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and Songs

## The Scourge

*Carlisle Gazette, 23 January 1788*

The FEDERAL JOY, to the tune of  
Alexander, hated thinking.

- I. AWAKE my muse in copious numbers,  
Sing the federal joy compleat,  
The loud huzzas the cannon thunders  
Announce their triumphs to be great.
- II. Behold they march with curls flying,  
Weary steps, and powdered heads,  
Soften'd hands, with eyes espying  
Crowds of whigs assembled.
- III. But see they halt, & now are forming  
Regular as veteran bands,  
Breathing defiance, scoffing, scorning,  
The low opposers of their plans.
- IV. But now a crew for constitution,  
Harshly then began to treat them,  
Despising federal institution,  
Nor aw'd by powder or pomatum.
- V. From words to blows, those vile aggressors,  
Rudely drove our harmless band,  
Despoil'd the work of their hair-dressers,  
Daring assumed the chief command.
- VI. Now helter skelter in disorder,  
Flew our heroes to their homes,  
Happy their legs were in good order,  
To save from geting broken bones.

- VII. Lawyers, doctors and store-keepers,  
Forsook their general in his need.  
And from their windows began peeping  
Viewing their valliant hero bleed.
- VIII. But like veterans in the morning,  
Appear'd in arms bright array,  
Revenge, Revenge, they cry'd when forming  
We ne'er again will run away.
- IX. Full thirteen rounds for federal honor  
Shall thunder loud, tho' hell oppose;  
Display our new terrific banner,  
To intimidate our scurvy foes.
- X. Undauntedly three rounds they fir'd,  
When lo a drum, most dreadful sound  
Awak'd new fears, courage retir'd,  
Paleness in every face was found.
- XI. Again their shanks were put in motion,  
With rapid strides they homewards stretches,  
Or to avoid another portion,  
Or s---t a second pair of breeches.
- XII. And now the pannic being over,  
When not afraid of club or rope,  
Descends to law for to recover  
Money for to purchase soap.
- XIII. But not a souse for all their swearing,  
Tho' shirt and breeches both were foul'd;  
Liberties sons are presevering,  
Nor will by fed'rals be controul'd.
- XIV. And if those harpies seek preferment  
Thro' their countries streaming blood,  
They'll dig graves for their interment,  
Or smother in the purple flood.

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