

LINCOLN

DAY MUSIC FESTIVAL

AT THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Eve'gs, May 14, 15, and 16.

GRAND FESTIVAL CHORUS.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.

SOPRANO.

- MISS GENEVRA JOHNSTON, Chicago.
- MRS. KATE BREWSTER CHENEY, Sioux City.
- MRS. J. P. DORR, Lincoln.
- MRS. R. N. PARKS, Lincoln.
- MISS CLARA FUNKE, Lincoln.

CONTRALTO.

- MRS. H. F. DOANE, Crete.
- MRS. ALBERT WATKINS, Lincoln.
- MRS. A. S. RAYMOND, Lincoln.
- MISS C. W. CHURCHILL, Lincoln.

TENOR.

- MR. C. E. DENNIS, Sioux City.
- MR. H. J. W. SEAMARK, Lincoln.
- MR. S. H. BURNHAM, Lincoln.

BARITONE.

- MR. B. B. YOUNG, Omaha.
- MR. C. M. KEELER, Des Moines.
- MR. B. L. CURTISS, Des Moines.

BASS.

- MR. E. H. CHAPIN, Lincoln.
- MR. G. W. PETERS, Lincoln.
- MR. M. T. HARMER, Lincoln.

INSTRUMENTAL.

- MISS EDITH DOOLITTLE, Lincoln.
- MISS MINNIE D. COCHRAN, Lincoln.
- MISS NELLIE YOUNG, Lincoln.
- MISS EMMA YOUNG, Lincoln.
- MISS SADIE YOUNG, Lincoln.
- MR. G. C. MENZENDORF, Lincoln.

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" DOBSON,
" SEWELL,
" RAYMOND,
" CHURCHILL,
" GARDNER,
" BEEBE,
" SAYER,
" LICHTY,
MISS FUNKE,
" NORTH,
" WATSON,
" RAMSEY,
" SHOLES.

ALTOS.

MRS. WATKINS,
" HARMER,
" BRACE,
" GRIFFIN,
" HOUSEWORTH,
MISS WHEELOCK,
" LATTA,
" BUCK,
" CHURCHILL,
" LILLIBRIDGE,
" THOMPSON,
" ROSEMAN.

TENORS.

MR. SEAMARK,
" NORTH,
" SCOTT,

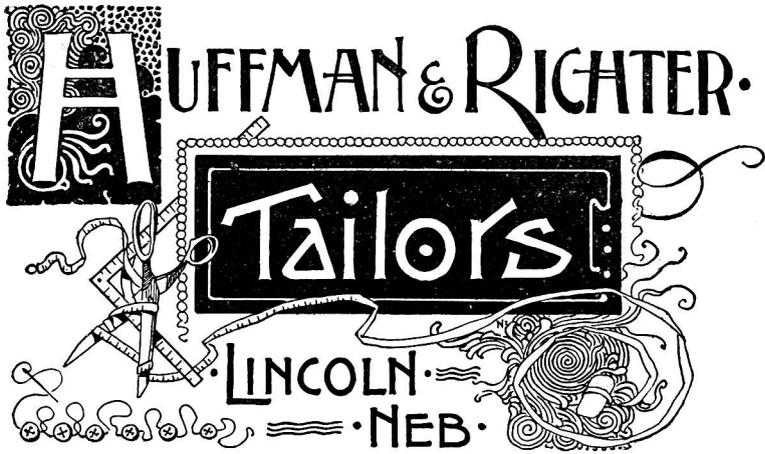
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" GRIFFIN,
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" JANSEN,
" HOUSEWORTH,
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MR. CHAPIN,
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MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL.

FIRST CONCERT.

PART FIRST.

1.—CHORUS.—Hallelujah (Mount of Olives).

Beethoven.

Hallelujah! to the Lord Jehovah's name
Praise our God all ye who love the Lord, in holy
songs of joy
Sing Jehovah's power and glory.

2.—TRIO.—Charity.

Rossini.

MRS. CHENEY,

MRS. DORR, MRS. RAYMOND, MRS. WATKINS.

Strength of the holy, virtue divine,
Thou on mankind doth benignantly shine.
Thou dost console us in all our pain,
Light from above through thee we may gain.
Thou in thy nature God dost reveal,
Thou canst affliction ever heal.
Blessed is he who, led by thy might,
Bears in his bosom celestial delight.
When on the earth thy reign shall prevail
War's angry call shall no longer avail
Thy gentle power shall conquer all.

3.—DUO for two pianos.—Impromptu, op. 66.

Reinecke.

MISS MINNIE D. COCHRAN,
MISS EDITH DOOLITTLE.

4.—GLEE.—Chough and Crow.

Bishop.

The chough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree;
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray;
Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
It is our opening day.
Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And closed is every flower,
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my lady's bower.
Bewildered hinds, with shortened ken,
Shrink on their murky way;
Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
It is our opening day.
Nor board nor garner now we know,
Nor roof nor latched door;
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
To bless a good man's store.
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day;
Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
And use it as ye may.
Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
It is our opening day.

Incidental solos by MRS. PARKS, MRS. DORR,
and MR. HARMER.

5.—SONGS.

{ a Garden of Sleep. *DeSara.*
b Confession
c The Pilgrims *Adams.*

MISS GENEVRA JOHNSTON.

6.—LIBERTY DUET.—(I Puritani). *Donizetti.*

MESSRS. C. M. KEELER AND B. L. CURTISS.

7.—TRIO.—Curfew Bell.

Atwood.

MRS. RAYMOND,

MESSRS. SEAMARK AND CHAPIN.

Hark! the curfew's solemn sound,
Silent darkness spreads around.
Heavy it beats on the lover's heart,
Who leaves with a sigh his tale half told.
The poring monk and his book must part,
And fearful the miser locks his gold.
Now whilst labor sleeps and charmed sorrow,
O'er the dewy green,
By the glow-worm's light,
Dance the elves of night.
Yet where their midnight pranks have been
The circled turf will betray to-morrow.

8.—STRING QUINTETTE.

Gibaur.

G. C. MENZENDORF, 1st Vi lin.
MISS NELLIE YOUNG, 2d Violin.
MISS EMMA YOUNG, Viola.
MISS SADIE YOUNG, 'Cello.
MISS MINNIE D. COCHRAN, Piano.

9.—SEXTETTE.—What from vengeance. (Lucia di Lammermoor).

Donizetti.

MRS. CHENEY, MRS. DORR,
MESSRS. DENNIS, KEELER, CHAPIN, SEAMARK.
Edgar—

What from vengeance yet restrains me?
Words suffice not to upbraid thee.
E'en the terror that enchains thee
Proves that falsely thou'st betrayed me.
As a rose 'mid tempest bending
Grief and guilt thy heart are rending;
Thy despairing looks disarm me—
Faithless maid, alas! I love thee still.

Henry—

What from vengeance yet restrains me?
Will he madly dare upbraid her?
Ah, she dreads me and disdains me,
Never more will I thus persuade her.
Day of wrath, what will be thy ending?
Further grief may be impending.
Her despairing looks alarm me—
Nameless terrors, nameless fears my bosom
fill.

Lucy—

'Twas my hope that death would hide me
From a doom of shame and anguish;
But that comfort is denied me,
In despair I yet must languish.
None will counsel, none will aid me,
Heaven and earth have both betrayed me.
Love, do thou with courage arm me,
Give me strength to do thy will.

Bide-the-Bent, Alice, and Arthur—

Oh, may Heaven in mercy guide thee
In this hour of wrath and anguish;
Though affliction now betide thee,
Not forever shalt thou languish.
Like a rose 'mid tempest bending
Pale remorse thy heart is rending.
Oh, may Heaven with courage arm thee
And avert impending ill.

PART SECOND.

10.—FOUR-PART SONGS.

a—The Nightingale. *Mendelssohn.*

The nightingale has been away,
But spring again invites her;
She has not learned another lay,
Her old song still delights her.

b—The Haymakers' Song. *Sir R. P. Stewart.*

The long grass ripples in the breeze
Which lightly stirs around,
And azure sky and em'rald green
The landscape seem to bound.
Up, up, the birds are caroling,
And insects on the wing,
And blithely sounds the mower's scythe,
And blithe the echoes ring.
Let us sing to our work a gay roundelay,
For there's no work so merry as making the hay.

The noon sun darts its rays of fire,
The morn's fresh breeze is dead,
Or faintly ruffles leaf and flower,
As if its strength were sped.
Now, now the em'rald green shall fade,
And tawny hues appear;
So let us hasten to the field,
Our comrades there to cheer,
And sing to our work a gay roundelay,
For there's no work so merry as making the hay.

The bright days pass, and summer nights
But seem to veil the sky,
As friend might shade the brow of one
Who lightly slumbered nigh.
Come, come, nor waste another hour,
We'll load our hay to-day,
The perfume fills the pleasant air,
And round us seems to play,
As we sing to our work a gay roundelay,
For there's no work so merry as making the hay.

11.—SONG—The Minstrel Boy. *Shelley.*

MR. C. E. DENNIS.

12.—TRIO—Ye Shepherds, tell me. *Mazzinghi.*

MISS FUNKE,
MESSRS. BURNHAM AND PETERS.

Ye shepherds, tell me, have you seen
My Flora pass this way?
In shape and feature beauty's queen,
In pastoral array.

A wreath around her head she wore,
Carnation, lily, rose;
And in her hand a crook she bore,
And sweets her breath compose.

The beauteous wreath that decks her head
Forms her description true,
Hands lily white, lips crimson red,
And cheeks of rosy hue.

13.—ARIA—With Verdure Clad (Creation) *Haydn.*

With verdure clad the fields appear,
Delightful to the ravish'd sense;
By flowers sweet and gay
Enhanced is the charming sight.
Here fragrant herbs their odors shed;
Here shoots the healing plant;
With copious fruit the expanded boughs are
hung;
In leafy arches twine the shady groves;
O'er lofty hills majestic forests wave.

14.—PIANO SOLO—Scherzo in B minor *Chopin.*

MISS EDITH DOOLITTLE.

15.—SOLO AND CHORUS—O for the Wings of a Dove. *Mendelssohn.*

O for the wings of a dove,
Far away would I rove,
In the wilderness build me a nest,
And remain there forever at rest.

16.—CATCH—Celia's Charms. *Webbe.*

FOUR JOHN B'S.

Would you know my Celia's charms,
Which now excite my fierce alarms?
I'm sure she's fortitude and truth
To gain the heart of every youth.
She's only thirty lovers now,
The rest are gone I can't tell how.
No longer Celia ought to strive,
For certainly she's fifty-five.

17.—CHORUS—Hallelujah (Messiah). *Handel.*

Full chorus and soloists, and orchestra under the direction of PROF. MENZENDORF.

MISS MINNIE D. COCHRAN and MISS EDITH DOOLITTLE, Pianists.

Hallelujah! For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ;
And he shall reign forever and ever,
King of kings and Lord of lords.
Hallelujah!

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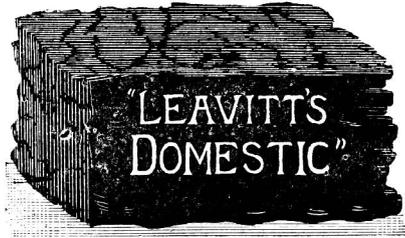
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MRS. R. N. PARKS, *Soprano.*
MRS. J. P. DORR, *Mezzo Soprano.*
MRS. ALBERT WATKINS, *Contralto.*
MR. H. J. W. SEAMARK, *Tenor.*
MR. B. B. YOUNG, *Baritone.*

PART FIRST.

INTRODUCTION.—*Organ.*

CHORUS.

Mourn, ye afflicted children, the remains
Of captive Judah, mourn in solemn strains,
Your sanguine hopes of liberty give o'er;
Your hero, friend, and father is no more.

RECIT.

Not vain is all this storm of grief,
To vent our sorrows gives relief.
Wretched indeed; but let not Judah's race
Their ruin, with desponding arms, embrace.
Distractful doubt, and desperation,
Ill become the Chosen Nation,
Chosen by the great I AM,
The Lord of hosts, who, still the same,
We trust will give attentive ear
To the sincerity of pray'r.

AIR.—*Israelitish Woman.*

Pious orgies, pious airs,
Decent sorrow, decent pray'rs,
Will to the Lord ascend, and move
His pity, and regain his love.

CHORUS.

O Father, whose Almighty pow'r
The heav'ns, and earth, and seas adore,
The hearts of Judah, Thy delight,
In one defensive band unite,
And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.

I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright Cherubim between,
His radiant glory, erst displayed,
To Israel's distressful pray'r
He hath vouchsafed a gracious ear,
And points out Maccabeus to their aid.
Judas shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory.

AIR.

Arm, arm, ye brave; a noble cause,
The cause of heav'n, your zeal demands;
In defense of your nation, religion, and laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your
hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright array,
Judah, thy sceptre to obey.

RECIT.

'Tis well, my friends; with transport I behold
The spirit of our fathers, famed of old
For their exploits in war—O, may their fire
With active courage you, their sons, inspire;
As when the mighty Joshua fought,
And those amazing wonders wrought,
Stood still, obedient to his voice, the sun,
Till kings he had destroyed, and kingdoms won.

AIR.

Call forth thy powers, my soul, and dare
The conflict of unequal war:
Great is the glory of the conquering sword
That triumphs in sweet liberty restored.

AIR.

Come, ever-smiling liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund train;
For thee we pant and sigh, for thee
With whom eternal pleasures reign.

CHORUS.

Lead on, lead on, Judah disdains
The galling load of hostile chains.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Disdainful of danger, we'll rush on the foe,
That Thy power, O Jehovah, all nations may
know.

RECIT.

Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field,
Dependent on our Lord, our strength and shield.

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord, on thee we call,
Resolved on conquest, or a glorious fall.

PART SECOND.

CHORUS.

Fall'n is the foe; so fall thy foes, O Lord,
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous sword.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Sion now her head shall raise,
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

AIR.

From mighty kings he took the spoil,
And with his acts made Judah smile.
Judah rejoiceth in his name,
And triumphs in her hero's fame.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Hail, hail, Judea, happy land!
Salvation prospers in his hand.

AIR.

The Lord worketh wonders
His glory to raise,
And still as he thunders,
Is fearful in praise.

RECIT.

My arms! against this Gorgias will I go.
The Idumean Governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

AIR.

Sound an alarm, your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave, around.
Who listeth, follow—to the field again—
Justice, with courage, is a thousand men.

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear, the pleasing, dreadful call,
And follow thee to conquest:—If to fall,
For laws, religion, liberty we fall.

AIR.

With pious hearts, and brave as pious,
O Sion, we thy call attend,
Nor dread the nations that defy us,
God our defender, God our friend.

DUET.

O never, never, bow we down
To the rude stock or sculptur'd stone:
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down
To the rude stock, or sculptured stone:
We worship God, and God alone.

PART THIRD.

AIR.

So shall the lute and harp awake,
And sprightly voice sweet descant run
Seraphic melody to make,
In the pure strains of Jesse's Son.

SEMI-CHORUS.

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.
See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes and lead the dance;
Myrtle wreathes and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

CHORUS.

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurels bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

DUET.

O lovely peace, with plenty crowned,
Come spread thy blessings all around,
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And valleys smile with wavy corn.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Rejoice, O Judah, and in songs divine,
With Cherubin and Seraphin harmonious join.
Hallelujah! Amen.

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MRS. ALBERT WATKINS, *Contralto.*
MR. C. E. DENNIS, *Tenor.*
MR. C. M. KEELER, *Baritone.*

PART FIRST.

CONTEMPLATION.

INTRODUCTION.—*Instrumental.*

CHORUS.

No shadows yonder!
All light and song!
Each day I wonder,
And say, "How long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng?"

SOLO.—*Tenor.*

No weeping yonder!
All fled away!
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

QUARTET.—*Unaccompanied.*

No partings yonder!
Time and space never
Again shall sunder.
Hearts cannot sever:
Dearer and fonder,
Hands clasp forever.

CHORUS.

None wanting yonder!
Bought by the Lamb,
All gathered under
The evergreen palm;
Loud as night's thunder
Ascends the glad psalm.

AIR.—*Tenor.*

My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the
living God: when shall I come to appear before
the presence of God?

My tears have been my meat day and night;
while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy
God?

O bring Thou me out of my trouble.

TRIO.—*Unaccompanied.*

Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano, and Contralto.

It shall come to pass that at eventide it shall be
light.

And sorrow and sighing shall be no more.
For the former things have passed away.

CHORUS.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; he
that now goeth weeping shall come again re-
joicing.

For God so loved the world that He gave His
only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in
Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not His Son into the world to
condemn the world; but that the world, through
Him, might be saved.

God is love.

AIR.—*Contralto.*

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither
have entered into the heart of man the things
which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

For He hath prepared for them a city, whose
builder and maker is God.

There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people
of God.

Therefore fear lest any come short of it.

CHORUS.

Treble and Alto Voices.

For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of Thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love and life and rest.

Tenor and Bass Voices.

O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise,

His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

Full Choir.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.
Thine ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

CHORUS.

Thine is the Kingdom, for ever and ever.
I have looked for Thee, that I might behold
Thy power and glory.

PART SECOND.

ADORATION.

INTERMEZZO.—*Instrumental.*

AIR.—*Bass.*

Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create; for, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and earth were passed away. And I saw the *Holy City*, New Jerusalem.

CHORUS.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts.

AIR.—*Bass.*

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain; for the former things are passed away.

CHORUS.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts.

AIR.—*Bass.*

I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple. Above it stood the Seraphim, and one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts.

CHORUS.—*For a Double Choir.*

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad! let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is!

AIR.—*Contralto.*

Then shall the King say, Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

For it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

SEMI-CHORUS.—*Unaccompanied.*

The fining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold; but the Lord tryeth the hearts.

AIR.—*Soprano.*

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple.

And they shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

DUET.—*Soprano and Contralto.*

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. And He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Treble and Contralto Voices.

List! the Cherubic host, in thousand choirs,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits who wear victorious palms,
Singing everlastingly devout and holy psalms.

SOLO.—*Bass.*

And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps; and they sung as it were a new song before the throne; and no man could learn that song but they which were redeemed.

CHORUS.

Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints!

To Thee all angels cry aloud, the Heavens and all the Powers therein. To Thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts!

Before the mountains were brought forth, or the earth and the world were made, Thou art from everlasting.

Alleluia! Amen.

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