

One Hundredth Anniversary,

APRIL 19,

1875.



BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

Order of Exercises in the Pavilion.

AT TEN O'CLOCK.

The Trophies used in the decoration of the platform were carried in the Battle of Lexington.

I.—OVERTURE.

Germania Band.

II.—ADDRESS.

By Thomas Merriam Stetson, Esq., President of the Day.

III.—PRAYER.

The Rev. Henry Westcott.

IV.—NATIONAL HYMN.

Sung by the Boylston Club,

Words by Miss Anna P. Eichberg; Music by Julius Eichberg.

To Thee, O country, great and free,
With trusting hearts we cling;
Our voices tuned by joyous love,
Thy power and praises sing.
Upon thy mighty, faithful heart,
We lay our burden down;
Thou art the only friend who feels
Their weight without a frown.

For thee we daily work and strive,
To thee we give our love;
For thee with fervor deep we pray
To Him who dwells above,—
O God! preserve our father-land,
Let peace its ruler be,
And let her happy kingdom stretch
From north to south-most sea.

V.—READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

From an old copy of the Bible presented to the Lexington Church by Governor Hancock,

The Rev. Joseph W. Churchill.

VI.—UNVEILING OF THE STATUES OF JOHN HANCOCK AND SAMUEL ADAMS.

With an Address by the Hon. Charles Hudson.

VII. — HYMN.

Sung by the Boylston Club.

Tune, "Autumn Sunset."

LEXINGTON. — 1775.

No maddening thirst for blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways,
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain ;
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

No seers were they, but simple men :
Its vast results the future hid ;
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as the summons came they left
The plough, mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn-grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call ;
They scarcely asked the reason why :
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all.

Of man for man the sacrifice,
Unstained by blood, save theirs, they gave.
The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as well :
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb :
The nations, listening to its sound,
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come,—

The bridal time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace,
The hawk shall nestle with the dove, —

The golden age of brotherhood,
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the kind humanities,
And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain-crag,
The lion of our Mother-land.

John G. Whittier.

VIII. — ORATION.

The Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jr.

IX. — HYMN.

Congregational.

Tune, "Old Hundred."

APRIL 19th, 1875.

ONE hundred years the world hath seen,
Since, bristling on these meadows green,
The British foeman mocked our sires,
New armed beside their household fires.

The troops were hastening from the town
To hold the country for the Crown ;
But through the land the ready thrill
Of patriot hearts ran swifter still.

Our Fathers met at break of dawn.
From many a peaceful haunt they come ;
From homely task and rustic care,
Marshalled by faith, upheld by prayer.

The winter's wheat was in the ground,
Waiting the April zephyr's sound ;
But other growth these fields should bear
When War's wild summons rent the air.

Here flowed the sacrificial blood,
Hence sprang the bond of Brotherhood ;
Here rose resolved for good or ill,
The Nation's majesty of will.

Oh Thou who Victor dost remain
Above the slayer and the slain,
Not ill we deem that in Thy might,
That day, our fathers held their right.

They knew not that their ransomed land
To free the vassal'd Earth should stand ;
That Thou, through all their toil and pain,
A home of nations didst ordain.

Upon this field of Lexington
We hail the mighty conquest won,
Invoking here Thy mightier name
To keep our heritage from shame.

May peaceful generations turn
To where these ancient glories burn ;
And not a lesson of that time
Fade from men's thoughts through wrong and crime.

Beside the hearth let freemen still
Keep their integrity of will,
And meet the treason of the hour
With mind resolved and steadfast power.

But not in arms be our defence ;
Give us the strength of innocence,
The will to work, the heart to dare
For Truth's great battle, everywhere.

So may ancestral conquests live
In what we have and what we give ;
And the great boons we hold from Thee
Turn to enrich humanity.

Julia Ward Howe.

X. — BENEDICTION.

XI. — MILITARY MUSIC.



At the close of these exercises the Procession will move over the designated route.

After the Banquet, a Centennial Tree will be planted on the old Battle Ground, by the President of the United States.