A SONG.

What means their
wisdoms roving to
Poughkeepsie,

Their heads with politics
are surely tipsey!

Why to the Druids ancient
haunts be trotting,

Where naught but acorns
on the ground lie rotting?

The oracles long since
have left their oaks,

And minded now no more
than pigs in pokes,

And laugh’d to scorn by
every John a Nokes;

Unmask your faces then,
and one and all
Sing falderal and anti-falderal.

CHORUS.

Federal, falderal,
federalist,

Your thumb to your mouth, and your nose to your fist,

Federal, falderal, federal tit,

Beware of the dainty, the savory bit,

Keep fast all behind or you’re surely b—t

Sing falderal, federal, anti’s and yeomen,

Beware of the snare as you’re truemen and freemen,

Federal, falderal, fiddle de day,

Falderal tit, and tit falderay.