

Sunday July 4th 1849

4 Morning a happy heart this day
For places of pleasure we threading there way
And as they are going they sing with a sigh
The close of our pleasure is drawing a sigh
They think not that less an century ago
Our country was filled with carnage and woe
Then the cry of the oppressed was heard on high
When we struck for our freedom on the fourth of July

Then there was no happy hearts in our land
For father and son had left for the band
That was to resist their country's proud foe
Which was staining our country to ver the woe
The mother was left with her children to mourn
From the shades of the evening till it was morn
In fear of the foe she was left for to weep
While the child at her breast was happy in sleep

God bless our forefathers for what they have done
May their examples be followed by each freeborn
Then our country for ages shall stand
A home for the weak the poor and the grand

209
103
119

150 at Calicut