The "Old Granite State."

We have come from the mountains, We have come from the mountains, We have come from the mountains, We have come from the mountains, We have come from the mountains, We have come from the mountains, We have come from the mountains, We have come from the mountains, We have come from the Old Granite State. We're a

Enter’d according to Act of Congress A.D. 1843, by Jno. Hutchins in Clerk’s Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.
band of brothers, We're a band of brothers, We're a band of brothers, And we

live among the hills, With a band of music, With a band of

live among the hills, With a band of music, With a band of

We're a band of music, And I

We're a band of brothers, We're a band of brothers, And we

We're a band of brothers, We're a band of brothers, And we

We're a band of brothers, We're a band of brothers, And we

The "Old Granite State"
music With a band of music We are passing round the World. We have

left our aged parents. We have left our aged parents. We have

left our aged parents, We have left our aged parents. We have

left our aged parents. We have left our aged parents. We have

The "Old Granite State!"
left our aged parents in the "Old Granite State." We obtained their blessing. We obtained their blessing, we obtained their blessing, and we

The "Old Granite State"
bless them in return, Good old fashion'd singers, Good old fashion'd

bless them in return, Good old fashion'd singers, Good old fashion'd

bless them in return, Good old fashion'd singers, Good old fashion'd

bless them in return, Good old fashion'd singers, Good old fashion'd

singers, Good old fashion'd singers. They can make the air resound.
singers, Good old fashion'd singers. They can make the air resound.
singers, Good old fashion'd singers. They can make the air resound.
singers, Good old fashion'd singers. They can make the air resound.

The "Old Granite State!"
We have eight other Brothers,  
And of Sisters, just another,  
Besides our Father, and our Mother,  
In the "Old Granite State"  
With our present number,  
There are fifteen in the tribe;  
Thirteen sons and daughters,  
And their history we bring.

Yes while the air is ringing,  
With their wild mountain singing,  
We the news to you are bringing,  
From the "Old Granite State"  
'Tis the tribe of Jesse,  
'Tis the tribe of Jesse,  
'Tis the tribe of Jesse,  
And their several names we sing.

David, Noah, Andrew, Zephy, (aniah)  
Caleb, Joshua, Jesse, and Beny, (jamin)  
Judson, Rhoda, John, and Asa,  
And Abbe, are our names:  
We're the sons of Mary,  
Of the tribe of Jesse,  
And we now address ye,  
With our native mountain song.

We are all real Yankees,  
We are all real Yankees,  
We are all real Yankees,  
From the "Old Granite State"  
And by prudent guessing,  
And by prudent guessing,  
And by prudent guessing,  
We shall whittle through the world.

Liberty is our motto  
Liberty is our motto  
Equal liberty is our motto  
In the "Old Granite State"  
We despise oppression  
We despise oppression  
We despise oppression  
And we cannot be enslaved.

Yes we're friends of emancipation  
And we'll sing the proclamation  
Till it echoes through our nation  
From the "Old Granite State"  
That the tribe of Jesse  
That the tribe of Jesse  
That the tribe of Jesse  
Are the friends of equal rights.

We are all Washingtonians,  
Yes we're all Washingtonians,  
Heavn bless the Washingtonians,  
Of the "Old Granite State"  
We are all teetotalers,  
We are all teetotalers,  
We are all teetotalers,  
And have signed the Temperance pledge.

Now three cheers altogether,  
Shout Columbia's people ever,  
Yankee hearts none can sever,  
In the "Old Sister States."  
Like our Sires before us,  
We will swell the chorus,  
Till the Heavens o'er us,  
Shall rebound the loud hussa.  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hur-rah! hurrah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! Like our
sires before us, we will swell the chorus, till the heavens o'er us shall re-
sires before us, we will swell the chorus, till the heavens o'er us shall re-
sires before us, we will swell the chorus, till the heavens o'er us shall re-

The Old Granite State.
bound the loud huz-z-a.

bound the loud huz-z-a.

bound the loud huz-z-a.

bound the loud huz-z-a.

The "Old Granite State".