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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.

