

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

THE FANNIE PAYNE CLARK BENEFIT

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

THE FANNIE PAYNE WALKER BENEFIT

To me has been assigned the most beautiful number upon the evening's programme.

I do not recall an occurrence similar to this in Richmond's history. 'Tis true, once I saw a mighty throng of our folk with song and

THE FANNIE PAYNE WALKER BENEFIT

speech and music, shower gold, silver and green-backs upon a ~~man~~; but that person was a Man, and that man in a "strange land," miles, hundreds of miles from his home.

But we are not in the land of strangers tonight, we are here at home, under our own roof, sons and daughters of Richmond, brothers and sisters of the same race, children of the same family.

We know each other; we know when each one was born, where each was born and very nearly everything each one has done.

This is not a gathering to do honor to a man from some foreign land; we have come not to honor some great lawyer, doctor, preacher or man of renown, but we have come to do

THE FANNIE PAYNE WALKER BENEFIT

To me has been assigned the most beautiful number upon the evening's programme.

I do not recall an occurrence similar to this in Richmond's history. 'Tis true, once I saw a mighty throng of our folks with song and speech and music, shower gold, silver and greenbacks upon a person of our race; but that person was a Man, and that man in a "strange land," miles, hundreds of miles from his home.

But we are not in the land of strangers tonight, we are here at home, under our own roof, sons and daughters of Richmond, brothers and sisters of the same race, children of the same family.

We know each other; we know when each one was born, where each was born and very nearly everything each one has done.

This is not a gathering to do honor to a prophet from some foreign land; we have come, not to do honor some great lawyer, doctor, preacher or scholar of renown, but we have come to do

honor to a woman whom we know, a woman whose hands God has touched with heaven's sweetest gift, music, and in whose throat he has implanted the charm of song, for -

Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
And fate's severest rage disarm;  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please;  
Our joys below, it can improve,  
And antedate the bliss above.

For years we have listened to the music of her hands, and the sweetness of her voice.

We have moved with joyful step to her music to the matrimonial altar; we have been entranced when vieing with the birds of song; she has thrilled our souls with pleasure upon the concert stage.

We have stood by the casket of our loved ones; our fathers, our mothers, our husbands, our wives, our children, our brothers, our sisters, our friends, our companions - and melted to tears, as the sad sweetness of that same voice has wrung our hearts, bidding them a long farewell, and committing them to mother earth.

And so amid our gaiety and our tears, she has been "our Fannie," the musician, "our Fannie," the sweet singer, soothing our pain in deepest sorrow, heightening our pleasures with sweetest music.

Music! Oh, how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell!  
Why should Feeling ever speak  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well!  
Friendship's balmy word may pain,  
Love's are e'en more false than they -  
Oh! 'tis only music's strain  
Can sweetly soothe and not betray!

And now, my dear Madam, in behalf of your many friends, who believe it is by far better to testify their appreciation in something more substantial than words, and who believe wreaths, crosses and floral designs supplemented by complimentary resolutions - the paraphernalia of the dead - should not be allowed to take place of the kind words, kind acts and helping hand, which should be given to the living - in behalf of those friends, I am directed to sing you a song - a beautiful song, made up of quarter notes, half notes, whole notes, \$5 notes and \$10 notes - Sweetest notes ever sung - notes which lighten the heart, drive away sorrow, relieve pain, turn darkness into light, and actually make life

worth living.

I hand you this purse of gold, and may each coin in it remind you that there are amongst us many, who feel deeply indebted to you for the <sup>25</sup>~~40~~<sub>19</sub> years or more of unselfish public service rendered to us and our children.

We know that your pathway has not at all times been strewn with flowers; we know that life's storms have raged around you; we know that you have suffered, but where is the woman or man who does not suffer? God peopled this world with men and women, not angels. Men and women, weak, frail and sinful, not heavenly beings, sinless and perfect.

But somehow, we believe that there is Much good even in the very worst of us - that those who consider themselves the best, can at least be governed by the words of Jesus, when He said - "He that is without sin among us, let him first cast a stone at her."

We see in you tonight, standing here before us - the fountain from whence Richmond's stream of music has flown; for this, if for nothing else, we should love you. We do love you, and may every penny in this purse be a tongue, proclaiming to you

that friendship and good will have not entirely  
left the earth, and that God will keep those who  
put this trust in Him. "May God bless and protect  
you."

