

I woz in Boston wun foreth of juli
 Dri storm of thundr and litenin pasd bi
 Lowd thundr woz hird thair in the mornin
 Litenin not sein til lait in the evenin

Lowd canon thundrd from mornin til nite
 The fier worcs liteind natures dim star lite
 Lice sum misterri or dredful afair
 Woz on the comon not in the puir air

Sum wil thinc stranje when tha se it proclaimed
 The pirson acuzed shoud not hav ben blaimd
 Prouf heir iz furnishd bi desent pepil
 Coz woz il fait or sum disgized evil

Ive woshd hiz thin fais Ive comed hiz long hai^r
 Nirsin and cisin him with frendli cair
 Sum woz fond of him othrs woud lice me
 Mi goud do ins tha did not lice to se

Wedid life for me Said a girl that's fre
 Wun to me in fair A farm he wil bi
 On mi nise comed hair Rich ribons I'l ti
 Telin him whot we Must for evr be

Birds togethr pair That fli thru the air
 Sum prepair a feist Then go to the preist
 Bi lau its corect Thair soles to protect
 In the wedid life Tha thinc thair's no strife

Go in to the graiv Yuth thair soles wil saiv
 Afr tha air ded Thair childrn wil wed
 Protectin them wun And ol tha hav dun
 To them selvs prouv tru Thincin ol iz nu