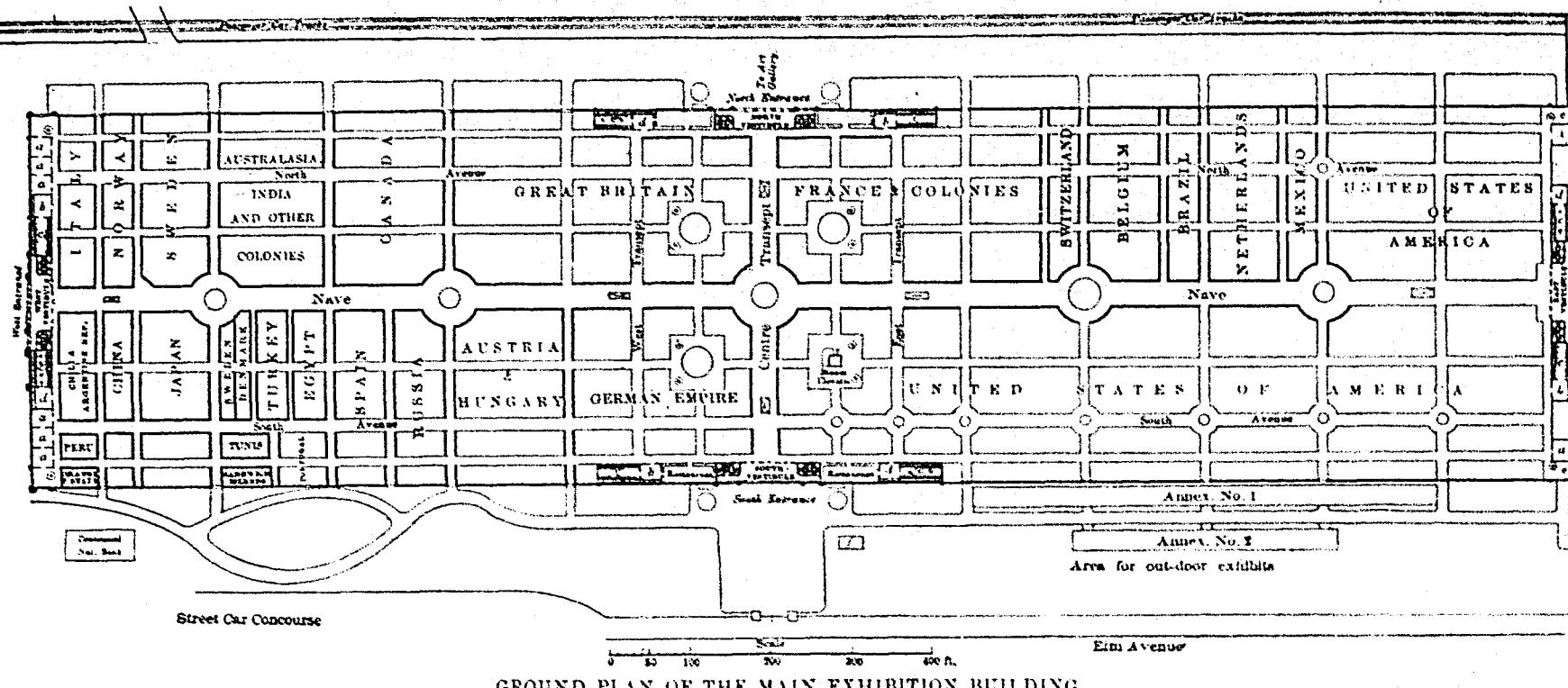


THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.



GROUND PLAN OF THE MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.

WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.

MUSIC BY PROF. JOHN K. PAYNE.

1. Our fa - ther's God: from out whose hand The cen-turies fall like grains of sand.
2. Here, where of old, by Thy de-sign, The fa-thers spake that word of Thine,

We meet to-day, u-nit-ed, free, And joy - al to our land and Thee,
Whose eth-o is the glad re-train Of read-ed bolt and fall-ing chain,

To thank Thee for the e-ra done, And trust Thee for the opening one.
To grace our fa-tal time, from all The zones of earth our guests we call

3. Be with us, while the new world greets
The old world thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

4. Thou, who hast here in concord furled,
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

CENTENNIAL CANTATA.

The following selections are from the Centennial Cantata, the music of which is from the pen of DUDLEY BUCK, and the words from that of SIDNEY LANIER. The first excerpt, as follows, is given in the four parts, the accompaniment being omitted:

SOPRANO. *cres.*
p From this hun-dred-ter-raced height, Sight more large with no-blur
ALTO.
TENOR. *cres.* *do-blur*
p From this hun-dred-ter-raced height, Sight more large..... with no-blur
BASS.
Sight more large with no-blur
light Ran-ges down you tow-r-ing years: Hum-blur smiles and lord-blur
light
light Ran-ges down you tow-r-ing years: Hum-blur smiles and lord-blur
light

tears Shine and fall, Shine and fall, etc.
tears, Shine and fall,..... Shine and fall,..... etc.
Shine and fall, Shine and fall, etc.

The following is a portion of a fine Bass Solo:

Long as thy God is God a-bore, Thy broth-er
et-ry man, ev-ry man be-low, So long, dear Land, dear
Cor. Ped. Ped. Ped.

cres. e poco a poco rallentando.
Land of all my love, Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow,.... thy fame shall
cres. e poco a poco rallentando.

tempo.
shine!..... Dear Land, dear land of all *coda temp.*
f tempo. Zug II. *pizz.* Eng. Horn.
Ped. Clar. Paf.
my love.
pp tempo. *cres. molto.* *rif.*

The following bit will convey an idea, although the accompaniment is omitted, of the Final Chorus:

Allegro Maestoso.
O Ma-sic, from this height of time..... my Word an-fold.... etc.

MUSIC PERFORMED AT THE OPENING.