

England.

There she sits in her island home,
Peerless among her peers!
And liberty oft to her arms doth come,
To ease its poor heart of tears,
Old England still throbs with the muffled fire
Of a past she can never forget;
And again shall she herald to the world up higher,
For there's life in the Old Land yet.
—Gerald Massey (1828-1907)

Program

- Song—"Star Spangled Banner." Francis Scott Key
Audience.
- Invocation, Rev. Wilbert E. Dowson
- Luncheon Served.
- Announcements.
- Song—"God Save the King." Henry Carey
Audience.
- Introduction of Colonel R. J. Shand, as chairman of the day,
by the President.
- Introduction of the speaker of the day by the chairman.
- Address—Major General Sir Frederick B. Maurice, K. C.,
M. G., C. B., former Director of Military Operations on
the Imperial British General Staff.
- Adjournment.

D. S. Wiley presiding at the piano.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing-ly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Be-tween their loved home and wild

twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we
sil-lence re-pos-ed, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it sit-ful-ly
bat-tle's con-fu-sion, A home and a coun-try should leave us no more! Their blood has wash'd
war's desolation; Blest with vic't'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath

watched, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing! And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
blows, half conceal'd, half dis-clos-ed! Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, in full
out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion. No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the
made and preserv'd us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, When our cause is just, And

CHORUS. *f*

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled
glo-ry re-lect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner, Oh,
ter-ror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-span-gled ban-ner in
this be our mot-to: 'In God is our trust!' And the star-span-gled ban-ner in

Cres.

ban-ner yet wave
long may it wave
tri-umph doth wave
tri-umph shall wave

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