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and Songs

## A.B.: The Raising *Pennsylvania Gazette*, 6 February 1788

THE RAISING:  
A NEW SONG FOR FEDERAL MECHANICS.

I.

Come muster, my Lads, your mechanical Tools,  
Your Saws and your Axes, your Hammers and Rules;  
Bring your Mallets and Planes, your Level and Line,  
And Plenty of Pins of American Pine;  
*For our Roof we will raise, and our Song still shall be—  
A Government firm, and our Citizens free.*

II.

Come, up with *the Plates*, lay them firm on the Wall,  
Like the People at large, they're the Ground-work of all;  
Examine them well, and see that they're sound,  
Let no rotten Parts in our Building be found;  
*For our Roof we will raise, and our Song still shall be—  
Our Government firm, and our Citizens free.*

III.

Now hand up *the Girders*, lay each in his Place,  
Between them *the Joists* must divide all the Space;  
Like Assembly-men, *these* should lye level along,  
Like *Girders*, our Senate prove loyal and strong;  
*For our Roof we will raise, and our Song still shall be—  
A Government firm, over Citizens free.*

IV.

*The Rafters* now frame—your *King-Posts* and *Braces*,  
And drive your Pins home, to keep all in their Places;  
Let Wisdom and Strength in the Fabric combine,  
And your Pins be all made of American Pine;  
*For our Roof we will raise, and our Song still shall be—  
A Government firm, over Citizens free.*

V.

Our *King-Posts* are Judges—how upright they stand,  
Supporting the *Braces*, the Laws of the Land—  
The Laws of the Land, which divide Right from Wrong,  
And strengthen the Weak, by weak'ning the Strong;  
*For our Roof we will raise, and our Song still shall be—  
Laws equal and just, for a People that's free.*

VI.

Up! Up with the Rafters—each Frame is a State!  
How nobly they rise! their Span, too, how great!  
From the North to the South, o'er the Whole they extend,  
And rest on the Walls, while the Walls they defend!  
*For our Roof we will raise, and our Song still shall be—  
Combined in Strength, yet as Citizens free.*

VII.

Now enter the *Purlins*, and drive your Pins through,  
And see that your Joints are drawn home, and all true;  
The *Purlins* will bind all the Rafters together,  
The Strength of the Whole shall defy Wind and Weather;  
*For our Roof we will raise, and our Song still shall be—  
United as States, but as Citizens free.*

VIII.

Come, raise up the Turret—our Glory and Pride—  
In the Centre it stands, O'er the Whole to preside;  
The Sons of *Columbia* shall view with Delight  
It's Pillars, and Arches, and Towering Height;  
*Our Roof is now rais'd, and our Song still shall be—  
A Fœderal Head, o'er a People still free.*

IX.

Huzza! my brave Boys, our Work is complete,  
The World shall admire *Columbia's* fair Seat;  
It's Strength against Tempest and Time shall be Proof,  
And Thousands shall come to dwell under our ROOF.  
*Whilst we drain the deep Bowl, our Toast still shall be—  
Our Government firm, and our Citizens free.*

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