A Federal Song, Albany Journal, 4 August 1788

A FEDERAL SONG;
To the tune of “Rule Britannia.”

I.
Behold Columbia’s empire rise,
On freedom’s solid base to stand;
Supported by propitious skies,
And seal’d by her deliverer’s hand.

Chorus.
Raise, Columbia, raise thy voice,
Union is thy noble choice.

II.
Her heroes’ blood, her glorious pains,
Her toils are all rewarded now:
Montgom’ry’s shade no more complains,
Warren’s and Green’s consenting bow,

Chorus—Raise, &c.

III.
A Fed’ral System scarce appear’d,
When baneful discord droop’d her head,
Lictentiousness no more was fear’d,
The demon lost her native dread.

Chorus—Raise, &c.

IV.
The hero, statesman and the sage,
Matur’d this noblest work of man;
And Hamilton’s instructive page illuminates his fellow-patriots’ plan.

Chorus—Raise, &c.

V.
Proud Europe hence may learn, and see,
A Constitution self-controll’d;
By wisdom balanc’d, firm and free,
The dread and model of the world.

Chorus—Raise, &c.

VI.
Columbia’s grateful sons rejoice!
The Fed’ral pillars firmly stand;
By your approving people’s voice,
The only charter of the land.

Chorus.
Raise, Columbia, raise thy voice,
Union is thy noble choice.