



THE
COLLIER SWELL.

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, I have chang'd as you may tell sir,
And since a richer purse I've made, I'd be a regular swell sir.

CHORUS.

But I'm so plagued with vulgar folks,
Since I have cash for sporting,
Why ca'nt a Collier cut a swell,
When he has got a fortune.

I used to go with low-bred chaps, & talk to every gew-gaw,
Get drunk in Tom & Jerry shops and went a purring foot ball ;
But now with all fops in town, I sport my boot and tanners,
And I'm going up 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 & dance sir ;
Besides I've got a quizzing glass to see things far and near O,
But the other day it caused me to fall over a wheel-barrow.

O my family is a vulgar set, tho' they have clothes in fashion,
They put them on the wrong side out, which puts me in a passion ;
The lads when e'er they go to church, tho' we've got lots of riches,
They all go in their clogs, smock frock 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
Gets full her mouth, & squirts it out, & calls for treacle drinks.

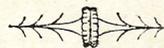
If I give a dinner to my Lord, and bid her make a good un,
Perhaps she'll make some pea soup, or else a great black pudding ;
And when the tea it is brought in, the tray she always flings sir,
Stirs up the sugar with her fist, & then she licks her fingers.

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

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.



ANNE LAURIE.



Maxwellton Braes are bonnie,
Where barly fa's the dew ;
And it's there that Anne Laurie
Gid me her promise true,
Gid me her promise true ;
And ne'er forget will I :
And for bonnie Anne Laurie,
I'll lay down my head and die.

Her skin is like the snow drift,
Her throat is like the swan ;
Her face it is the bonniest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on.
And dark is her blue eye,
And for bonnie Anne Laurie,
I'll lay down my head and die.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fall of her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet.
And she's all the world to me,
And for bonnie Anne Laurie,
I'll lay down my head and die.

