

New York Journal, 28 June 1788

A SONG.

What means their
wisdoms roving to
Poughkeepsie,

Their heads with politics
are surely tipsey!

Why to the Druids ancient
haunts be trotting,

Where naught but acorns
on the ground lie rotting?

The oracles long since
have left their oaks,

And minded now no more
than pigs in pokes,



And laugh'd to scorn by
every John a Nokes;

Unmask your faces then,
and one and all

Sing falderal and anti-falderal.

CHORUS.

Federal, falderal,
federalist,

Your thumb to your
mouth, and your nose to
your fist,

Federal, falderal, federal
tit,

Beware of the dainty, the
savory bit,



Keep fast all behind or
you're surely b—t

Sing falderal, federal,
anti's and yeomen,

Beware of the snare as
you're truemen and
freemen,

Federal, falderal, fiddle de
day,

Falderal tit, and tit
falderay.

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