

James Madison

Catherine Faber

♩ = 150

I sing a - bout James Ma - di - son, a fa - ther of our land In
If men were an - gels, gov - ern - ment we'd have no pur - pose for. No
Know - ledge go - verns ig - nor - ance, so here where free - dom lives, The
We se - par - ate our Church and State in all our pub - lic life To

6
sta - ture he was slight and yet his wis - dom and his hand Helped
na - tion can pre - serve its free - dom, mired in con - stant war. The
peo - ple have to harm them - selves with pow - er know - ledge gives. For
keep for - ev - er from these shores that blind and cease - less strife, That

10
write the Con - sti - tu - tion, so here I bear a - long, Some
risk of a re - pub - lic is that when the vote is through, The
folk to rule in ig - nor - ance is pro - logue on my oath, To
soaked the Eu - ro - pe - an soil for cen - tur - ies in blood. We

14
say - ings of James Ma - di - son, trans - la - ted in - to song.
po - pu - lar and pow - er - ful may tram - ple on the few
farce, or bit - ter tra - ge - dy, or ve - ry like - ly both.
se - par - ate our Church and State to nip that in the bud.

18
The Ma - di - son his words and deeds can dim - ly let us know, Is

23
ver - y much im - per - fect, but a great man ev - en so.