

**Virginia Herald, 10 January 1788**

*The NEW CONSTITUTION,  
A SONG.*

I.

The kingdom of Hell,  
As historians tell,  
Being once in great tribulation,  
From the south to the north,  
All its subjects call'd forth,  
To consult for the good of the nation:  
Saran high on his throne,  
Appear'd seated alone,  
While his minions all stood in confusion;  
Each attended with fear,  
His dread orders to hear,  
And expected some grand revolution.

II.

Thrice he nodded around,  
Thrice their voices resound,  
Hell re-echoes their loud acclamation:  
As he rose from his chair,  
To his throne they repair,  
To attend to his dread proclamation.  
"Friends and subjects (says he)  
I much danger foresee;  
Fate seems pregnant with some revolution,  
For on earth I have heard,  
There has lately appear'd  
A wonder, a good constitution.

III.

The American states,  
After many debates,  
Seeing plainly their weak situation;  
Were resolv'd to repair  
Such defects as there were  
In the old plan of confederation.  
From the south to the north,  
So their statesmen pour forth,  
To establish some good institution;  
After many hard strains,  
The result of their pains  
Was a well form'd and choice constitution.

IV.

All the angels above,  
With omnipotent Jove,  
Have beheld the production with joy, sirs,  
And Discord dismay'd  
Has requested our aid,  
This sad foe of its peace to destroy, sirs.  
Civil war, cloath'd in blood,  
At my footstool hath stood,  
With the friends of domestic confusion,  
And have begg'd me with tears  
To dispel all their fears,  
By destroying the new constitution.

V.

Then attend, ev'ry fiend,  
To my sov'reign command,  
Ev'ry friend of distrust and dissention,  
Wing away to the earth,  
And destroy in their birth,  
The effects of the federal convention.  
Cast a mist o'er the eyes  
Of the virtuous and wise,  
And depend on a sure retribution;  
For all hell will exert  
Its whole force to subvert  
This grand fabric, the new constitution.

VI.

To Virginia first wing,  
Ere the season of spring,  
When the people will meet in convention;  
But be sure when you're there,  
You take heed to declare  
Unto none but our friends our intention.  
We send letters herewith,  
To friends — and —,  
To —, still fond of sedition,  
Who their force will combine,  
As relations of mine,  
To subvert ev'ry good constitution.

VII.

Fell Ambition, green eyed,  
You will have by your side,  
The promotress of strife and contention;  
And Impolicy drest  
In sound Policy's best,

Will promote our noble intention:  
Fill the head of the great  
R——ph, chief of the state,  
With a fear of his own diminution,  
Then assur'd you may be,  
That you quickly will see  
An o'erthrow of the new constitution.

VIII.

Public virtue——a gown,  
Ev'ry fiend must put on,  
To conceal his unlawful intention;  
And his horns tho' so big,  
He may hide with a wig,  
And array'd thus appear in convention:  
There as soon as you come,  
Fill the whole of the room  
With the mists of deceit and delusion,  
Give new force to the tongues,  
And strengthen the lungs,  
Of the foes of the new constitution."

IX.

Acclamations now ring,  
Each infernal takes wing,  
Fully charg'd with this wholesome direction;  
To the friends of their king  
Their dispatches they bring  
And receive a most hearty reception.  
Then let each honest man  
Do the best that he can,  
And establish a firm resolution,  
All their schemes to oppose,  
And to harrass the foes,

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