

REPUBLICAN CELEBRATION.

PERFORMANCES AT THE MEETING HOUSE.

- 1.—INTRODUCTORY ODE—'Hail Glorious Morn.'—Tune—*Rise Cynthia.*
- 2.—ORIGINAL ODE—'Sound the trumpet of joy.'—Tune—*Anacron in Heaven.*
- 3.—PRAYER—by Rev. Mr. Stevens, of Stoughton.
- 4.—ORIGINAL HYMN—'Now to the great and only King.'—Tune—*Stellan Mariner's Hymn.*
- 5.—DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—to be read by Rev. Mr. Spaulding.
- 6.—ODE—'All hail to Freedom's natal day.'—Tune—*Rise Columbia.*
- 7.—ORATION—by JOSEPH E. BRADDOCK, Esq.
- 8.—MUSIC—Voluntary by the Band.

ODE I.

Tune—'Rise Cynthia.'

HAIL, glorious morn! Hail, glorious morn!
On which our patriotic sires declared Columbia free.
We welcome in thy glad return,
With silent joys and social glee,
Let no discordant passions rise,
While we to Heaven our homage pay,
And raise our voices to the skies,
To celebrate our Natal Day.

Revered be the names, revered be the names,
Of those who in fair Freedom's cause, so nobly toiled
and bled;

WARREN, among the first that fell,
And WASHINGTON, who armies led,
A list of worthies who demand
A nation's gratitude and tears:
A bright example they shall stand,
To heroes in all future years.

ODE II.

Tune—'Anacron in Heaven.'

Sound the trumpet of joy—The return of this morn
Should be hail'd with high rapture, and holy devo-
tion—

On this day was the Genius of Liberty born,
And his triumph proclaim'd on the land & the ocean.
And still his bright glory
Shall this realm's e'er display,

Though tyrants assail it, and factions betray—
And the curses of his country shall wither the slave
Who would batter its right, on the shore or the wave.

Through the valley and mountain the station of war,
Has pour'd its shrill blast from our slumbers to wa-
ken;

And shall we, when the danger is thickening afar,
Muzzly pause by the whispers of cowardly slavers?
When the totemen are nigh,
Who is he that would fly,

Nor dare for his country and kindred to die?
The wretch, while he lives, shall be stamp'd as a slave,
And the finger of scorn plant its thorns round his grave.

Rouse, rouse then to arms, ne'er was peace nobly gain'd
By the counsels of fear, or the counsels of treason;
'Gainst the foe, whom ye meet, were your rights
once maintain'd,

When your caution re-echoed the mandates of
reason.
And your commerce again
Shall encircle the main,

If, like patriots, your hour and rights ye sustain,
The Omen is free—and its proud swelling wave
Shall nurse on its bosom the sons of the brave.

The Spirits of Heroes, who fought and who died,
To save your cold tars from LIMPRESSENT and
plunder,

Shall rise from the deep, & with LAWRENCE, their pride,
Point the path of your glory thro' volleys of thunder.
The light of their fame,
Through all ages the same,

Shall spread o'er the seas its unquenchable flame;
And the tears of a country, that witness their grave,
Shall burn, as they fall, at the deeds of the brave.

Be true to yourselves, nor shrink back in alarm
At the dicums of despair, or the hypocrite's rattle;
To the cause of your country commands you to stand,
And the God of your Fathers shall aid you in the field.

Then unite heart and hand,
And unmovable stand,
And disdain e'er to sheathe in the scabbard your
brand.

Till Victory, bright Victory, proclaims o'er the waves,
That your COMMERCE IS FREE, and your SLAVES
MEN NOT SLAVES.

HYMN.

Tune—'Stellan Mariner's Hymn.'

Now to the Great and only King,
As we acknowledge and obey,
A useful tribute let us bring
On Freedom's natal day.

He brought our fathers to this shore,
From persecution's sword and flame,
He calm'd the raging billow's roar,
And made for them the savage tame.

Protected by his fostering care,
Amidst the wilds our nation rose,
And spread o'er many a region fair,
Surrounded by a thousand foes.

And when, in all the pride of power,
A haughty King sought to enslave
This peaceful land, in that dread hour
His arm obtain'd the free and brave.

He rode upon the whirlwind's wing,
Directed the fierce storm of war,
And in due time deliverance bring,
And scatter'd all our foes afar.

He gave us wisdom to secure
The precious boon so dearly bought,
By union made our friends more sure,
Union, with richest blessings fraught.

Nor though the clouds around us roll,
And war's rude clatter strikes our ears,
Will he forsake the righteous soul,
Though compass'd by a thousand spears.

Though force and faction both assail,
Arm'd all in proof, and clad in power,
Yet shall they not gainst right prevail,
When array'd in the decisive hour.

God's eye surveys our savage foe,
Our common foe, to mark the wrong;
His arm shall lay the tyrant low,
Make tyrants weak, and freemen strong.

To him in whom is all our trust,
Then be our highest honors paid,
Whose righteous arm supports the just,
And draws 'gainst wrong his glistering blade.

ODE III.

Tune—'Rise Columbia.'

All hail to Freedom's natal day,
High let the hymn of rapture peal;
Breathe there, who hate a tyrant's sway;
Breathe there, who love their Country's weal!

Rise, sons of Freedom, bless the hour
That broke the chains of foreign power.

In triumph sound it, heroes' praise,
Who for this Country built yon dard,
And mid the battle's fierce din
'To meet the worm their bosoms bled,

And there in glory sank to rest
With virtue's holiest requiems blest.

And LAWRENCE, thine the deathless meed,
Dear to the brave—as honour dear;
Thine was the soul for valours deed,
And thine was mercy's generous tear.

Ne'er gallant spirit tower'd more high,
Nor nobler shall in battle die.

And shall the sons of sire, who bled,
Who feel dishonour stain their graves?
And shall the soil that wrang the Dead,
Nations' bosom recruit slaves?

Forbidden, bid Heaven, the deep disgrace,
And sweep from Britain thy chosen race.

Quick, as your banners shall ye brave,
Let iron their shields, your falchions leap,
And wave the battle's banners wave,
And where its thunders plough the deep,
Instant, ye gallant bands, repair,
Resolved to die or conquer there.

Lo, where your Fathers' spirits rise,
And point the hour of vengeance near,
In Nightingales flash their kindling eyes,
And cheer affectionate lingering feet,
They bid you hasten to the field,
And bid with his the victory yield.

Nor deem the onset, Heaven is just,
He who directs the rolling sphere
Shall smile at oppression to the dust.

And shall the Father's bright sunset,
The sons of Freedom, rise once more,
And guard the shrine of your nation's
freedom?