

Tammany Society, or COLUMBIAN ORDER.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCE

AT THE

METHODIST CHAPEL, IN NEWPORT,

ON THE

12th of May, 1810.

1.

Ode on Science.

2.

Tune—Liberty.

AS when the morn through eastern skies,
Beams forth his golden rays,
His bright effulgent glories rise,
His majesty displays.

All nature wakes, and rapt'rous strains,
In grateful pæns roll,
While pop'lous cities—peaceful plains,
Respond from pole to pole.

So Freedom bids the soul expand,
It feels the rising flame,
By patriotick ardour fann'd,
Thrills through the mortal frame.

Justice, with broad eternal base,
Supports the cherub bright,

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While Virtue through unbounded space,
Emits the splendid light.

Our Order stands on this firm ground,
Which faction can't destroy ;
Which tyrants never can confound,
Nor damp the patriot's joy.

But drawn in union's firmest bonds,
Low party we disclaim ;
This truth from heart, to heart responds,
Who feels the sacred flame.

While all our beautiful fair are dress'd
In virtue's pleasing smiles ;
Our rich reward is there express'd,
That sweetens all our toils.

3.

Prayer—by the Rev. Mr. Webb.

4.

Long Talk—by N. Hazard, Esq.

5.

Tune—Association.

THIS day in a firm bond of union we join,
While Justice and Truth, in our cause shall combine ;
While Wisdom's bright canopy, widely unroll'd,
Her splendid effulgence emits through the world.

The banners of FREEDOM aloft in the air,
Exultingly waves both triumphant and fair ;
Sublimely they array, and expanded they blaze,
And dazzle the world, with their bright sparkling rays.

Though traitors and tyrants in union may join,
And swear our destruction at discord's dark shrine,

§ We scorn to be rul'd by a despot or slave,
§ We'll shew to the world that COLUMBIA is brave

§ Our *W. WASHINGTON*'s name to our hearts is most dear,
§ His maxims and precepts we ever revere.
§ COLUMBIA, attend to his last dying call,
§ United you stand—or divided you fall.

§ Those Patriots and worthies, who fell in our cause,
§ Demand a just share of our grateful applause ;
§ Our tears shall fall o'er them—their goods we'll proclaim,
§ And ages unborn, shall rehearse their bright fame.