

A NEW SONG ON THE

# Preston guild 1842.

You lads and lasses far and near,  
Unto my song pray lend an ear,  
The time is come for mirth and glee;  
To Preston Guild let's haste away;  
For Tom and Sam with Jim and Peg,  
And daddy with his wooden leg,  
Aye grunting Jack with Sam and Will  
Are all gone off to Preston-Guild.

There lords and ladies, Kings and Queens,  
At Preston Guild they may be seen,  
Yes, merchants—tradesmen, a grand show,  
With ladies walking in a row;  
And then the trades they do appear,  
By gum it makes one feel quite queer,  
Some walking, others standing still,  
This is the fun at Preston Guild.

The tailors they lead up the van,  
With Adam and Eve they look so grand;  
Then Robin Hood's men and gardeners;  
Who represent Mars the god of wars;  
Shopkeepers Publicans so free,  
Will follow up for liberty,  
The grandest show in England still,  
Is the jubilee at Preston Guild.

The factory folks are next in view,  
Spinners, weavers, and carders, too,  
The piecers do not lag behind,  
Brickmakers at the Guild we find,  
Bricksetters, masons, two and two,  
To see them walking in a row,  
The men who houses and factories build,  
You'll see them walk at Preston Guild.

When at the Guild you do arrive,  
Like Bees they're swarming all alive,  
All kinds of trades are working still,  
You'll see, now you're at Preston Guild,  
There's swinging boxes, likewise shows,  
And soldiers listing drunken fools,  
Both drunkards and teetotalers will  
Enjoy a peep at Preston Guild.

Its toss or buy for cakes or nuts,  
Sweet meats or ORMSKIRK, stuff your guts  
Or take a throw at civil will,  
Now lads you're come to Preston Guild,  
Or see the sports that's up and down,  
At Preston Guild in Preston town,  
Two shillings a bed pay with good will  
If you stop one night at Preston Guild.

The times are hard, the wages low,  
Some thousands to the Guild cant go,  
From Blackburn, Burnly, & Chorley still,  
They will roll on to Preston Guild,  
From Wigan—Bolton—Lancaster,  
From Liverpool and Manchester,  
The Railroad brings them on it still,  
To see the fun at Preston Guild.

So young and old, I'll tell you true,  
It's different now since twenty-two,  
The men did labour with good will,  
It's not so now this Preston Guild,  
But let us hope the times will mend,  
When the poor man can the poor befriend,  
We want our rights and then we will,  
Have plenty of sport next Preston Guild.

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