

Slavery

**ORDER OF SERVICES**  
 — AT THE —  
**FIRST ANNIVERSARY**  
 — OF THE —  
**KIDNAPPING OF THOMAS SIMS,**  
**APRIL 12, 1852.**

I. VOLUNTARY.

II. READING SCRIPTURES,

BY REV. T. W. HIGGINSON.

III. PRAYER,

BY REV. DANIEL FOSTER.

IV. HYMN

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Souls of the patriot dead,  
 On Bunker's height who bled !  
 The pile, that stands  
 On your long-buried bones —  
 Those monumental stones —  
 Should not suppress the groans,  
 This day demands.

For Freedom there ye stood ;  
 There gave the earth your blood ;  
 There found your graves ;  
 That men of every clime,  
 Faith, color, tongue, and time,  
 Might, through your death sublime,  
 Never be slaves.

Over your bed, so low,  
 Heard ye not, long ago  
 A voice of power,  
 Proclaim to earth and sea,  
 That, where ye sleep, should be  
 A home for Liberty,  
 Till Time's last hour ?

Hear ye the chains of slaves,  
 Now clanking round your graves ?  
 Hear ye the sound  
 Of that same voice, that calls  
 From out our Senate halls,  
 " Hunt down those fleeing thralls,  
 With horse and hound ! "

That voice your sons hath swayed !  
 'T is heard, and is obeyed !  
 This gloomy day  
 Tells you of ermine stained,  
 Of Justice' name profaned,  
 Of a poor bondman, chained  
 And borne away !

Over Virginia's springs,  
 Her eagles spread their wings ;  
 Her Blue Ridge towers :  
 That voice — once heard with awe —  
 Now asks — " Who ever saw,  
 Up there, a higher law  
 Than this of ours ? "

Must we obey that voice ?  
 When God, or man's the choice,  
 Must we postpone  
 HIM, who from Sinai spoke ?  
 Must we wear Slavery's yoke ?  
 Bear of her lash the stroke,  
 And prop her throne ?

Leashed with her hounds, must we  
 Run down the poor, who flee  
 From Slavery's hell ?  
 Great God ! when we do this,  
 Exclude us from thy bliss ;  
 At us let angels hiss,  
 From heaven that fell !

V. DISCOURSE,

BY REV. THEODORE PARKER.

VI. HYMN,

BY REV. THEODORE PARKER.

Sons of men who dared be free,  
 For Truth and Right who crossed the sea ; —  
 Hide the trembling poor that flee  
 From the land of Slaves.

Men that love your Fathers' name,  
 Ye who prize your Country's fame ; —  
 Wipe away the public shame  
 From your native land.

Men that know the Mightiest Might,  
 Ye who serve the Eternal Right ; —  
 Change the darkness into light ;  
 Let it shine for all.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour ;  
 See the front of Thralldom lower ; —  
 See advance the Southern power,  
 Chains and Slavery.

See ! the kidnapers have come !  
 Southern chains surround your home ; —  
 Will you wait for harsher doom ? —  
 Will you wear the chain ?

By yon sea that freely waves,  
 By your Fathers' honored graves ; —  
 Swear you never will be slaves,  
 Nor steal your fellow-man.

By the Heaven whose breath you draw,  
 By the God whose Higher Law  
 Fills the Heaven of Heavens with awe ; —  
 Swear for Freedom now.

Men whose hearts with pity move,  
 Men that trust in God above,  
 Who stoutly follow Christ in love ; —  
 Save your Brother Men.

VII. PRAYER,

BY REV. WM. CROSWELL.

VIII. BENEDECTION.