
Good news, brother dealers in metre & prose!
The world has turn’d buffer and coming to blows;
Write good sense or non sense, my boys, it’s all one,
All persons may fire when the battle’s begun.

*Down, down, down derry down.*

Our tutors and sages would oftentimes say,
“Sit omnibus hora,” each dog has his day:
Queen Ann’s was the æra of genius ‘tis known,
*Arguendo* this day is for scribblers alone.

*Down, down &c.*

Now Claxton & Babcock and Webster and Stoddard,
Hall, Sellers, Childs, London, Oswald, Morton and Goddard
Russell, Haswell, Green, Thomas, Meigs, Powers and Draper
May thank the kind stars for such luck to their paper.

*Down, down, &c.*

Come on brother scribblers, ‘tis idle to lag.
The CONVENTION has let the cat out of the bag,
Write something at randum, you need not be nice.
Public spirit, *Montesquieu*, and great Dr. Price,

*Talk of Holland & Greece, and of pares & swords,*
Democratical mobs and congressional Lords:
Tell what is surrendered and what is enjoy’d,
All things weigh alike, boys, we know, in a void.

*Down, down, &c.*

Much joy, brother printers! the day is our own,
A time like the present sure never was known:
Predictions are making—predictions fulfil,
All nature seems proud to bring grist to our mill.

*Down, down, &c.*

Huge Comets once more thro’ the system will stroll,
The Moon, they inform us is burnt to a coal;
Old Saturn is tumbling—the Sun has a spot,
The world and its glory are going to pot.

*Down, down, &c.*

All Europe, we hear, is in horrible pother,
They jockey, they bully and kill one another:
In Holland, where freedom is lustily bawling,
All’s fighting and swearing, and pulling & ha[u]ling.

*Down, down, &c.*

The Empress and Poland fresh mischief are carving,
The Porte is in motion, and Ireland is starving,
While the Dey of Algiers, sirs, so haughty is grown,
That he swears by the prophet, the world’s all his own.

In England, blest island! what wonders we view,
North blind as a bat, Lord George Gordon a Jew;
Or halters or peerage on Hastings await,
And faction pro more, dismembers the state.

Prince George has relinquish’d the stews for the church,
And struts like a true-blue in Solomon’s porch:
Corruption pervades thro’ both country and town,
And the tune of the nation is Down derry down

We bid Europe farewell, the Atlantic is past,
O free born Columbia you’re welcome at last!
Hail Congress, Conventions, Mobs, Shayites & Kings,
With Bankrupts & Know ye’s, & all pretty things!

The state’s had a fall and received a contusion,
And all things are tumbled in jumbled confusion:
State quacks and state midwives are huddling all round,
But in spite of their drugs we go Down derry down.

Write then, brother scribblers, your talents display,
This world is a stage and man’s life is a play;
When the curtain is drawn and the ranting is o’er,
Kings, heroes and waiters are equal once more.

Old Time, with his brass-eating teeth shall consume,
The works of a Homer, a Newton, a Hume;
And who, when all things are consumed by Old Time,
Can tell but we scribblers were writers sublime?

Down, down, down derry down.

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