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and Songs

Albany Federal Herald, 25 February 1788

It is said that the apparition, or *spoek* of the late honorable Rough-Hewer has appeared at S — e-Room in Poughkeepsie, and in order to prevent their concurring with a resolution of the honorable Assembly to have the new constitution determined upon by the people—it sung the following song three times over with a *fraudable* voice.

Tune State Offices I highly Fancy.

My Friends this hasty resolution,
This precedentless substitution,
I wish was trussed, roasted, spitted,
I move to have it straight committed.
What tho' your reasons are conclusive
That commitments are intrusive
On the powers never granted,
Still it is the trap I've wanted.
Indeed the trap which now I hint on
Is joined with the speech of C*****n;
Therefore I shall consider coolly
How in future I shall fool ye.
What prospects you may all discover,
I fear my money'd days are over;
Therefore am greatly to be pity'd,
So hope you'll have it all committed.
Come let us read each resolution
That form'd this frightful constitution;
What tho't should neither help nor alter
Yet fear makes all my senses falter.
And if it must go to the people
Pray let us make it first a cripple.
Had I but time I'd make 'em stare so,
They'd not suspect I'd form'd a scare crow.
I'd tell 'em things which they know nought of,
And others too they never thought of;
For if they think at all, 'tis slowly,

So let us drink and take it coolly.
It may be some make up their minds sirs,
Yet I disclaim all of the kind sirs;
There's not a line I'd set my paw to,
Or will in future touch a claw to.
In other states it cuts a caper,
Or else I'd view it as blank paper.
I shall continually bemoan it,
Should you commit nor postpone it.
For as you'r likely to contrive it,
I'll be of one employ deprived;
For should I try to be elected
My other friends wont be effected.
I have a book at home that's printed
To which my wish was ever stinted;
When I go home again I'll bring it,
And when I've read it then I'll sing it.
Is there a man on earth I wonder
who would not keep poor people under;
But if this NEW PLAN is agreed to,
They'll shortly fare as well as we do.
State offices I highly fancy,
They so enliven so entrance me;
Yet should I make another blunder,
Adieu to keeping mankind under.

Poughkeepsie, Feb. 1788.

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