THE

# GOOD MILITIA MAN;

OR, THE

## MAN that is worth a Hoſt,

BEING A NEW SONG

By HONEST DAN the Plough-boy turned Soldier.


Sold by J. MARSHALL,

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THE

# GOOD MILITIA MAN, &c.

I.

I WAS a Plough-boy tall Sir;
My name was honeſt Dan;
But at my country's call, Sir,
I've turn'd Militia Man.

II.

So on our little green, Sir,
Away from all the mire,
I daily now am ſeen, Sir,
To cock, preſent, and fire.

III. In

III.

In Regimentals bright, Sir,
Of Scarlet I do ſhine,
With hair tied up ſo tight, Sir,
And whiten'd all ſo fine.

IV.

Of Maidens not a few, Sir
Come crouding round the green;
And ſo do Parents too, Sir;
The Children puſh between.

V.

There like a Soldier prime, Sir,
I march both quick and ſlow;
I ſtamp my foot in time, Sir,
And then kick up my toe.

VI.

Mean while, with ſound ſo grand, Sir,
They beat the Rum—drum—drum;
Till all our valiant Band, Sir,
Do wiſh the French would come.

VII.

But ſtop—methinks 'tis wrong, Sir,
To talk this ſwelling ſtuff;
For no true Soldier's ſong, Sir
Should deal in empty puff.

VIII.

I'll give you then a ſpice, Sir
(Oh now you'll like my plan)
Of ſound and good advice, Sir
For each Militia Man.

IX.

First then, be sound at heart, Sir,
Be loyal, says my Song;
And nobly act your part, Sir
To right your Country's wrong.

X.

Yet let no Soldier hold, Sir,
He merely need be stout,
And blunt and brave and bold, Sir,
And mad to fight it out;

XI.

Your Soldier of true stamp, Sir
Is not like brutish Cattle;
And he'll be good in camp, Sir,
As well as good in battle.

XII.

Unlike the looſer herd, Sir
Each vice he'll try to cruſh;
Nor will he ſpeak a word, Sir
To make a Maiden bluſh.

XIII.

Nor will he ſhew his ſpunk, Sir,
By turning jolly fellow;
He never will be drunk, Sir,
No, no—nor yet be mellow.

XIV.

He counts it quite a ſhame, Sir
To hear a Soldier ſwear;
'Tis what King George would blame, Sir,
No doubt if he was there.

XV. Nor

XV.

Nor does he laugh and grin, Sir.
At theſe as petty things;
Your ſwearing is a ſin, Sir
Againſt the King of Kings.

XVI.

For be it underſtood, Sir
He ſays with honeſt Dan,
" The Soldier can't be good, Sir
While wicked is the Man."

XVII.

Now ſhould ſome ſaucy Tongue, Sir,
Here ſtop me for a Toaſt,
I'll give the Man I've ſung, Sir,
" The Man that's worth a hoſt."

Z.

THE END.