

in Armenia, months ago, reported that the Armenian revolutionary committee was preparing a demonstration at Constantinople and that any number of Armenians were willing to thus sacrifice themselves for the ultimate benefit of their unhappy companions. On the other hand, the Armenians assert that they only armed themselves to defend their lives against the Turks. The authorities have stationed troops and police at every threatened point, and it is asserted this morning that there is no danger of further disturbances. This, however, is not generally believed.

THE UTAH PIONEERS.

A CANTATA.

PART I.

No. 1.

(The Expulsion From Nauvoo.)

Full chorus.

'From scenes of blood and pillage,'

From scenes of blood and pillage,

Ye persecuted, fly!

Leave hamlet, town and village;

If ye remain ye die!

Out in the cold of winter,

Over the ice and snow,

Into the unknown desert,

In search of freedom go.

Haste, haste from Carthage blood-stained walls!

Haste, haste from mobocratic thralls!

Haste, haste, what though it be to death!

'Twill be in peace, at least, we yield our latest

breath.

Female voices.

O, scenes of faithful toil;

O, Zion's sacred soil!

And is it thus at last that we must part!

Male voices.

Fair city, homes and lands,

Made prosperous by our hands;

Ye are like cords entwined about our hearts.

Full chorus.

Hence, hence, ye fond distracting thoughts:

It was not homes, nor lands we coming

sought,

But something more than this,

Still, still our aim we will pursue,

Till finding far 'neath heaven's blue,

Full and untrammelled freedom's bliss.

No. 2.

(Father is Guiding Still.)

Ladies, voices unaccompanied.

What tho' despoiled, forsaken,

Sorrows the goblets fill,

Homeless, on trackless deserts,

Father is guiding still.

Trusting in Him we follow

Whitherso'er He will.

Over the plain or mountain—

Father is guiding still.

Though dark the way and cheerless,

Pathless the glade and hill,

We will press on, nor falter,

Father is guiding still.

Fearless of death's terrors,

Fearless of earthly ill,

Harm never can befall us,

Father is guiding still.

(Full chorus; repeat last four lines.)

Baritone recitative.

—(O Faith in the Divine.)

No. 3.

—(O Faith in the Divine.)

When all else fail Thou, Thou art with us still;

And with Thine aid all, all may be achieved.

Our present woes but urge us faster on,

And make Thee brighter still to guide our steps

Through the unknown.

Dramatic Scene.

(The Vision of Destination.)

Baritone.

Lo! in the dim, far distant mountain land,

I see amid the rugged snow-capped peaks

A vale of rest.

Where, sheltered in the hollow of God's hand,

Secure remains the home His people seek

For the oppressed.

O'er barren wastes the melting snow doth flow
In crystal streamlets from the mountain's side,
Infusing life.

And happy homes by thousands seem to grow
In every nook and corner, far and wide,

All free from strife.

And lo! God's temples glitter in the light,

On many hills, o'ertowering every wall.

They stand sublime.

While in the air float hymns of pure delight,

Borne from their midst by gentle perfumed gales

For endless time.

A way I see through many a narrow pass,

'Tis towering cliffs, winds now by rushing

stream

And mountain glade.

Now o'er wastes of dry and parched grass,

Encompassed by a thousand dangers seem,

The pathway laid.

But all is clear. Thus guided by Thy hand,

I shrink no more, whatever may betide.

Up and away!

Once more, O Israel, to the Promised Land,

Led by Jehovah o'er the deserts wide,

We wend our way.

Baritone solo and full chorus.

O Israel, hear. Obey, and heed thy guide.

Led by Jehovah o'er the deserts wide,

Haste from thy woes, nor turn to look behind.

Up and away! We seek a promised land,

Up and away! For guided by God's hand

A perfect home for freedom we shall find.

Fearless of death's terrors,

Fearless of earthly ill,

Harm never can befall us,

Father is guiding still.

(End of Part I.)

PART II.

(The Journey—The Camp—The Mormon Battalion Incident.)

[No. 4.]

An instrumental number representing the march of

the Pioneers, toiling on and on, low

sorrowing, almost despairing. When in

the midst, and well marked, should be ex-

pressed the religious determination to press

on by dexterously introducing strains of the

old hymn, "All is well," thus permeating the

musical themes more and more until the

character changes to a brighter, though

sublime mood. Also touches of the merri-

ment of the dance may be represented, but

in subdued contrast to the more serious de-

termined and exalted march.

No. 5.

(The Daily March.)

Chorus.

As the sun from the eastern sky

To the west pursues his way,

So we each day that course pursue

As the mists and clouds on high

Off obscure to us his ray,

Even so the sorrows we pass through,

As in darkest seeming hour,

Still his light doth ever glow;

So in our hearts the light of hope,

Far the same almighty power

Guides our footsteps as we go.

What tho' at times in gloom we grieve

As the sun from the eastern sky

To the west, spreads glorious light,

So we may the desert vast illumine.

With a radiance from on high,

With the light of truth most bright,

Dispel and break the age of gloom,

As the sun from the eastern sky

Out of gloom and night doth rise;

So we, out of sorrows deep and toil,

Will emerge, where the eagle flies,

Into gladness by and by

Still free, over freedom's sacred soil.

No. 6.

(Night in Camp.)

Recitative Tenor.

Behold, as night her curtains spreads around

The weary exiles on unsheltered ground

Encamped to rest: if rest indeed can come

To hearts thus weary, driven from their home.

Both man and beast supplied with scanty food

Now droop their heads in melancholy mood.

As slowly rises yon, the silvery moon,

Her gentle rays around dispersing soon

To aid the campfires to bestow a light

On these poor outcasts' dreary, cheerless night.

Unheeded all. But hark! A bugle call—

Its stirring tones arouses—breaks the thrall

Of melancholy gloom; the weary rise,

And wipe the gathering teardrops from their eyes.

They gather now where lighted campfires bright

Doth temper cold, and lightens up the night.

And soon—Oh, wonder! humbly gathered there,

They join in holy song, and fervent prayer.

The gloom disperses from the downcast glance

At music's sound, inviting to the dance.

Song, prayer and dance, each hallowed, as of old,
To one great purpose, good and pure as gold.

Who know their worth? Dance, music, song and

prayer!

To lift the soul, to lighten grim despair.

No. 7.

(Here the bugle call is heard, then a strain of

the march is heard which leads up to the

hymn "Come, come ye Saints," at first

sung faintly but gradually increasing in

fervor and power until the stanza "We'll

find the place," is rendered with full power.

Hymn.

Come, come ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,

But with joy wend your way.

Though hard to you this journey may appear,

Grace shall be as your day.

'Tis better far for us to strive

Our useless cares from us to drive,

Do this and joy your hearts will swell,

All is well! All is well!

Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard?

'Tis not so, all is right!

Why should we think to earn a great reward,

If we now shun the fight?

Gird up your loins, fresh courage take;

Our God will never us forsake;

And soon we'll have this tale to tell:

All is well! All is well!

We'll find the place which God for us prepared,

Far away in the west;

Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;

There the Saints will be blest.

We'll make the air with music ring—

Sing praises to our God and King;

Above the rest these words we'll tell:

All is well! All is well!

No. 8.

A PRAYER.

Baritone solo and chorus.

Father in heaven, our Guide, our Comforter,

Thy name we praise.

(Chorus. Amen.)

Here, in the deserts wild, alone to Thee,

Our hearts we raise.

(Amen.)

Thine, only Thine, the power to bless and cheer,

To turn aside the doubt, the conscious fear,

To change to sunny smile the bitter tear;

Chorus.

Thy name we praise. Amen.)

Solo.

Father in heaven, none but Thy mighty hand

Chorus.

Can guide our way.

Solo.

Over the deserts wide, and trackless land,

Where now we stray.

Chorus.

Father make known Thy wondrous, righteous

will.

To him inspired to guide our footsteps still,

And life or death, Thy people will fulfill,

From day to day.

(Amen.)

No. 9.

Recit. and dance chorus.

Tenore.

The soul uplifting song is sung—the prayer

From fervent hearts ascended unto heaven.

Now let sweet music with her magic sway

Reign for a time supreme,

While in the dance

Both young and old in measured steps advance.

Dance chorus.

Hark! the merry music sounding

A stirring, cheering lay;

From the strings of viols bounding,

To the dance it calls afar.

Lay aside our useless sorrows,

And banish dull despair;

Lighten the heart, 'twill aid tomorrow's

burdens all to bear.

Dance away, in lively measure;

The moonbeams brighter beam

When the heart yields up to pleasure,

All the world doth brighter beam.

Life has still enough of weeping;

Then smile we while we may.

What's the use of ever keeping

Our sorrows in our way?

Dance away! Let us think our exile

But a holiday;

Heaven is fair and the earth will blossom

In the springtime gay.

Dance away till we reach the mountains

Where the sunsets glow,

Over the rushing streams and fountains,

As they downward flow.

Dance away! Let the feet trip lightly

As the tune goes on.