

## Boston Hymn.

The Word of the Lord by night  
To the watching Pilgrims came  
As they sat by the sea side  
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said - I am tired of kings,  
I suffer them no more;  
Up to my ear the morning brings  
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball  
A field of havoc and war,  
Where tyrants great & tyrants small  
Might harry the weak and poor?