



THE BANKS OF SWEET
PRIMROSES.

As I walked out one Mid-summer's Morning,
To view the fields and take the air,
Down by the banks of the sweet primroses,
There I beheld a most lovely fair.

Three long steps I took up to her,
Not knowing her as she passed me by,
I stepped up to her thinking to view her,
She appeared to be like some virtuous bride.

I said, fair maid where are you going?
Or what is the occasion of your grief?
I'll make you as happy as any lady,
If you will grant me some relief.

Stand off, stand off, you are deceitful,
You are a false deceitful man 'tis plain,
It's you that caused my poor heart to wander,
To give me comfort it is all in vain,

I'll go down in some lonesome valley
No man on earth shall e'er me find,
Where the pretty birds shall change their voices.
At every moment shall blow boisterous winds.

Come all you maidens that go a courting,
Pray give attention to what I say,
For there's many a dark and cloudy morning,
Turns out to be a sunshining day,

THE
COLLIER LASS.

My name is Polly Parker, I'm come o'er from Worsley,
My father and mother work in the coal mine,
Our family's large, we have got seven children,
So I'm obliged to work in the same mine,
And as this is my fortune I know you feel sorry,
That in such employment my days I shall pass,
But I keep up my spirits, I sing and look merry,
Although I am but a poor Collier Lass.

By the greatest of dangers each day I'm surrounded,
I hang in the air by a rope or a chain,
The mine may fall in, I may be killed or wounded,
May perish by damp or the fire of a train;
And what would you do were it not for our labour,
In wretched starvation your days you would pass
While we can provide you with life's greatest blessing,
Then do not despise a poor Collier Lass.

All the long day you may say we are buried,
Depriv'd of the light, and warmth of the sun,
And often at night from our beds we are hurried,
The water is in, and bare footed we run;
And tho' we go ragged, and black are our faces,
As kind and as free as the best we'll be found,
And our hearts are as white as your lords in fine places,
Although we're poor Colliers that work under ground.

I am now growing up fast and somehow or other,
There's a Collier lad strangely runs into my mind,
And in spite of the talking of father or mother,
I think I should marry if he was inclined;
But should he prove surly and will not befriend me,
Another and better chance may come to pass,
And my friends here, I know, to him will recommend me,
And I'll be no longer a Collier Lass.

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