Oh, shape of fear,  
Are you old age intruding?  
I feel a chill  
The whole place fill,  
As if from you exuding.

MRS. G. How dare you call me old, you saucy fellow?

WIT. Perhaps you're only young, but very mellow.

MRS. G. (*Pointing to YOUTH.*) At least I'm not like him,  
with locks all hoary.

FRIEND. Like Youth? Oh, no; that's quite another story!

MRS. G. You call him Youth with that white hair?

WISDOM. The young are those who cast off care,

## THE SILVER WEDDING

- And own allegiance to the Bear;  
Who in the Tavern unbend gayly,  
And thus new draughts of youth drink daily.
- WIT. And thus, you see, whate'er our stage,  
The young are those of our own age.
- BEAR. Madame, I know you not, although your face  
Seems dimly like a thing that I have seen.  
Such features oft the Sunday papers grace,  
Proclaiming Lydia Pinkham's stuff obscene.  
Pray be you seated. Let us hear your name.  
[*She sits.*]
- WIT. A Biddle dead and gone, dug up and done  
All over at Lewando's.
- MRS. G. Since my fame  
Fills every country on which shines the sun,  
I need but say  
That I am Mrs. Grundy.
- WEED. Pray,  
Is there a Mr. Grundy?
- MRS. G. Nay;  
There was, but he died young.
- WIT. But probably resigned.
- MRS. G. You have a bitter tongue.
- BEAR. Pray, Madam, be so kind  
As what you are to make more clear.
- MRS. G. That I am glad to make appear.

### *Song*

I'm Mrs. Grundy,  
From Sunday to Sunday

## OF THE BEAR

I rule the world by the might of my tongue.  
Scandal is breath to me,  
Truth would be death to me,  
Where is the mortal my word hath not stung?  
For I make the right wrong,  
And I call the weak strong;  
And there's nothing so white but I streak it with  
black;  
While the world swings away,  
Still my tongue stings away;  
As long as man lasts never victims I'll lack.

BEAR. That you're a monster we've been long aware;  
What make ye with the Tavern and the Bear?  
Though all the world elsewhere may own your sway,  
Ne'er will the Taverners your rule obey.

YOUTH. That is why here I find immortal youth.

FRIEND. And why to Friendship men are true in sooth.

WISDOM. It is in that the Bear's staunch henchmen show  
The truest wisdom that this world may know.

BEAR. You must see, madam, that this is no place  
For such as you to show unwelcome face.

MRS. G. I am the scavenger of good society;  
I come, like Comstock, to enforce propriety.  
I come a black arraignment to unfold;  
The world has been deceived, and shall be told  
That this same Tavern is a nest of sin  
Which foul contempt of ME engenders in.

MIRTH. Ay, by St. Swithin, that is true, no doubt;  
I wonder how you found our failings out.

## THE SILVER WEDDING

YOUTH. Like Comstock, all that's foul you hold most dear;  
You'll nothing to your taste discover here.

MRS. G. I here arraign you as a tipsy crew,  
Besotted with the very devil's brew!

WIT. In sooth we do have stronger tippie  
Than flows from nursing-bottle nipple.

FRIEND. But in good comradeship we drink it.

WINE. *Me* she insults! I will not blink it!  
No doubt in gin she wets her throttle;  
That ruby nose reeks of the bottle.

MRS. G. I heed not the abuse of sots!  
It makes me furious to think what lots  
Of fun you have!

MIRTH. Ay, there's the rub!  
The Bear brought jollity unto the Hub,  
And Mrs. Grundy cannot bear it.

MRS. G. You never would let ladies share it!  
That is the thing that makes me mad.

BEAR. Don't lose your temper.

WIT. If mine were as bad  
I'd lose it gladly.

WEED. (*Offering cigarette.*) Have a cigarette;  
'T is very soothing when one's in a fret.

MRS. G. You hussy!

WINE. (*Offering wine.*) Why not try a glass?  
That sure would make your anger pass.

MRS. G. You Bear there,  
In your chair there,  
Keep your rabble horde in hand!

## OF THE BEAR

They may flout me,  
And may scout me,  
But I'd have them understand  
I'm a power,  
And the hour  
I condemn you, you are done;  
Naught may save you!  
So behave you!  
Or your foolish race is run!

MIRTH, WINE, WIT, and WEED *join hands, and dance about the chair, singing.*

### *Song*

She's Mrs. Grundy,  
From Sunday to Sunday  
She frights the world by the clack of her tongue.  
Scandal is breath to her,  
Truth would be death to her,  
But we'll not wince till our withers are wrung.  
So, ho, Mrs. Grundy,  
Like fog out of Fundy,  
Pour out your lies and your jibes and your jeers;  
Still will we flout at you,  
Still will we scout at you;  
You move our laughter, but never our fears.

BEAR. Come: still have patience for a little while;  
Let the old lady pour out all her bile.

WIT. Heavens! If that's to happen, get a boat;  
For certainly she'll set the place afloat.

MRS. G. I'll not be turned aside for ribald word;

## THE SILVER WEDDING

'T is time that by you all the truth were heard.  
Here the young come, and pattern after age: —  
Does seeing Ned Morse caper make them sage?  
How frivolous is Adams Sherman Hill!  
And Harry Rogers can be giddier still.  
When Hellions yell in loud monotony,  
I'd treat the rascals to phlebotomy!  
Young innocents you take from mother's knee,  
And here involve them in some godless spree!  
Are your plays fitted for a Sunday School?  
Does Mather's spirit at your dinners rule —  
When pious hymns the Musketeers out-roll,  
And all your wits go sloshing round the bowl!

- WISDOM. She must have little business of her own,  
Who has so well her neighbors' doings known!
- MRS. G. When you have dinners, you serve first champagne;  
Ere the soup comes you will two bottles drain.  
You take young husbands from their loving brides,  
Who weep beside their lonely firesides.
- YOUTH. We do call bridegrooms from their brides, but then  
With youth renewed we send them back again.
- MIRTH. The fun and fooling that they meet with here  
Is best of tonics. 'T is their wives who cheer  
Them on to come.
- MRS. G. Their wives may bid them go,  
And yet be angry that they should do so.  
I hated to have Mr. G. at home,  
And yet was furious if he tried to roam.
- WEED. You must have been a most engaging wife.



## OF THE BEAR

- MRS. G. He often said he loved me as his life.
- WIT. And hated both, may Heaven rest his soul!
- BEAR. Come; we have had too much of this. This dame  
Who takes it on herself our ways to blame,  
Shall hear a word from those who sit in sight  
Of all men on my left hand and my right.  
First, Friendship, thou without whom we are  
naught,  
Tell her the lessons thou to us hast taught.
- FRIEND. Since fortune, fame, and love, and faith may fail,  
God sent forth Friendship, that its strength avail  
When man's need is the sorest. When despair  
Even from kindest lips can scarcely bear  
The spoken word, then friend with friend joins  
hand,  
And in that clasp sorrow may understand  
The sympathy that heals. Our brotherhood  
In sadness and in joy have we made good.  
We laugh and quaff together; quip and jest  
We fling like flying balls with merry zest.  
No less in other's grieving do we grieve,  
And friendship is the bond by which we cleave.  
We keep remembrance of the friends who pass,  
And to their memory drain the faithful glass;  
Living we love, and dying leave we here  
Memories though sad, yet sweet through friend-  
ship's cheer.
- BEAR. Friendship has spoken; now for Wisdom's word;  
Together still should be their voices heard.

## THE SILVER WEDDING

WISDOM. Out of that handful of the sands of time  
Men call a century, half of the half  
Has slipped away since first the Tavern doors  
Swung open. Spirits choice were they who came  
To form our brotherhood around the Bear;  
True were they in their hearts, and in their minds  
Wise to discern beneath the show of things  
The real from the false. Me they invoked  
To dwell among them; and where Wisdom comes  
Conventions and appearances and shams —  
Which fill your eyes, O Mrs. Grundy — seem  
The foolish toys they are. We know the meed  
Of our gay jester Mirth; of our brisk pair,  
Exhilarating Wine and Mystic Weed;  
Each in degree, we love them with a love,  
Though not the same, as true as that we give  
Their nobler friends, Music and Poetry.  
We cherish Youth and Friendship. We are wise  
In caring not how the world rates, or you,  
Blind with pure worldliness or petty spite,  
Arraign the happy children of the Bear.  
For we judge men by worth, and not by place,  
And are not troubled if you disapprove.

MRS. G. (*Rising.*) 'T is no fun at all  
To jibe or miscall  
The people who don't care a button.  
You may go your own way;  
I'll make no more stay,  
But return to my usual mutton.

## OF THE BEAR

WISDOM. She means that those who Mrs. Grundy heed  
Must be the silliest of sheep indeed.

BEAR. Yet just one word before you go :  
'T is well that you at last should know  
Why we so little care for you  
Or any mischief you can do.  
For every man one test have we :  
That he his true self dare to be!  
This is the truth which makes men free.

MRS. G. All this prating  
I can't help hating!  
The truth is a vulgar, unfashionable thing!  
A truce to debating ;  
My servants are waiting  
With every fat scandal they've caught on the wing.  
I leave you, old Bruin,  
To rush to your ruin ;  
With Wine, Weed, and Mirth your destruction is  
sure ;  
I bid you farewell, sir.  
The story I'll tell, sir,  
Shall not in invention or malice be poor!

*She says the last words on the steps of the stage as she goes down, and passes out as she came in.*

WISDOM. Well is she gone ; here never was her place.

YOUTH. I felt as age crept on while her tongue ran its race.

WEED. Each time that woman spoke I thought that I  
should scream !

MIRTH. I feel as if I woke from some canned-lobster dream.

## THE SILVER WEDDING

BEAR. (*To MUSIC and POETRY.*) Come, friends, and clear the  
air with some full-throated song.

WIT. A disinfectant rare for Grundy microbes strong.

### *Song*

POETRY. When the heart throbs full and strong,  
When the keen emotions throng,  
When all common speech is weak  
Passion's thrilling life to speak;  
Then to me the poet turns,  
Then his soul with rapture burns;  
Then in poesy is sung  
All the pangs his bosom wrung.

MUSIC. When grows joy too deep for speech,  
When not even song may reach  
To the deeps of human woe,  
To the bliss man's soul may know;  
Then by music's aid alone  
Life's most secret thrills are shown;  
Then all worldless soars the strain,  
Till the heavens are opened plain.

BOTH. Hand in hand we take our way  
Wheresoe'er life's pathway stray;  
Hand in hand with man we go,  
In his joy or in his woe.  
Song of word and song of string,  
Both alike man's heart-throbs sing;  
Poor were life were both not near,  
Joy to heighten, pain to cheer.

## OF THE BEAR

BEAR. The time grows late. My loyal subjects all,  
Who staunch and true frequent this friendly hall,  
Other years come in place of those which flee;  
As has the past been, let the future be.  
Give we no heed should Mrs. Grundy jibe;  
To envy only we her spite ascribe;  
Strong are we always while beneath this roof  
Friendship and Wisdom put our lives in proof.  
And now before we break our magic ring,  
Friendship beloved one closing song shall sing.

### *Song*

FRIEND. When hearts are young and quick with zest,  
And, oh, the world is sweet;  
When Mirth and Wine and Wit their best  
Fling free to hours that fleet;  
Then 't is oh, for a friend  
Each joy to share;  
And the hand of a friend  
To lift each care.

### *Chorus*

For friendship better is than gold;  
If hearts be young or hearts be old,  
Though youth may waste and love grow cold,  
Still 't is oh, for a friend  
Each joy to share;  
And the hand of a friend  
To lift each care.

## THE SILVER WEDDING

When hearts are old and life grows pale,  
And oh, the world is gray;  
When age and pain and grief prevail,  
And joy has fled away,  
Then 't is oh, for a friend  
Life's stay to be;  
And the hand of a friend  
When life shall flee.

### *Chorus*

For friendship better is than gold;  
If hearts be young or hearts be old,  
Though youth may waste and love grow cold,  
Still 't is oh, for a friend,  
Life's stay to be;  
And the hand of a friend  
When life shall flee.

*The music changes to "Meum est." As it is sung, the light fades into darkness, the harp sounds, and the curtain descends.*

# SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

ROBERT W. ATKINSON.

*Moderato grazioso.*



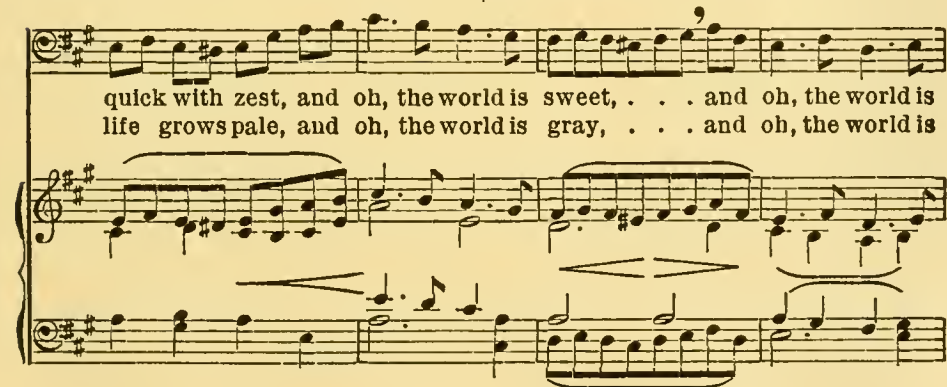
mf p

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics are marked as *mf* and *p*.




1. When hearts are young and  
2. When hearts are old and

The first system shows the vocal melody on a single staff and the piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "1. When hearts are young and 2. When hearts are old and".



quick with zest, and oh, the world is sweet, . . . and oh, the world is  
life grows pale, and oh, the world is gray, . . . and oh, the world is

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "quick with zest, and oh, the world is sweet, . . . and oh, the world is life grows pale, and oh, the world is gray, . . . and oh, the world is".



sweet,  
gray,

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sweet, gray,".

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SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

When mirth and wit and wine their best fling free to hours, fling  
When age and pain and grief pre-vail and joy has fled, and

free to hours that fleet, . . . . . Fling free to hours that  
joy has fled a - way, . . . . . And joy has fled a -

fleet, Then 'tis oh, for a friend each joy to share And the  
way Then 'tis oh, for a friend life's stay to be, And the  
*tr*

CHORUS. TENORS.

BASSES.  
hand of a friend to lift each care. For friendship better is than gold, If  
hand of a friend when life shall flee.



# SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

hearts be young or hearts be old, Tho' youth may waste and love grow cold,

*poco rit.*

## 1ST TENOR.

1. Still 'tis oh, for a friend, each joy to share,      And the  
2. Still 'tis oh, for a friend, life's stay to be,      And the

## 2D TENOR.

## 1ST BASS.

1. Still 'tis oh, for a friend, each joy to share,      And the  
2. Still 'tis oh, for a friend, life's stay to be,      And the

## 2D BASS.

*tr*

# SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

1    V    2 *After 2d verse.*

hand of a friend to lift each care.  
 hand of a friend when life shall      Me-um est pro-pos - i - tum

hand of a friend to lift each care.  
 hand of a friend when life shall      flee.— est pro-pos - i - tum.

in Ta-ber-na mo - ri    Et vi-num ap - pos - i - tum    Sit - i - en - ti

in Ta-ber-na mor - i    Et vi-num ap - pos - i - tum    Sit - i - en - ti

SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

o - ri Ut di-cant cum veu - e - rint An - ge - lo - rum cho - ri -

o - ri Ut di-cant cum ven - e - rint An - ge - lo - rum cho - ri -

*p* De - us sit pro - pi - ti - us *f* is - - - ti po - ta - to . . . ri.

*p* De - us sit pro - pi - ti - us *f* is - - - ti po - ta - to . . . ri.



## PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE

WRITTEN FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE ARRAIGN-  
MENT" BEFORE THE LADIES, FEBRUARY 1, 1909

### PROLOGUE

Sweethearts and wives, though I unworthy be,  
The honor of your welcome falls to me.  
'T is mine to bring the greeting of the Bear,  
And speak you — as the Fates have made you — fair.  
This is indeed a most auspicious night  
Which with your presence makes our old hall bright:  
For our respectability is clear,  
Now that the Ladies have assembled here.

Yet not without misgiving we rejoice.  
Although you would not give the feeling voice,  
We fear you come in high expectancy  
Of something better than our best can be;  
And when at last you see the curtain fall,  
Perhaps you'll ask in wonder: "Is that all?"

Pray you consider: from a golden night  
We can but one hour offer to your sight.  
Think not the part the whole; nor one flower's bloom  
The whole parterre's rich color and perfume.  
Of this our masque we give you what we may:  
We cannot rule the spirit of the play.

## THE SILVER WEDDING

Half was th' occasion : and repeated thus  
To you it is not what it was to us.  
Between the lines we felt old memories thrill :  
Heard bygone laughter, — oft from lips now still ;  
A hundred halcyon nights and days of cheer,  
The loving comradeship that binds us here,  
Spoke out more clearly than the actor's word ;  
And in each silence we lost voices heard.  
The image of the rose to-night is shown, —  
Needs must the fragrance be for us alone.

To make a confidence we've called you here ;  
To show just why the Club to us is dear.  
We'd have you laugh a little at our fun,  
And yet be touched when all is said and done ;  
We ope the Club's heart that you look therein, —  
'T is sympathy and not applause we'd win.

## EPILOGUE

Ladies, one further word before you go :  
Let me as Epilogue a moral show  
Drawn from the play you've seen, — a moral new,  
Meant not for Taverners, but just for you.

Bob's charming music, and our players' art,  
Have set, I'm sure, our mimic sport apart  
From common mumming such as suits the age, —  
The peanut-taffy of the modern stage.

## OF THE BEAR

We hope you feel, too, that the spirit here  
Is fine and rare; is something far too dear  
To be passed lightly. If sometimes you catch  
Echoes of mirth, or Mrs. Grundy snatch  
At fables false of riot, do believe  
Our fun holds nothing that should make you grieve.  
I know you're not like her, to bid men go,  
"And yet be angry that they should do so."  
'T is well your spouses come here for your sake.  
The fondest lovers should vacations take;  
Too much together, they may weary grow;  
But how satiety can parting know?  
Husbands and wives should sometimes separate roam,  
To bring the honey of experience home.

Men are not men or women women, quite,  
If either have the other sex in sight.  
Nature hath wrought them so that each some art  
Still mingles with the language of the heart;  
With fine hypocrisy in cunning ways,  
Some feigned perfection each instinctive plays.  
No man e'er loved but felt his worth too poor  
In plain simplicity proof to endure  
Matched with the merit of his lady: she  
Outdoes him in that sweet humility.  
Some tender reticence — for good or ill —  
Nature hath made to be between them still;  
For men and women, in whatever age,  
Must meet as actors meet upon the stage.

## THE SILVER WEDDING

Only with men a man his true self shows:  
Only with men his truest freedom knows.  
To woman man must show what for her sake  
He fain would be, but never true could make.  
Yet of that pretence is the kernel truth;  
The self man shows the one he loves is sooth,  
Since his desire creates the nobler man!

Still, not to woman's height may reach his span,  
And angels' food may unsubstantial be.  
Pity us men! Nearer the earth are we,  
Since Adam out of clay was made, and Eve  
At least at one remove did life receive.  
We must with roast and flagons stay our need,  
Although you Ladies on pure manna feed.  
The strength of manhood best is nourished then  
By woman's love and comradeship of men.  
Lend us your husbands: we'll improve, not mar!  
We'll make them worthier of the wives YOU ARE!













