

A
POEM,

DELIVERED IN BOWDOINHAM,

TO A

RESPECTABLE AUDIENCE,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1806.

IT BEING

THE ANNIVERSARY OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY REV. JOB MADOMBER.

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ENTER

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INTRODUCTION.

THE reason that I appeared in public was that I had often been grieved to see, and hear, how that day was improved : by some drinking and quarrelling, and some profaning the name of that God who delivered us. Which put me in mind of the deliverance of the children of Israel from the tyrannical powers of Egypt : and after their deliverance, were commanded to keep that day in remembrance ; and speak of it to their children, as they sat in their houses, and as they walked by the way ; and to manifest their love and obedience to their God that delivered them. And when they improved their time in this way, they were a people the most highly favoured of the Lord of any nation on earth ; and came off conqueror over all nations. But when they profaned the name of the great God, and his Sabbaths, and despised his wonderful works, repeated judgments came upon them from heaven ; and many of them fell into the hands of their enemies under tyrannical powers again.

And it is evident, that the same God that delivered them, delivered America from the powers of Britain. And ever since we have been the most highly favoured of the Lord of any nation on earth. But if we go on profaning the name of the God of heaven, in disobedience and rebellion, and making light of his wonderful work, we may depend upon his sending repeated judgments upon this land ; and thereby we shall expose ourselves to come under tyrannical power again.

A
P O E M.

COME all you young Americans,
Possessors of the soil ;
I pray that you would now attend :
To you, Oh ! men I call.
Come hear my voice, I will rehearse
What wonders God hath done,
Here in this howling wilderness,
Before that you were born.
A land of plenty and of peace,
With joy you call your own ;
A land of liberty and ease,
A kingdom scarcely known.
But Oh ! what have you heard them tell,
Have not your fathers told
How many thousand victims fell,
In blood their garments roll ?
Oh ! call to mind Columbus' voyage
Who first this land espied ;
Who but the Lord could be his guide,
Through raging wind and tide.
Perils by land, perils by sea,
He often passed through,
To find this land of liberty,
That now belongs to you.
After this voyage, there was a door
Of refuge for to flee

From enemies (who rage and roar)
 T' enjoy their liberty.
 It was in sixteen hundred twenty,
 Our English fathers fled ;
 And here they found a great plenty
 Of land, but not of bread.
 Though Plymouth was a barren land,
 Yet they the Lord would praise
 For treasures that lie in the sand
 And 'bundance in the sea.*
 Our fathers left their native land,
 And cross'd the raging sea,
 And were preserv'd by God's right hand,
 T' enjoy their liberty.
 The liberty they had in view,
 It was to worship God ;
 Fled from their persecuting crew,
 T' enjoy a safe abode.
 'Twas tribulation more or less.
 They daily passed through,
 Here in this howling wilderness,
 Fill'd with a savage crew.
 Almighty God they did adore,
 For his abounding love ;
 Though enemies did rage and roar,
 They enjoy'd the heavenly dove.
 And that was liberty indeed
 That worldlings do not see !
 From sin and bondage they were freed ;
 'Twas glorious liberty !
 Some Indians, though a savage brood,
 They stood in awful fear,
 Saying, Englishman, his God is good ;
 * Meaning the clams and fish they caught.

Chose rather peace than war.
 But after those, a number came
 Off from the British land ;
 As for their views, 'twere not the same,
 They were a cruel band.
 To rob and steal, they were engag'd,
 Of the poor Indians store ;
 And set the Indians in a rage,
 For to proclaim a war.
 From time to time the war increas'd,
 The Indians rage and yell ;
 But the poor saints their God would praise,
 Though hundreds victims fell.
 And after this a number more
 Profess'd this liberty ;
 But pray examine their error,
 And you may plainly see.
 They whipt, and hang'd, and banish'd some,
 That I do now believe
 Are gone to their eternal home,
 In Christ forever live.
 And some they made to pay a fine,
 Their charges to defray,
 Because they could not with them join,
 And say as they did say.
 But Oh ! what liberty is this !
 Here in this gospel day,
 When forty shillings, more or less,
 Poor saints compell'd to pay !
 Compell'd to pay, or t' prison go,
 Or pay a certain sum
 To ministers who did not know
 The gospel's trumpet sound.

And for these crimes, and many more,
 God's judgments they came down,
 Small arms and cannon they did roar,
 The earth in trembling sound.
 After *I* came on the stage,
 The French war did commence,
 And in that war I was engag'd,
 To stand in our defence.
 As for the sufferings we went through,
 My tongue nor pen can't tell,
 'Till we obtain'd the victory,
 Though thousands victims fell.
 After this, war this land had peace
 But for a little space ;
 And then came on Great-Britain's force,
 'Twas worse than all the rest.
 To see their numerous ships of War,
 Come thundering all around,
 And threat'ning vengeance from afar,
 On our defenceless towns.
 To see the cruel tyrants rage,
 And hear their cannon roar,
 And British powers were all engag'd,
 To take away our store.
 Our harbours block'd, our towns in flames ;
 Oh ! what an awful sight !
 To see the poor Americans,
 In trouble take their flight.
 And then pursu'd by British troops,
 All arm'd and tutor'd well ;
 Oh ! could we have a glimpse of hope
 When thousands victims fell !
 Females, and males, and children too,
 Fell in their barbarous hands ;

And hired another savage crew,
 To take our frontier lands.
 There hundreds more they fell a prey,
 Into the savage hand ;
 Fir'd by night, butcher'd by day,
 All by this cruel band.
 And in the year of seventy six,
 I did engage as one,
 To leave my family and six
 For to defend our town.
 And in that year, sickness prevail'd
 In almost every tent ;
 Many deserted from our field,
 And to the Britons went.
 Many poor men fell in the hands
 Of that inhuman crew ;
 We can't describe by tongue nor pen
 What suff'rings they went through.
 This very year we were proclaim'd,
 As Independent States :
 Oh ! wond'rous way, God has ordain'd
 For us to liberate ;
 I've often thought it similar
 To what the Lord had done,
 With Gideon's three hundred men,
 That lapped with their tongues.
 They went with pitchers, and with lamps,
 To engage the Midians ;
 Sword of the Lord, cry'd round the camp,
 And sword of Gideon.
 While setting of their watch by night,
 The alarming cry was made ;
 The numerous hosts then took their flight,
 From Gideon's army fled.

Let us adore that mighty God,
 Who made our foes to flee ;
 And left this land of our abode
 To enjoy our liberty.
 Let us the name of God adore,
 For love that so abounds ;
 For since the cannon cease to roar,
 The gospel trumpet sounds.
 From land to land, from sea to sea,
 His glorious work has spread,
 To bring poor sinners for to see
 By sin, that they are dead.
 And then to hear the joyful sound
 Of free and sov'reign grace,
 Balsam to heal for every wound,
 And follow Jesus Christ.
 Oh ! this is liberty we need,
 To follow the dear Saviour !
 Who has from sin and bondage freed
 Every true believer.
 After the enemy was gone,
 And left this land in peace,
 I have travell'd on from town to town,
 And preach'd from place to place.
 Dear christian friends, hear me rehearse
 The wonders of the Lord,
 Here in this howling wilderness,
 And be his name ador'd.
 'Twas seventeen hundred eighty-two
 I left my native place,
 The Eastern country for to go,
 To preach God's sov'reign grace.
 Two hundred miles I came, or more,
 With a large family :

May I the name of God adore,
 For his supplies for me.
 In the first year I often pass'd
 Through rough and rugged roads,
 Hear in this howling wilderness,
 The place of my abode.
 And as I pass'd from town to town,
 And islands of the sea,
 No church or minister did find,
 In fellowship with me.
 But I believ'd there was a God,
 And he was on his way,
 To bring down sinners by his word,
 The gospel to obey.
 While I was musing on the way,
 How sweet my minutes roll'd,
 I found a man clear as noon-day,
 Which rejoic'd my very soul.
 To see him stand on Pisgar's top,
 And view the promis'd land,
 And bold in holding God's truths up,
 Clear in the gospel plan.
 I never saw this man before,
 On Pisgar's top he stood :
 He made the gospel trumpet sound,
 To warn them in the wood.
 He soon became a ranger bold,
 The gospel to display ;
 The truths of God did not withhold.
 But labour'd night and day.
 Full sixteen years he travell'd on
 In this wide wilderness ;
 Many sons and daughters were born,
 Through rich and sov'reign grace.

And then his body was infirm,
 Which caused him to cease !
 But still holds up the gospel plan
 Of free and sov'reign grace.
 And after many sons were born,
 Through rich and sov'reign grace,
 God rais'd a number, well adorn'd,
 For to supply his place.
 Now far and wide the gospel sounds,
 Here in this Eastern land ;
 To sinners grace do much abound,
 Which comes from God's right hand.
 When we began churches to form,
 Our numbers were but small-;
 But when we saw that grace adorn'd.
 Oh ! that was all in all !
 'Twas tribulation more or less,
 We daily passed through ;
 But when we were sorely oppress'd,
 We multiply'd and grew,
 When we saw this great salvation,
 Our churches number three,
 We form'd an association,
 And we did well agree.
 This duty then it was perform'd,
 When eighty-six commenc'd ;
 Let us adore the mighty Lord
 For our additions since.
 In the year eighteen hundred four
 Our churches forty-nine ;
 Two thousand brethren if not more.
 In union well combin'd.
 And as our number was so great,
 Thought proper to divide ;

One on the west of Kennebeck,
 And one on t'other side.
 And one of them in Lincoln call'd,
 The other Bowdoinham ;
 Glory to the Eternal All,
 We are become two bands.
 Now glory to the dying Lamb,
 Who died and bled for me :
 Let all the brethren say amen,
 And sing the jubilee.
 Come brethren look upon my head,
 What do you see me have ?
 You see me drawing near the dead,
 The tokens of the grave.
 When I depart, I leave you here,
 I leave you with the Lord ;
 Oh ! may you all henceforth appear
 To be of one accord.
 And if I never see you more
 While we on earth remain,
 Oh ! may we meet on Canaan's shore,
 And never part again :
 Where we may join to sing God's praise,
 And all his wonders tell,
 And triumph in his holiness,
 So brethren now farewell.
 I'm now advanc'd to a great age,
 Almost three score and ten ;
 Ere long, and I shall quit this stage,
 So I conclude, AMEN.

VERO.

E. Fisher—To the tune of the Boin Water.

BEHOLD my friends how deeply we,
Have felt divine displeasure,
Our land before has seldom known,
Of wrath so great a measure.

Our commerce has been all destroy'd,
Our merchants were in trouble.
Day after day they sought for peace,
But found their sorrows double.

The lab'ring helpless poor were fill'd,
With sorrow and vexation,
Some had no food and some no clothes,
And some no habitation.

The tradesmen were in deep distress,
No bread fell on their floors,
And few could get one single cent
Of credit at the stores.

Before the war, poor people liv'd,
They then had store of fishes,
But after that the scene was chang'd,
And they had empty dishes.

Because the men were chiefly gone,
Where drums and cannon rattle ;
And women griev'd for fear that they
Should lose their friends in battle.

Now if we ask what was the cause,
Of these our great distresses,

We soon shall find it was our sins,
Which made such woes oppress us.

How can we hope for pleasant times,
While we go on transgressing?

If we dont shortly mend our ways,
We can't expect a blessing.

The laws at present seem asleep,
And vices are not punish'd,
The vicious do just what they please,
Although so oft admonish'd,

By some poor preachers whom they count,
No more than dirt or stubble,
But those who treat God's servants thus,
Will sink in endless trouble.

The preachers they do preach in vain,
And groan for reformation,
But those who do despise the truth,
Work their own condemnation.

Some take delight to go about,
The Sabbath day profaning,
Thus they go on, and there's no one,
Against them is complaining.

Sometimes at night they stroll about,
Peaking and windows breaking,
Then straight away to playing cards,
And every good forsaking.

Some others say they have no clothes,
And cannot go to meeting,
But let them wear the best they have,
Because the word is written,

Where two or three in Jesus' name,
 For worship meet together,
 Says Christ, I am in the midst of them,
 My word shall fail them never.

Some boys are suffered in the streets,
 To ridicule the women,
 And ev'ry dirty filthy word,
 Among them low is common.

Words are not all but actions too,
 Which are not fit to mention,
 Which all proceed from vicious minds,
 And Satan's own invention.

Those who are dress'd in silken robes,
 May walk the streets with pleasure,
 But those who lack the same must be
 Insulted out of measure.

There's some, although I hope but few,
 Who ridicule their neighbours,
 And if they have a secret chance,
 Will cheat them of their labors.

Could they but see their sinful heart,
 They're blacker than a trammel
 Although they strain at one poor gnat,
 They'll swallow down a camel.

And if they see some go on foot,
 Who cannot ride in coaches,
 They'll open wide their filthy mouths,
 And cast out their reproaches.

When God at first did man create,
 He was a harmless creature ;

But soon he fell below the beasts,
And worse than them by nature.

And so he has been ever since,
By sin's continuation ;
And nought can save his soul from woe,
Except Christ's free salvation.

The humble christian is despis'd,
And slighted out of measure ;
And those who persecute them much
Enjoy their carnal pleasure.

But those who mock and persecute,
And laugh at their salvation,
By their own wicked deeds to them,
Work their own condemnation.

And sinners think a pack of cards,
Worth more than a good bible,
And thus will cheat, and lie, and swear
While sitting round and idle.

When they before their final Judge,
Are call'd to hear their cases,
The righteous will in boldness stand,
Before the sinners' faces.

How will they then begin to shake,
And tremble at the sentence ?
Because they slighted Christ's free grace,
And died without repentance.

By wicked men with rage and spite,
The Gospel has been slighted,
While saints rejoic'd in Jesus' name,
And in his word delighted.

The Lord has tri'd us every way,
By judgments and by mercies,
But all in vain, for every day,
Without repentance passes.

And now the Lord has sent us Peace,
And ev'ry heart rejoices,
But should we celebrate the same,
In lifting carnal voices ?

In carnal songs, and foolish plays,
And swearing out of measure ?
Instead of giving thanks to God,
To spend the time in pleasure.

Like silly boys who crowd the streets,
With popguns and with powder,
And spend their time and cash to make
The cannon rattle louder.

We'd better make a war with sin,
And strive for reformation,
And leave the rest to him who di'd
To purchase our salvation.