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**Order of services at the first anniversary of  
the kidnapping of Thomas Sims, 1852 April 12**

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ANTIQUE SOCIETY  
1852

**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. BENEDICTION.