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The Adventures of
John o' Badenyon,

In Pursuit of Happiness.

To which are added,

49.

The Matrimonial Song,

AND

The British Tar.



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19

JOHN O' BADENYON.

WHEN first I came to be a man
 of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 and fain the world would know;
 In best attire I slept abroad,
 with spirits brisk and gay,
 And here and there, and every-where,
 was like a morn in May.

No cares I had, nor fears of want,
 but rambled up and down,
 And for a beau I might have pass'd
 in country or in town;
 I still was pleas'd where-e'er I went,
 and when I was alone,
 I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
 wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now, in the days of youthful prime,
 a mistress I must find,
 For love, I heard, gave one an air,
 and ev'n improv'd the mind.

On Phillis fair, among the rest,
 kind Fortune fix'd my eyes,
 Her piercing beauties struck my heart,
 and she became my choice.

To Cupid now, with hearty pray'r,
 I offer'd many a vow;
 And danc'd, & sung, & sigh'd, & swore,
 as other lovers do:
 But when at last I breath'd my flame,
 I found her cold as stone;
 I left the girl and tun'd my pipe
 to John o' Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd,
 with foolish hopes and vain,
 To friendship next I steer'd my course,
 and laugh'd at lovers' pain:
 A friend I got by lucky chance,
 'twas something like divine,
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 and such a gift was mine;

And now, whatever might betide,
 a happy man was I;
 In any strait I knew to whom
 I freely might apply:

A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,
 he laugh'd, and spurn'd my moan;
 I hy'd me home, and tun'd my pipe
 to John o' Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next,
 and would a Pa riot turn;
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
 and cry'd up Parson Horn;
 Their noble spirit I admir'd,
 and prais'd their manly zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen,
 maintain'd the public weal.

But ere a month or two was past,
 I found myself betray'd,
 'Twas self and party after all,
 for all the stir they made:
 At last I saw the factious knaves
 insult the very throne;
 I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe
 to John o' Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while,
 still hoping to succeed:
 I pitch'd on books for company,
 and gravely try'd to read:

I bought and borrow'd ev'ry-where,
 and studied night and day,
 Nor miss'd what Dean or Doctor wrote,
 that happen'd in my way.

Philosophy I now esteem'd
 the ornament of youth,
 And carefully thro' many a page
 I hunted after truth:
 A thousand various schemes I try'd,
 and yet was pleas'd with none:
 I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
 to John o' Badenyon.

And now you youngsters, ev'ry one,
 that wish to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor fondly hope
 for happiness below:
 What you may fancy pleasure here,
 is but an empty name:
 And girls, and friends, and books also,
 you'll find them all the same.

Then be advis'd, and warning take
 from such a man as me,
 I'm neither Pope, nor Cardinal,
 nor one of high degree:

You'll meet displeasure ev'ry-where :
 then do as I have done,
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
 wi' John o' Badenyon.

THE MATRIMONIAL SONG.

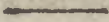
O that I had ne'er been married !
 I wad never had nae care :
 But now I've gotten wife and bairns,
 and they cry crowdie evermair.

Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
 three times crowdie in a day :
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
 ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waesfa' want and hunger fley me,
 glowrin by the hallan en' :
 Sair I fight them at the door,
 but aye I'm eerie they come ben.

Ance crowdie, &c.

THE BRITISH TAR.



Come all you thoughtless young men,
and a warning take by me;
And never leave your native homes
to plough the raging sea;
For I have ploug'd the raging sea,
these twenty years and more,
But now I'm turned adrift
to starve on my native shore.

When war first assailed us,
I quickly left my trade,
My country was in danger,
I flew to lend my aid,
And in my country's service,
lang, lang-fatigues I bore,
But now I am turn'd adrift,
to starve on my native shore.

By storms and raging tempests,
three times I have shipwreck'd been;
And many a blood-battle
upon the seas I've seen;

I have seen the canon's glaring flash,
 and heard the murdering roar,
 But now I am turned adrift,
 to starve on my native shore.

The British Seamen's valour
 to all the world is known,
 We conquer still where'er we go,
 the victor's all our own.
 The Meier flag of haughty Gaul,
 triumphantly we bore;
 But now we are turn'd adrift,
 to starve on our native shore.

Should hostile fleets e'er venture,
 to sail the raging main,
 True hearts of oak, we British Tars
 we'll push them back again;
 We'll bravely bring their ships to port,
 as we have done before;
 So help us when we are in want
 on our own native shore.

F I N I S
