



A NEW SONG CALL'D THE
YOUNG VOLUNTEER
ON HIS MARCH TO BATTLE

Oh did you hear of late mind the date what I state
I have it in my pate says the young voln teer,
They're going to raise a band I understand oot of hand
To protect Britannia's land says the young volunteer

They'll have fiddle-sticks & flutes with regimental-boots,
To show off the new recruits when on drill they do appear
Get measured for a new clothes I suppose heels & toes,
Or they'll pull you by the nose says the young volunteer

You dandies one & all great & sma'l mind the call,
Kou'd 'ust do to stop n ball says the yeung volunteer,
No matter iame or sore breeches tore sixty-fere,
They will do the royal corps says the young volunteer,

So mind do not be afraid when you go out on parade
With a dashing peacock's tail in the ranks you will appear,
And a splendid scarlet coat all afloat mind the rote,
Should you kill a billy-goat says the young volunteer,

Then the tailors & the snob hold my bob what a job,
And the smith must leave his hob says the young voln teer,
And the fogies they must figh left & right day & night,
with a bunch of bullock's ligots says the young volunteer,

The nob's must leave their homes & the weavers their looms,
The sweets & the grooms they must fight with their brooms,
Old Wellington will stand ranked-foremost in the bad,
With a nine-tails-cat in hand says the young volunteer,

No Dan can now refuse or abuse right good news,
With neather Turk and Jew we'll subdue never fear,
And the Quaker—gun in hand understand every man,
Save your Country if you can says the young volnteers,

Know the moment you're enrolled you'll be a soldier bold,
You must were your Irish beard one-and twenty days-a-year
The scarlet you'll have on rich and rare I declare,
You must march both frount and rare says the young volunteer

The farner what a row he must leave his wife and bow,
His horrow and plough or the Frenchman may come here,
Every sinner must enlist with a shillielagh in his fist,
And the thollough ie his wrist says the young volunteer,

They'll have adeal to do for toe counter-jumpers too,
They must guard our corst below—reef and steer,
The sergent wth his rod takes the nod on the sod,
We will be an awkward squad says the young volunteer,

So you ladies all sofne with your gtns and crinoline,
You can prime and load and shoot never fear,
With crinoline and hoops we'll stand forth as mighty troops
Repelling all our foes sraace the young volunteer

A great army we will raise and the world we'll amaze,
We'll shoot both bugs and fleas in the summer time of year,
Come list without delay—if not shot you'll get your pay,
It will be thirteen-pence a a day—what cheer,
And if you get a wound on the ground I, I volunteer,
You surely will be crowned says the young volunteer,

For if you stand the test for ever you'll be blest,
And peace O medals medals on your breast like stars will appear
Two wooden legs they'll send down to each wounded friend,
Tipt with silver sa the end for the young volunteer

