

ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE

MUNICIPAL CELEBRATION

OF THE THIRTY FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

JULY 4, 1810,

AT THE

OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON.

I. VOLUNTARY of instrumental Music.

II. HYMN . . . *St. Ann's.*

THE mighty God is our defence,
 The strength by which we stand ;
 When troubles their approaches make,
 His help is still at hand.

In vain opposing nations rage,
 If God with us abide ;
 One word of his dissolves their strength,
 And humbles all their pride.

His wisdom sees correction meet,
 He gives the dread command ;
 And war its desolations spreads,
 Through every trembling land.

His purpose wrought ; again he speaks,
 And desolations cease ;
 War's loud alarms are heard no more,
 And all the world is peace.

Mortals, adore his sovereign pow'r,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Through all your various tribes be still,
 And know that he is God.

III. PRAYER, by Rev. Mr. CHANNING.

IV. HYMN *Mear.*

SHINE, Lord, on this thy people shine,
 With beams of heav'nly grace;
 Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,
 And shew thy cheering face.

Amidst our realm exalted high,
 Do thou our glory stand:
 And like a wall of guardian fire
 Surround the favour'd land.

When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
 Sound all the earth abroad,
 And every nation know and love
 Their Saviour and their God?

God the Creator scatters round
 His choicest favours here;
 While the creation's utmost bound
 Shall see, adore, and fear.

V. ORATION, by ALEXANDER
 TOWNSEND, Esq.

VI. STANZAS for 4th of July,
1810 *Old Hundred.*

AGAIN we hail the festal morn
Which echoes *their* immortal praise,
Whose work, an empire newly born,
Surpass'd the deeds of ancient days.

When, as the fabling poets sing,
Musick possess'd creative powers,
Amphion touch'd his heavenly string,
And sudden rose the Theban towers.

But Thebes and Athens, how they fell
From full-orb'd splendour and renown,
With tears their true historians tell
That discord drew their glory down.

Firm may *our* independence stand,
Lasting as time, the nation's pride ;
And mock the violating hand,
And fell Napoleon's wrath deride.