



THE
**Lancashire
WITCHES !**

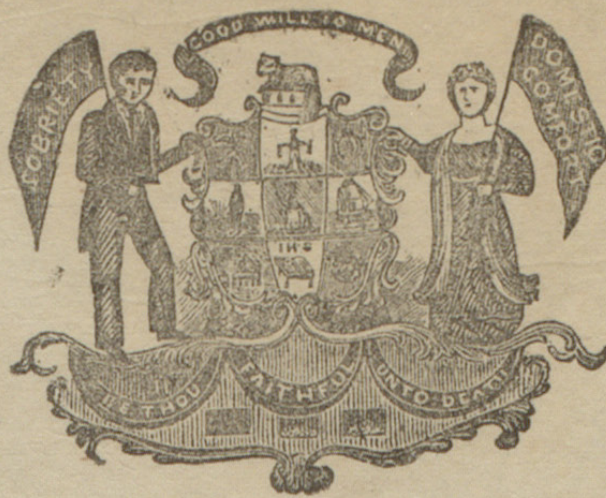
John Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.

In vain I attempt to describe
The charms of my favourite fair ;
She's the sweetest of Mother Eve's tribe
With her there is none to compare.
She's a pride of beauty so bright,
Her image my fancy enriches ;
My charmer's the village delight,
And the pride of the Lancashire
Witches.

Then hurrah for the Lancashire witches,
Whose smile every bosom enriches ;
Oh, dearly I prize
The pretty blue eyes
Of the pride of the Lancashire witches.

They may talk of the dark eyes in Spain :
'Tis useless to boast as they do :
They attempt to compare them in vain
With the Lancashire Ladies of blue.
Only view the dear heavenly belles,
You're soon seized with love's sudden
twitches,
Which none could create but the spells
From the eyes of the Lancashire
witches.

The Lancashire witches, believe me,
Are beautiful every one ;
But mine, or my fancy deceives me,
Is the prettiest under the sun.
If the wealth of the Indies, I swear,
Were mine, and I wallow'd in riches,
How gladly my fortune I'd share
With the pride of the Lancashire
witches.



WHOLESOME ADVICE
TO
Drunkards.

You drunkards all I pray attend wherever you may be,
A story true I'll tell to you if you will list to me,
Concerning poor deluded drunkards, one I've been myself,
Till all the clothes for which I worked laying on my uncle's shelf.

CHORUS.

So drunkards all take my advice, to shun disgrace and strife,
It's to pass the public house, and give the money to your wife.

For publicans and jerry lords such numbers now have grown,
The fools called drunkards to decoy, in country and in town,
Fine painted walls and looking glasses wherever you may halt,
At every corner of the street you'll find a liquor vault.

The publicans like gentlemen can ride to balls and plays,
To wakes, races, and to fairs, for pleasure ride at ease,
Now drunkards just look at yourselves when your last penny's
gone,
They'll tell you plain they cannot trust, you'd better to go home.

The landlady is next to view, floun'd and furbelow'd,
Fine dandy caps and whiskers as through the streets they go,
Then drunkards turn your thoughts on home, reverse the picture
quite,
You'll see hunger, want, and poverty attending on your wife.

The landlord's sons and daughters next at them take a view,
Gold watches, rings so dandified to boarding schools must go,
Then drunkards look again at home, your children in distress,
Half starved, naked, barefooted, through winter's storm and frost.

The landlords each day in the week a good fat pot can boil,
With beef and mutton, veal and ham, plum-pudding, rich & fine,
Drunkards search your cupboards well, and it will you much sur-
prise,
To see the mice like skeletons, with tears all in their eyes.

Now moderation men one hint, pray don't take it amiss,
The drunkards moderators were, when they began at first,
But glass oftimes entices glass, till a drunkard you become,
Then farewell to peace and comfort and your once happy home.

Fine singing rooms they now have plann'd poor drunkards to be-
guile,
Pianoes, organs, singers too, all in a first-rate style,
But take a side way glance at them, if wit or sense you've any,
You'll plainly see their finery is all got from fool's penny.

Now women one word of advice to give you I will try,
And do not go as many do and take it on the sly,
But beef and bread go buy instead; and let the landlords see
That for the future you'll provide for your own families.

So now to conclude and make an end of this, my drinking rhyme
Just search it well, you'll find that drink's the mother of all crime,
For empty pockets, aching heads, it will prove galore,
So tipplers take a second thought and never get drunk no more.