

William Billings

Chester

Chester

Transcribed from *The Singing Master's Assistant*

William Billings



Let ty - rants shake their ir - on rod, And Slav' - ry clank her gal - ling chains.
Howe and Bur - goyne and Clin - ton too, With Pres - cot and Corn - wal - lis join'd.
When God in - spir'd us for the fight, Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd,
The Foe comes on with haugh - ty Stride. Our troops ad - vance with mar - tial noise,
What grate - ful Off' - ring shall we bring? What shall we ren - der to the Lord?



Let ty - rants shake their ir - on rod, And Slav' - ry clank her gal - ling chains.
Howe and Bur - goyne and Clin - ton too, With Pres - cot and Corn - wal - lis join'd.
When God in - spir'd us for the fight, Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd,
The Foe comes on with haugh - ty Stride. Our troops ad - vance with mar - tial noise,
What grate - ful Off' - ring shall we bring? What shall we ren - der to the Lord?



Let ty - rants shake their ir - on rod, And Slav' - ry clank her gal - ling chains.
Howe and Bur - goyne and Clin - ton too, With Pres - cot and Corn - wal - lis join'd.
When God in - spir'd us for the fight, Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd,
The Foe comes on with haugh - ty Stride. Our troops ad - vance with mar - tial noise,
What grate - ful Off' - ring shall we bring? What shall we ren - der to the Lord?



Let ty - rants shake their ir - on rod, And Slav' - ry clank her gal - ling chains.
Howe and Bur - goyne and Clin - ton too, With Pres - cot and Corn - wal - lis join'd.
When God in - spir'd us for the fight, Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd,
The Foe comes on with haugh - ty Stride. Our troops ad - vance with mar - tial noise,
What grate - ful Off' - ring shall we bring? What shall we ren - der to the Lord?

9



We fear them not, we trust in God, New England's God for - ev - er reigns.
 To - geth - er plot our O - ver - throw, In one In - fer - nal league com bin'd.
 Their Ships were Shat - ter'd in our sight, Or swift - ly dri - ven from our Coast.
 Their Vet' - rans flee be - fore our Youth. And Gen' - rals yield to beard - less Boys.
 Loud Hal - le - lu - iahs let us Sing. And praise his name on ev' - ry Chord.



We fear them not, we trust in God, New England's God for - ev - er reigns.
 To - geth - er plot our O - ver - throw, In one In - fer - nal league com bin'd.
 Their Ships were Shat - ter'd in our sight, Or swift - ly dri - ven from our Coast.
 Their Vet' - rans flee be - fore our Youth. And Gen' - rals yield to beard - less Boys.
 Loud Hal - le - lu - iahs let us Sing. And praise his name on ev' - ry Chord.



We fear them not, we trust in God, New England's God for - ev - er reigns.
 To - geth - er plot our O - ver - throw, In one In - fer - nal league com bin'd.
 Their Ships were Shat - ter'd in our sight, Or swift - ly dri - ven from our Coast.
 Their Vet' - rans flee be - fore our Youth. And Gen' - rals yield to beard - less Boys.
 Loud Hal - le - lu - iahs let us Sing. And praise his name on ev' - ry Chord.



We fear them not, we trust in God, New England's God for - ev - er reigns.
 To - geth - er plot our O - ver - throw, In one In - fer - nal league com bin'd.
 Their Ships were Shat - ter'd in our sight, Or swift - ly dri - ven from our Coast.
 Their Vet' - rans flee be - fore our Youth. And Gen' - rals yield to beard - less Boys.
 Loud Hal - le - lu - iahs let us Sing. And praise his name on ev' - ry Chord.