We the subscribers, members of Congregational
and associates in the formation of a Congregational
Temperance Society — to be organized at some future
day of the present session — of which due notice
will be given. Feb. 14, 1833

Lewis Condict
Jabez Condict
Isaac Southard
James Haudofle
Joseph G. Kendall
John Davis
Geo. Greenwell Jr.
John Reed
Aaron Allen
David Haudofle
John Hran

Samuel Bell
Abram Kendall
Robert C. Weston
Gideon Tomlinson
Sam. Pintles

WM. Wilkin
Horatio Seymour
William Hendricks

Felix Grundy
C. H. Dallas
William Jones
E. Everett
G. M. Briggs
J. C. Ball
we have come from the mountains,
of the old Granite State,
we are a band of brothers,
and we live among the hills;
with a band of music
we are passing round the world.

we have left our aged parents,
in the old Granite State;
we obtained their blessing,
and we blessed them in return.

Good old fashioned Singer,
we can make this world resound.

we have eight other brothers,
and of sisters just another.
Beside our papa and mother,
in the old Granite State;
with our present number.
Thirteen are the tribe,
Thirteen sons and daughters,
and their history we bring.
Yes, while the air is ringing,
with their wild mountains singing,
we the men to you are bringing,
From the Old Granite State;
'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
and their several names we sing.

David, Noah, Andrew, Zephy,
Caleb, Joshua, Jess and Benny
Sudser, Rhodes, John, and Ada,
And Abby all our names.
We are the sons of many,
of the tribe of Jesse,
And we now address ye,
With our native mountain song.

We are all real Yankees,
From the Old Granite State.

And by prudent guessing,
We shall whistle thro' the world,
We are all Washingtonians.
Yes, we're all Washingtonians.
Heaven bless the Washingtonians
Of the Old Granite State.
We are all teetotallers,
And have signed the temperance pledge.