

INDEPENDENCE.

Order of Performance,

At the Brick Chapel, Bromfield's Lane, Boston,

ON THE

Anniversary of American Independence,

JULY FOURTH, 1809.

I. ODE ON SCIENCE.

1.
The morning sun shines from the east,
And spreads his glories to the west ;
All nations with his beams are blest
Where'er his radiant light appears :
So science spreads her lucid ray
O'er lands which long in darkness lay ;
She visits fair COLUMBIA,
And sets her sons among the stars;

2.
Fair FREEDOM her attendant waits,
To bless the portals of her gates,
To crown these young and rising STATES
With laurels of immortal day.
The BRITISH yoke, the GALLIC chain
Were urg'd upon her sons in vain ;
All haughty tyrants we disdain,
And shout, "LONG LIVE AMERICA."

II. PRAYER. By Rev. Mr. SABIN.

III. 75th PSALM. Tune, OLD HUNDRED.

1.
To thee, Most Holy, and Most High,
To thee we bring our thankful praise :
Thy works declare thy hand is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.
2.
AMERICA was doom'd a slave,
Her frame dissolv'd her fears were great ;
When GOD a righteous Council gave,
To bear the pillars of the State.
3.
They from thy power receiv'd their own,
And swear to rule by wholesome laws ;
Thy foot shall tread oppressors down,
Thy arm defend the righteous cause.

4.
Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head :
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the Powers which God hath made.
5.
Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow ;
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God, who lays another low.
6.
No vain pretence to royal birth,
Shall chain us to a tyrant's throne ;
God the great Sov'reign of the earth,
Shall crush usurpers with his frown.

IV. INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS. By DAVID EVERETT, Esq.

V. HYMN. Tune, CHESTER.

1.
Let tyrants shake their iron rod,
And slavery clank her galling chains ;
We fear them not, we trust in God ;
COLUMBIA'S GOD forever reigns.
2.
HOWE, and BURGOYNE, and CLINTON too,
With PRESCOTT and CORNWALLIS join'd,
Together plot our overthrow,
In one infernal league combin'd.
3.
When GOD inspir'd us for the fight,
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd ;

Their ships were shatter'd in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our coast.
4.
The foe comes on with haughty stride,
Our troops advance with martial noise ;
Their vet'rans flee before our youth,
And gen'als yield to beardless boys.
5.
What grateful offerings shall we bring,
What shall we render to the LORD ;
Loud hallelujahs let us sing,
And praise his name on ev'ry chord.

VI. ORATION. By WILLIAM CHS. WHITE, Esq.

VII. INDEPENDENCE, an Anthem. By the CHOIR.