

-- Order of Service --

Salutation & Prayer

“Centennial Hymn”

J.G. Whittier, 1876

1. Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The cent'ries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.
2. Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.
3. Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.
4. Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.
5. For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

6. Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law:
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old! Amen.

Sermon

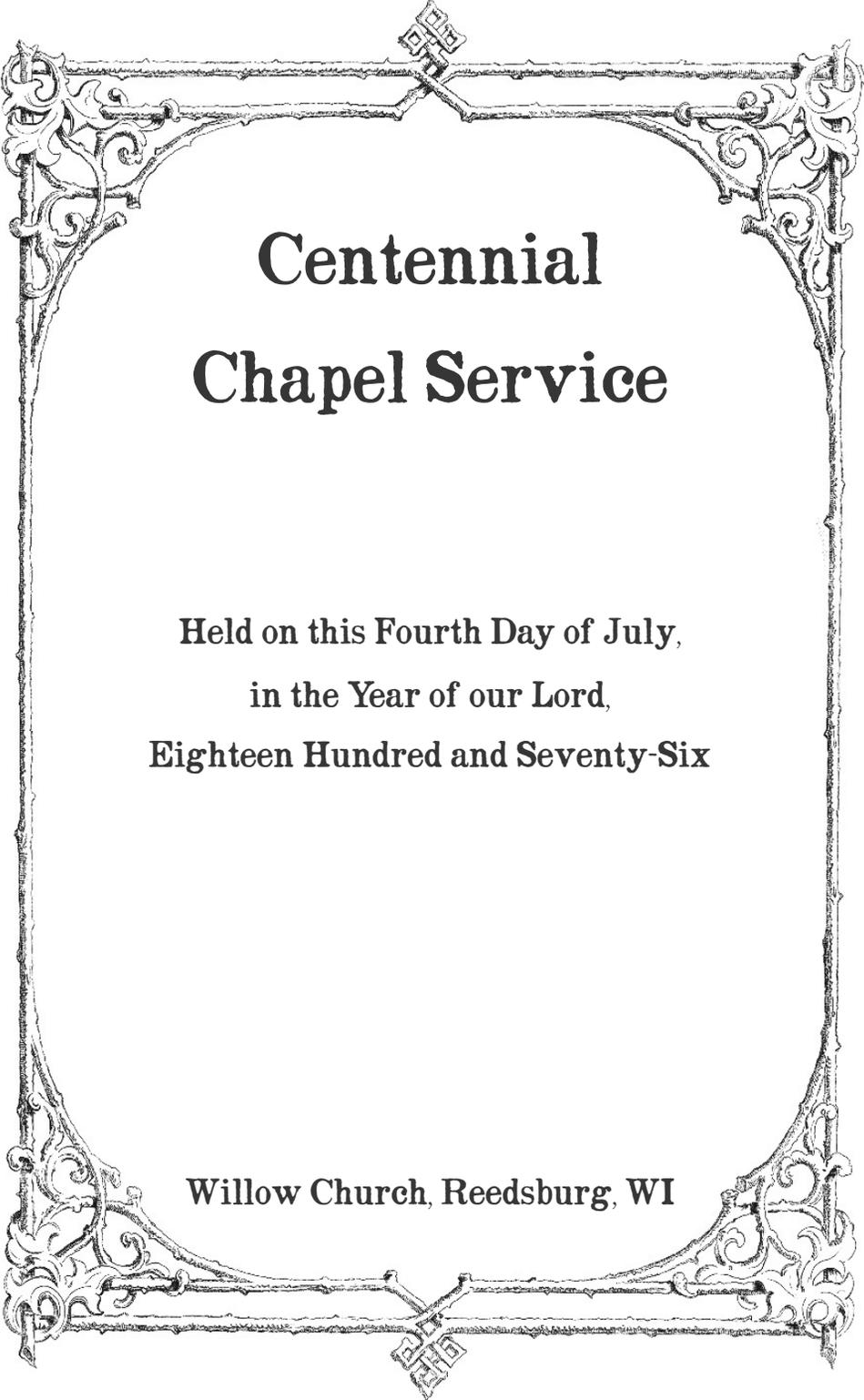
“Our Centennial Serpent?”

“Gospel Hymn”

Isaac Watts, 1707

1. Deceived by subtle snares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father, fell,
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Proposed the fruit that God forbid.
2. Death was the threat'ning: death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race received the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.
3. But Satan found a worse reward:
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord:
“Let everlasting hatred be
Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.
4. “The woman's seed shall be my Son;
He shall destroy what thou hast done,
Shall break thy head, and only feel
Thy malice raging at His heel.”
5. He spake; and bid four thousand years
Roll on; at length His Son appears;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.
6. Lo, by the sons of hell He dies;
But as He hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumphed o'er the powers below. Amen.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice,
With every morning sacrifice.
3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name,
Their early blessings on His name.
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed,
And all the sons of want are blessed.
5. Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost,
More blessings than their father lost.
6. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen,
And earth repeat the loud amen! Amen.



Centennial Chapel Service

Held on this Fourth Day of July,
in the Year of our Lord,
Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-Six

Willow Church, Reedsburg, WI