

✓
MUSIC,

(Deposited August 28th 1848)
Recorded Vol. 23. P. 408.)

ARRANGED FOR

No. 75.

THE CITY CELEBRATION

OF THE

✓
Fourth of July, 1848.

— / —
By B. F. BAKER.
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BOSTON:

PRINTED BY A. B. KIDDER,

No. 7 CORNHILL.

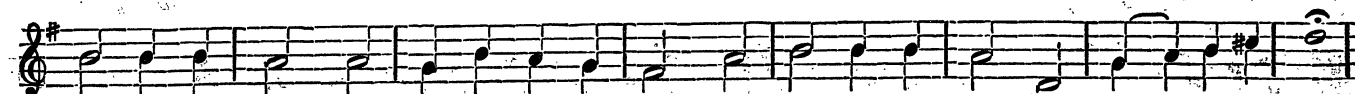
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TO MUSIC.

3



1. { Full and har - mo-nious, Let the joyous cho - rus, Burst from our lips in one glad song of mirth; }
 { Join-ing the notes of a-ges long be-fore us, Hymn-ing the praise of heaven-ly mu - sic's birth. }
2. { Mu-sic 's the mea-sure of the planet's mo - tion, Heart-beat and rhythm of all the glo - rious whole; }
 { Fugue-like the streams roll, and the choral o - cean Heaves in o - be-dience to its high con - trol }



Bright from the heav'ns it long a - go de - scend - ed, Loud to these heav'ns our voic - es we'll raise,
 Thrills through all hearts the u - ni-form vi - bra - tion, Start-ing from God, and felt from sun to sun.



Eve - ry young heart in one full cho - rus blend - ed, Sing - ing in mel - o-dy sweet music's praise, sweet
 God gives the key - note, Love, to all cre - a - tion; Join, O my soul! and let all souls be one, all



mu - sic's praise, sweet mu - sic's praise, sweet mu - sic's praise, sweet mu - sic's praise.
 souls be one, all souls be one, all souls be one, all souls be one.

THE DAY, THE GLORIOUS DAY RETURNS!

Sym.

1. The day, the glo-ri-ous day re-turns! And freedom's flame with a
 2. Then bless the hour of our Freedom's birth! It woke a thrill thro' the

Sym.

new light burns. Not here a-lone, but through the world The
 wea-ry earth, All Eu - rope now lifts up her head And

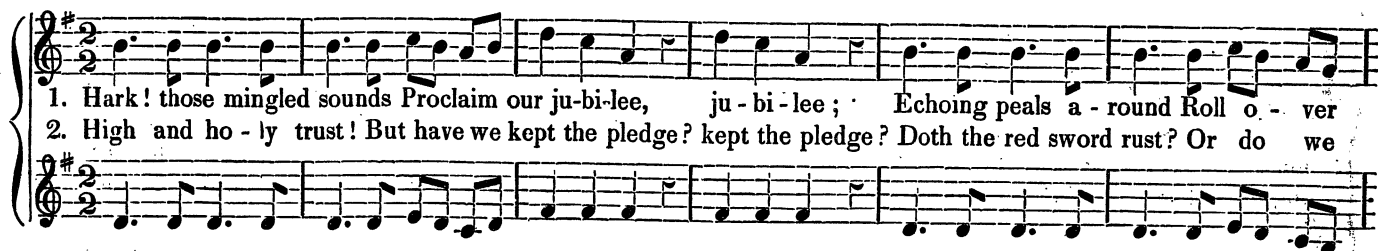
Cres. *Cres.*

thrill is felt, the flag un-furled. Then lift we a-loft the cho-ral song, Let ech - o-ing hills the notes pro-
 thrones are fall'n and kings have fled; And Peace, like a ra-diant an-gel form, Se - rene - ly is smiling o'er the

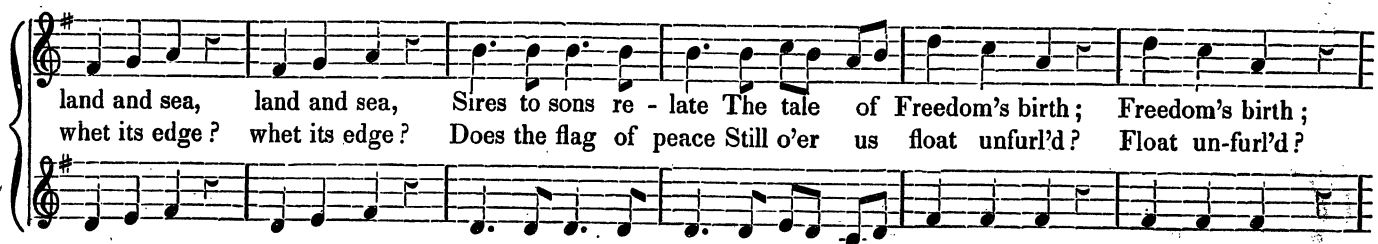
long! It vi-brates a - far on the Pris - on-er's ear, By this shall he know his de - liv - er - ance
storm. The la - bor-crush'd myr-i - ads rise like a flood, But not for de - struc-tion, the cry is not

near, The watchword shall Peace and Fra-ter - ni - ty be! For Love, love a - lone mak-eth free.
"Blood." Their watchword shall Peace and Fra-ter - ni - ty be! For Love, love a - lone mak-eth free.

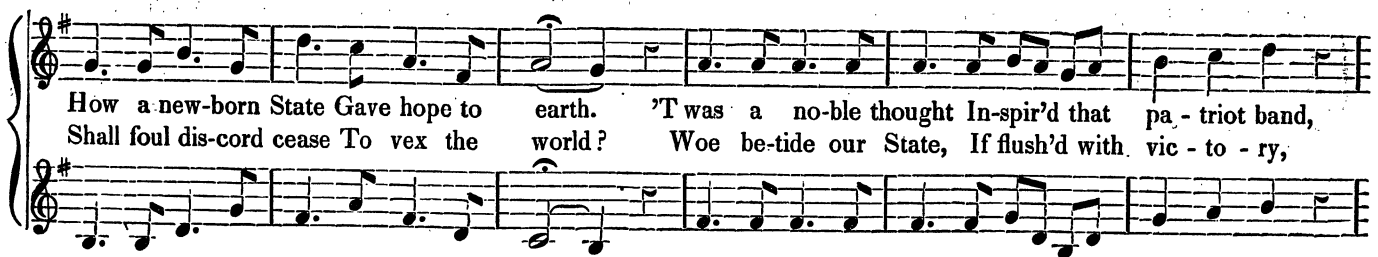
FOR FOURTH OF JULY.



1. Hark! those mingled sounds Proclaim our ju-bi-lee, ju-bi-lee; Echoing peals a-round Roll o-ver
 2. High and ho-ly trust! But have we kept the pledge? kept the pledge? Doth the red sword rust? Or do we



land and sea, land and sea, Sires to sons re-late The tale of Freedom's birth; Freedom's birth;
 whet its edge? whet its edge? Does the flag of peace Still o'er us float unfurl'd? Float un-furl'd?



How a new-born State Gave hope to earth. 'T was a no-ble thought In-spir'd that pa-triot band,
 Shall foul dis-cord cease To vex the world? Woe be-tide our State, If flush'd with vic-to-ry,

pa-triot band : Man-ful - ly they wrought, And in deep wisdom plann'd, wis-dom plann'd, Here to stab-lish
vic - to - ry, Em-pire looks more great Than truth and eq - ui - ty; eq - ui - ty; Love of man in -

well The home of lib - er - ty, lib - er - ty; Where sons of God should dwell In peace and u - ni - ty, In
spires The peo - ple truly great, tru-ly great, Whom lust of conquest fires, Shall meet old empire's fate, Shall

peace and u - ni - ty; Where sons of God should dwell In peace and u - - ni - - ty.
meet old em - pire's fate, Whom lust of con - quest fires, Shall meet old em - pire's fate.

BOSTON.



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord: E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word;



Let the Re-deem - er's name be sung Through eve - ry land, by eve - ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till sun shall rise and set no more.