On the New Constitution.

In evil hour his pen ’squire Adams drew
Claiming dominion to his well born few:
In the gay circle of St. James's plac’d
He wrote, and, writing, has his work disgrac’d.
Smit with the splendor of a British King
The crown prevail’d, so once despis’d a thing!
Shelburne and Pitt approv’d of all he wrote,
While Rush and Wilson echo back his note.

Tho’ British armies could not here prevail
Yet British politics shall turn the scale;—
In five short years of Freedom weary grown
We quit our plain republics for a throne;
Congress and President full proof shall bring,
A mere disguise for Parliament and King.

A standing army!—curse the plan so base;
A despot’s safety—Liberty’s disgrace.—
Who sav’d these realms from Britain’s bloody hand,
Who, but the generous rustics of the land;
That free-born race, inur’d to every toil,
Who tame the ocean and subdue the soil,
Who tyrants banish’d from this injur’d shore
Domestic traitors may expel once more.

Ye, who have bled in Freedom’s sacred cause,
Ah, why desert her maxims and her laws?
When thirteen states are moulded into one
Your rights are vanish’d and your honors gone;
The form of Freedom shall alone remain,
As Rome had Senators when she hugg’d the chain.

Sent to revise your systems—not to change—
Sages have done what Reason deems most strange:
Some alterations in our fabric we
Calmly propos’d, and hoped at length to see—
Ah, how deceived!—these heroes in renown
Scheme for themselves—and pull the fabric down—
Bid in its place Columbia’s tomb-stone rise
Inscrib’d with these sad words—Here Freedom lies!

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