


Nathaniel Niles, 1775
An American Hero

11 11.11 5.


Bunker Hill

Transcribed from *Select Number of Plain Tunes*, 1781.


A minor
Ascribed to Sylvanus Ripley, 1749-1787
Published in *Select Number of Plain Tunes*, 1781

Tr.  5 10


1. Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of Death and destruction in the field of battle, Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson, Sounding with death-groans?
2. Death will invade us by the means appointed, And we must all bow to the king of terrors; Nor am I anxious, if I am pre-pa-red, What shape he comes in.


C. 

3. In-fi-nite goodness teaches us sub-mis-sion, Bids us be qui-et un-der all his dealings; Ne-ver re-pi-ning, but for-ev-er praising God, our Cre-a-tor.
4..Good is Je-ho-vah in bestowing sunshine, Nor less his good-ness in the storm and thunder, Mercies and judgment both proceed from kindness, In-fi-nite kindness.


T. 

5. Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master I will com-mit all that I have or wish for, Sweetly as babes' sleep will I give my life up When called to yield it.
6. Still shall the banner of the King of heaven Ne-ver ad-vance where I'm a-fraid to follow: While that precedes me, with an open bosom, War, I de-fy thee.


B. 

Tr.  15 1. 2.

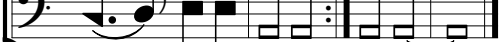
1. Sounding with death-groans?
2. What shape he comes in.

C. 

3. God, our Cre-a-tor.
4..In-fi-nite kindness.

T. 

5. When called to yield it.
6. War, I de-fy thee.

B. 

7. Well may we praise him: all his ways are perfect:
Though a resplendence, infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by luster.

8. O, then, exult that God forever reigneth;
Clouds which, around him, hinder our perception,
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises

9. Fame and dear freedom lure me on to battle,
While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's-head,
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's,
To the encounter.

10. Life, for my country and the cause of freedom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And, if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled..

The poem, of fifteen stanzas, was written by Nathaniel Niles in 1775, and published in a broadside in 1781. The stanzas given here are a rearranged excerpt from the original.
The tune was published by Andrew Law in 1781, without words or attribution of composer; tune is sometimes ascribed to Sylvanus Ripley. The tune was slightly rearranged, and new words added, by Joshua Leavitt in his *Christian Lyre* in 1831.