250TH ANNIVERSARY

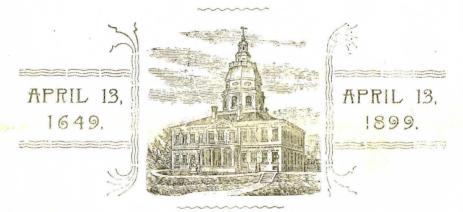
OF

Founding of City of Annapolis

AND THE

Passage of Maryland Religious Toleration Act,

Under the Auspices of Young Men's Christian Association, OF ANNAPOLIS.



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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 | And where is the band who so vauntingly

That the havoc of war and the battles What so proudly we hailed at the twi-

confusion

the brave.

light's last gleaming; Whose broad stripes and bright stars

A home and a country should leave us no

through the perilous fight O'er the ramparts we watched were so

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

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

No refuge could save the hireling and

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

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

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

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of

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

On the shore, dimly seen through the O! thus be it ever when freemen shall

mist of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread

Petween their loved homes and the foe's desolation;

silence reposes, What is that which the breeze o'er the Bless'd with victory and peace, may the towering steep,

Heaven-rescued land

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it catches the gleam of the mornPraise the power that has made and preserved us a nation!

ing's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.

Ther conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our motto—"In God is our

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

And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave

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

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'rers 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.

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

AMERICA.

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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