

# The volunteer boys ;

To which is added,

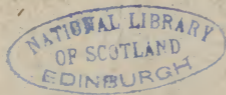
Barring o' the door,

Days o' langsyne,

The hen-peck'd husband.



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THE VOLUNTEER BOYS.

Hence with the lover who sighs o'er his wine,  
Chloe's and Phillis's teasing,  
Hence with the slave who will whimper and whine,  
Of ardour and constancy boasting;  
Hence with love's joys, follies and noise,  
The toast that I give is the volunteer boys.

Nobles and beauties, and such common toasts,  
Those who admire them may drink, Sir,  
Fill up the glass to the Volunteer hosts,  
Who never from danger did shrink, Sir,  
Let mirth appear, and every heart cheer,  
The toast that I give is the brave Volunteer.

Here's to the 'Squire that goes to parade,  
Here's to the citizen soldier;  
Here's to the Merchant that sighs for his trade,  
Whom danger increasing makes bolder;  
Let mirth appear and every heart cheer,  
The toast that I give is the brave Volunteer.

Here's to the lawyer, who leaves the bar,  
Hastens where honour doth lead, Sir,

Changing the gown for the ensigns of war,  
 The cause of the country to plead, Sir,  
 Freedom appears, ev'ry heart obeys,  
 That calls for a health to the Law Volunteer.

Here's to the soldier though batter'd in wars,  
 And safe to his farm retir'd,  
 When call'd for his country ne'er thinks of his scars,  
 With ardour to join is inspir'd;  
 Bright fame appears, trophies uprears,  
 To veteran chiefs, who became Volunteers.

Here's to the Farmer that dares to advance,  
 To harvests of honour with pleasure,  
 Who wish a slave the most skillful in France,  
 A sword with his Freedom would measure;  
 Hence with cold fear Heroes rise here,  
 The ploughman is chang'd to the stout Volunteer.

Thus the bold bands of Britain's defence,  
 The cause hath with rapture review'd Sir,  
 With our Volunteer boys as our verses commence,  
 With our Volunteer boys they conclude Sir,  
 Discords nor noise, never damp our joys,  
 But health and success to the Volunteer boys.

Here's to the Peer first in Senate and field,  
 Whose actions to title and grace, Sir,

Whose spirit undaunted would never yet yield,  
To a foe, to a pension or place Sir,  
Gratitude here, toasts to the Peer,  
Who adds to his title the brave Volunteer,

### THE BARRING O' THE DOOR.

It fell about the Martinmas time,  
And a gay time it was then,  
When our goodwife got puddings to make,  
And she boild them in a pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,  
And blew into the floor;

Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,  
"Get up and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyf'skap,  
Goodman, as you may see,  
An it should na be barr'd this hundred year,  
It's no be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,  
They made it firm and sure;  
That the first word wha'er should speak,  
Should rise and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,  
At twelve o'clock at night,  
And they could neither see house nor hauld,  
Nor coal nor candle light.

Now whether is this a rich man's house?  
Or whether is this a poor?  
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,  
For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,  
And then they ate the black;  
Tho' muckle thought the gudwife to herself,  
Yet ne'er a word she spak.

Then said the one unto the other,  
'Here man, take my knife,  
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,  
And I'll kiss the goodwife.'

'But there's nae water in the house,  
And what shall we do then?  
'What ails ye at the pudding broo,  
That boils into the pan?

O up then started our gudeman,  
An angry man was he;

"Will ye kiss my wife before my face,  
 And scad me wi' pudding bree?  
 Then up and started our gudwife,  
 Gi'd three skips on the floor;  
 "Gudeman, you've spoken the foremost word,  
 Get up and bar the door."

### THE DAYS OF LANGSYNE.

When war had broke in on the peace of auld men,  
 And frae Chelsea to arms they were summon'd a-  
 gain,  
 Twa vet'rans grown grey wi' their muskets sair  
 foll'd,  
 Wi' a sigh were relating how hard they had toil'd,  
 The drum it was beating to fight they incline.  
 But sy they look back on the days o' lang syne,  
 Eh! Davie man wae! thou remembers the time,  
 When twa brisk young callans an' just in our  
 prime,  
 The prince led us, conquer'd and shew'd us the  
 way,  
 An' mony a braw chiel we turn'd sauld on that  
 day;

Still again wad I venture this auld trunk o' mine,  
Could our generals but lead, or we fight like lang  
syne

But garrison duty is a' we can do,  
Tho' our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts are  
still true :

We fear'd neither danger by land or by sea,  
For time's turn'd coward, an na you or me,  
And tho' at our fate we may sadly repine,  
Youth wianna return, nor the strength o' lang syne.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind,  
How thy Jean caressed thee, and my Meg was  
kind,

They shair'd a' our dangers, tho' ever aac bard,  
Nor car'd we for plunder, when sic our reward :  
Ev'n now they're resolved baith their hames to  
reign,

And to share the hard fates they were us'd to lang  
syne.

THE HEN-PECK'D HUSBAND.

Young men and wives I pray attend,  
while I relate my ditty,

A wife I have I do declare,  
 she's neither handsome, neat or witty.

For better, for worse, I took my wife,  
 all joys of life with me miscarry'd,  
 I oft times wish, but wish in vain,  
 that to her I had ne'er been marry'd.

On Monday morning, ere it is dight,  
 like a horse then I do labour,  
 And when that I come home at night,  
 madam's gossiping with ca h neighbour.

FINIS.