

T H E  
Recruiting Officer:

O R,  
Over the Hills & far away.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,  
POOR GAFFER GRAY.  
THE PARADOX.

Nancy sighing for her true love Jemmy.  
The Old Woman ground Young again.



G L A S G O W,  
Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1802.

OF SCOTLAND  
EDINBURGH



## THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

**H**ARK! how the drums beat up again,  
 For all true soldiers, gentlemen;  
 Then let us list and march, I say,  
 Over the hills and far away:

Chor. Over the hills, and over the main,  
 To France, Gibraltar, or to Spain,  
 King George commands and we'll obey,  
 Over the hills and far away.

All gentlemen who have a mind,  
 To serve our King that's good and kind,  
 Come list, and enter into pay,  
 Then over the hills and far away: Over etc.

Here is ten guineas on the drum,  
 For those that Volunteers do come;  
 With shirts, and clothes, and present pay,  
 When over the hills and far away: Over, etc.

Hear that, brave boys, and let us go,  
 Or else we shall be press'd you know;  
 Then list and enter into pay,  
 When over the hills and far away: Over, etc.

The serjeants they do search about,  
 To find such brisk young fellows out;  
 Then let's be Volunteers I say,  
 Over the hills and far away: Over the hills, etc.

The Spaniards now shall low be brought,  
 And wealth and honour's to be got,  
 Who then behind would sneaking stay,  
 When over the hills and far away; Over the, etc.

No more from sound of drums retreat,  
 While that our noble fleets do beat  
 The French and Spaniards every day,  
 When over the hills and far away: Over the, etc.

He that is forc'd to go and fight,  
 Will never get true honour by't;  
 While Volunteers shall win the day,  
 When over the hills and far away: Over the, etc.

What tho' our friends our absence mourn?  
 We all with honour shall return;  
 And then we'll sing both night and day,  
 Over the hills and far away: Over the hill, etc.

The 'prentice Bill, he may refuse  
 To wipe his angry master's shoes;  
 For then he's free to sing and play,  
 When over the hills and far away: Over the, etc.

The 'prentice who has play'd the fool,  
 And fears to mount repenting-stool,  
 To kirk and session bids good day,  
 When over the hills and far away: Over the, etc.

Over rivers, boggs, and springs,  
 We all shall live as big as kings,  
 And plunder get both night and day,  
 When over the hills and far away: Over the, etc.

Then shall we live more happy lives,  
 By getting rid of Brats and Wives,  
 That scold and squeei both night and day,  
 When over the hills and far away: Over the, etc.

Come on brave boys and you shall see,  
 We every one shall captains be,  
 And we'll sing and rant as well as they,  
 When over the hills and far away: Over the, etc.

For if we go, to one 'tis ten,  
 But we return all gentlemen,  
 All gentlemen, as well as they,  
 When over the hills and far away :

Chor. Over the hills and over the main,  
 To France, Gibraltar, or to Spain,  
 King George commands, and we'll obey,  
 Over the hills and far away.

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POOR GAFFER GRAY.

TO! Why dost thou shiver and shake,  
 Gaffer Gray?

And why does thy nose look so blue?

“ 'Tis the weather that's cold,

“ 'Tis I'm grown very old,

“ And my doublet is not very new,

“ Well-a-day!

“ And my doublet is not very new.”

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,

Gaffer Gray,

And warm thy old heart with a glass:

“ Nay, but credit I've none,

“ And my money's all gone,

“ Then say how may this come to pass,

“ Well-a-day!” etc.

Hit away to the house on the brow,

Gaffer Gray,

And knock at the jolly priest's door;

“ The priest often preaches,

“ Against worldly riches,

“ But never gives a mite to the poor,

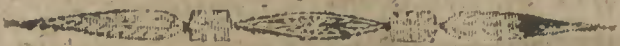
“ Well-a-day!” etc.



The Lawyer lives under the hill,  
 Gaffer Gray,  
 Warmly fence'd both in back and in front,  
 " He'll fasten the locks,  
 " And will threaten the flocks,  
 " Should he ever more find me in want,  
 " Well-a-day!" etc.

The 'Squire has good beef and brown ale,  
 Gaffer Gray,  
 And the season will welcome you there;  
 " The fat beef and his beer,  
 " And his merry New Year,  
 " Are all for the flush and the fair,  
 " Well-a-day!" etc.

My keg is but low, I confess,  
 Gaffer Gray,  
 What then, while it lasts man, we'll live;  
 " The poor man alone,  
 " When he hears the poor moan,  
 " Of his morsel a morsel will give,  
 " Well-a-day!" etc.



T H E P A R A D O X .

**W**E bipeds made up of frail clay,  
 Alas! we're the children of sorrow,  
 And though brisk and merry to-day,  
 We all may be wretched to-morrow.

For sunshine's succeeded by sorrow,  
 Then fearful of life's stormy weather,  
 Lest pleasure should only bring pain,  
 Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant, the best blessings we know,  
 Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure,

And lest that your friend prove a foe,  
O taste not the dangerous pleasure.

Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,  
And riches and health are a bubble,  
There's nothing delightful but care,  
Nor any thing charming but trouble.

- If a man he would point out that life,  
Which appears to him nearest to heaven,  
Let him thank his stars, chuse him a wife,  
To whom truth and honour is given.

But honour and truth are so rare,  
And horns when they're cutting so tingle,  
With all due respect to the fair,  
I advise them to sigh and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,  
That wisdom is nothing but folly;  
That pleasure's a term that means pain,  
And joy is your true melancholy.

Then those who do laugh, ought to cry,  
'Tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving,  
And since we must all of us die,  
We'll taste no enjoyment while living.

NANCY sighing for her true Love JEMMY.

C E A S E, cease my dearest Nancy,  
My joy and only dear,  
Let nought perplex your fancy,  
since I'm return'd safe here;  
Though many dangers I've been through,  
and battles on the seas,  
God has restor'd me back to you,  
from bitter enemies.

Chorus. I'll still adore my Nancy,  
That long has sigh'd for me.

When Jemmy first returned,  
 in Sailor's dress so gay,  
 He enquired for his Nancy,  
 and to her went straightway :

He said my dear, Since I've return'd,  
 with love I'll make you blest,  
 Neither night nor day for your sweet sake,  
 could I take any rest. I'll still adore, etc.

Then come to me my dearest,  
 my joy and heart's delight,  
 To me you are the fairest  
 that e'er appear'd in light;  
 't was for your sweet self, my dear,  
 those hardships I went thro',  
 but since that I have found you here,  
 to church pray let us go. I'll still adore, etc.

She said, My dearest Jemmy,  
 my joy and only dear,  
 I am your faithful Nancy,  
 come take me while I'm here;  
 Then straight she flew into his arms,  
 he said, My dearest love,  
 You are the mistress of all charms,  
 blest be the Powers above I'll still adore, etc.

To church they went with sweet content,  
 the happy knot was ty'd,  
 In unity their days they spent,  
 young Jemmy and his bride;  
 The most delightful wife, he said,  
 that e'er my eyes did see,  
 You now shall grace my marriage bed,  
 contented I will be.

Chorus. I still adore my Nancy,  
 That long has sigh'd for me.

The OLD WOMAN ground YOUNG again.

AS the miller was going to grind his grain,  
He heard an old woman sadly complain,  
O miller, said she, what must I give to thee,  
To make an old woman look young again.

'Tis twenty guineas, the miller, said he,  
Then she jumped about as brisk as a bee,  
With all my whole heart, the widow rejoic'd,  
For I know I have got a most happy choice.

Come fill the bumpers up to the brims,  
For I long to be a maiden again,  
Then the miller he took her on his back,  
And he tumbl'd her head and feet into his sack.

And unto his house he soon did return,  
And unto his mill did return again;  
Then into the hopper the miller he shot her,  
And swore he would make her look young again.

Then he oil'd her joints and he pair'd her nails,  
The wind blew fresh, and he soon made sail,  
With a great deal of pleasure they lay on the grass,  
Then he swore he would grind her as small as grass.

Then out of the hopper she reeling came,  
And called to the miller by his name,  
O miller, said she, what have you done to me,  
For I think in my heart I look young again.

Now the miller he lives at the Windmill Hill,  
And he grinds old women exceeding well,  
So now ye old maids and widows rejoice,  
For now you have got a most happy choice,  
Go to him all you that are old and lame,  
And he swears he'd make you look young again.