

1849.



THE
OWDHAM CHAP'S VISIT
To th' Queen

It happen'd t'other Monday morn, while seated at my loom, sirs,
Pickin' th' ends fro, eaut o'th yorn, eaur Nan pop'd into th' room sirs,
Hoo shouted eaut, aw tell thee, Dick, aw think thour't actin shabby,
So off to Lunnon cut thy stick, and look at th' royal babby.

Every thing wur fun an' glee, they laugh'd at o aw tow'd em,
An' ax'd if th' folk wur o like me, ut happen'd t' come fro' Owdham.

Then off aw goes an' never stops, till into th' palace handy ;
Th' child wur sucking lollypops, plums, and sugarcandy ;
An' little Vic i'th nook aw spied, a monkey on her lap, mon,
An' Albert sittin' by her side, a mixin' gin an' pap mon.

Everything wur, &c.

When albert seed me, up he jumps, an' reet to me did waddle ;
An' little Vicky sprung her pumps wi' shakin' o' my daddle ;
They ax'd to have a glass o' wine, for pleasure up it waxes ;
O yes, says aw, sir eight or nine, it o' comes eaut o'th taxes.

Everything wur, &c.

They took the prince o' Wales up soon, an' gan it me for to daudle ;
Then Albert fotch'd a silver spoon, an' ax'd me to taste at t' caudle,
Ecod, says aw, that's good awd buck, it's taste aws ne'er forgot mon,
An' if my owd mother'd gan sich suck, 'cod aw'd been suckin yet mon.

Everything wur, &c.

They ax'd me heau aw liked their son, an' prais'd both th' nose an eyes on't
Aw tow'd 'em though 't were only fun, 't wur big enough for th' size on,t,
Says aw your Queenship makes a stir, (hoo shapes none like a dunce mon
But if eaur Nan lived as well as her hoo'd breed 'em two at wonce mon,)

Everything wur, &c.

They said they'd send their son to school as soon as he could walk mon
And then for fear he'd be a foo, they'd larn him th' Owdham talk mon,
Says aw there's summut else as well, there's nout loik drainin th' whole pit
For fear he'll ha' for t' keep hissell, aw'd larn him wark i'th coal pit.

Everything wur, &c.

Then up o'th slopes we had a walk' to give our joints relief sirs,
And then we sat us deaun to talk, 'beaut politics and beef sirs,
Aw tow'd 'em th' corn laws wur but froth, an' th'taxes must o drop mon,
That when eaur Nan wur makin breath, some fat might get to th' top mon,

Everything wur, &c.

So neau my tale is at an end but nowt but truth aw tells sirs,
If ever we want the times to mend we'll ha' for t' do 't eaur sells sir,
So neau yc seen aw've tow'd my sprees, and sure as aw am wick mon,
If my owd wife and Albert dees aw'll try for 't wed wi Vic mon.

Everything wur, &c.



St. Helen's
COLLIERY
Explosion.

J. Harkness Printer, 121, Church Street Preston.

Attend awhile, ye Christians, that in this nation dwell,
Unto a fatal accident which lately has befel,
Few men of all the sons of earth where'er they may be
found,
In greater peril live than those who work beneath the ground.

CHORUS.

Christians send your prayers on high,
For those that in Safford Colliery died.

A sad heart-rending catastrophe to you I will unfold,
For such a dreadful tale of woe before was never told,
'Twas on the 23rd of June, eighteen hundred and forty nine,
When seven poor Colliers lost their lives at the Safford coal
mine.

It makes me shudder when I think on their dangers dark & dire
Of damps, foul air, and falling earth, of water and of fire,
But let me tell my woeful tale, and reader keep in view,
Through every line and every verse that what I state is true.

It was at Safford Colliery this sad event befel,
Near to the town of St. Helens, by hundreds known full well,
It was on Saturday, the 23rd, sad news through St. Helens
spread,
That with fire damp the pit was fill'd and seven poor Colliers
dead.

There were sixty miners at the time working under ground
Twenty of them were sorely bruised, and seven dead were
found,
To see their wives and children it would melt a heart of stone,
Some looking for a husband, some a father or a son.

Fine healthy men in youth and bloom, by death were snatch'd
away,
All by this sad explosion upon that fatal day,
While these mournful widows their hearts did ache with pain,
To think that morn would be the last they e'er would meet
again.

Children are now left fatherless all through this sad event,
Sad tears in torrents they did fall, while hundreds did lament,
For friends and their relations who met their awful doom,
Let's hope their souls are now at rest while in the silent tor