

PROGRAMME
OF THE
CELEBRATION
OF THE
CAPE COD ASSOCIATION
AT
PROVINCETOWN,
On Wednesday, August 11th, 1852.



BOSTON:
1852.
EASTBURN'S PRESS.

AT THE PAVILION.

I. MARCH,
BY THE BOSTON BRIGADE BAND.

II. PRAYER,
BY REV. WILLIAM H. RYDER.

III. COLLATION.

IV. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,
BY THE PRESIDENT.

V. HYMN.

Written for the occasion, by Hon. George Lunt.

TUNE. *Auld Lang Syne.*

Forever blest those manly hearts,
The high and generous band,
Who claimed hope's final refuge here,
And hailed the wintry strand,
Where woman's tried and matchless faith
Inspired her shrinking form,
And young and old the desert dared,
In darkness and in storm.

Like Noah's weary, wandering dove,
Their feet had found no rest.
By fears and foes—without, within—
Distracted and distressed;
Before their path the savage lurked,
In ambush for his prey,
Behind them lone and sad and stern,
The trackless ocean lay.

Along the broad and sterile sands,
Like half forgotten dreams,
Rose thoughts of England's blooming meads
And sweet enchanted streams;
Yet cheerful still, through all their tears,
The dreary waste they trod,
For here was Freedom's holy law,
And here was trust in God!

And now, where once their constant hearts
 The joyful hymn could raise,
 The desert voice and watery roar
 But mingling with their praise,
 A thousand snowy sails are spread,
 Their children dwell at rest,
 Old ocean's spoils their tribute make,
 And sport upon his breast.

So let it be, while circling years
 Their awful round complete,
 Peace crown the strand that welcomed home
 Our fathers' weary feet;
 But be their day of gloom and dread
 Forgotten never more,
 When high in more than human hope
 They trod the savage shore.

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## VI. VOLUNTARY TOASTS, ADDRESSES, &c.

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VII. SONG.

TUNE. "I'll hang my harp on the willow tree."

All hail to thee, dear mother Earth,
Sub rosa, we ought to say *Sand*,
 But we ever speak well of the land of our birth,
 And swear 'tis a fertile land.

And this in truth, we well may swear,
 For none will dispute it we ween;
 Her valleys are bleak and her hill-sides bare;
 Her productions are nothing *green*.

But she raiseth men, she raiseth men,
 With sinews, and heads, and hands;
 And the whole wide world is peopled then,
 For they spread through all the lands.

On sea or shore, where'er they roam,
 No matter how far away;
 They all look back to their natal home,
 We wish they were here to-day.

They go not as the warrior goes,
 To search through blood for fame;
 But to strive with friends, (they have no foes,)
 For a home and an honest name.

O take to thy *arm* dear mother Cape,
 Thy daughters and sons this day;
 From the City's din they've made their escape,
 For once to *get over the Bay*.

VIII. TOASTS AND ADDRESSES.

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### IX. SONG.

TUNE—*Oh! Susannah*.

Two hundred thirty years ago,  
 A band of exiles came  
 And kindled on these barren sands,  
 Of liberty, the flame;  
 They left their homes, and all they loved  
 Behind them o'er the sea,  
 For conscience with its trumpet voice  
 Proclaimed they must be free.  
 CHORUS. Oh! the Pilgrims,  
 Right noble men were they,  
 Their virtues and their glorious deeds,  
 We celebrate to-day.

Not for the victor's meed of praise  
 They crossed the waters o'er,  
 And 'mid undreamed of toils and tears  
 The cross of suffering bore.  
 They came to worship God in peace,  
 Unbound by royal rules;  
 They founded on a rock the church,  
 And built our common schools.  
 CHORUS—Oh! the Pilgrims, &c.

They brought with them, besides their faith,  
 Peculiar customs too,  
 And sometimes they enacted laws  
 Most beautifully blue.  
 They frowned on fashion and on fun,  
 They cast all mirth away,  
 Nor could a laddie kiss a lass,  
 Upon the Sabbath-day!  
 CHORUS—Oh! the Pilgrims, &c.

When men transgressed, they were confined,  
 But not with keys and locks,  
 They took them to the whipping post,  
 Or fastened them in stocks.  
 And if a gude wife disobeyed  
 A matrimonial bond,  
 They stood her in the pillory,  
 Or ducked her in the pond!  
 CHORUS—Oh! the Pilgrims, &c.

Yet they were noble hearted men,  
 In faith they bowed the knee;  
 They loved their Bible and their God,  
 They died for liberty.  
 Their principles were dearer far  
 Than office, rank or gold,  
 The graces of the Christian's life  
 In them were manifold.  
 CHORUS—Oh! the Pilgrims, &c.

But they are dead,—and gone to rest—  
 They sleep on every hill ;  
 Yet tho' unseen, we seem to feel  
 Their presence round us still.  
 Oh ! let their virtues and their worth,  
 In all our lives be seen ;—  
 And on this sacred spot we pledge  
 To keep their memories green.  
 CHORUS. Oh ! the Pilgrims,  
 Right noble men were they,  
 Their virtues and their glorious deeds  
 We celebrate to-day.

## X. TOASTS AND ADDRESSES.

### XI. SONG.

TUNE—*Sparkling and bright.*

As children come to their early home,  
 With hearts in gladness beating,  
 While the joyous tear, and the right good cheer,  
 Proclaim the happy meeting ;—  
 So here to-day, where the May Flower lay,  
 Cape Cod's brave sons and daughters,  
 Grasp the friendly hand, on the storm bleached sand,  
 And sing by the rolling waters.

With willing feet, we gladly meet  
 To hear once more the story,  
 Of the pilgrims brave, who dared the wave  
 For freedom—not for glory.  
 No warrior's fame, enwreaths their name,  
 Nor wealth, nor fortune sped them ;  
 But nobler far, the guiding star,  
 That on to victory led them.

At the shrine they reared, by age endeared,  
 Our homage here renewing,  
 We humbly bow, in reverence now,  
 Their glorious deeds reviewing.  
 We'll tell their worth, through all the earth,  
 By desert, vale, and fountain,  
 Till Freedom's song, shall roll along,  
 O'er earth's remotest mountain.

Deeply we grieve, these scenes to leave,  
 Where Friendship's voice hath called us,  
 But Time's strong arm, dissolves the charm,—  
 The spell that hath enthralled us.  
 We blessings crave, on the fair and brave,  
 On each joyous heart before us ;  
 Then sadly swell the last farewell,  
 And join in the parting chorus.

### XII. BENEDICTION.

## BOSTON COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

|                                    |                       |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Henry C. Brooks, <i>Chairman</i> , | Wm. S. Thacher,       |
| Isaac Thacher,                     | Henry A. Scudder,     |
| Israel Lombard,                    | Isaiah M. Atkins, Jr. |
| Henry Crocker,                     |                       |

## MARSHALS.

|                                         |                  |
|-----------------------------------------|------------------|
| Jno. L. Dimmock, <i>Chief Marshal</i> , | Isaac S. Gross,  |
| James Jenkins, } <i>Aids.</i>           | Adolphus Davis,  |
| Alpheus Hardy, }                        | Paul Sears, Jr., |
| A. D. Hatch,                            | James Whorf,     |
| Levi L. Goodspeed,                      | Pliny Nickerson, |
| Oliver Eldridge,                        | Joseph P. Shaw,  |
| Frederick Nickerson,                    | David Hamblen,   |
| John Doane, Jr.                         | Warren Newcomb.  |

## PROVINCETOWN COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

|                                     |                    |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Godfrey Ryder, jr.,                 | K. W. Freeman,     |
| <i>Chief Marshal</i> ,              | Ebenezer S. Smith, |
| Rufus L. Thacher, <i>Chairman</i> , | Elijah Smith,      |
| David Fairbanks,                    | Benjamin Allstrum, |
| Timothy P. Johnson,                 | Enoch Nickerson,   |
| Joseph P. Johnson,                  | Laban M. Smith,    |
| Godfrey Ryder, jr.,                 | Peter E. Dolliver, |
| Jairus H. Hilliard,                 | Lemuel Cook.       |

N. B. Those who wish to return to Boston this evening, are requested to be on board the steamer punctually at 6 1-2 o'clock.

The Committee have been requested by Mr. Wright to say that there will be a *dance* in his pavilion this evening.

The Naushon will leave here for Boston, tomorrow at 11 o'clock, A. M.