

“FREDSVILLE”

Green cornfields are gleaming the bright summer day
Far out o’re the broad rolling acres,
The grainfields turn golden while sweet-scented hay
Is gathered by reapers and rakers.

We see as the eyes o’er the countryside roam
So many green groves that remind us
That each one was planted to shelter a home
To which sacred memories bind us.
Let others build houses where palm-trees can grow
But Fredsville to us is the best place we know.

High up on the hilltop our fathers have built
Our little white church that invites us
In sorrow or gladness to come and be filled
With peace in the faith that unites us.
Our faith should be deeper and stronger, yet so:
Still Fredsville to us is the best place we know.

The name of our church, meaning “peace” and “at rest”
They gave to the garden around it
Where now they are sleeping who prayed for the best
That God gives His children, and found it.
There lay us to rest when like them we must go
For Fredsville to us is the best place we know.

Our thanks to the stout-hearted women and men
Who came from afar o’er the ocean:
You won what we have on this rich fruited plain
With honesty, faith and devotion!
To you who have broken this prairie we owe
That Fredsville to us is the best place we know!

S.D. Rodholm (1911)

