The Grand Constitution, *Massachusetts Centinel*, 6 October 1787

the

grand CONSTITUTION:

Or, *The palladium of columbia*:

a new federal song.

Tune—“Our Freedom we’ve won,” &c.

From scenes of affliction—Columbia opprest—
Of credit expiring—and commerce distrest,
Of nothing to do—and of nothing to pay—
From such dismal scenes let us hasten away.

*Our Freedom we’ve won, and the prize let’s maintain*

Our hearts are all right—

*Unite, Boys, Unite,*

*And our empire in glory shall ever remain.*

The Muses no longer the cypress shall wear—
For we turn our glad eyes to a prospect more fair:
The soldier return’d to his small cultur’d farm,
Enjoys the reward of his conquering arm.

“*Our Freedom we’ve won,*” &c.

Our trade and our commerce shall reach far and wide,
And riches and honour flow in with each tide,
*Kamschatka* and *China* with wonder shall stare,
That the *Federal Stripes* should wave gracefully there.

“*Our Freedom we’ve won,*” &c.

With gratitude let us acknowledge the worth,
Of what the convention has call’d into birth,
And the Continent wisely confirm what is done
By franklin the sage, and by brave washington.

“*Our Freedom we’ve won,*” &c.

The wise constitution let’s truly revere,
It points out the course for our empire to steer,
For oceans of bliss do they hoist the broad sail,
And *peace* is the current, and *plenty* the gale.

“*Our Freedom we’ve won,*” &c.

With gratitude fill’d—let the great Commonweal
Pass round the full glass to Republican zeal—
From ruin—their judgment and wisdom well aim’d,
Our liberties, laws, and our credit reclaim’d.

“*Our Freedom we’ve won,*” &c.
Here Plenty and Order and Freedom shall dwell,
And your Shayses and Dayses won’t dare to rebel—
Independence and culture shall graciously smile,
And the Husbandman reap the full fruit of his toil.

“Our Freedom we’ve won,” &c.
That these are the blessings, Columbia knows—
The blessings the Fed’ral convention bestows.
O! then let the People confirm what is done
By franklin the sage, and by brave washington.

*Our freedom we’ve won, and the prize will maintain*

  *By Jove we’ll Unite,*
  *Approve and Unite—*

*And huzza for Convention again and again.*

Original source: Commentaries on the Constitution, Volume XIII: Commentaries on the Constitution, No. 1