

American Independence.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCE

AT THE

Second Baptist Meeting-House in Newport.

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1809.

1.

Ode on Science—by the Choir.

2.

Hymn, Tune *Dominion*—by the Choir.

1.

Let tyrants shake their iron rod,
And slavery clank her galling chains;
We fear them not, we trust in God;
COLUMBIA'S GOD forever reigns.

2.

Howe, and BURGOYNE, and CLINTON too,
With PRESCOTT, and CORNWALLIS join'd,
Together plot our overthrow.
In one infernal league combin'd.

3.

When God inspir'd us for the fight,
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd;



Their ships were shatter'd in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our coast.

4.

The foe comes on with haughty stride,
Our troops advance with martial noise;
Their vet'rans flee before our youth,
And generals yield to beardless boys.

5.

What grateful offerings shall we bring,
What shall we render to the LORD:
Loud hallelujahs let us sing,
And praise his name on ev'ry chord.

3.

Prayer—by the Rev. Mr. GIBSON.

4.

Anthem, from 124th Psalm—by the Choir.

5.

Declaration of Independence—by NATH. HAZARD, Esq.

6.

ORATION—by DUTEE J. PEARCE.

7.

ODE, Tune *Liberty*—by the Choir.

August the sacred day that gave
A mighty nation name,
But ah! it points us to the grave,
Where sleeps our fathers slain.

On fields of blood the weeping eye
With deep distress is thrown,
We see the bleeding soldiers die,
We hear the patriot's groan.

But hush the sorrows of the soul,
Triumphant was their fall;
How great when tyrant's thunders roll
To fly at freedom's call.

To fly, and in the arms of death,
For Liberty expire;
While base oppression yields her breath,
And all her hosts retire.

So while the wrath of Britain glow'd,
And Rebel, Rebel, cried;



Our father's blood, our brother's flow'd,
Our friends in battle died.

But FREEDOM shrieking for the dead,
Her friends in vengeance rose,
The foe in consternation fled,
Or sunk to long repose.

Then joyful with the victor train,
Who brav'd the dreadful storm,
Let LIBERTY now swell the strain
And ev'ry bosom warm.

While vernal flowrets sweetly bloom,
In lasting beauty drest,
And shed their fragrance round the tomb
Where martyr'd patriots rest.

No more beneath the oppressive hand
Of Tyranny we groan;
Behold this smiling happy land,
Fair FREEDOM calls her own.