

T H E

# Recruit's Farewell

T O H I S

## Wife and three Children.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

NATURE'S RICHEST MINE,  
THE JOLLY TOPER,  
CONVEY A KISS.

The CALEDONIAN LADDIE,  
JOHNNY BLUSTER'S WIFE.



G L A S G O W,

PRINTED BY J. & M. ROBERTSON,  
SALTMARKET, 1803.



## The RECRUIT'S FAREWELL.

**F**arewell to you dear Nancy,  
 likewise my children three,  
 Behold I am come to take my leave  
 of friends and family ;  
 I have just now inlisted, and  
 must for a soldier go,  
 Abroad to foreign countries  
 to face our daring foe.

Dear Jack my heart does tremble  
 at this sad news you bring,  
 To say you wou'd leave your family  
 and go and serve the king,  
 I will sell my cloak, and rather  
 than you should go away,  
 And likewise all our furniture  
 your smart money to pay.

Dear Nancy I'm now attested,  
 and smart money won't do,  
 I would not rue my bargain,  
 only for parting you ;  
 Let not my absence grieve you,  
 though I must cross the main,  
 You'll see me roll in splendor,  
 when I return again.

Dear Jack now do not leave me,  
 and my poor helpless train,

But give the sergeant back the coin,  
 and here at home remain,  
 For my mind does tell me if you  
 go where cannons do roar,  
 Your loving wife and children  
 will never see you more.

A soldier's fate my dear depends  
 upon the fortune of war,  
 And I in battle may escape  
 without a wound or fear;  
 If I should wear a wooden leg,  
 a pensioner I'll be,  
 And if I gain a golden chain,  
 I'll bring it home to thee.

Dear Jack it grieves my heart to hear  
 you talk of leg or chain,  
 I wou'd not wish you'd lose one joint  
 for pension or for gain;  
 But stay at home and do not roam  
 to foreign countries,  
 Unless your life you'd forfeit  
 amidst your enemies.

My dear I cannot stay at home,  
 nor yet endure to see  
 So many looms stand idle,  
 that once went merrily;  
 There is no demand for merchandize,  
 this war has made it so,  
 And trading is so very bad  
 that many a man must go.

Besides provisions they are high,  
 and trading is so low,  
 And if the season should be dear,  
 and would continue so ;  
 There is many a brave mechanic  
 must go as well as I,  
 To serve the King and face his foe  
 where cannon-balls do fly.

My dear you little know as yet,  
 what fortune may devise,  
 Provisions they may get a fall,  
 and trading it may rise ;  
 Oh ! that's live horse and you'll get grass ;  
 but that won't do for me,  
 I wou'd sooner go and fight for bread,  
 than live in poverty.

Now since our gallant heroes has  
 no prospect of relief,  
 Dry up your tears dear Nancy,  
 and moderate your grief ;  
 I'll ne'er retract, till death I'll act  
 with courage bold and free,  
 So now adieu, my love to you,  
 my wife and children three.

---

### NATURE'S RICHEST MINE.

**P**URSUING beauty, men descry,  
 the distant shore, and long to prove,  
 (Still richer in variety,)  
 the treasure of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians, stand  
 inviting, from our golden coast,  
 The wand'ring rovers to our land ;  
 but she who trades with'em is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,  
 stealing, unseen into the heart ;  
 But by possession settled in,  
 they quickly act another part.

For beads and babbles we resign,  
 in ignorance our shining store ;  
 Discover Nature's richest Mine,  
 and yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,  
 how he can court, or you be won ;  
 For love is but discovery,  
 when that is made the pleasure's done.

### THE JOLLY TOPER.

**M**Y name is Dick Brady, boys,  
 a man that loves pleasure,

For toping and fuddling,  
 I am always at leisure ;

For toping and fuddling,  
 I am always so ready,

And I ne'er will give over,  
 while my name is Dick Brady.

To see me in my element,  
 all topers will adore me ;

With a hoghead of brandy  
 reeling before me ;

With my mouth at the bung-hole,  
 I quickly would consume it,  
 And live for ever boys,  
 by the strength of the hoghead.

Was the ocean made of brandy,  
 and I was put into it,  
 I would drink the sea dry,  
 but I would go through it ;  
 For I never would retire,  
 nor flinch from the ocean,  
 I would drink the sea dry, boys,  
 so great is my motion.



### C O N V E Y A K I S S .

I Dream'd a dream last night ;  
 God keep us free from sorrow ;  
 I dream'd I pu'd the birks sae green,  
 wi' my true love on Yarrow.

I'll read your dream my sister dear,  
 I'll tell you a' your sorrow ;  
 You pu'd the birks wi' your true love,  
 he's kill'd, he's kill'd on Yarrow.

O gentle wind that blaweth south,  
 to where my love repaireth,  
 Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,  
 and tell me how he fareth !

But o'er yon glen run armed men,  
 have wrought me dole and sorrow,  
 They've slain, they've slain the comliest swain,  
 he bleeding lies in Yarrow.

THE CALEDONIAN LADDIE.

**B**LYTHE Sandy is a bonny boy,  
 and always is a wooing,  
 Nor is he e'er too bold or coy,  
 although he is so loving.  
 Last night he prest me to his breast,  
 and vow'd he'd ask my daddy, O,  
 O dear, to wed me he confess'd,  
 the Caledonian laddie O.

CHORUS.

O, my bonny, bonny Highland boy,  
 my bonny, bonny Highland lad,  
 My bonny, bonny Highland laddie O,  
 my Caledonian laddie O.

The maidens try baith far and near,  
 to gain young Sandy over,  
 But all their arts I didna fear,  
 he winna prove a rover.

For sure he tal' me frank and free,  
 unknown to dad or mammy, O,  
 He'll marry me, ah! nane but me,  
 the Caledonian laddie, O. O my, &c.

The tother day from Dundee fair,  
 he brought me hame a bonnet,  
 A cap and ribbon for my hair,  
 but mark what soon came on it;  
 As late at kirk we somewhat stood,  
 in spite of man or daddy, O,  
 He married me, do all I could,  
 the Caledonian laddie, O. O my, &c.

---

 JOHNNY BLUSTER'S WIFE.

TUNE—WILLY WASTLE DWALT ON TWEED.

JOHNNY BLUSTER dwalt on Clyde,  
 The place they ca'd it Traddletony;  
 Johnny was a joiner gude,  
 Nane cou'd weild a plane like Johnny.

Lizie Painch was Johnny's wife,  
 An' filly Matty was her mither:  
 Sic a wife as Johnny had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her.

Johnny was ance ha'f in love,  
 His fancy was by beauty haunted;  
 Heav'n shone in Johnny's e'e—  
 But no the heav'n Johnny wanted:  
 For Johnny courted Lizie Painch,  
 'Cause Lizie Painch she had the filler,  
 But sic a wife as Lizie Painch,  
 I wadna gi'e a button for her.

Lizie's face was like the moon,  
 Her shouther's maist as braid as Samson's;  
 Her very picture's like the sign  
 That hings aboon auld Robin Thamson's.  
 But de'il a prin does Johnny care,  
 Were Lizzy like the Witch o' Endor;  
 Johnny fattens on her gear—  
 He wadna gi'e a button for her.

---

G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1803.