

HASWELL CAGES.

TUNE.—The wedding of Ballyporeen.

Come all you good people and listen awhile,
I will sing you a song, that will cause you to smile,
It is about Haswell I mean for to sing,
Concerning the new plan we started last spring.
And the very first thing I will mention,
Without any evil intention,
It is concerning this new invention,
Of winding coals up in a Cage.

It was eighteen hundred and thirty eight,
We began to prepare to make the shaft right,
We put in the conductors from bottom to top,
The materials were ready, prepar'd at the shop.
From the top of the pit to the bottom,
One hundred and fifty six fathom,
And the distance you think it is nothing,
You ride so quickly in the Cage.

Now considering the depth its surprising to say,
The quantity of work we can draw in a day,
Five hundred and thirty tons of the best coal,
In the space of twelve hours we can wind up this hole.
Above forty-five tons in an hour,
And viewers, overmen, and hewers,
Our engines must have a great power,
To run at such speed with the Cage.

Then as soon as the tubs they do come to the day,
To the weighing machine they are taken away,
Where two men are appointed there to attend,
To see justice done between master and friend.
And when they leave the weighing machine,
Straightway they take them to the screen, sir,
And the keeper does see they are clean, sir,
All the coals that come up in the Cage.

I have wrought with the corves, I have wrought with the
tubs,
I have wrought by the baskets come up by the lugs,
I have wrought by the dozen, I've wrought by the score,
But such curious contrivance I never saw before.
When we get in, they pull by the rapper,
At the top it does make a great clatter,
And the brakesmen they know what's the matter,
And bring us away in the Cage.

And when the bell rings and the top we approach,
It oft puts me in mind of the new railway coach,
The numbers of passengers I cannot tell,
But she brings a great many, I know very well.
But I wish they may not overload her,
And do some mischief on the road, sir,
To much charge makes a cannon explode, sir,
And so will to much in the cage.

Now the young men and maids do sometimes take a trip,
Out to sea in fine weather, on board a steam ship,
But if any be curious enough to engage,
For a trip down below, and a ride in our cage.
It would be a fine recreation,
For to go down and view the low station,
I wish they may meet no temptation,
When they take a trip in our cage.

By a Coal Hewer.

WILLIAM AND PHILLIS.

Said William to young Phillis how came you here so soon,
You seem to love to ramble all in the month of June,
The birds are singing charmingly so sit you down by me,
And view the lambkins play all round the greenwood tree.

She said my charming sailor, my parents do me blame,
They said to wed so early they thought it was a shame,
My father has declared he'll prove your overthrow,
Because you are a sailor bold that ploughs the ocean thro'.

But I ne'er mind my father, although he threatens you,
For though I am his daughter, such usage will not do,
I will venture with my sailor, no longer will I mourn,
For you'll seldom find a better when your old sweetheart
is gone.

Said William, now the ocean has summoned me away,
I hope you'll change your notion and with your parents stay,
It will hurt your constitution, your fingers are so small,
So stay at home and do not roam our cable ropes to haul.

Said Phillis I have clothing for the sea,
So we will go together unto America,
And then we'll be united and live so happily,
And talk about our tales of love likewise the greenwood tree

• They both did go together to sail the ocean wide,
Zoung Phillis did her duty for William was her pride,
But mark their desolation the wind began to blow,
The lightnings flash'd the thunder roar'd in flakes down
fell the snow.

For three weeks on the ocean, they were tossed up and down
Their ship had lost her anchors, their masts away were
blown,
When short of provisions they all prepared to die,
Young Phillis hung upon her love and bitterly did cry.

Young William let the small boat down and in it they did
go,
Poor William and young Phillis all on the sea did row,
Their drink it was salt water and that alone was sweet,
They tore their clothing from their backs for they had
nought to eat.

With cold, and thirst, and hunger, they pass'd their time
away,
'Midst lightning, rain, and thunder, they on their knees did
pray,
At length upon a dismal night they were cast upon a strand,
On the coast of America a kind and friendly land.

They met with kind assistance, it did their health restore,
And now they are united all on that fruitful shore,
They are happy in America, all in prosperity,
Are young Phillis and young William far from the greenwood
tree.

Sold by J. Livsey, 43, Hanover-Street, Shudehill, Manchester.

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