

# The Recruiting Sergeant:

## Or, a Poem on the Gentlemen Volunteers,

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*Quid non pro Patria.*

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Fam'd England's fons once more comes to the plain,  
Nor fears the tempests of the raging Main,  
Heroick greatness boils in ev'ry vein.

With manly Grace their valiant leader sees  
His warlike fons, joy sparkles in his eyes.

With martial pride they tread the floury plain,  
Their glowing cheeks bears a vermilion stain.

No more luxurious ease they do admire,  
But clashing armour and engines of War.

For as the Sun, drest in a purple hue  
Exhales the pearly drops of morning dew:  
So is their thoughts exalted far above,  
What formerly they priz'd and most they lov'd,  
They now despise, as thoughts inferior far  
To Marl's Sons, who're train'd at Glory's Bar.

Canada's charms now rolls within their breast,  
And all the beauties of the shining West.

Contemning dangers, they do seek the shore,  
To find the gold, and throw away the ore.

Britain to help, proud France to keep in awe,  
Canada to support, to America give Law.  
Slavery to crush, liberty to maintain,  
Laurels of praise and victory for to gain.

From town to camp undaunted they repair,  
Fields please the fight, and trumpets charm the ear,  
They look for dangers, with to be withstood,  
To bask their glitt'ring swords in crimson blood.

Ah, noble youths! , brave thirsters after Fame,  
As good's your cause, may Fortune be the fame.  
As Incense on the altar upward flies,  
So is your Fame extoll'd ev'n to the skies.

Go then, brave youths, Britannia's foes subdue,  
May Guardian Angels go along with you.  
The rebel's humbled, then Heav'ns grant you come  
Safely, victorious, and triumphant home.

So wife Ulysses, confin'd by ten years wars  
Before Troy's walls recived many scars,  
And when its ruin did the victor crown,  
Yet Fates ordain'd he should not then get home,  
But tost on billows in the foaming Deep  
His yielding bark did the green surface sweep.

Confin'd by Giants, and Circe's wondrous charms,  
He lost his spoils, and great Achilles' arms.  
Yet after all the dangers he had past,  
To his Penelope he came at last,  
Where Beauty and Love conjunctly he enjoy'd,  
And with her luscious sweets his senses cloy'd;  
And now the miseries in which he was before,  
Made his last Life yield pleasures in full store.