

ANNIE OF THE VALE.

THE FAIR MAIDS OF MANCHESTER OR THE FACTORY BELLES.

I now take a subject ne'er sung by a poet,
Either Tory, or Liberal,—their pardon I ask;
But I the white feather intend not to show it,
As I have, unasked for, accepted the task,
So here's to the angels I hear in the morning,
Go clattering along, as their clogs' music tells
Their shawls o'er their heads, their blithe
features adorning,
The fair maids of Manchester, the factory
belles!

Go sing of your barmaids, your housemaids your
nursemaids,
Your Lancashire witches, hurrahing their
charms;
But in the North Country, you may find out
worse maids,
Than those I now sing of, to raise love's alarms
I know very few have a song made about them,
I know they in light hearty mirth all excel;
And as for their masters, they can't do without
them,
The fair maids of Manchester, the factory
belles!

They're not like court ladies, rouge daub'd to
adorn them,
Their rouge is the cotton, stuck on to their
clothes,
No carriage have they, or a footman to wait them
When time for the opera, their gems to expose,
Their carriage, their legs, and their footman, their
lover;
Their gems, their bright eyes, which their
love's secret tells;
These Lancashire "fannies" should sing the
world over,
The fair maids of Manchester, the factory
belles!

Like bees to the hive to the factory hastening,
In all sorts of weather they laughingly go:
In good, or bad times, they're never outaced in
Machinery's clatter—an ear cleaving row!
Oh, no! that ne'er stops either laughing or
singing,
Their conscience as clear as the purest of wells
To praise them, my muse is her offering bringing
The fair maids of Manchester, the factory
belles!

God bless them, as long as the long chimneys
standing,
As guide posts point down to their industrious
toil;
May no dastard villain, their heart's love com-
manding,
Their mirth turn to grief, or their innocence
soil:
Tho' no Poet Laureat, I'll sing in their favour,
And admire in their faces, those untutor'd
spells;
While others praise fashion, I'll stick to them
ever,
The fair maids of Manchester, the factory
belles.

RECEIPTS FOR A COLD.

T. Pearson, Printer, 6, Chadderton street, Oldham
Road, Manchester.

If you listen to me without any pelf,
I'll make you all as wise as myself—
They are facts worth knowing and only edidion,
So allow me to be your family physician.

Listen to me both young and old,
And profit by my receipts for a cold.

To find out the cures I have taken great pains,
To ransack all the old womens' brains;
So now it your approbation meets,
I'll read over the various receipts.

If you've had a cold on you for several days,
And you've tried to get rid of it various ways—
Get a tub of hot water and pop in your toes,
Tie your head in a blanket and tallow your nose.

If happen to be troubled with a sneezing at 'th nose,
Make a gravel walk of it every night 'till it goes—
Or if you feel rather stopped up in the head,
Drink a pailfull of gruel on going to bed.

If its "Lodgings to Let," in your pocket and purse,
And you find that your cold is getting much worse,
Get a quart of cold water, and drink every drain,
And sweat yourself down to the size of a cane.

If it flies to your head and upsets your affairs,
Put a bullet through it and then say your prayers,
And if troubled with phlegm in your throat, odd rot,
A carving knife swallow, it's the best thing to out it.

If you feel rather poupy and you're going to sing,
Suck a dozen duck eggs, it's a very fine thing,
Or so hoarse you can't whisper, much less speak,
Drink a pint of sperm oil every night in the week.

There's a very old saying—in it I'm a believer—
You should stuff a cold and starve a fever,
If so I'd prescribe, without any delay,
That you eat about seventeen meals a day.

Some say beef, mutton broth is the best thing of all,
Some say beef tea and some oxgall;
Doctor Squirt used to say—he's now in the grave sunk,
The best cure for a cold was to get jolly well drunk.

To conclude my advice 'twill now be right,
And continue them on some other night,
So I'll give you a toast—let it reach all parts,
May you never have colds while you carry warm hearts.

Annie of the Vale.

The young stars are glowing, and clear light bestowing
Their radiance fills the calm clear summer light,
Come forth like a fairy, so blithesome and airy,
And ramble in their soft and mystic light.

Come, come, come love come,
Come here the night torches pale:
O come in the beauty, thou marvel of duty,
Dear Annie, dear Annie of the vale.

The world we inherit is charmed with my spirit,
As radiant as the mild summers ray;
The watch dog's snarling, for fear Annie darling,
His beautiful young friend I'd steal away.
The bright morn bequeing, the nightengales are singing
Thy gentle voice is born upon the gale;
The old folks are slumberin' each minute I'm numberin'
Come forth Annie, dear Annie, of the Vale.

