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and Songs

Poughkeepsie *Country Journal*, 8 July 1788

THE PROSPECT. June 1788.
A POEM on the American States.

While jarring parties murmur; while our trade
Seems nearly stagnant, and our faith decay'd;
While jarring politicians, bring to view
New plans, new doubts, and difficulties new;
While many tremble at the present gloom,
And think it pregnant with impending doom,
The youthful muse for her *Columbia* prays,
And humbly waits th' approach of better days;
When UNION here her influence shall display,
When PATRIOTISM shall drive this gloom away.

Intrinsic union only, can procure
Such blessings on a State, as will endure:
Ah, had we this, how soon we might dispel
These clouds that threaten, and these floods that swell,
And be the commonwealth distinguish'd most
For peace, for pow'r, for all that earth can boast!
For of those countries, where great nature pours
Her richest bounty from her ample stores,
Say where can one be found, that has like this
Obtain'd her promises for every mundane bliss?
And when of late, her furious pow'rs engag'd,
And war with all its bloody horrors rag'd,
Did not the event conspicuously declare
That our defence was Heav'n's peculiar care?
And shall a land, that seems above the rest
By Heav'n distinguish'd, and by nature blest,
Be made a scene where servitude bemoans
The chains of tyranny with hopeless groans?
Or where dire Anarchy has spread distress,
And shut out ev'ry source of happiness?
Ah no! The muse predicts a happier day,

When real patriotism shall bear the sway,
When all our mad intestine feuds shall cease,
And all our springs of happiness increase;
When eastern kings shall see with wond'ring eyes
Thy wealth and pow'r *Columbia* swiftly rise,
And all thy foes confess that very long
Have their conjectures on thy States been wrong.
Before thy flag on foreign seas display'd
The barb'rous *Algerines*, shall fall dismay'd;
Thy pow'r shall set oppressed nations free,
The nations freed, shall pay their court to thee.

But first those streams (in proper channels led)
Shall without wasting, from their springs be fed,
From which a State its wealth & pow'r receives:
This patriots hopes for, *this* the muse believes.
Then joy shall reign within our ev'ry clime;
That time will come,—the muse beholds that time:
The muse beholds the springs of wealth & pow'r
Led in due channels in a future hour:
Sees wealth unlost from agriculture flow,
And manufact'ries spread and commerce grow.
Sees thee my nation thrive, by Heav'n believ'd,
And sees all causes of thy fears remov'd.
—I see thy laws, by thy true patriot's plann'd,
Wisely constructed, and as justly scann'd;
I see thy laws, amongst thy children made,
Encouragement to strength, to weakness aid.
To thee thy num'rous merchants, I behold
Come laden from the South and East with gold.
I see thy ports with naval glory shine;
I see the world's best gifts acknowledg'd thine.
—I see the throng'd Ambassadors attend,
Whom *Europe's* and whom *Asia's* monarchs send,
Who justly praise thy sons of freedom brave,
Admire thy bliss, and thy alliance crave.
Nobles and Princes, from each eastern court,
To see thy prosp'rous state, to thee resort;
And learn of thee with wonder and delight,
To hold the reins of government aright.
—I see *Columbia's* sons their pow'r employ,
To spread the seats of beauty, wealth and joy,
To western climes, where late wild Indians howl'd,
And savage beasts o'er all the waste land prowld;

—See spacious champaigns cultivated there,
 Like *Egypt* fertile and like *Eden* fair!
 And there behold, new glorious cities rise
 With tow'rs that seem to emulate the skies!
 Behold from frigid *Nova Scotia's* bounds,
 To *Florida's* warm sands, and scorched grounds,
 And from the *Atlantic* to the western lakes,
 Th' appearance which a land of freedom makes!
 Where justice her impartial scale maintains,
 And where uninterrupted concord reigns.
 From thee blest land! a race of heroes springs,
 The dread of infidels and tyrant kings;
 In foreign realms, their prowess must appear,
 For dire *Bellona*¹ shall not thunder here.
 In foreign regions, shall their deeds abound,
 As great as WASHINGTON'S, as WASHINGTON'S renown'd;
 They shall assist, where servitude complains,
 And burst Oppression's galling iron chains;
 They shall relieve the plaintive land from dread,
 And bring just vengeance on the tyrant's head.
 To future times, their deeds with glory crown'd,
 Shall future bards, in deathless song resound. —
 By their example warm'd shall heroes know
 In distant ages with zeal to glow,
 And use their valour for the public good,
 To quell those fiends, who thirst for wealth and blood.
 Hail favor'd nation! hail delightful seat
 Of patriotism, and liberty complete!
 Soon may thy happiness (which now the muse
 Delighted with anticipation views)
 Arrive (declaring all thy dangers past[¹])
 And to the latest ages may it last.

1. The Roman goddess of war.

CITE AS: John P. Kaminski et al., eds., *The Documentary History of the Ratification of the Constitution*, Vol. XXI: New York [3] (Madison, Wis.: Wisconsin Historical Society Press, 2005), 1304–6.