

**A Federal Song, *Albany Journal*, 4 August 1788**

A FEDERAL SONG;  
To the tune of "Rule Britannia."

I.

Behold Columbia's empire rise,  
On freedom's solid base to stand;  
Supported by propitious skies,  
And seal'd by her deliverer's<sup>2</sup> hand.

Chorus.

Raise, Columbia, raise thy voice,  
Union is thy noble choice.

II.

Her heroes' blood, her glorious pains,  
Her toils are all rewarded now:  
Montgom'ry's shade<sup>3</sup> no more complains,  
Warren's<sup>4</sup> and Green's<sup>5</sup> consenting bow,

Chorus—Raise, &c.

III.

A Fed'ral System scarce appear'd,  
When baneful discord droop'd her head,  
Licentiousness no more was fear'd,  
The demon lost her native dread.

Chorus—Raise, &c.

IV.

The hero, statesman and the sage,  
Matur'd this noblest work of man;  
And Hamilton's instructive page<sup>6</sup> illumines his fellow-patriots' plan.

Chorus—Raise, &c.

V.

Proud Europe hence may learn, and see,  
A Constitution self-controul'd;  
By wisdom balanc'd, firm and free,  
The dread and model of the world.

Chorus—Raise, &c.

VI.

Columbia's grateful sons rejoice!  
The Fed'ral pillars firmly stand;  
By your approving people's voice,  
The only charter of the land.

Chorus.

Raise, Columbia, raise thy voice,

Union is thy noble choice.

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