

250TH ANNIVERSARY
OF
Founding of City of Annapolis
AND THE
Passage of Maryland Religious Toleration Act,
Under the Auspices of Young Men's Christian Association,
OF ANNAPOLIS.

APRIL 13,
1649.



APRIL 13,
1899.

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PROGRAM.

Address by the President.

"The Influence of Maryland in Formation of the Union."

HON. LLOYD LOWNDES.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

By Francis Scott Key.

Solo,

By DR. GEO. FELDMEYER.

CHORUS—By the Audience.

O! say, can you see by the dawn's early light

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

O! say, does the star-spangled banner still wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.

'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,

That the havoc of war and the battles confusion

A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footprint's pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the foe's desolation;

Bless'd with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land

Praise the power that has made and preserved us a nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto—"In God is our trust."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"The Policy and Statute of Toleration in Maryland."

HON. JAMES ALFRED PEARCE.

Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

CHORUS—MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

Written by James Randall.

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's war-like thrust.
And all thy slumb'ers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Thou wilt not yield the vand at toll,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland.

I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Tho' thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland, my Maryland.
For life and death, for foe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland.

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, my Maryland.
The old-line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland, my Maryland.

"Early Men of Anne Arundel."

PROF. J. D. WARFIELD.

CHORUS—COLUMBIA.—"Praise God Today."

Written by Elihu S. Riley for the services at the Y. M. C. A., Annapolis, Maryland, July 4, 1897.

Tune of "Come, Thou Almighty King."—Italian Hymn, page 202, and hymn 231, Gospel Hymns, No. 5.

Freemen, praise God today!
Safe hath He led the way—
Our country kept;—
Held by His loving hand,
Nor rock, nor ocean's strand,
Nor hidden ledge, or land,
Our bark hath swept.

Ride on, oh, ship divine!
Thy course was chosen thine:
By Deity;
He wrought thine every part,
He made thee what thou art.
He gave thee from His heart,
Thy liberty.

Freeman, praise God today!
To Him we raise our lay,
He formed our Land;
Let us His praises show,
And make all nations know,
To God all good we owe,
And His kind hand.

Best be our land for aye!
His grace be ever nigh;—
His help be given,
To lead Columbia on,
Till time's last setting sun,—
Till right for all be won,
And Earth be Heaven.

"The First Settlement on the Severn."

HON. JOHN WIRT RANDALL.

A M E R I C A .


CHORUS—"My Country 'Tis of Thee."

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills :
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee I sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

 Lecture on "Alaska and its Gold Fields," by Prof. J. W. Chickering, of Washington, D. C., in Y. M. C. A. Hall, April 18th, at 8 P. M.



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