

But now she's always laying on
Taxation or manure;
She costs you pecks of trouble,
But de'l a peck can pay;
While all is scripture measure
In Michigania.

Then there's your land o' blue laws
Where deacons cut the hair,
For fear your locks and tenets
Should not exactly square;
Where beer that works o' Sundays
A penalty must pay;
While all is free and easy
In Michigania.

What country ever growed up,
So great in little time,
Just popping from the nurs'ry
Right into like its prime;
When Uncle Sam did wean her
'Twas but the other day,
And now she's quite a lady,
This Michigania.

Up on the River Clinton,
Just thro' the country back,
You'll find in shire of Oakland
The town of Pontiac,
Which, springing up o' sudden,
Sear'd wolves and bears away
That used to rove about there
In Michigania.

And if you follow downwards,
Why Rawehister is there;
And farther still Mount Clemens
Looks out upon St. Clair,
Besides some other places
Within Macombia
That promise population
To Michigania.