



*The Poor's lament for the  
FROST.*

You labourers and keelmen I pray listen all,  
Since the storm it came on, our living being small,  
On the 8th day of January, the frost it began,  
Which clos'd up the rivers with ice, every one,  
It's a long time ago, since the frost was so keen,  
The like has not occur'd since the year fourteen;  
May the Lord send a change, if his holy will be,  
To Sunderland, Shields, and to Newcastle Quay.

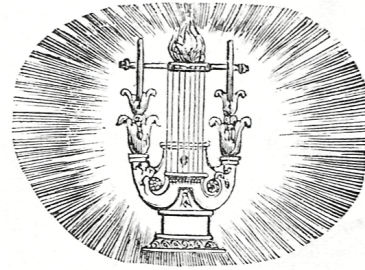
This year, thirty-eight, we'll have reason to mind,  
When the people were sliding on both Wear and Tyne,  
When that our brave keelmen are idle also,  
It ruins our pitmen, you all may well know;  
The ice being close, no craft could go down,  
Which ruins our trade in the whole country round;  
We are all in a starving condition you see,  
At Sunderland, Shields, and at Newcastle Quay.

The 9th day of February to fresh did incline,  
Which enlivened our hearts on both Wear and Tyne,  
But at five in the evening, then snow came again,  
And began for to freeze, and no more sign of rain.  
On Saturday the 10th the frost was severe,  
The sun it shone bright, and the sky it was clear,  
Now trade is at a stand in this country,  
At Sunderland, Shields, and at Newcastle Quay.

On Sunday the 11th it still was severe,  
The frost much prevail'd, and increased our fear;  
On Monday the 12th was no better at all,  
Making many a poor family have a living but small.  
On Wednesday again, tho' the sun it did shine,  
The frost was so strong they could still slide on the Tyne.  
With mountains of ice running down to the sea,  
At Sunderland, Shields, and at Newcastle Quay.

On Thursday the 15th, as day did appear,  
The sky it was heavy, the frost was severe,  
By ten in the morning, the mist broke away,  
And the poor are lamenting by night and by day.  
Through all the whole country it grieves us full sore  
To hear the complaints and the cries of the poor,  
We will not o'ercome it these two months or three,  
At Sunderland, Shields, and at Newcastle Quay.

My song for to finish, I will add little more,  
But may the great Ruler of both sea and shore,  
Send a change to this country, and that by and by,  
The poor and the needy their wants to supply.  
Our pitmen and keelmen and sailors also,  
We must live by each other, you very well know,  
When our trade it is done, men are ruin'd you see,  
At Sunderland, Shields, and at Newcastle Quay.



**THE SUN HIS BRIGHT  
RAYS.**

The sun, his bright rays may withhold, love,  
Unreflected the moon-beams may be,  
But ne'er till this bosom be cold, love,  
Shall its pulse throb for any but thee!

For thou art the joy of my heart, love!  
All beauty, thy beauties outvie!  
And ere with thine image I'd part, love,  
Thy lover, thy husband would die!

The Spring's lovely verdure may turn, love,  
To Autumn's sad colourless hue,  
And Winter, like Summer, may burn, love,  
Ere lessens my ardour for you;  
For thou art the joy of my heart, love, &c.

*Lucy, dear, wake to the  
Spring.*

Lucy, dear! Lucy, dear! wake to the spring,  
Hark! how the village bells merrily ring;  
Joys on the earth, in the sky, on the sea,  
Lucy, dear! Lucy, dear! come down to me.

All have gone forth to welcome the day—  
Lads with their tabors, and maids crown'd with  
May.

Who'll be the queen? and who'll be the King?  
Lucy, dear! Lucy, dear! wake to the spring.

Bees humming gaily, sip the bright dew,  
All now is waiting, dear Lucy, for you;  
Joy's on the earth, in the sky, on the sea,  
Lucy, dear! Lucy, dear! come down to me.

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