

LET CHILDREN LEARN THE
MIGHTY DEEDS.

Samuel Davis. Tune: St. Martin's

Let children learn the mighty deeds
Their sires achieved of old;
And, still as time to time succeeds,
To them the tale unfold.

Here while we fondly trace the scene
This joyous day recalls,
Let youth with reverend age convene
Within these hallowed walls.

Their pious toils, their just rewards
Returning tributes claim,
While faithful history records
Each venerable name.

Here first the temple's votive fame
Aspiring, sought the skies,
And here Religion's exiled train
Bade sacred altars rise.

Let musing strangers view the ground.
Here seek tradition's lore,
Where Pilgrims walked on holy ground
With God in days of yore.

Let children emulate their deeds,
Their choral praises sing:
So shall the muse, as time proceeds,
Her meed of incense bring.

WILD WAS THE DAY, THE
WINTRY SEA.

Bryant. Tune Federal Street.

Wild was the day; the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New England's
strand,
When first, the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
With years, should gather round that
day;
How love should keep their memories
bright.
How wide a realm their sons should
sway.

Green are their bays; and greener still
Shall round their spreading fame be
wreathed
And regions now untrod shall thrill
With reverence, when their names
are breathed.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,
Looked on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the Pilgrim sires
This hallowed day like us shall keep.

O! GOD BENEATH WHOSE
GUIDING HAND.

Bacon. Tune: Duke Street

O God, beneath thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped
thee.

Thou heard'st well pleased, the song, the
prayer;

Thy blessing came, and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves

And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

John Fawcett

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayer,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear:
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow toil and pain
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.