

Handwritten signature

no 16

71.



M. Sweet invt & del.

Lith of Knicker & Sweet.

WE HAVE MET TO REMEMBER THE DAY.

*Sung before the New-England Society of the City and State
of New-York 22nd Dec. 1832 at their Anniversary in commemoration*

of the
Landing of the Pilgrims

Written for the occasion by the

REV. JAMES FLINT

of Salem Mass^{ts}

Air by an Amateur and arranged for the Piano-Forte by

W. MARTIN.

Published by **HEWITT 137 Brodway**
NEW-YORK.

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We have met to remember the day

Written by

REV. JAMES FLINT,

(of Salem, Mass.)

Arranged by

WILLIAM MARTIN.

Pr. 50

NEW YORK, Published by HEWITT, 137 Broadway.

ANDANTINO.

PIANO

FORTE.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is marked 'PIANO' and contains a melodic line with several triplet markings. The lower staff is marked 'FORTE.' and contains a bass line. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is marked 'fz' and contains a melodic line with an '8va' marking above it. The lower staff contains a bass line. The key signature has two sharps.

We have met to remem- ber the day, When the Pil- grims first trod the bleak

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff contains the lyrics: 'We have met to remem- ber the day, When the Pil- grims first trod the bleak'. The lower staff contains the piano accompaniment for the lyrics. The key signature has two sharps.

shore, That gave them a home far a - way From the

home they should vi- sit no more. We will not forget what we owe them, For

all they have left us in trust; And tho fall'n in our virtues be- low them, We

still to their fame will be just. *ad lib.* We still to their fame will be just *Sva*

Con forza.

fz.

2

We have met to remember their deeds,
 The privations and toils they endur'd,
 Tho' the heart o'er their sufferings bleeds,
 It exults in the rights they secur'd.
 The rights they bequeath'd us we'll cherish,
 A heritage sacred and dear;
 And their rock-girdl'd refuge shall perish,
 Ere their sons cease their names to revere.

3

We'll remember the faith of our sires,
 Their sun in their sojourn of gloom,
 That reflected from heaven's far spires
 The bright halo of hope on the tomb.
 'Twas to worship their God unmolested,
 They left the lov'd scenes of their youth
 For a land which no tyrant infested,
 Self-exil'd for freedom and truth.

4

We'll remember their wisdom, who rear'd,
 On the pillars of justice and right,
 A republic by sages rever'd,
 And dreaded by kings in their might.
 Of their skill and prophetic discerning
 New England a monument stands,
 In her morals, religion and learning,
 The glory and pride of all lands.

5

The neat village, the schoolhouse and church,
 Her broad hills, her deep valleys and streams,
 The tall pine, the rough oak, the smooth birch,
 Are all fresh in our day thoughts and dreams.
 O New England, wherever sojourning,
 Thy children, in sadness or mirth,
 By distance unwean'd, with fond yearning
 Still turn to the land of their birth.

6

We can never the pathways forget,
 We so oft in our boyhood have trod,
 To the school, where our playmates we met,
 And the house, where we worship'd our God.
 Ere we're found in our waywardness shunning
 The lessons there taught us in love,
 Be our right hand bereft of its cunning,
 And, palsied our tongue, cease to move.

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