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Father what fearful noise is that
Like thundering in the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats
And rush along in crowds?
"It is the boom of cannonry,
The glad shouts of the free;
This is a day to memory dear,
'Tis Freedom's Jubilee."

I wish that I was now a man,
I'd fire my cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest
But, father why dont you?
'I'm getting old and weak, but still
My heart is big with joy;
I've witnessed many a day like this—
Shout ye aloud, my boy.'

Hurrah! for Freedom's Jubilee,
God bless our native land;
And may I live to hold the sword
Of Freedom in my hand!
"Well done, my boy. grow up and love
The land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell
Is paradise on earth:"