



Collier Swell

J. Harkness, Printer, 121, Church, Street, Preston.

I used to be a vulgar clown, with cash and money short in,
Till my old uncle died in town, and left me all his fortune
A collier I was by trade, but I've chang'd as you may tell sir,
And since a richer purse I've got, I'll be a regular swell sir,

CHORUS

But I'm so plagu'd with vulgar folks, since I've got cash to sport in,
Why can't a collier cut a swell, when he's been left a fortune?

I us'd to go with low bred chaps, and talk to ev'ry put low,
Get drunk in Tom-and-Jery shops, and go a purring foot bo,
But now with all the swells in town, I sport my bobs and tanners,
And am going to London town, to learn some genteel manners.

And when I've been to London town, I mean to go to France, sir,
To practice two or three times a week, to learn to hop and dance sir,
Besides I've got a quizzing glass, to see things far and near O,
Which caused me the other day, to fall o'er a barrow.

O my family are a vulgar set, tho' they've get clothes in fashion,
They put them inside out, which puts me in a passion,
The lads whene'er we go to church, tho' they have got lots of riches,
They all go in their clogs, smock frocks and leather breeches,

My wife she is the worst of all, when we give genteel dinners,
She uses neither knife nor fork, but pops in all her fingers,
And when they hand the wine about, she tells the gents it stinks sir,
Gets full her mouth, and squirts it out, and calls for treacle drink sir.

If I give a dinner to my lord, and bid her make a good'un,
Perhaps she'll make some pea-soup, or else a great black pudding,
And when the tea it is brought in, the tray she always flings sir,
Stirs up the sugar with her fist, and then she licks her fingers.

My lord once ask'd us to dine, there we had a rum start,
Instead of her new carriage fine, she would ride in a dung cart,
And when he sent his horse to her, and wanted her to ride, sir,
But what do you think of the ignorant jade she would get on astride, sir.



THE BANKS OF THE *BLUE* *MOSELLE.*

Harkness, Printer, Church St., Preston.

When the glow worm gilds the elfine bow'r
That clings round the ruin'd shrine,
Where first we met, where first we lov'd,
And I confess'd thee mine.
'Tis there I'd fly to meet thee still,
At sound of vesper bell,
In the starry light of a summer's night,
On the banks of the Blue Moselle.
In the starry, &c.

If the cares of life should shade thy brow,
Yes, yes, in our native bowers,
My heart and lute might best accord,
To tell of happier hours.
Yes, there I'll sooth thy griefs to rest,
Each sigh of sorrow quell,
In the starry light, of a summer's night,
On the banks of the Blue Moselle.
In the starry, &c.

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