

GLEAMS

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OF

SUNSHINE.

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*James Leigh.*







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*Yours faithfully*

*James Leigh.*

(From Photo by the  
Author's Friend,  
FREDERICK HIGHAM.)



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LEAMS



OF



SUNSHINE.

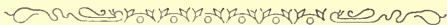
And OTHER POEMS.

By JAMES LEIGH.



WITH INTRODUCTORY SKETCHES BY

THOMAS MIDDLETON, FREDERICK HIGHAM,  
And JOHN CHORTON.



HYDE :

J. HIGHAM AND CO., NORTH CHESHIRE HERALD OFFICE,  
HAMNET STREET.



# DEDICATION.

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TO

Alderman WALTER INGRAM SHERRY

(MAYOR OF THE BOROUGH OF HYDE, 1903-4),

For his many noble, generous, and unsolicited acts of  
kindness to me,

And more particularly for his action in inaugurating the  
movement which made the publication of this book  
possible,

I dedicate these poems with feelings of deepest  
gratitude, and

Beg to subscribe myself,  
His very devoted and obliged Servant,

JAMES LEIGH.





## PREFACE.

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**T**HE Author of this collection of Rhymes and Poems is sensible of their many defects, and it was with some little diffidence that he consented to their publication in book-form. They have appeared from time to time chiefly in the pages of the "North Cheshire Herald." Some of them were hurriedly scribbled together to give vent to feeling during bereavement, or on occasions of joy and sadness. Other pieces are descriptive of the beautiful and varied scenes to be met with about Werneth Low and the neighbouring hills of the High Peak of Derbyshire.

An indulgent public must also remember that the Author had not the advantages of a liberal education, inasmuch as he had to commence work at an early age; then, too, many of the pieces are written in the dialect of the district, and are consequently wanting in that strict grammatical correctness they might otherwise have possessed.

The Public of Hyde and Neighbourhood are aware of the kindness and liberality shown me during his year of Mayoralty by Alderman Walter Ingram Sherry, J.P., who afforded special facilities for the publication of this book.

His Worship the Mayor kindly gave a Reception and Musical Evening in my honour at the Hyde Town Hall, on Monday, the 24th October, 1904, at which gathering I was also made the recipient of a most beautiful illuminated Testimonial, the Address being engrossed upon vellum, and suitably framed.

Some weeks previous to the Reception, the Mayor called together a number of the leading citizens and literary gentlemen of the town, including the Member for the Hyde Parliamentary Division (Edward Chapman, Esq., J.P., M.P.), who met in the Mayor's Parlour. A number of those present formed themselves into a Guarantee Fund Committee to secure me from any pecuniary loss in the publication of my book. A General Committee was also formed, to which a number of ladies were added, to see to the carrying out of all matters connected with the printing and publication of my book, and placing it in the hands of subscribers and the public, thus relieving me of a great work (for which I was totally unfitted), and a heavy responsibility. It now only remains for me to add that I am almost overpowered with the kindness of Alderman Sherry, and the ladies and gentlemen who supported his scheme. To Alderman Sherry I am especially grateful.

To the Guarantors I tender my best thanks, which I feel is but a very, very feeble return for the truly noble work they have done for me.

To the General Committee also I have only the same poor return to make—my thanks—for all the self-denying labours they have ungrudgingly and on so many occasions put forth on my behalf.

To not specially mention with feelings of deep gratitude my obligations to Messrs. John Chorton and Tom Middleton, who as Joint Secretaries have had much labour in correspondence to attend to, would be an act on my part of gross injustice.

To all others who in any way have helped forward this work I tender my sincere thanks.

JAMES LEIGH.

40, Ridling Lane, Hyde,  
December, 1904.

# James Leigh, the Hyde Poet.

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A SKETCH, by THOMAS MIDDLETON,

Author of "Annals of Hyde;" "Old Godley;" etc., etc.

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**N**O list of "Lancashire poets" and dialect rhymsters of the present day would be complete without the name of James Leigh—"The Hyde Poet"—a writer who, as the last-named definition implies, wields the rhymster's pen in the town rendered famous in literary history as the scene of the struggles and triumphs of that wayward genius—John Critchley Prince. Leigh, of course, does not claim equality with the original "Bard of Hyde": he is essentially a "poet of the people"—a bard who views things from the standpoint of the homely cottage folk among whom the greater portion of his life has been spent; and he sings his songs in a language they can understand. Many of his rhymes are in the Lancashire dialect, and he is perhaps at his best in this style of verse; but his non-dialect pieces also show considerable merit, and when we take into account the circumstances of his early life, and the conditions under which his writings have been produced, it must be allowed that his command of the "King's English" is surprising.

James Leigh was born in 1854, at Walker Fold, Hyde, in an old picturesque homestead which his father had occupied as a farmer for over fifty years. He came of a family which farmed land on Werneth Low, and in Ewen Fields, Hyde, for upwards of two centuries. At the early age of eight years he went to work half-time as a piecer at "Randal Hibbert's Factory," Godley, and when he had attained the age of ten years he left school entirely. With

the exception of an interval of six years, during which he worked as a mason, he continued to act as a cotton operative—working at Slack Mills, Hyde, until the year 1896, when he finally left the mill and commenced a grocery business in Ridling Lane, Hyde.

From the above brief sketch it will be seen that James Leigh's life has been of the practical rather than the romantic order; it has been spent in a district that is more famous for the number of its mill chimneys than for the possession of those attributes that are supposed to give poetical inspiration. Environment was certainly against him, and considering the early age at which he was compelled to leave school, and the necessarily small amount of education he received, it cannot be said that the task of writing verse was rendered easy in his case. It is indeed surprising to find him figuring in the role of a Lancashire rhymster as far back as the year 1868. He was still a piecer in the mill, and only fourteen years of age when his first poem appeared in the columns of the "Ashton Reporter." Since that time, however, he has continued to publish verse, and is well-known as a contributor to the local press, and to other largely read Lancashire journals. His pieces form a lengthy list, and a selection of a few titles may suitably be given. It should be added that Leigh has frequently devoted his powers to the production of election verse, which although exhibiting rare veins of humour is the wrong sort of matter to enhance his poetic fame. Politics are best avoided by bards of all ranks and classes, and Leigh's electoral effusions are left out of the collected edition of his works. Of his more serious writings a few titles are appended; it will be noticed that some of them make reference to well-known events of local importance,—“Hyde Town Hall Clock and Bells,” “Kingston For Ever,” “On the death of the Rev. R. K. Bateson,” “New Year's Eve,” “Spring,” “Jamie o' Dicks,” “Christmas Time,” “Cowd Winter,” “The Village Parson,” “Werneth Low,” “The Seasons,” “Pleasant Walks with Old Companions,” “Rambles Round Mottram,” etc. At the time when Hyde was in the thick of the football rage



the deeds of the local warriors were sung by Leigh in the Lancashire style, and few teams have had their exploits commented on in so witty and telling a fashion.

Of course, in a local poet one never looks for those brilliant flashes, and that exquisite melody of language which is the characteristic of the great artists who figure as the Kings of English verse. In the first place the local poet has a different public to minister to. "Every-day" people of the working class order are not yet up to the level of Tennyson, Byron, Browning, and Keats. They love the more homely if less classical rhymes of such men as Leigh; they read their poems often, and they feel all the better for the reading. But if Leigh's works are of a homely class they contain passages much too good to lose. Take his piece entitled "Lines." Here is a bit of the "sweet singer's art," rare in these days of doggerel rhyme:

I stood by the grave of a loved one  
 On a peaceful Sabbath morn,  
 The time of the year when the reapers shear  
 And bind the golden corn;  
 And I thought of the human harvest  
 Which Death had gathered in,  
 As I looked around in that burial-ground  
 On the many tombs therein.

And there, within God's acre,  
 I mused on the deathless soul,  
 And thought with the grand old poet  
 The grave was not its goal.  
 Beyond that narrow limit  
 Which marks the shadowy tomb,  
 The soul, like a flower transplanted,  
 In Paradise doth bloom.

I thought of the many loved ones  
 Sleeping beneath the sod—  
 The sleep that knows no waking,  
 Except at the call of God.  
 How many hearts had sorrowed  
 Above those silent graves,  
 How many tears had watered  
 The grass that o'er them waves?

\* \* \* \*

I stood by the grave of a loved one,  
 And thought of the days gone by,  
 When life to me was a rippling sea,  
 With a calm unclouded sky.  
 But soon o'er life's horizon  
 There passed the first dark cloud,  
 As I saw the light of my household  
 Enwrapt in a snow-white shroud.

\* \* \* \*

The foregoing is, by no means, a solitary instance of James Leigh's success with rhymes in the ordinary English tongue. Poets of all climes have from time immemorial been swayed by a love of nature—of the woods, the fields, the hills, of birds, beasts, and insects; of the changing of the seasons as manifest upon the earth in those places where nature is still unpolluted by the towns and cities of man. And it comes as no surprise to hear the Hyde bard sing of

Pleasant walks through rural scenes,  
 By devious paths and winding streams;  
 Pleasant walks along the vale,  
 Where steals a gentle whispering gale.

\* \* \* \*

Oh, when a week of toil is o'er,  
 How sweet to roam the fields once more,  
 To ramble through old country lanes,  
 Where we can hear the wild birds' strains.

or again,

Come, let us away, blithe hearts, away,  
 This beautiful autumnal day;  
 Come, let us away with a joy new-born,  
 And watch the reaper among the corn:  
 He bindeth the last of his golden sheaves,  
 Amidst the rustle of autumn leaves;  
 When he layeth his well worn sickle aside,  
 With joy on that last load home he'll ride,  
 While Robin cracks his whip for joy,  
 And shouts to Dobbin, "Gee up, old boy!"  
 And the good old waggon will creak and groan  
 With the last big load of the harvest home.

The verse last quoted is taken from a piece called "Autumn," which forms part of a series of poems on the seasons. From this same series I cull the following further specimen of Leigh's felicity of expression :

Spring, summer, and autumn come,  
 Spring, summer, and autumn go;  
 O'er hamlet, village, and town  
 The keen north wind doth blow.  
 The Christmas bells chime out,  
 And the New Year comes apace,  
 Our hearts are filled with hope and doubt  
 As we look him in the face.

\* \* \* \*

The farmer is sitting at ease  
 By the side of his ingle bright,  
 With a tankard of rare October-brewed,  
 Which he quaffs to his heart's delight;

\* \* \* \*

The bowl of his long clay pipe  
 In the fire he'll now and then poke,  
 His schemes of the future realised  
 He sees in the curling smoke.

\* \* \* \*

He is building his castles in air,  
 And his heart is all aglow,  
 But the realisation can never come,  
 Except God wills it so.  
 And so in the chimney nook,  
 With a heart more at ease than a king,  
 He nods and dozes, and dozes and nods,  
 And dreams of the coming spring.

A feature of Leigh's work is the strong vein of optimism running through it.

To-night I listen to the wild winds moaning  
 With heavy heart, and spirits far from gay;  
 A twelve month back my heart was filled with mourning  
 For near and dear ones who had passed away.

\* \* \* \*

But there is joy and blissful consolation  
 In the thought that surges through my brain—  
 That when we leave this temporal habitation  
 We may embrace our loved ones once again.

It is, however, as a writer of Lancashire verse that James Leigh excels, and in depicting scenes and incidents

from the humorous side of local life he is peculiarly at his best.

Owd Jamie o' Dicks wur a mon  
 Ut could drink a whul brewin' o' ale;  
 He liked it, no matter how dark,  
 He liked it no matter how pale;  
 He liked it no matter how seaur,  
 He liked it no matter how sweet;  
 He'd o sit with it heaur after heaur,  
 If it wur coed ale it wur reet.

But Leigh's Lancashire verse is not all devoted to the humorous strain. He touches the right ring of pathos in many of his dialect pieces. Three of these I feel constrained to quote from—the first written in commemoration of Ben Brierley—

Owd Ab's gone whoam, his shuttle's stopt at last,  
 Th' owd loom-heause wears a drear deserted look;  
 O'er Walmsley Fowt a heavy gloom is cast,  
 Th' owd rib sits mournin' in her chimney nook.

Deep sorrow reigns i' every heause i'th' fowt;  
 O' th' neighbours talk i' whispers sad and low;  
 An' even th' childer cease ther joyous shout—  
 They seem to feel and share the heavy blow.

Jim Thuston mourns an' rambles reawnd th' owd place,  
 An' wonders why sich things should come abeaut;  
 Whilst manly tears are tricklin' deawn his face,  
 He feels as though life's lamp had just gone eawt.

Poor Jack o' Flunters ses 'twill noan bi lung  
 Before he follows 'n his owd friend's track;  
 He ses ut death, that wrestler stern and strong,  
 He feels ere lung will throw him on his back.

Down at th' owd Bell owd croneys sit and smook,  
 An' tawk of one beloved (as owd Ab wur),  
 Whilst o'er each face there steals a wistful look,  
 Wi' every foot that enters in at th' dur.

Owd Ab's gone whoam, his clogs are laid aside,  
 Th' last of a pure and high-souled minstrel band;  
 The weaver minstrel was our joy and pride—  
 He swept his harp with perfect master hand.

Farewell! owd brid! thi warblin' days are o'er,  
 Thy cheerful lays have gladdened many a heart;  
 Thy genial face is gone for evermore,  
 Though we were loth with thee, owd friend, to part.

And now thy soul has winged its heavenward flight,  
 Let's hope when God calls thy owd rib to thee,  
 A "Daisy Nook" you'll find i'th' realms o' light,  
 Wherein to dwell through all eternity.

Little wonder that the above has found a warm place in the hearts of all lovers of the old-fashioned Lancashire life so ably depicted by Ben Brierley. The following selection, from "Up Aboon," speaks for itself :

Ther's a whoam for us o' up aboon,  
 T'other side o' yon bonnie blue sky,  
 An' am hopin't trudge to it as soon  
 As this body o' mine is laid by.  
 Ther's a whoam for us o' up aboon,  
 An' ther's nobbut one road wi con get,  
 But mony a theausand 'as gone,  
 An' theausands are still goin' yet.

It may be added that Mr. Leigh has taken a fair share in public work ; he has been connected with several societies, and has held office as an Oddfellow for over twenty years. For fifteen years he was treasurer of the Mechanics' Lodge, Independent Order of Oddfellows, Manchester Unity, Hyde District. He is very popular as a Lancashire reciter and humorist, and his services in this capacity have for years been ungrudgingly given in aid of local charities. More fortunate than many local writers, he received public recognition of his efforts whilst still in the land of the living, for in October, 1904, a Reception was given in his honour by His Worship the Mayor of Hyde (Walter Ingram Sherry, Esq., J.P.), at the Town Hall, Hyde ; and he was then presented with an illuminated address. The Mayor of Hyde at the same time inaugurated a movement for raising funds for the publication of Leigh's poems in book form, with the result that a collection of his best pieces was issued as an octavo volume under the title "Gleams of Sunshine, and other Poems."

Mr. Leigh has been twice married. His first wife, who was a daughter of Mr. F. Hill, contractor, of Hyde, died in 1882, leaving him with four young children. Ten years later he married a daughter of Mr. W. Hurst Moss, of Millbrook, near Stalybridge.

In appearance Mr. Leigh is anything but the poet of the novelists. He is a stout, robust, ruddy-faced Englishman,—a typical John Bull; and in character as well as appearance he is a genuine reproduction of the prototype of English life. I have known him for many years, and have met him at literary gatherings, and elsewhere; and in every case his presence has added zest to the proceedings. He is respected by all classes of the community, and is one of those few mortals of whom it may be said with some degree of accuracy that he has hosts of friends and well-wishers, and no enemies. Beneath a quiet, unostentatious exterior there lies a rich vein of rare humour, and his conversation is always a welcome factor in any company. He has had his ups and downs in life, and perhaps more than his fair share of disappointments, but he faces life in the true English spirit, always looking to the bright side of things, and ever marching breast forward with hope. His motto is to make the best of life, and to put to good use the talents God has given him. He believes that every man may play his part well on the great stage of life, and this healthy view of things he has incorporated in his poems. An extract from a poem addressed to his friend the bard of Stalybridge will form a fitting conclusion to this article, for in it Mr. Leigh well expresses the simple faith which has been a governing factor in his own life, and the spirit of which men of all ranks and classes would do well to follow.

This world to me's a woodland fair;  
 I' every bush and tree  
 Aw hear some sort o' singing brid  
 Wi' sweeter song than me.

Yet there is just one sylvan spot,  
 One quiet snug retreat,  
 Wheer aw con twitter forth wi' joy  
 My feeble, faint pee-weet.

An' weel aw know mi humble song  
 To some great pleasure gives,  
 So thee bi same as me, owd brid,  
 An' twitter while theau lives.



## Two "Hyde Poets:" Critchley Prince and James Leigh.

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**I**N complying with a request to contribute something to this book of a reminiscent nature, the writer feels that it is a privilege to speak of the personalities of two noted poets whom the Cheshire town of Hyde claims as its own, and on which town this poetic twain have cast lustre by reason of their unusual capacity to give effective expression in, and to imbue the English language with, musical cadence. "By their works ye shall know them"—John Critchley Prince and James Leigh. Some critics might call such capacity as alluded to by the name of "talent"; others by the title of "genius." The writer ventures to think that works of a creative order which are inspired may genuinely be ascribed to genius. Who will have the hardihood to deny that many of Critchley Prince's creations are works of genius, with their delicate finesse and noble sentiment — such nobility of thought and truth as have drawn forth eulogistic approval from some of the greatest minds in our favoured land? And who can honestly deny that, although more humble in pretensions, there is not a similar spirit or breath of inspiration running through friend

Leigh's creations—which they certainly are? Some of his more serious poems are imbued with a richness and generosity of sentiment that undeniably point to genius, which is still further supported by facility of expression and happy axiom and idiom. Thus it becomes a privilege to speak of two remarkable men whom the writer knew, and knows, in the flesh,—the one honoured after his death and the other honoured while alive. It needs no great stretch of memory to go back to the days when the "Prince" of poets was wont to make a usual place of call at the printing works in Hamnet Street, Hyde, where I, as a boy, was engaged. Though Critchley Prince cannot be said to have been prepossessing in looks, there was a dignity of carriage that to a stranger would convey the impression that it was borne by a man of distinction. He would walk in—often with his snuff-box in his hand—and say to the boy of that day, "Shake hands with the Prince," suiting the action to the word with a merry twinkle in his eye. He would then sit down near the old square stove, and "Muse" for hours together in the same room in which Samuel Laycock's "Welcome, bonny brid" first saw the light of day. So there seems to be something of a happily-coincidental nature in the fact of the writer knowing Hyde's previous and distinguished poet and also in enjoying the friendship and confidence of the present "Hyde poet," which is of itself a gratifying circumstance. Prince was rather of a reserved demeanour, his brilliant eye and general bearing, together with a high and noble forehead, conveying the impression of the stamp of intellect. The present Hyde poet is in appearance of the jolly, good-natured kind, whose good offices in aid of many charities and schools have so often been called upon, in addition to his undoubted claim to be classed as a poet. His mastery of the dialect is no less appreciable to an audience than are his expressions in rhyme and poesy, which range from the humorous to the sublime.

FREDK. HIGHAM.



# The Works of our Local Poet

By JOHN CHORTON, Public Librarian, Hyde.

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**I**T is many years since I was told, on good authority, that the collected poems of our local poet (James Leigh) were soon to be published in book form.

Having been an admirer of these poems as they have appeared from time to time in the local press, for upwards of twenty years, and yet no nearer signs of seeing the book, I began to despair as to their ever seeing the light of day, and consequently their value to the people of this and surrounding districts being lost and forgotten.

However, through the generosity of a well-wisher of the Author (to whom this work is dedicated), supported by a band of willing workers, a good impetus was given to help on the desired object, which we are now pleased to see is an accomplished fact.

As previously stated by another writer, it is not claimed that the Author is a classical poet, but that his poems are real, honest, homely sketches of the people, and of the hills and dales in the district of his native soil.

Some of them are told in the every-day dialect, as spoken by the people by whom he is surrounded, and are described in both a humorous and pathetic style. The character of the Author is what Nature has engraven, and is indicated in his writings.

As will be seen on reading his works, that he is a keen admirer of the country. He, therefore, invites his fellow-citizens to share more of Nature's joys. He believes with Burns when he says: —

“Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,  
To shepherds as to kings.”

His poems have a thorough Christian, patriotic appeal for the good of his country, and the uplifting of humanity, and may with interest be read by all sects and classes.

They will always be of interest by reason of the many references to local events—whether it be in the jubilation of the people—through the gift of a Public Clock and Bells, or in memory at the loss of some good benefactor to the town and district.

It is not my intention to flatter the Author with undue praise, but let his works speak for themselves, through the expressions that he has placed in them.

The Author's love of rural scenery and country enjoyments is beautifully depicted in "The Seasons." The inspiration under which he wrote "The Seasons" is so clearly genuine that they must have been in his mind some considerable time before they were written, although they may not be so polished as some fine critic would have them, yet they possess an original force, and a fidelity of description, which can only be equalled by writers of a higher scale.

The country side, with its bleak aspect on a wintry day, its cheerful farmsteads in the summer have been penned in realistic language. These, together with his country walks, are worthy of being carefully read and considered. They abound in observations of almost all that is familiar in the outdoor life of this district. The sweetness with which they are invested are examples of the Author's feelings and imagination.

The flowers, with their fragrances and proud assertion, whether—

"High on the hill, or deep in the dale,"

are not forgotten or overlooked.

The waving cornfields, the barns well-filled, the sweet-singing birds piping away in the trees and hedges, in the well-known country lanes and fields, are depicted in an almost inspired poetical feeling.

We have only to open our eyes of imagination, and what a beautiful painting is put on the canvas for our inspection in the following sketch: —

There is the old farmstead, inside the farmer is sitting at his ease enjoying his pipe, by his ingle bright; outside, the

“Winds are howling, roaring, screaming,  
Rain and hail in torrents streaming,  
Driving fierce and fast.”

Inside the cot, the farmer is content in knowing that his cattle are well housed, his barns well filled, these thoughts make the cottage to him look as fair as a palace. He forgets the stormy night, and a smile flits o'er his ruddy face,—as he thinks of his worth in gold.

Matthew Arnold says: “By nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry.”

The inspiring words of our poets have assisted thousands of our fellow-creatures, both in the sanctuary, their homes, and in the workshops: our sailors on the seas; our soldiers on the battlefields, and our missionaries in lands on far-away shores.

There is no literature so elevating, none which goes so deep and so stirs up our inner nature. They take you on the mountain top, and there display before you in most charming language the beauties of Nature. If in the valley where the little rivulets run their course, they speak to you, until the very waters tell you where they have come from, and what they have seen on their way.

If we are apt to falter and despair because we cannot appear as some great illuminating light, we can remember the inspiration our poet gives us when he says: —

“We cannot all achieve a world-wide fame,  
We cannot all immortalise our name;  
But we have neighbours living o'er the way,  
Then let us try and cheer them with our lay.”

If the spirit of the poet's work can penetrate and be felt by the soul of the reader, what does it matter whether it be

written by a Tennyson, or a Browning, or one who had to commence work at the early age of eight years, as we are told was the case with the author?

In extending our survey through the whole of the works of our Local Poet, we find in the most simple language that his sympathy is with everything that is beautiful and grand, and according to the depth and harmony of his mind, he has given to us his richest gems.

The poet sees things in their eternal beauty, for he sees them as they are. He feels them in their universal interest, for he feels them as they affect our common nature, so it has always been by Nature's sweetest poets.

Those of us that have been accustomed to travel the district for miles around know almost every nook and corner. Therefore, we are so familiar with the names and places mentioned by the Author that we can remark with Thomas Hood when he says:—

I remember, I remember,  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn.

So that when the old interesting country spots are visited, the lanes and by-paths so familiar to thousands of this district are named, and the old Mottram Church, which has stood for centuries through the long historical feuds, are brought so vividly before our eyes in the Author's works. We remember, yes, we remember, some interesting periods of days long ago.

The poem entitled "By the Grave of a Loved One," in my opinion far excels any other of the Author's work. Apart from any sentimental or emotional feeling, it is full of the Author's sweetest thoughts. There is a depth of love, and a poetic feeling exhibited which is highly creditable to the writer.

The thought of long-departed friends, and the joys and intercourse of years that have fled, these thoughts swell and

press against his bosom—when memory, fond memory, reviews the past once more. In this poem the Author has been in the region of thought, and reveals those types of beauty and truth which have been set in the hearts of mankind.

In his dialect poems, which are thought so much of by the working classes, the Author is equally as good. Some of these have been recited at all kinds of meetings, and as Edwin Waugh won the hearts of Lancashire men and women, by the power, pathos, and kindly humour with which he paints the homely ways and thoughts of his country people, so James Leigh has won the hearts of his own townspeople, as well as those of the surrounding districts, by the wholesome poetry which he has given.

His poems are a legacy to the people. May they be handed down from generation to generation, and at the same time be a help and inspiration for all that is good, noble, and pure.







GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE  
AND OTHER POEMS.









## Gleams of Sunshine.

**W**HEN life seems dull and heavy,  
 And dark'ning clouds hang low,  
 When sorrow wells around the heart,  
 And tears begin to flow,  
 A friendly word will oftentimes help  
 And cheer us in the strife ;  
 'Tis a little gleam of sunshine  
 As we journey on through life.

When the day of toil is over  
 How happy and how blest  
 Is he who finds within his home  
 Contentment, peace, and rest !  
 For he, within that blest abode,  
 May wife and children meet ;  
 They are little gleams of sunshine,  
 That play around his feet.

If we cross the boundless ocean  
 In other lands to toil,  
 Our thoughts will oftentimes wander back  
 To this our native soil ;  
 And the thought of home and kindred  
 (Though the sea betwixt us roll)  
 Is a little gleam of sunshine  
 Shedding warmth within our soul.

A mother sits in silence  
 After a day of toil—  
 She's thinking of her soldier son  
 On Afric's blood-stained soil ;  
 A letter comes to tell her  
 That he's alive and free :  
 'Tis a little gleam of sunshine  
 From the land beyond the sea.

When a friend steps forth to greet us  
 With a handshake or a smile,  
 And we feel his heart is with it—  
 Free from envy and from guile,—  
 The heavens at once seem brighter,  
 And the storm-clouds lose their wrath .  
 'Tis that little gleam of sunshine  
 That our friend shed on our path.

When we watch beside the sick bed  
 Of a friend we hold most dear,  
 And we fancy that the angel  
 Of death is brooding near,  
 How the heart-strings thrill with pleasure  
 When we know the fever's gone,  
 And the doctor's erstwhile anxious face  
 Has a sunny gleam thereon !

How often, oh ! how often  
 We think, with tear dimm'd eyes,  
 Of loved ones who have left us  
 To dwell beyond the skies !  
 But we think of that re-union  
 Where we shall never part :  
 'Tis a little gleam of sunshine  
 That strays within our heart.

Oh! when a few friends gather  
    Within some snug retreat,  
Where intellectual converse  
    And harmony complete  
Reigns over all, how pleasant  
    The remembrance of that hour  
In memory's cells that sunny gleam  
    Shines on with magic power.

In the cottage or the palace  
    May be seen those sunny gleams,  
They are kindly words and actions  
    Where the heart with goodness teems ;  
They have travelled down the ages  
    Since the Master shed His blood,  
And the source of them is surely  
    From the fountain of all good.

To the evening of our lifetime  
    May those sunny gleams appear,  
Shining deep within the valley  
    Where the gates of death are near ;  
And as we enter through them,  
    And earthly scenes are past,  
May heavenly gleams of sunshine  
    Beam on our soul at last.





“A health to all my friends:” A Toast.

HERE'S a health to all my friends,  
Ere the old year wings his flight ;  
May we all feel re-united,  
On this gladsome New Year's night.  
Here's a health to all my friends,  
Be they here or be they there,  
Here's a health to all my friends  
Everywhere.

Here's a health to all my friends,  
Be they near or be they far ;  
And sweet memories of those  
Who have long since crossed the Bar.  
Such memories are sweet,  
Though perchance they give us pain ;  
But we love to linger o'er them  
Once again.

Here's a health to all my friends  
O'er the sea ;  
There's a few of them, I know,  
Dear to me.  
If across the silver streak  
I could only hear them speak,  
I know that they would shout—  
“Same to thee.”

Here's health and better times  
To the weary-hearted poor ;  
May the blessed angel, Charity,  
Call in at every door.  
May the cupboards that are empty  
Be replenished with good store ;  
May the New Year be the harbinger  
O' better things once more.

Here's health and peaceful times  
 To all nations 'neath the sun;  
 May our Governments fight out  
 All the quarrels they've begun.  
 Oh, I cannot help but think,  
 On this happy New Year's night,  
 That wars would cease to be,  
 If our Rulers had to fight.

Here's health to all my friends  
 Who are jinglers of rhyme;  
 How I love to read their jingles,  
 On this happy New Year's time!  
 They would say to eorner cotton  
 Is an evil thing, and rotten  
 On the face of it,  
 But that's to make it rhyme.

Then here's to one and all  
 Who jingle out their rhymes,  
 In accordance with the times,  
 And the merry New Year's chimes.  
 There are some both tall and slim,  
 And others just like him  
 Who to-night, with his old pen,  
 Gives you greeting once again.

Here's health and better times  
 To my native town of Hyde;  
 Perhaps I may be pardoned  
 If I drink that toast with pride.  
 Here's health and better times  
 To all people in the Borough;  
 Oh, may the New Year's chimes ring in  
 Far more of joy than sorrow.



Lines on being  
Presented with Critchley Prince's Snuffbox.

**T**HIS box is a relic  
 Though you may not know it,  
 Of John Critchley Prince,  
 The Lancashire Poet.  
 It has been handed down  
 As an heirloom to me:  
 I, Jammie o' Tim's,  
 Better known as Jim Leigh.



O'er the Heights of Werneth Low :

AN IDYLL OF THE PAST.

**I**'M a captain in the army, and a famous man I be,  
 And in all the British Army there's no braver man than  
 me;  
 But of my warlike deeds, without a doubt you know,  
 I once marched with my regiment o'er the heights of Werneth  
 Low.

We there endured great hardships amongst those rugged  
 rocks,  
 My men were seized with a disease the doctor called smallpox,  
 So we built a wooden shanty down in the plains below,  
 A temporary hospital, to put them in, you know.

We had them vaccinated,—at least the doctors had,  
 But, dear o' me, the nasty stuff it almost drove 'em mad ;  
 With arms as thick as sugar loaves their very hair they tore,  
 'Twas just a month before my troops were on the march once  
 more.

The anti-vaccinators were loud in their protest  
 Against this vaccination, and vowed they'd never rest  
 Until 'twas non-compulsory, for every rank and station,  
 They said that vaccination was enough to vex the nation.

Now, anyone who disbelieves the story I have told,  
 Just take a walk o'er Werneth Low, and there you may behold  
 That grand and noble structure at the foot of yonder hill,  
 An everlasting monument of architectural skill.

We then besieged the palace of King Frederick the Great,  
 That tumble-down old building on the Back Bower Estate,  
 But not a "Godl(e)y"\* soul we found in that ungodly place,  
 So we razed the building to the ground, and left of it no trace.

We then marched through the city of Gee Cross, but, strange  
 to say,  
 The city's ancient glory has long since passed away ;  
 The only ancients that we saw, beside old Freddie's\* whims,  
 Was Robin and his brother Jam, the famous Gee Cross twins.

We halted on Mount Pleasant, and as we gazed around  
 We felt that we were standing upon historic ground,  
 For at the foot of Treacle Hill stood gloomy, dark, and grim,  
 The ruins of a temple, His Majesty's first Whim.

\*The Eagle and Oak used to be kept by a Mr.  
 John Godley.

\*The late Fred Whittaker, commonly called the King  
 of Hyde—a wealthy man, who built near the foot of  
 Treacle Hill a building known as Whittaker's Whim.

Each warrior bowed his crested head above the Stone Pit wall,  
And thus each one soliloquised upon the city's fall.

Oh, city of the ancients, we gaze upon thee now,  
Shorn of thy former glory how desolate art thou ;  
Thy Market Hall, without a roof, is crumbling to decay,  
Thy public park and pleasure grounds have long since passed  
away.

But soon we noticed that the sun was sinking in the west,  
And whether it was time or not, of course the sun knew best,  
But we ourselves were weary, though only half-past nine,  
The heat is so oppressive in that Oriental clime.

We sought a refuge for the night at Doorbar's† famous inn,  
The grapes upon the vine without told of the wine within ;  
The landlord, though a Doorbar, said we might rest secure,  
Against such gallant soldiers he'd never "bar his door."

Next day we marched through Bredbury, and over Haughton  
Green,  
And there our scouts reported some Zulus they had seen ;  
My men became quite frightened, and their duty tried to  
shirk,  
But the Zulus turned out colliers that were coming from  
their work.

We then kept on advancing till we got to Apethorn Sound,  
We there embarked on board a ship that was for England  
bound ;  
But as we lifted anchor, and were sailing from the quay,  
One of old Bennie's\* boilers burst, and blew our mast away.

---

†Mr. John Doorbar, formerly mine host of the  
Grapes Inn, Gee Cross.

\*The late Benjamin Ashton, owner of Apethorn Mill.



We had to put in for repairs at Gibraltar Rocks,  
A sort of place that I should call old England's sentry box ;  
When our repairs were finished, they fired a great big gun,  
In honour of the glorious deeds my regiment had done.

When out upon the open sea a gale began to blow,  
The vessel soon went mountains high, and then went  
mountains low ;  
The captain cried, "Put on more steam, for we are sorely  
pressed,"  
When the driver shouted from the shore, "The horse is doing  
its best."

When we got into port that night Old Joss\* was striking ten,  
We all were proud to set our feet on English soil again ;  
My men were all fagged out, and hungry, too, as well,  
So we ordered beds and supper at "Isaac Eyre's Hotel."†

My army I've disbanded now, I've had enough of wars,  
I am resting on my laurels, like a valiant son of Mars ;  
My men now wear a medal each, for deeds of great renown,  
They were struck off by a friend of mine, a currier in town.

But now, my friends, I'll say adieu, I've said enough forsooth,  
And some of you, no doubt, may think I haven't told the  
truth ;  
However, be that as it may, if you'll be honour bright,  
You'll say I'm not far wrong if you but understand me right.

---

\*Hyde Town Hall clock, presented by the late  
Joshua Bradley.

†Isaac Eyre's hotel was a small herb-beer shop, situated  
in Ridling Lane, Hyde.



### The Brave Old Fireman.

**S**AM Kempster was a fireman bold,  
And I've heard his comrades tell  
How Sam—though now both grey and old—  
At the sound of the warning bell  
Would spring to his feet with a leap and a bound,  
And over the ground he'd fly,  
With the glare of the fire in the heavens,  
And the fire of youth in his eye.

I have seen the brave old fireman,  
With his bright steel axe in hand,  
When he never seemed to tire, man,  
Though his mates could scarcely stand.  
I have seen him scale the ladders  
And crash thro' the window frames,  
When his helmet back reflected  
The light of the lurid flames.

Then here's to brave old Kempster!  
Our hearts swell out with pride  
As we think that a braver fireman  
Ne'er walked the streets of Hyde.

---

Sam Kempster was one of the first members of the Hyde Volunteer Fire Brigade. He died February 12th, 1904, aged 68 years.



### Lines in Memory of W. M. Ashton.

(SON OF THOS. ASHTON, THE FIRST MAYOR OF  
HYDE.)

**A** GOOD man has gone to his rest,  
Ere the noon of his day had been passed ;  
But He who ordains for the best,  
Will throw back the veil at the last.

We mourn—but although he is gone,  
And his place we may nevermore fill,  
His spirit will ever march on,  
And his soul be in touch with us still.

Then why should we mourn for him thus,  
Though his life seems to us incomplete ?  
A Providence wiser than us  
Knoweth best what is good—what is meet.

Then kindred bewail not his loss,  
Though his memory ye cherish and love ;  
The flower that's transplanted by God  
Shall bloom with fresh beauty above.



### Pleasant Walks with Old Companions.

PLEASANT walks through rural scenes  
 By devious paths and winding streams,  
 Pleasant walks along the vale,  
 Where steals a gentle whisp'ring gale.

Companions old now tread once more,  
 The ground they've often trod before,  
 Once more they roam through wood and dell,  
 And many a spot remembered well.

Oh, when a week of toil is o'er,  
 How sweet to roam the fields once more —  
 To ramble through old country lanes,  
 Where we can hear the wild bird's strains.

Hark! yon tuneful feathered throng,  
 Now pouring forth their am'rous song;  
 Music wakes throughout the grove,  
 All is harmony and love.

In heaven's high dome the lark is heard  
 Like some mysterious spirit bird;  
 He quits this flower-bespangled sod,  
 And pours an anthem to his God.

The day wears on, and still we go  
Through many a path we scarcely know ;  
In converse sweet we further roam,  
Till we are miles away from home.

And as we wend our way along,  
We hear some milkmaid's artless song ;  
We see a rustic red-cheeked boy  
Swing on the farmyard gate with joy.

We ask our way, the boy is dumb,  
He o'er his shoulder jerks his thumb ;  
And as the gate swings here and there,  
He thus directs us anywhere.

What memories crowd upon our brain :  
Our boyhood's days come back again,  
When we were found with hearts elate,  
Swinging upon the well-known gate.

Oft have we roamed the woods with zest,  
In search of many a wild bird's nest ;  
And many a whistle we have made,  
Beneath the sap-trees' cooling shade.

Down by the brook full oft we'd go,  
In search of troutlets, as you know ;  
Feeling 'neath stones, in watery bed,  
To find but jacksharps there instead.

Then in the brook, knee deep, we've stood,  
And stemm'd with sods the rising flood ;  
We've watched the water rising high,  
And rung the vale with shouts of joy.

Oh, boyhood's days! we cry aloud —  
Oh, summer sky, without a cloud;  
The happiest days, unmixed with woe,  
Are those bright days of long ago.

Those days we never can forget;  
They linger in our mem'ry yet;  
As months and years come stealing o'er,  
We think of childhood's days the more.

So here, within this old green lane,  
We revel in the past again;  
Feeling as 'twere but yesterday,  
We frolicked in the new-mown hay.

But, aye! long years have passed since then;  
The boys that were are changed to men;  
Whilst some have gone to that long bourne  
From which no travellers e'er return.

But, now the day wears on apace;  
Our wayward steps we must retrace;  
Swift on the wing the laden bee  
Seeks out his home, and so must we.

One prayer I'd breathe at Nature's shrine—  
One wish, one hope, is ever mine:  
'Mid rural scenes and sweet content  
May my last days on earth be spent.



Lines Dedicated to my Esteemed Friend,  
George Seel, on his 60th Birthday,  
Dec. 11th, 1903.

**C**ONGENIAL friends, we are met in this room  
For an evening of pleasure, and so, I presume,  
I may take occasion, if perchance I've the right,  
To mention the cause of our presence to-night ;  
Whilst the subject and cause of our presence I pray  
Will not deem as flattery the words that I say.  
Our good old friend George (if I may use the term—  
'Tis a term of endearment, and love is its germ),  
Our good old friend George is a friend whom we know  
Is worthy of all the respect we can show.  
He's a jolly good sort, and as friends we all know it ;  
He can play a bassoon, and he's not bad as a poet ;  
He can manipulate the phonograph, too,  
As only a Tame Valley artist can do ;  
He can make a good prayer when it's needed, and tell  
A man, when he's vexed, he can just go to—well,  
I won't say to where, but I will say, forsooth,  
He can't stand a lie when it's told for the truth.  
That he like's his tobacco there's none can say nay,  
And he isn't confined to just one pipe a day ;  
Whilst I have heard it said (though I won't say it's true),  
He likes a "wee drappie" of rich mountain dew ;  
And to-night we are proud to be able to say,  
"Here's health to thee, George, on thy sixtieth birthday."  
After sixty long years he still sits on his throne,  
Sits on his throne, with his Queen looking on  
And smiling a welcome to every one.  
May health, precious health, be with them alway ;  
May sickness ne'er blight them, not e'en for a day ;  
May the sun of prosperity shine on their labours ;  
May they live in the love and respect of their neighbours ;  
May unison, harmony, peace, and love,  
Come down on their home like dew from above.  
Gentlemen, rise, here's health and long life  
To this old King o' trumps and his Queen of a wife !



## Shooting A Hare.

(A TRUE TALE OF SOME HYDE CRONIES.)

**T**HER' used to live, some time ago,  
 An' does do yet, for owt aw know,  
 A chap weel known as t' Church Street ghost :  
 An' often have aw yerd him boast  
 Heaw he on one eventful night  
 Two brave policemen put to flight.

Heawever, be that as it may,  
 Of course, 'tis not for me to say :  
 For this same ghost, nicknamed "Owd Nap,"  
 Is recon'd sich a lying chap,  
 He'll entertain yo' with a skit,  
 An' tell it different in a bit.

But one fine day, well, so am tow'd,  
 A chap coed Joss, he fairly sow'd :  
 His other name did not transpire,  
 And I, of course, did not inquire ;  
 But th' tale's bin tow'd to me as true,  
 So neaw aw'll try an' tell it you.

One day, when Joss wer' ceawer't 'ith George,  
 As he some cheese an' bread did gorge,  
 Weshin' it deawn wi' royal fours,  
 Thus addin' too his former scores ;  
 This same "Owd Nap" went dartin' in,  
 An' greeted Josho' with a grin.



“Theart just the mon aw want,” he cried ;  
 “Why, what’s up neaw?” Joss then replied ;  
 Aw’ve com’n throo’t gardens, deawn ’ith Broo’,  
 An mind, aw’m tellin’ thi’ what’s true ;  
 In owd’s Zack’s garden, aw declare,  
 Aw’ve seen a great big thumpin’ hare !”

“Theau doesno’ say,” Joss then cried eawt ;  
 “It’s true,” said “Nap,” “Ther’s not a deaubt ;  
 Awd seed it sure enough,” he said,  
 “On owd Zack Taylor’s parsley bed ;  
 But com thisel’, and have a peep ;  
 Aw think it must bi fast asleep !”

Joss look’t as sly as ony meause,  
 An’ focht a gun fro’ caut o’th’ heause ;  
 “Come on,” he said, an off they went,  
 To shoot that hare wer his intent ;  
 He towd “Owd Nap” that hare he’d pot,  
 He awlus wer a deadly shot.

When they wer’n gooin’ deawn t’ Church Broo,  
 Ses Joss, “Aw’ll tell thi’ what we’ll do ;  
 We’ll have a fost-class supper t’ neet,  
 An’ gi th’ Church Ringers o a treat !”  
 “Agreed,” said “Nap” ; “Aw’ll bi’ mi’ share,  
 That is, if wi’ con shoot this hare.”

It was a glorious Spring-tide morn,  
 Sweet-scented blossom deck’t the thorn ;  
 Scarcely a sound of aught was heard,  
 Except the twittering o’ a bird,  
 As “Nap” an Joss, with muffled tread,  
 Approached owd Zack’s big parsley bed.

“Hush,” said “Owd Nap;” “It’s yonder yet;  
 Theau mun creep as near as theau con get;  
 Joss crept upon his honds an’ knees,  
 An’ geet behind some currant trees;  
 And soon that hare he did espy,  
 And fixed on it his eagle eye.

Aw wish yo’d seen “Owd Nap’s” red nose,  
 It look’t just like a full-blown rose;  
 Good gracious, heaw it shein’t it th’ sun,  
 Reflectin’ whisky, ale, an’ rum;  
 His mirth he scarcely could contain,  
 When Josho’ took deliberate aim.

A flash! a bang! The deed was done!  
 When Josho’ for his prize did run;  
 When lo! the sight that met his gaze,  
 The parsley bed was in a blaze!  
 That hare was nothing but a skin  
 With hay and rags well stuffed therein!  
 The shot had set the hay on fire,  
 And caused this dreadful mischief dire.

Joss waved his arms, an’ stamped abeaut,  
 Till th’ flames he’d partly trampled eaut;  
 Then turned in righteous indignation  
 To seek from “Nap” an explanation;  
 But that old bird had winged his flight,  
 As tho’ he’d been some fairly sprite.

“Owd Nap” had done it neat and clean,  
 And made his exit from the scene—  
 Vanished and in a twinkling, too,  
 As only ghosts are known to do —  
 Ta’en to his heels up Hyde Church Broos,  
 To tell his boosing pals the news.

Joss gazed around with 'wilder'd stare—  
First clutched his gun, an' then his hair—  
Vowed by the hare he'd shot (poor chap)  
He'd bi revenge'd upon "Owd Nap"; —  
Slunk off toart whoam, went streight to bed,  
An' stopt theer for a week, it's said.

So neaw mi' tale aw've briefly tow'd  
Heaw in th' Church Broo poor Joss wer sow'd ;  
An' to unis day "Owd Nap" will boast  
Heaw he the famous Church Street ghost  
Stuffed th' hare, an' placed it theer hissel,  
An' th' rest o'th tale you yer'd mi' tell.



Lines on My Friend T.S. Being Elected a  
Town Councillor.

WELL, Tum, owd lad, tha's gett'n in!  
 An done it, too, witheaut mich din;  
 Aw thout a somecheaw at tha'd win  
 This Tweedledom Election.  
 Aw thout at in the race tha'd beat  
 That famous runner, Mester Peet;  
 An' th' way tha' won thi final heat  
 Gan wondrous satisfaction.

Neaw, Squire Shep. has worked reet hard  
 In days gone by, an' his reward  
 Is knowing that he's eawr regard,  
 An' for it he respects us.  
 He is a Ceaucillor bi trade,  
 He's one o those at's ready-made;  
 He's ever willin't lend his aid  
 To keep deawn Rates an' Taxes.

Ther's some folk says he conno speaut,  
 An' if he could, aw really deaubt  
 Whether sich like nonsense he'd turn eaut  
 As some folks aw could mention.  
 He is a thoutful mon, and so—  
 When he to th' Ceaucil-room does go,  
 He'll do his very best, aw know,  
 An' give things his attention.

So neaw tha's donn'd thi harness on,  
 Let's hope theav'll just do th' best tha' con  
 For th' interests o' everyone  
 In this important Borough.  
 An' if tha' lives, aw do declare  
 We'll mak thi some day into th' Mayor;  
 An' th' gowden necklace tha' shall wear,  
 As Paddy said "Begorra"!



### To A Friend.

**I**F thart comin' o Set-dy  
 Aw hope tha'll com soon ;  
 As soon as tha' con after dinner ;  
     An' if it turns eaut bi' a fine afternoon,  
 Theau'st have a nice walk  
     Wi' th' owd Spinner.

Aw'll show thi' a spot  
     Whe'er the wild bracken grows ;  
 An' the trees seem to shut eaut the sky ;  
     A spot whe'er a poet can truly repose,  
 An' feel his Creator is nigh.

Aw'll show thi' dame Nature,  
     Donn'd up in her best ;  
 Those robes at hoo puts on i' June ;  
     An' if wi' get tired wi' con sit deawn an' rest,  
 An' list to the skylark aboon.

Then fail not to come  
     At thi' peril, owd friend ;  
 To obstacles cry out "Avaunt,  
     Quit my sight i' must go,  
 For on Setdy, aw know,  
     That Jammie is on for a jaunt."



### In Memoriam.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

**V**ICTORIA, the great and the good,  
 Revered at home and abroad ;  
 We mourn as a great nation should,  
 For the loss of that Queen, whom we laud ;  
 For the beautiful life she has lived,  
 For the wonderful work she has done ;  
 And now, as she sinks from our sight,  
 Like the set of some glorious sun,  
 A halo of glory and light  
 Gilds the course of the race she has run.

Victoria, England's Queen,  
 Enshrined in the nation's great heart ;  
 Thy memory will there be kept green,  
 Though age after age shall depart.  
 And we hope that now death calls thee hence  
 From the scene of thy greatness and might,  
 A phalanx of angels may bear  
 Thy soul to the regions of light ;  
 And there they will place on thy head  
 A crown that will fade not away,  
 And array thee in glorious robes,  
 Yea, robes that will never decay.



### Lines on a Ramble Reawnd.

**W**HEN Setd'y afternoon comes reawnd,  
 An' th' day is owt loike fine,  
 Aw often tak' a ramble reawnd  
 Wi' a few owd chums o' mine.  
 Sometimes we tak' o'er Werneth Lowe,  
 An' deawn bi'th' Cock Broo Inn,  
 An' if we want a cup o' tay,  
 We may, perchance, co' in.

For mony a social neet aw've spent  
 Beneath that owd roof-tree,  
 Wi' Doctor Kershaw, Jack o' Boots,  
 Sam Shay, an' two or three  
 Whose names aw fain would mention,  
 Bu' they'n gan my mem'ry th' slip—  
 The'r men whose hearts yo' allus feel  
 I'th' pressure o' the'r grip.

Sometimes we go'n thro' Compsta' Bridge,  
 An' up bi Rosy Broo—  
 Turn off bi'th' Ranter's Chapel,  
 An' tak' o'er th' top o'th' knowe  
 Deawn into Primrose Valley,  
 Just under Mellor Church;  
 An' if its primrose season  
 Yo'll not have lung to search.  
 Bu' come, owd pals, this afternoon  
 We'll tak' another reawte,  
 An' owt we seen o' interest  
 Aw'll try an' rhyme abeaut.

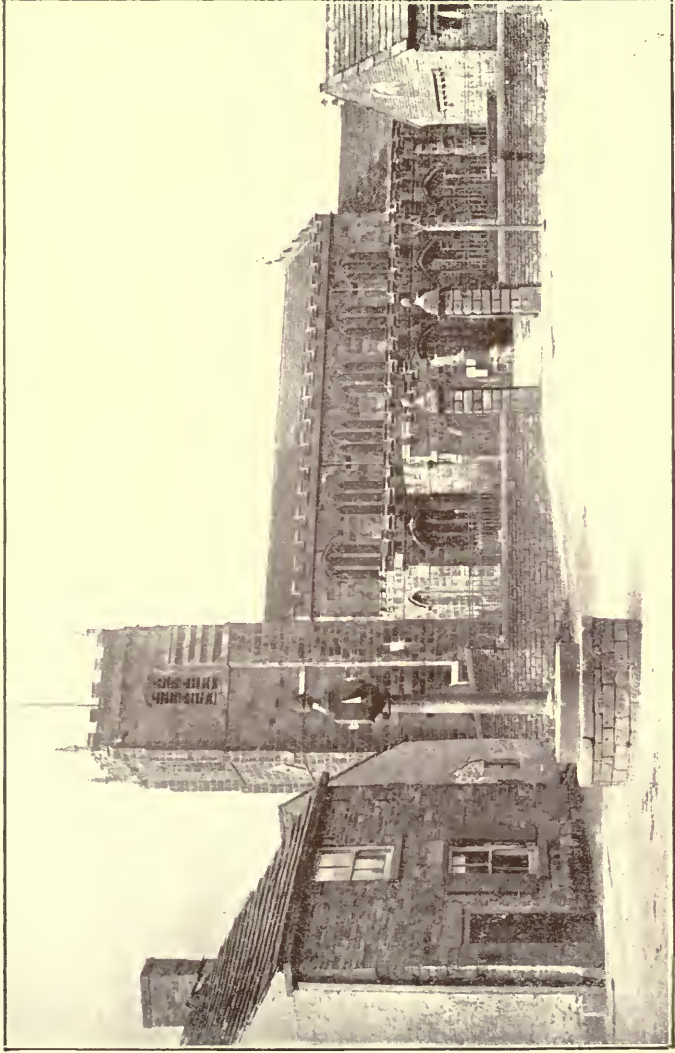
So off we goo up Mottram-road  
 An' on bi'th' Puddin'-Lone—  
 Bi'th heawse wheer Joss o' Bradley's liv't—  
 Th'owd mon ut's so well known  
 Thro' givin' to this teawn o' eawr's  
 Its public clock an' bells ;  
 Aw never think abeaut that gift  
 Bu' mi heart wi' pleasure swells.

He isno' one that apes the swell  
 Or thinks he's up to snuff :  
 He's a gradely honest, streight-up chap —  
 A diamond in the rough ;  
 So just before we quit th' owd spot  
 Wheer he's spent so many heawrs,  
 We'll tak' a peep o'er th' garden gate  
 (For he wur fond o' fleawers).

An' often have aw yeard it said  
 By foak booath far an' near,  
 That Joss had th' prattiest garden  
 O' ony chap reawnd here :  
 Bu' neaw its loike a wilderness—  
 O'th' fleawers are gone ; in fact,  
 Everythin' abeaut th' owd spot  
 Gi'es tokens o' neglect.

Neaw, off we trudge to'art Mottram,  
 That village o' great fame  
 For ringers, singers' an' fiddlers  
 ('T has earned itsel' a name) ;  
 An' even neaw, on't' springtide breeze  
 (As we're approachin' near)  
 A seawnd o' bells doth steal along  
 Melodious an' clear ;  
 An' far away o'er th' country side  
 An' deawn i'th' woods an' dells  
 Th' owd Mottram bells are sendin' forth  
 Ther cadences an' swells.





MOTTRAM CHURCH — "The Cathedral of East Cheshire."

(By the favour of  
MR. G. WOOLLEY, Hyde.)



An' theer th' owd Church is stonidin' yet  
 Just as aw seed it last—  
 A monument o' feadal times—  
 A relic of the past ;  
 Just loike a grim owd sentinel  
 It stonds theer day an' neet,  
 Seemin' to guard wi' jealous care  
 Th' owd graveyard at its feet.

An' theer it's stool for centuries—  
 Sin' those dark days o' yore  
 When th' Warhill\* were a battlegreund  
 Deep dyed wi' human gore ;  
 A theawsand storms sin' then have swept  
 Th' owd Church on ev'ry side,  
 But' theer its stonidin' bravely yet  
 A landmark far an' wide.

Bu' come, we'll have a look through t' yard—  
 Th' owd ancient burial-greund—  
 Wheer Mottram's dead for ages  
 Ha'n slept so snug an' seaund ;  
 We'll visit Earnshaw's† Monument  
 (Neglected in his day—  
 This cenotaph ne'er mark'd his worth  
 Till years had pass'd away).

\*Tradition says a severe battle was fought here  
 between the Danes and the Saxons, there being  
 great slaughter.

†Lawrence Earnshaw was an inventor who anticipated  
 many inventions which have, since his death,  
 been perfected.

We'll visit th' graves o'th' Owdhams,\*\* too,  
 An' that o' owd Jim Shay; ‡  
 These are owd Mottram's gifted sons  
 Whose names still live to-day,  
 Endowed wi' talents rich an' rare,  
 Their fame shall ever be—  
 Borne on the fleetin' wings o' Time  
 Deawn to posterity.

An' neaw, wi' reverence and awe,  
 An' wi' uncover'd head,  
 Wi' step within that grand owd pile  
 Surreaunded with its dead.  
 Wi' voice subdued we pace th' owd aisles  
 Wi' muffled tread and slow,  
 As tho' afraid we might arouse  
 The slumbering dead below.

We'll visit wheer tradition marks  
 Owd Roe's last resting place—  
 Th'owd mon ut fought i'th' Holy Wars  
 (Bur in what year o' grace  
 Ther's isno' one i'th' lot con tell —  
 O' that aw feel quite sure);  
 Bu' here its said ut him an' th' wife  
 Are sleeping quite secure.

\*\*The Oldham family were renowned as musicians.

‡James Shaw was a celebrated singer and drummer.

Theaw grand owd sacred edifice!  
 Survivin' every storm,  
 Theau may perchance be stoundin' here  
 On 'th' resurrection morn!  
 Bu' when this earth shall pass away  
 At th' seaund o'th trumpet blast,  
 Then shall thy strong foundations  
 Crumble to dust at last.

So after lookin' reaund th' owd place,  
 Un givin' Ruth a co;  
 We sing her just one partin' song  
 An then to'ards whoam we go  
 Invigorated an' refreshel,  
 An' wi' o'th' world content—  
 Each feelin' that the afternoon  
 Has not bin badly spent.

Yo' men wi' wives ut work i'th' mill  
 Nigh six days eawt o' th' seven,  
 Just tak' em eawt i'th' country  
 An' let th' pure breeze o' heaven  
 Play gently on ther pallid check;  
 It fills em wi' new life  
 An' fits em for another week  
 O' factory toil an' strife.





### Werneth Low.

ONCE more do I roam o'er thy heights, Werneth Low ;  
 And as I look down in the valley below,  
 I think to myself there is naught half so grand,  
 As the hills and the vales of my own native land.

Bobby Burns—he has sung of the banks and the braes  
 Of his own “Bonny Doon,” and to him be all praise ;  
 But as dear unto me, in the valley below,  
 Are the banks and the braes of my own Etherow.

And could I but sing like old Scotland's bard—  
 Like Burns, who for glory and fame struggled hard—  
 From Poesy's harp such a lay would I fling  
 That, in praise of these valleys, I'd make the land ring.

I have roamed o'er these heights when the spirit of Spring  
 Fanned gently my cheek with her soft, balmy wing ;  
 When the voice of great Nature was shouting for joy,  
 From the vales to the hills, from the hills to the sky.

I have roamed o'er these heights when the flower-spangled  
 sod  
 Told of the marvellous power of God ;  
 When the lark was on high, and, with song loud and clear,  
 Proclaimed to the skies that bright Summer was here.

I have roamed o'er these heights when Autumn once more  
Brought forth for God's creatures her wonderful store ;  
Whilst down in the woodland, quite clear could be heard  
The rich, mellow song of the bonnie blackbird.

I have roamed o'er these heights when Winter's rude form  
Swept over the land on the wings of the storm—  
When the streams in the valley, and out on the plains,  
Were bound to their beds by his cold, icy chains.

But, Winter or Autumn, bright Summer or Spring,  
Enjoyment to me every season doth bring.  
No matter the season in which I roam here,  
Both season and scene are to me ever dear.

Dear hill of my childhood, my own Werneth Low  
E'er long thy proud head may be covered with snow ;  
Then, perchance, if I live, I shall roam o'er thy brow,  
And muse on thy beauty as e'en I do now.

Ye woods and ye valleys, with streams running through,  
Ye wild moorland hills, fast fading from view,  
I'll now say adieu, for yon bright Orb of Light  
Is tingeing the West as he sinks from my sight.

But e'er I depart, let me breathe forth a prayer  
To Him who created a prospect so fair ;  
For oh ! who can gaze on so beauteous a scene  
And refuse to believe there's a Being Supreme ?





### To the Memory of Thomas Hill.

**H**E is gone, and we see him no more,  
 His spirit is now with its God ;  
 He has crossed the dark stream we must all ferry o'er  
 Before we can reach that abode.

He has gone to that region of song  
 Where angels triumphantly sing,  
 Where the river of life's ever flowing along  
 From the throne of the Heavenly King.

He has gone like a rose in its bloom,  
 Cut down in the morning of life ;  
 He has gone but a youth to the tomb,  
 But now he is free from all strife.

For know that his spirit immortal—  
 By angels mysteriously led —  
 Has entered at heaven's bright portal,  
 And nought but the body is dead.

His kindred were constant and true,  
 But, alas ! all their aid was in vain,  
 Though they used all the skill that they knew,  
 They could not restore him again.



For God, the Great Giver of life,  
Saw fit in his infinite love  
To take him from this world of strife  
To dwell in those mansions above.

And we think that we now see his face,  
All radiant with joy as he stands—  
In his blessed Redeemer's embrace,  
On the shores of that heavenly land.

Then kindred bewail not his loss,  
For his trials and troubles are o'er,  
Though long on the rough sea of life he was tossed,  
At last he has reached the bright shore.



## Song

Inscribed to My friend "Cremona," of the  
"North Cheshire Herald."

MY Willie has gone for a Sailor, ho !  
Far on the rolling sea ;  
And when my love comes back, I know,  
That we shall married be.

CHORUS :

Then away with all your costly gems,  
Ye belted knights and Squires, ho !  
For I would scorn to leave for them  
My honest-hearted Willie, ho !

My Willie owns an' honest heart  
For a right true lad is he ;  
And my love for him will ne'er grow light,  
For I know that he loves me.  
Chorus : Then away, etc.

His wealth he holds not in his purse,  
He owns no high estate ;  
For he says the only wealth he's worth  
Is me, his darling Kate.  
Chorus : Then away, etc.

I often think about my love  
When the winds blow loud and shrilly ;  
And then I pray for One above,  
To guard my own dear Willie.  
Chorus : Then away, etc

When next he leaves the raging main  
He'll be my own for ever ;  
And if e'er he goes to the sea again,  
We'll plough the main together.  
Chorus : Then away, etc.

## Work, for the Night is Coming.

**B**ROTHERS, let's be up and doing  
 Anything that's good ;  
 Let's be up and catch the tide  
 While it's at the flood.  
 Brothers, let's be up and doing  
 Everything we can,  
 To prove the Fatherhood of God,  
 And the Brotherhood of Man.

Brothers, let's be up and doing,  
 This world is not so small ;  
 'Tis even God's great vineyard,  
 Wherein there's work for all.  
 Brothers, let's be up and doing !  
 Duty never shirk,  
 For the night is coming  
 When we cannot work.

Brothers, let's be up and doing !  
 The sea of life is wide,  
 And there are hidden rocks and shoals  
 Underneath it's tide.  
 Let us then be up and doing,  
 Quit ourselves like men ;  
 There's many a sinking brother needs  
 The life line now and then.

Brothers, let us be in earnest  
 In whatsoever we do ;  
 Let us aim at what is noble,  
 What is high and true.  
 For the cause of truth and freedom  
 Let us dare be brave ;  
 Nor forget that God who made us  
 Never made a slave.

Brothers, let's be up and doing,  
 Ere the evening comes :  
 In the highways and the byways,  
 In the city slums,  
 There is work for you and me,  
 There is work for all ;  
 Let us then be up and doing  
 At the Master's call.

Oh ! ye preachers and ye teachers,  
 Who profess to know  
 Something of the Heaven we hope for,  
 And the way to go.  
 Go amongst the poor and lowly,  
 Words of kindness speak ;  
 Feed the hungry, clothe the naked,  
 Strengthen ye the weak.

O'er the darkened slums and alleys  
 Stretch a saving hand ;  
 Many a brother, many a sister,  
 In our native land,  
 Needs the charity and kindness  
 That the Gospels teach ;  
 Be not then like tinkling cymbals,  
 Practice what ye preach.

Let us then be up and doing,  
 Ere it be too late ;  
 Well we know that time and tide  
 On us will never wait.  
 For little acts of kindness,  
 And little deeds of love,  
 Form the surest passport  
 To the land above.



## Freemasonry : Sentiment, and Toast.

ONCE more in bonds of Brotherhood  
 We meet, within this room ;  
 Brothers, far advanced in years,  
 And Brothers in their bloom ;  
 Once more in bonds of Brotherhood  
 We grasp each others' hands ;  
 Once more we give the usual toasts  
 That Loyalty demands.

Once more, when we our work have done,  
 With song and sentiment,  
 We pass th' allotted hours away  
 In pleasure and content ;  
 So let us pass this evening  
 In concord and goodwill ;  
 And when we part, feel in our hearts  
 That we are Brothers still.

Once more we take the social glass,  
 And drink each others' health,  
 Hoping we each may long enjoy  
 That greater boon than wealth ;  
 And is it not a pleasing sight,  
 No matter where it be,  
 When men do meet as brethren  
 In perfect amity ?

In this our Lodge three thirty six--  
 A Lodge we all revere—  
 Religious creeds, or politics,  
 Do never interfere  
 With our Masonic work ; and we  
 Are conscious, one and all,  
 That we "united" firmly stand,  
 "Divided" we must fall.

Our good Past Masters are to us  
 Like volumes rich and rare ;  
 And we for knowledge of our craft  
 Refer to them with care.  
 Then let us strive to emulate  
 The work that they have done,  
 And make ourselves as worthy of  
 The honours they have won.

And then we have our Senior  
 And Junior Wardens, too ;  
 Masonic Brothers, whom we know,  
 Are right good men and true.  
 And here I fain would mention  
 That Guards, and Deacons, too,  
 Are proud to do for this our Lodge,  
 The best that they can do.

And we, to-night, must not forget  
 To mention one whom we  
 Are proud to call our Grand Old Man,—  
 A genial soul is he.  
 Of Brother Jackson's life and work,  
 I am constrained to say,  
 He is a living monument  
 Of Masonry to-day.

To-night as Brothers we rejoice  
 To meet in concord sweet;  
 To-night we mourn as Brothers,  
 For those we cannot meet.  
 Our friend and Brother, Marshall,  
 Whose voice for aye is stilled;  
 Has left a breach within our ranks  
 That cannot well be filled.

Free Masonry's a mighty scheme,  
 A grand and glorious plan—  
 To benefit society,  
 And elevate the man.  
 It teacheth man one glorious truth,  
 What man to man's related;  
 And makes him bless the very night  
 He was initiated.

Thou Master Great of all the world,  
 Who ruleth in the sky;  
 Look down on each and every Lodge,  
 With Thy All-seeing Eye.  
 And we would ask Thee from our hearts,  
 Our dear old Lodge to bless;  
 And crown its every labour  
 With glorious success.

T O A S T :

Then here's good health to everyone  
 Assembled in this room;  
 O may our Craft make bright the path  
 That leadeth to the tomb!  
 And when the icy hand of Death  
 Is laid upon our heart,  
 When from our earthly lodge at last  
 Our time comes to depart;  
 Then though our mould'ring clay be laid  
 Beneath it's native sod,  
 O may our souls triumphant rise,  
 In purity to God!



### When We'r o Awhoam.

**M**I feythur, an' mi mother, too  
 Are borderin' on four-score,  
 An' feel, no deaubt, they're very near  
 That dim an' misty shore;  
 An' so sometimes us lads at's wed,  
 Wi visit th' owd roof tree,  
 Just to cheer 'em up a bit,  
 An' have a jubilee.

We'r very fond o' music,  
 An' when we'r o awhoam  
 Wi gin it bant, aw'll tell yo',  
 Till mi feyther sheauts eaut, "Come,  
 We'll ha' some cheese an' onions,  
 An' then yo'st start ogen."  
 An' then he strokes owd Sall wi' th' bow,  
 An' makes her say "Amen."

Eaur George is th' owdest lad of o,  
 He stonds six feet or moor;  
 He isno' one o'th' paestick sort—  
 He's twenty stone, aw'm sure.  
 Aw wish yo' seed him when he sings  
 Eaut o'er th' hills an' valleys;  
 Why, bless yo'r life, his double chins  
 Work like a pair o' ballis.



Wi han to mind when he's a whoam,  
 He keeps us o i' tune ;  
 He'll say, "Neaw, lads, we'n skip a bar,"  
 An' off goes th' owd bassoon.  
 An' then it's lip an' elbow wark—  
 Wi bang at o before us ;  
 An' ten to one wi finish off  
 Wi th' "Hallelujah Chorus."

Eaur Noah's next to George, an' tho'  
 He isno' quite as big,  
 He's a merry bit o' timber,  
 Made from a dacent sprig.  
 He's a stunner up o'th' fiddle,  
 An' he's up to every style,  
 Whilst oratory music  
 He con rattle off bi th' mile.

Eaur Tummy, too, plays on th' bassoon—  
 He's a topper, so they sen ;  
 Aw've seen him blow a candle eaut,  
 An' blow it in agen.  
 That's summat 'at eaur George cornt do,  
 An' aw've yerd mi feythur tell,  
 Eaur Tummy never larnt at o—  
 He pickt it up hissle'.

Eaur Martin plays on th' orgin,  
 An' th' grand piano, too ;  
 He goes abeaut to o'th' big doos,  
 An' gets a dacent screw.  
 Mi mother says he'st smartest lad  
 I' o eaur family ;  
 He'll turn a sharp into a flat  
 As aisy as con be.

Eaur Arthur plays a clarionet,  
 An' awmost maks it tawk ;  
 He plays at th' Hill Top Chapel,  
 An' when they han ther walk  
 He leods th' band an' th' singin',  
 An' he does it, too, beaut pay ;  
 But he awlus gets his dinner  
 An' o good ham-sandwich tay.

Eaur Fred's the mon to criticise —  
 Bur he doesno' want it known ;  
 He does it like on th' quiet,  
 An' signs hissels' "Trombone."  
 He's a clinkin' hond at music—  
 Brass bands or hondbell ringin',  
 Pianos, orgins, oboes, flutes,  
 Or ony sort o' singin'.

Sometimes eaur Sam recites a bit,  
 Just for a change, yo' known ;  
 An' he's a jaynius at it, too,  
 In fact he maks his own.  
 No deaut yo'd like to yer us—  
 Well, some neet yo' mun com' ;  
 By gum wi need some takkin' deawn  
 When we'r o awhoam.



## Lines on the Death of a Child.

I WATCHED beside the couch of one  
Whose sweet angelic face  
Is ever with me, though 'tis gone  
To its last resting place ;  
I knelt beside its couch, and saw  
The light flee from its eye ;  
I bowed my head towards its breast,  
And heard the last-drawn sigh.

I felt the hot tears on my cheek ;  
I knew that all was o'er ;  
I knew it's spotless soul had fled  
To heaven's eternal shore :  
And there beyond yon starry world,  
Above yon spacious dome,  
I know my darling child hath found  
An everlasting home.

Through the long dreary nights I watched  
Beside that drooping flower ;  
I saw it's fading loveliness,  
As sped the weary hour ;  
And as it's spirit passed away  
From earth to brighter things,  
Methought I heard within that room  
The rush of angels' wings.

I gazed upon that placid brow,  
Still beautiful in death ;  
I pressed a kiss on those cold lips,  
Through which there passed no breath ;  
With tearful eyes and aching heart  
My trust I did resign,  
And cried, "Oh, Lord, accept the gem,  
For well I know 'tis thine."

And now the empty casket lies  
Beneath its native sod ;  
But ah, the jewel sheds its light  
Beside the throne of God ;  
And if my life whilst here on earth  
Be pure and undefiled,  
At some not distant time I may  
Again embrace my child.

I have a hope, a glorious hope,  
That burns within my breast ;  
A hope that when this poor frail form  
Hath closed its eyes in death,  
That then my own immortal soul  
Will enter heaven's bright gate,  
Will stand before its Maker, God,  
And Christ, its Advocacæ.





"I Am No Poet."

LINES WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION, "DID  
I CONSIDER MYSELF A POET?"

I AM no poet, pardon my confession,  
And, friends, I hope you'll deem it no transgression  
If I disclaim the title of a poet—  
I'm but a rhymster, and, of course, I know it.

I am no poet, though I claim to be  
An ardent lover of sweet poesy ;  
But as a poet I shall never shine,  
So pray excuse these limping rhymes of mine.

I am no poet, that can soar and sing,  
And fom his harp immortal stanzas fling ;  
Though I at times have felt the sacred glow  
Within my breast, which poets feel and know.

I am no poet, like immortal Burns,  
Yet there are times my restless spirit yearns  
To sing sweet lyrics of my native land,  
Whose hills and vales are beautiful and grand.

Such gifted singers are by God inspired,  
The sacred flame within them has been fired  
By none but He, and He alone can say  
My child of song, thy songs shall live for aye.

Singers so gifted are not soon forgot,  
 Like Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Burns, and Scott ;  
 The gems of poesy they've left behind  
 Have helped to cheer and elevate mankind.

It is indeed a wondrous mighty dower  
 Where God has planted in the mind the power  
 To thrill the world with music, song, and story,  
 Crowning the authors with immortal glory.

I am no poet able to impart  
 Fresh streams of gladness to the human heart ;  
 I cannot tune my harp to noble themes,  
 And help to wake mankind from idle dreams.

All aspirations, such as these I know,  
 Are far beyond my humble powers, and so  
 I am contented in my lowly sphere  
 If I at times some sorrowing heart can cheer.

We cannot all achieve a world-wide fame,  
 We cannot all immortalise our name ;  
 But we have neighbours living o'er the way,  
 Then let us try and cheer them with our lay.

So as I plod my way o'er life's rough road  
 I sing and whistle, though sometimes my load  
 Seems hard to bear, but as I jog along  
 I cannot help but warble forth a song.

Sing on, sweet singer, whoso'er thou art,  
 Thy heartfelt song may heal some wounded heart ;  
 'Tis healthier far to sing a cheerful song  
 Than talk of creeds and politics gone wrong.

I am no poet, as I've said before :  
 I rhyme sometimes, I own, but nothing more ;  
 And if my rhymes should please my numerous friends,  
 U'm satisfied, and there the matter ends.



## Lines Suggested by The Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887.

**W**HAT changes ther's bin, to bi sure,  
 Sin' England's Queen wer' fost creawn'd,  
 In lands far away o'er the sea,  
 As well as on English greaund ;  
 An' to thoose who 'ave lived a long time—  
 Some seventy years, or perhaps moore,—  
 This world seems a different place  
 To when they fost seed it, a'm sure.

If eaur ancestors could bur com' back,  
 Heaw they'd stare at a telegraph post ;  
 Heaw they'd stare at thoose engines o' war  
 Eaur army an' navy con boast ;  
 Heaw they'd stare at a London express  
 Heaw they'd stare at th' electric leet ;  
 Heaw they'd stare if they seed a big teawn  
 Illumined wi gas ov a neet.

Heaw they'd stare if they knew wi could send  
 Messages reet under t' sea ;  
 Heaw they'd stare if they knew wi could talk  
 Through pipes, an' bi yerd far away ;  
 Heaw they'd stare th' Exhibition to see ;  
 Bur a think a need mention no moore ;—  
 To see o these changes at once  
 Would turn 'em hawve cranky, a'm sure.

Great measures have passed i'th' owd Heawse  
 Weer gentlemen sit an' fo eaut ;  
 Good measures they'n passed not a few,  
 An' bad 'uns an' o, ther's no deaut ;  
 When Members o' Parliament meet,  
 On questions momentous an' great,  
 Let 'em strive to keep prejudice deawn,  
 For prejudice soon begets hate.

A've seen a few changes mysel',  
 I' my bit o'th' time on this earth ;  
 An' mi lot 'as bin mixt up a bit,  
 Wi sadness, as well as wi mirth ;  
 An' it's same wi us o, there's no deaut,  
 Win sorrows an' joys ov eaur own,  
 Fro'th' lowliest poor i'th' lond  
 To th' Queen ut neaw sits upo' th' throne.

When England's Queen wer' fost creaned,  
 Hoo wer' bur a lass in her teens ;  
 Bur neaw hoo's acknowledged to be  
 Earth's greatest and wisest o' queens ;  
 Whenever disaster befalls  
 The nation, in whatever part,  
 Her help an' her sympathy's theer,  
 Hoo's a Queen wi' a motherly heart.

Wi are preaud ov eaur own native land,  
 An' preaud ov its sovereign Queen ;  
 An' ther's scarcely a mon, a believe,  
 Bur what would feight, blood up to th' een,  
 I' defence o' that Queen an' her throne—  
 In defence of the land he adores ;  
 An' woe be to them who should dare  
 To invade eaur English shores.

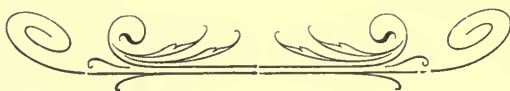


Fifty yer, dun yo' sey?—dear o' me,  
 Heaw rapidly time flies away ;  
 Is it so lung sin' th' Queen wer' proclaimed ?  
 It's just fifty yer sin' to-day.  
 An' to-neet, on a hundred hills,  
 The beacon's red glare will bi seen  
 In commemoration o' this  
 Great Jubilee Day o' eaur Queen.

When lookin' o'er history's page  
 A awf'ntimes think to mysel'  
 Wi may larn o wi con abeaut th' past,  
 Bur the future no mortal con tell ;  
 Great revolutions an' war  
 Have raged neaw an' then in the world,  
 An' one or two creawned yeds wi know  
 Fro' their totterin' thrones have bin hurled.

Bur Queen Victoria's throne  
 Has stood'n the brunt ov each shock ;  
 An it's stonidin' to-day, a believe,  
 As firm as an adamant rock ;  
 It's pillars are mighty an' strong,  
 An' would bear it though high as a steeple ;  
 It cannot, and never will, fall  
 While it rests on the love of the people.

God bless thi' owd lass, wi feel preaud  
 Theau'rt livin' an' hearty as yet ;  
 An' we hope it may be a lung time  
 Before th' owd arm cheer is to let ;  
 On him who'll succeed thi to th' same,  
 May wisdom's bright beam ever shine ;  
 May he prove hissel' worthy o' th' creawn,  
 An' wear it untarnished as thine.



### The Hyde Free Breakfasts.

“Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these,  
Ye did it unto Me.”

(Given on the occasion of the Distress caused through  
the stagnation of Trade which resulted from the  
“Cotton Corner in America.” 1903-4.)

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**G**OD bless our Mayor and Councillors—  
And everyone beside—  
Now striving to alleviate  
The dire distress in Hyde.

“What would the world be to us  
If the children were no more” ?—  
A garden without any flowers,  
A sea without a shore.  
Oh, what a weary world ’twould be,  
An arid desert plain,  
If the children were not with us,  
To bring joy in their train.

The children cling like tendrils  
Round every loving heart ;  
They are the hope of the nation,  
Then let us play our part !  
By guarding well the children—  
No matter where they be—  
Be they born of prince or peasant,  
They are all one family.

Then let us guard the children,  
Though they come from a poor man's door,  
In every town and city  
There are thousands of honest poor—  
Poor because they have got no work,  
Whereby to earn their bread,  
Whilst the wolf is howling at their door,  
Filling their hearts with dread.

Such thoughts as these came o'er me  
As I stood on Crook's Square,  
And watched the town's poor children  
March to the chapel there ;  
And as I saw them dining,  
I breathed a thankful prayer  
To God and His humble servants,  
Who were tending the children there.

All honour to men and women  
Who try to alleviate  
The ills they see around them  
When dire distress is great ;  
They are doing the work of the Master,  
And His blessings they will share ;  
But what astonished me most of all,  
There was only one parson there.

What are the parsons doing,  
 Those ministers of God!  
 Begging, perchance, for the heathen,  
 Who lives in the Land of Nod;  
 But whilst hard times are with us,  
 Our missionaries need not roam;  
 We want a bit of the Bible brass  
 To buy bread here at home.

All honour to those I saw that day,  
 Tending with jealous care  
 To the wants of the little children  
 That morning assembled there;  
 Their names I need not mention,  
 But the children know them well;  
 And they kept them busy, I tell you,  
 Running about pell mell.

It was cocoa here, and cocoa there,  
 Those little blessed dots;  
 They had every kind of crockeryware,  
 From jugs to noggin pots;  
 And the way that bread and butter  
 Went bolting out of sight,  
 Was proof there wasn't a kiddy there  
 But what had an appetite.

When the morning meal was over  
 My heart was filled with joy,  
 As I gazed on the beaming faces  
 Of every girl and boy;  
 You talk about expression!  
 Why each one seemed to say,  
 "We'n had a reet good breakfast,  
 An' wi shanno clem to-day."

There was one thing pleased me highly :  
Some factory girls were there ;  
Each one doing the best she could—  
Anxious to do her share ;  
Helping to feed the children,  
With hearty right goodwill ;  
And when the meal was over  
Hurrying off to the mill.

All honour to men and women  
Who help the struggling poor ;  
If there's a heaven above us,  
They'll surely find the door.  
Good deeds are the open sesame,  
Whereby they'll enter in ;  
Good deeds are the greatest recommend,  
For the crown we've got to win.





Honour to Whom Honour is Due.

INSCRIBED TO THE LATE MR. ALDERMAN MYCOCK.

(Mayor of Hyde 1887-8, on the occasion of his being presented with the Freedom of the Borough, 1900).

**W**E laud the warrior on the field of strife,  
 For deeds of valour and for victories won ;  
 We laud the great in Parliamentary life,  
 For all that they, for England's weal, have done.  
 Then why not we, in this important borough,  
 Bestow on one (whose patriarchal face  
 Bears the deep impress of life's rugged furrow),  
 A freeman's honour for a well-run race.

'Tis fifty years to-day, old friend,—  
 Ah, me, how time has gone!—  
 Since first thou entered public life,  
 And put thy harness on.

Fifty long years have passed away,  
 Long years of joy and sorrow ;  
 And we are proud of thee this day,  
 First Freeman of our Borough.

We know thy life's best energies  
Have been at our command ;  
We know that thou has done thy work  
With willing heart and hand.

And so we now present to thee,  
This little precious scroll ;  
A proof that thou art evermore,  
First on the Freeman's roll.

Thy life has been a record life  
In this our town's affairs ;  
And we are thankful unto God,  
That He thy life still spares.

And now we grasp thy hand with pride,  
And think with joy supreme,  
Of all that thou hast done for Hyde,  
Thou grand old evergreen.

Thy life is one that should inspire  
The young men of our town ;  
Those who are climbing up the hill  
That thou art toddling down.

Oh, may they emulate thy life  
In all that thou hast done ;  
And be determined in the strife  
To win what thou hast won !

And now I know thou wilt excuse  
These feeble lines of mine ;  
I do not simply court the muse  
To sing thy praise and shine.

Ah, no, I sing of thee because  
Thy life's a noble theme ;  
A demonstration to us all  
That life is not a dream.

And now, on this auspicious day,  
Allow me, as a friend,  
(Whilst joy within thy heart holds sway,  
And friends thy steps attend),  
To wish thee every earthly joy,  
And happiness without alloy.

My dear old friend,  
Of life may God renew thy lease ;  
And may thy paths be paths of peace,  
Right to the end.







## Advice to a Brother Poet.

DEAR SAM,—

Aw thowt aw'd just write o'er  
 To number three, Ridge Hill,  
 For't see if th' Bard o' Stalybridge  
 Wur livin' theer still?  
 An' if he is, an' reads these lines,  
 Aw hope he'll recollect  
 At th' chap 'ut's wrote 'em's one o' thoose  
 At some folks sen are crack't.

Aw see'd a bit i'th local news,  
 A tothry days ago,  
 Which made me scrat mi' yed a bit,  
 An' rub mi' een', an' o ;  
 It sed 'ut th' Bard o' Stalybridge  
 ('Twur this 'ut roused my ire):  
 Wur gooin't brun his copy-book,  
 His pen—an' then retire.

Eh, Sam ! what made thee tawk like that ?  
 Theau'd had to mich smo-drink,  
 An' it wur fizzing i' thi' yed ;  
 At least, that's what aw think.  
 But com', owd brid, tak' my advice,  
 'Twill do thee good, no deaubt ;  
 Get th' wife for't look thy fithers o'er,  
 An' see if thour't i'th' meawt.

Thee give o'er writin,—one who writes  
 Wi' such consummate ease!  
 'Od rot it, mon! if theau persists,  
 Aw'il pounce thee off at th' knees.  
 An' as for puttin' thee i'th shade,  
 Eh, Sam, theau art a cure;  
 If theau keeps tawkin' stuff like that,  
 Aw'st think thour't crak't, for sure.

So thee tak up thi' pen agen;  
 Ther' may be just a few  
 That can—an' does—appreciate  
 The little that we do.  
 An' tho' eawr humble verses may  
 The multitude ne'er charm,  
 What tho' we dunno do mich good,  
 Wi' conno do mich harm.

This world to me's a woodland fair;  
 I' every bush an' tree  
 Aw yer some sort o' singin' bird,  
 Wi' sweeter song than me.  
 Yet, there is just one sylvan spot,  
 One quiet snug retreat,  
 Wheer aw con twitter forth wi' joy,  
 My feeble, faint pee-weet.

An' weel aw know my humble song  
 To some great pleasure gives;  
 So thee be same as me, owd brid,  
 An' twitter while theau lives.



“Eighty, Not Out.”

TO MY FRIEND, ROBERT MILLS, ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

**A**LL hail, old friend, on this thy natal day ;  
We gather round thee at the festive board  
To celebrate in our own humble way  
The four-score years that crown thy head to-day.

All hail, old friend ! This joyous scene reminds me  
That life is not for ever sighs and tears ;  
And so to-day we're mighty proud to find thee  
Robust and strong, for all thy eighty years.

Now thou art toddling down the hill of life,  
Wending thy way towards the borderland ;  
May thy declining days be free from strife,  
And may the sunset of thy life be grand.

May pleasant memories fill thy heart with joy,  
And give thee faith in God's eternal love ;  
For truest happiness without alloy  
Has but one source, and 'tis from Him above.

Oft hast thou borne the brunt of worldly strife,  
And soared above the clouds that gathered o'er thee ;  
And now the evening curfew of thy life  
Is sweetly pealing through the vale before thee.

God bless thee, friend, when thy long race is over,  
And friendly hearts the deepest sorrow fills ;  
Thy many friends will then perchance discover  
What they have lost in dear old Robert Mills.



To Eliza G—, on her Eighteenth Birthday,  
Oct. 8th, 1902.

**T**O thee, Eliza, I inscribe these lines,  
And if not now, thou mayest in future times  
Read them with joy, and think of what I say,  
On this, thy eighteenth Natal Day.

Eliza, 'tis the springtime of thy life,  
May thy young days be free from care and strife,  
If thou art spared. Oh, may thy summer be  
Brimful of sunshine, and thy life be free  
From all that tends to lessen life's enjoyment,  
But doing good be ever thy employment.

If God sees fit, Eliza, to prolong  
Thy life until the autumn blackbird's song  
Fills thee with joy, then let thy heart rejoice;  
The falling leaves are whisperings of God's voice.

And if the winter of thy life appears.  
May God be with thee in thy closing years;  
This is the wish that I inscribe to thee:  
And who am I? Thy father's friend.

JAMES LEIGH.



## We Were Seven : A Reminiscence.

ONE night in November of nineteen ought two,  
 A party of friends, in fact just enoo,  
 To make matters lively, with hearty good-will,  
 Foregathered within the old cot on the hill.

The moon in the heavens, majestic and bright,  
 Flooded hillside and vale with a halo of light ;  
 Whilst the breeze bore along in musical swells  
 The rich, mellow tones of the merry-town bells.

Our friend at the cottage expected the call,  
 And with hearty good handshake gave welcome to all ;  
 And soon we all sat, in the firelight's glow,  
 Untrammelled by etiquette, tinsel, or show.

We had each been invited that night to attend,  
 That we might all dine with our evergreen friend,  
 And we all, I believe, to the number of seven,  
 Accepted the invite so heartily given.

We had pheasant for supper, as bonnie a bird  
 As ever was placed on a table ; my word  
 It was fine, and well served without doubt,  
 And he who says different we'll vote him a lout.

After supper was o'er, with tale and with song  
The minutes and hours sped swiftly along,  
Whilst the clock in the nook seemed to say with each chime,  
"Sing on, my old cronies, and I will keep time."

There was Sam from Ridgehill, blithe, jovial, and free,  
Who cares not a rap for the critics—not he ;  
In sketching old fogeys he fairly delights ;  
He writes what he thinks, and he thinks what he writes.

Now Sam was in mood for a frolic that night,  
And his bundle of firewood helped to make bright  
The hours as they sped, but our mirth was let loose  
When he told us the tale of old Template's goose.

Our Burnley friend Booth was in evidence, too,  
And the tales that he told seemed to fairly imbue  
The meeting with mirth, and here let me say  
He's as welcome amongst us as flowers in May.

Joe Cronshaw was there, with his banter and chaff,  
And his quaint funny tales caused many a good laugh ;  
Whilst I and our most esteemed scholastic friend,  
Chimed in now and then, just to make matters blend.

Then our Middleton friend, ere the evening was done,  
Told tales of the sea, and how battles were won ;  
He could talk for a week on the brave days of yore,  
For his head is crammed full of historical lore.

He took us far back, to the time of the Danes,  
Then gave a short lecture on all that remains  
Of Melandra Castle, made famous of late  
By researches conducted by Hamnett the great.

And then we had Arthur Ap Williams from Wales,  
Who knows how to sing a good song and tell tales.  
I have oft heard it said, in the days that are gone,  
As a spinner of yarns he was reckoned Al.

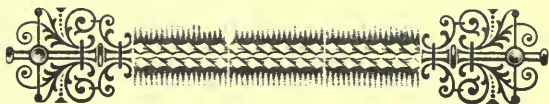
And, oh, how the hours sped on in their flight,  
As we made the old house ring with gladness that night ;  
Whilst our evergreen friend, and I say it with pride,  
With humcur and wit over all did preside.

Sweet evening of pleasure, contentment, and mirth—  
A night spent like that is heaven upon earth !  
As a lamp in the night gleameth brightly abroad,  
It lightens our way over life's rugged road.

The rich and the titled may have, if they list,  
Their clubs and their tennis courts, billiards, and whist ;  
They may smoke their Havanas, and swallow champagne  
Till they strut round like peacocks, and feel just as vain.

But give me an evening with friends such as mine  
(Our sparkling nectar, friend Evergreen's wine),  
Where learning and wit flows on like a stream,  
And jolly good fellowship reigneth supreme.

I love that old cottage on yonder green hill,  
And he who dwells there has my hearty goodwill ;  
Long, long may he live, and may we, as his friends,  
Meet many times there ere our life's journey ends.



On The Birth of Robert Leigh Hill,  
Son of Sam. Hill.

**H**AIL, all hail! Thou little stranger—  
 May thy mother from all danger  
 Soon be free.  
 May thy Daddie kiss thee, Bonnie  
 Floweret! thou art none too mony,  
 Rock-a-be.

Floweret sweet! oh, may thy presence  
 Show that thou art but the essence  
 Of that love  
 Which thy parents truly feel  
 For each other, as they kneel  
 O'er their dove.

Oh! may thy little brother, Jim!  
 (Ah me! my own eyes now grow dim,)  
 Caress thee oft.  
 I had a child that came like thee,  
 And brought great joy to mine and me,  
 Then soared aloft.



That child brought sunshine to my home ;  
His eyes were blue, as heaven's high dome ;  
    His little tongue  
Would ripple, ripple—like a brook,  
That runs through some sequester'd nook,  
    All day long.

Child of my friend and brother bard,  
Already thou hast my regard ;  
    And I do pray  
That God will bless thy parents, who  
Will do the best that they can do  
    For thee—always.

Oh, may thy little brother Fred  
(Methinks I see him scratch his head  
    In ruesome mood) ;  
Oh, may he love thee, as thy mother ;  
Be thou his darling—he thy brother  
    Birds of one brood.

Thy little sister Alice, too,  
Will love thee like a sister true.  
    And so—young swell,  
Just settle down, and rest content,  
For in thy Daddie's humble tent  
    Love doth dwell.





### Owd Charlotte.

ORIGINAL SKETCH FOUNDED ON FACT.

**T**'OTHER neet, as me un a friend or two  
 Wur having a quiet chat,  
 One on 'em tow'd a very good tale,  
 There's no mistake i' that ;  
 An' if yo'll but ha' patience,  
 Just for a minit or two,  
 Aw'll tell it yo' as weel as aw con,  
 Un mind yo', it's quite true.

Thur lives an owd woman not far from here,  
 Bur wheer aw shanno tell ;  
 An' if yo'r very anxious fur t' know,  
 Yo' mun find it out yo'rsel ;  
 However, aw'll tell you this much,  
 Hoo lives upon a ridge,  
 At stands a great way nearer Hyde  
 Nor it does to Stalybridge.

Owd Charlotte,—mind yo' that's her name,—  
 Has never yet bin wed,  
 Tho' sixty summers, aw dost be beawnd,  
 Have neaw passed o'er her yed.  
 Hoo has relations plenty,  
 Beside their Joe, her brother ;  
 An' when Owd Charlotte dees,  
 Aw know there'll be a bother.

For hoo's saved a bit o' money,  
 Hoo's ne'er made nowt away ;  
 Awlus savin' o' hoo could  
 Again a rainy day ;  
 An' that's what mak's me say  
 When hoo does there'll be a bother,  
 For some ul want t' ha' one thing,  
 An' some ul want another.

It is no mony months sin yet  
 Owd Charlotte wur ta'en ill,  
 An' they thowt, sure enough, hoo wur gooin' t' dee,  
 An' dee without a will.  
 One woman even felt so sure,  
 Though to Charlotte nowt akin,  
 As for t' beigh a new black bonnet.  
 For t' go to th' buryin' in.

Bur this wur done out o' pure respect,  
 For through calm and stormy weather  
 This woman un Owd Charlotte  
 Had been great chums together.  
 An' when their Jim went whoam at neet,  
 Didn't he stare, bi th' mass,  
 When he seel her tryin th' bonnet on,  
 At front ut th' looking glass.

"Nay, thaw'll ha' no need o' that," he said,  
 "For aw've just neaw seen their Joe,  
 An' he says hoo's geeting weel again,  
 Hoo's gone and deceived 'em o'."  
 "Tha doesna say!" his wife cried eawt,  
 Hardly knowing what t' mak' on it.  
 "Well, never mind," hoo said at last,  
 "Aw'm naw done eawt o' th' bonnet."

Bur aw'll tell yo' o' abeaut it,  
 Wheer wur aw!—let me see—  
 O, aw wur wheer relations o felt sure  
 At Charlotte wur going t' dee.  
 So th' Oracle o' th' neighbourhood wur sent for,  
 A Daniente is he,  
 For everyone felt certain  
 At Charlotte wur going t' dee.

They towd him t' bring his pen and ink,  
 An' write o down hoo said,  
 For every one felt certain  
 At Charlotte ud soon be dead.  
 So th' Oracle coom with his book in hand,  
 Th' relations creawded reawnd,  
 Thinkin' moor abeaut her money an' goods  
 Than they did abeawt her, aw'll be beawnd.

“Ay, Charlotte!” one o'th relations said,  
 “Aw hope yo winno dee;  
 Bur if yo aun”—un hoo look't quite sad—  
 “Leov th' eight days clock to me!”  
 “Thee shut up!” another cried eawt,  
 “Tha's no need t' mak' thi bother;  
 For aw'm a deol n'ar nor thee,  
 Hoo's sister to mi moather!”

“Whoo'as gooin't ha't sofy?”  
 Another then chim't in;  
 “Oh!” said one us hoo's aunt to,  
 “Hoo promis't me that, lung sin.”  
 “Aw should like't' ha't cheers and drawers!”  
 One said with a pitiful look—  
 “An if Charlotte's no objections,  
 Yo may put it deawn i' yo'r book.”

“Heaw much brass has hoo i’th’ Co-op?”  
 Another wanted t’ know ;  
 “Ax her how much hoo has i’th’ Mechanics’ bank,”  
 Cried eawt her brother Joe ;  
 “Oh! hoo’s moor nor tha’ll ha’t hav, a’ know!”  
 Another made reply ;  
 “For hoo dos’no think so much o’ thee,  
 An’ hoo’s a very good reason why!”

Neaw aw’ll tell yo what th’ Oracle said,  
 If aw mi mind must tell :  
 “It ud look a deol better on yo  
 If yo’d let her pleas hersel’ ;  
 An’ thoos ut hoo want’s for t’ give owt to,  
 They’ll have it without a doubt ;  
 An’ thoos ut hoo does’no gi nowt to,  
 Why, ov course, they’ll ha’t go beawt!”

“Wheer’s hoo beawn’t bi buried?”  
 Another then wanted t’ know ;  
 “Why, hoo’l want be buried at Mottram!  
 Wilt’no, Charlotte?” said their Joe.  
 “Hoo conno be!”—another cried eawt—  
 “For’t grave’s full up to’t top!”  
 ”Twer’t same relation us wanted t’ know  
 Heaw much brass hoo had i’th’ Co-op.

“Ax her if hoo’l be buried at Newton Church?”  
 Another relation said ;  
 “Aw shannut!” cried Owd Charlotte,  
 An’ up hoo sprung i’ bed.  
 Hoo wur hardly as bad as they thow’t hoo wur,  
 An’ hoo’d yer’d nearly o as wur said ;  
 Bur when they talked o’ buryin’ her,  
 Hoo soon sprung up i’ bed.

"Eh, dear! Eh, dear!" hoo then cried eawt,  
 An' a tear stood in her ee;  
 "Just for't sake o' her money an goods,  
 Yo wanten Owd Charlotte t' dee!"  
 "Nay, aw'm sure aw dunno!" 'th brother sed,  
 "But aw want t' have o things square;"  
 "Aye, aye," another then cried eawt,  
 "Tha want's t' ha't lion's share!"

Neaw aw'll tell you what hoo said at last:  
 "Aw'st sarve yo o alike;  
 Yo'st non on yo have a hawpny piece—  
 So eawt o't th' heause yo pike!"  
 An' off they went, like a pack o' heawnds,  
 When th' hare has gan um th' slip;  
 Growlin' to one another,  
 An' hangin' their bottom lip.

No deawt yo think it's a queer tale?  
 Bur aw'll tell yo it's quite true;  
 For, mind yo, Charlotte's livin yet,  
 An' hoo's hale and hearty, too.  
 So now, kind friends, you'll p'raps excuse  
 This jingling nonsense of my muse,  
 But nevertheless the tale is true.  
 And so I've told it unto you.





Ther's a Whoam for us o Up Aboon.

**T**HER'S a whoam for us o up aboon,  
 Tother side o' yond bonny blue sky;  
 Un am hopin't trudge tor't it as soon  
 As this body o' mine is laid by.

Ther's a whoam for us o up aboon,  
 Un ther s nobbut one road wi con get;  
 Bo mony a theawsand has gone,  
 Un theawsands are still goin yet.

Ther's a whoam for us o up aboon,  
 So spake an owd chap t'other neet,  
 As he laid deawn his pipe up oth 'oon,  
 To a lad ut wur knelt ut his feet.

That lad wur his grondfaythur's pride,  
 Un his een, thi fair glitturt wi leet  
 Us thi' oppunt wi wonderment wide,  
 Ut his grondfaythur's sarmon that neet.

Theer angels wi harps made o gowd,  
 Ther' heavenly notes will attune,  
 Fur't welcome booa'th young folk un owd  
 Us thi' enter that land up aboon.

Starvashun, keen hunger, un' th' like,  
 Never enter that heavenly gate ;  
 Theer, Tum, lad, they'n no cayshun't skroike  
 Becose they'n no bread for to ate.

Theer't King, on his glorious throne,  
 Will stretch eawt his arms unto me,  
 Us aw' enter that land up aboon,  
 Un o, what a welcome 'twill be.

For Christ, eaur Redeemer and King,  
 Ever welcomes a soul saved from sin ;  
 Un 't sweet bells o' heaven u'll ring  
 Whenever that soul enters in.

Un Tum, lad, th' owd fellow then said,  
 Ut lungest it winno' bi lung,  
 Before awst' bi' number't wi th' dead,  
 Un mi' funeral knell u'll bi rung.

Then mi' soul, like a brid up 'oth' wing,  
 Will fly from this casket o' clay ;  
 Un leov' it a poor wither't thing,  
 Ut to dust u'll soon crumble away.

So com' thi', mi' own little chap,  
 Un' un-tee thi' grondfaythur's shoon ;  
 Fu'r aw'l neaw go to oed, un mayhap,  
 When aw' wak-kun awst' bi' up aboon.



“Grondfayther,” Tum said wi’ a smile,  
Un’ o tear trickle’t deawn from his ee’ ;  
“When yo’n bi’n i’ that breet land a while,  
Will yo’ com’ deawn ogen, un’ fotch me?”

Fur yo’ noan ut av’ oft’ yer’d yo tell  
What a beautiful land it wur theer,  
Un awn sure aw should like go’ mi’sel,  
If it’s nicer nor livin’ deawn here.

God bless thi’, mi’ own darlin’ child,  
His aged owd grondfaythur said ;  
Un th’ angels look’t deawn, un thi’ smiled,  
Us he laid his owd hands on his yed.

God bless thi’, he said once agen,  
Un he then toddle’t off to his room ;  
Bo’ when mornin’ broke in upon men,  
His soul had gone whoam up aboon.





### A Wet Spring.

**A**LL hail! thou glorious month of May!  
 It rained last night, and it rains to-day;  
 The wild birds soon will think 'tis time  
 They winged their flight to a warmer clime.  
 But as for me, I nightly pray  
 For a bit of sunshine, to clear away  
 This slippery-sloppery, slip-shod May.

But though to-day we are drenched with rain,  
 To-morrow the sun will shine again;  
 And oh! if he does, I'll be bound to say  
 That banners will wave, and bands will play,  
 And the sparrows will shout from every spout  
 "Phillip, come out! come out! come out!  
 The sun is shining without a doubt."

Oh, what a precious boon 'twould be  
 If we for a season once more could see  
 The blue of heaven, with old Sol's bright glow  
 Shining down on the earth below;  
 How many faces would beam and smile,  
 If only just for a little while  
 The sun would smile on our sea-girt isle!

Whit-week is here, and with anxious eyes  
 We watch the old weather-glass fall and rise;  
 And our own spirits rise and fall  
 With that trusty old glass that hangs on the wall;  
 And we rap it once more ere to bed we repair,  
 And our inmost soul breathes a silent prayer  
 That the little bright finger may reach "set fair."

Whit-week is here, and cricketers sigh  
For a good dry ground, and a clear blue sky ;  
    But neither the one nor the other they get,  
    For the heavens are dark, and the grounds are wet ;  
And the lovers of cricket with very wry faces,  
Though anxious to be in their wonted places,  
Must grin and abide with the greatest of "Graces."

Ah, yes, Whit-week is an anxious time  
For those who are just in their hey-day prime ;  
    And I love to see youth when it comes Whit-week,  
    With joyous heart and a glow on his cheek,  
Out on the greensward leading the dance,  
Where now and again you may see, by his glance,  
He covets the smile of some fair young Nance.

Oh, for the sake of our children dear,  
May the weather turn out both bright and clear ;  
    Our Willie is breech't, for the very first time,  
    And the neighbours all say, "He looks smart and  
    prime!"  
You should see him walk round, with extended chest ;  
I know that he feels, in his own little breast,  
That he stands head and shoulders above all the rest.

And then, there's the girls, with hearts pit-a-pat,  
They think of new boots, new frock, new hat ;  
    Their hearts sink within them as day after day  
    It rains just the same, in the same old way.  
But I'll lay down my pen, and give o'er repining,  
For to-morrow the sun once again may be shining—  
The darkest of clouds has a silv'ry lining.



## A Retrospect.

SPOKEN AT ZION CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOL, ON THE  
OCCASION OF  
THE YOUNG MEN'S PARTY, DECEMBER 11th, 1897.

**W**ELL, friends, yo'r here ogen, aw see,  
 'Ith owd familiar schoo';  
 Yo'n com'n once moore for't harken us,  
 An' see what wi con do.  
 Well, well, we'll try an' pleos yo,  
 Wi'st do us best, am sure;  
 An' if wi done eaur very best,  
 Wi conno do no moore.

Aw hope yo'n had a reet good tay,  
 As some owd wimmin sen;  
 Neaw thoose at thinks they hanno,  
 Con have it o'er ogen;  
 But thoose at hasno' had enough,  
 An' wants another cup,  
 Had better come o' Monday neet,  
 When wi'st bi weshin' up.

Heaever, be that as it may,  
 Aw think the present time  
 Is one that is most opportune  
 For a jinglin' bit of rhyme;  
 An' so, wi your permission,  
 We'll have a short review  
 Of a bit o'th' past an' present  
 O' Zion Sunday Schoo'.

Aw'll start wi Mester Mycock,  
 Aw'm reet deawn preaud he's here ;  
 He's one wi o acknowledge  
 As a grand owd pioneer ;  
 He's one o' thoose at coom on board  
 When this owd ship wer new,  
 An' he's help't to guide an' steer it  
 With heart booath brave and true.

He's stuck'n to it like a mon,  
 Through every storm an' strife ;  
 And though to-day he's toddlin' deawn  
 The snow-clad Hill o' Life,  
 Let's hope he'll live to see th' new schoo'  
 Reality at last,  
 And thank the Lord, as He looks back,  
 Upon a glorious past.

An' then we've Misses Fitton,  
 An' Misses Barker, who,  
 Besides Lauretta Lewis,  
 And William Cooper, too,  
 Are a' that's left o'th' owd uns,  
 An' to me it's quite a treat  
 To see their smilin' faces  
 With us here to-neet.

An' neaw we'll tak' a retrospect  
 O'th' ministers wi'n had,  
 Though one or two, aw must confess,  
 Belong to th' tribe o' Gad ;  
 But tak' 'em o' together  
 They stand in bright array ;  
 Aw think at th' first wi ever had  
 Wer one coed Mester Day.

An' then we'd Mester Stroyan,  
 He laboured long an' well ;  
 An' after him Hennessey coom,  
 He'd but a shortish spell ;  
 An' then we'd Mester Jacobs,  
 A rare good praicher he ;  
 He tarried with us for a while,  
 An' then he crossed the sea.

The Reverend Mester Riley  
 Then coom fro' Bacup teawn ;  
 An' aw use't think o' someheaw  
 He'd com'n to settle deawn ;  
 But he took it in his yed one day  
 To be a Yorkshire Tyke ;  
 So he pack't up his traps, an' went  
 To a place coed Heckmondwyke.

An' new wi'n Mester Nicholas,  
 The last, but not the least ;  
 He's what a parson ought to be,  
 He never apes the priest ;  
 An' aw think yo'll coincide wi me  
 If aw should dare to say,  
 Aw hope he'll stay at Zion  
 Until his toppin's grey.

An' new aw see through memory's eye  
 The faces of a few  
 'At used to tak' an active part  
 In Zion Sunday Schoo'.  
 But some have long since crossed the Bar,  
 And reached the Heavenly Goal ;  
 A sure and glorious haven  
 For our immortal soul.

Thi wer Mester Thomas Rowbotham,  
 Aw scarce remember him,  
 And to mi mental vision neaw  
 He seems a little dim ;  
 But aw knew Mester Unsworth,  
 John North, an' William Berry,  
 John Booth an' Charlie Harrison,  
 So handsome, blythe, and merry.

Aw never think o' Charlie  
 Bur what mi een grow dim,  
 For he thowt weel o'th' Sunday Schoo',  
 An't schoo' thowt weel o' him ;  
 An' then wi'd Missis Jerman,  
 To every one weel known ;  
 No doubt that legacy hoo left  
 Will raise a corner stone.

No deaut ther's mony ot aw've missed,  
 But then aw've done mi best  
 To just enumerate a few,  
 So yo' mun think at th' rest ;  
 And as you conjure up the past,  
 Some angel face will smile,  
 (As Newman says) of those we've loved  
 Long since, but lost a while.

. . . . .  
 And now within these hallowed walls  
 We congregate once more,  
 In bonds of friendship, love, and truth,  
 As oft we've done before.  
 We hold to-night these hallowed walls  
 In greatest veneration,  
 For they have served, and nobly, too,  
 Their day and generation.

'Twas here a generation back  
 Our ancestors once trod ;  
 'Twas here they prayed, for those who strayed,  
 From out the fold of God ;  
 'Twas here they poured instruction  
 O'er many a youthful mind ;  
 'Twas here they wrought with zealously  
 The work to them assigned.

As months and years have passed away,  
 Familiar forms and faces  
 Have vanished, and are seen no more  
 In their accustomed places ;  
 Many are numbered with the dead,  
 Whilst some have crossed the sea ;  
 Oh, may the God they worshipped here  
 Watch over them, say we.

And though thy hallowed walls, old school,  
 They ne'er again may see ;  
 Yet memory with magnet power  
 Will oft-times turn to thee ;  
 Oh ! sacred memories of the past,  
 Oh ! unforgotten joys,  
 Ye are enshrined within our hearts,  
 Embalmed as 'twere with sighs.

The spirits of departed friends  
 Are with us here to-night ;  
 We feel their presence, though their forms  
 Are hid from human sight ;  
 We hear their voices once again,  
 They speak of by-gone days ;  
 They 'mind us of the happy hours  
 We've spent within this place.



Alas! thou old, familiar school,  
So sacred and so dear ;  
Whene'er we leave thee there will fall  
The tribute of a tear ;  
For though a new one shall arise  
To crown our aspirations,  
We never can forget the old,  
With its associations.





Lines Suggested at the Grave of John  
Critchley Prince.

INSCRIBED TO MY FRIENDS, THE MEMBERS OF THE  
HYDE ART CLUB, 1898.

I AM musing once more, where I've oft mused before,  
By an artisan poet's graveside ;  
As I gaze on the stone, I feel not alone,  
Though there are who such feelings deride.

But here as I stand, 'mid cenotaphs grand,  
With the ivy-clad church standing near ;  
In fancy I trace the form and the face  
Of the bard that I love and revere.

Though lowly I'm lying, my fame is undying,  
A voice seems to whisper close by ;  
And in homage I kneel, as I fancy and feel,  
His spirit is hovering nigh.

I have mused on his life, I have thought of the strife,  
 The trials, and cares that beset him ;  
 And my eyelids grow wet as I think of the net  
 That seemed to entangle and fret him.

'Mid the humdrum and strife of his work-a-day life,  
 The bard of the spindle and loom,  
 Tuned his harp with delight, as his muse winged her flight,  
 Beyond his surroundings of gloom.

How great was his dower, with God-given power,  
 He sang of humanity's wrongs ;  
 With a heart full of zeal for his country's weal  
 He poured out his soul in his songs.

And so as I linger, beside the sweet singer,  
 Who lieth at rest 'neath my feet,  
 His melodies clear, come sweet to my ear,  
 With richness and beauty replete.

Like bells sweetly pealing, like soft music stealing,  
 They fill my whole soul with a joy  
 That I cannot express, yet I inwardly bless  
 The minstrel whose theme was so high.

As the lark, with great joy, pours its song to the sky,  
 High over its nest on the sod,  
 So Prince sang enwrapt, whilst the harp strings he swept  
 Seemed tuned by the angels of God.

A lover of nature, he pourtrayed each feature  
In language poetic and true ;  
Rocks, rivers, and fountains, deep woodlands and moun-  
tains,  
With love his great soul did imbue.

O'er the flower spangled lea, or the wild moorland, he  
Would roam with expression benign ;  
And his soul would expand, as he saw on each hand,  
The works of his Maker divine.

His religion was broad, he could worship and laud  
His God in some deep mountain glen,  
With a heart as elate, and a reverence as great  
As e'en in the temples of men.

But the day wears apace, and I must retrace  
My steps from this humble graveside,  
With the thought, though he's gone, his works will  
live on,  
And his fame will extend far and wide.

Farewell, princely bard, though thy lot was so hard,  
Whilst sojourning here on earth,  
After life's fitful dream, thou art sleeping serene,  
And I but pay homage to worth.





### By the Grave of a Loved One.

**I** STOOD by the grave of a loved one  
 On a peaceful Sabbath morn,  
 The time of the year when reapers shear,  
 And bind the golden corn ;  
 And I thought of the human harvest,  
 Which Death had gathered in ;  
 As I looked around in that burial-ground,  
 On the many tombs therein.

And there, within God's Acre,  
 I mused on the deathless soul ;  
 And thought, with the grand old poet,  
 "The grave" was "not its goal."  
 Beyond that narrow limit,  
 Which marks the shadowy tomb,  
 The soul, like a flower transplanted,  
 In Paradise doth bloom.

I thought of the many loved ones  
 Sleeping beneath the sod ;  
 The sleep that knows no waking,  
 Except at the call of God.  
 How many hearts had sorrowed  
 Above those silent graves ;  
 How many tears had watered  
 The grass that o'er them waves.

We reverence those sepulchres,  
 And oft-times turn to weep  
 Above the hallowed resting-place  
 Wherein our loved ones sleep.  
 Oh! think not it is foolish  
 To stand and weep above  
 The spot that is consecrated  
 With the dust of those we love.

I stood by the grave of a loved one,  
 And thought of the days gone by ;  
 When life to me was a rippling sea,  
 With a calm, unclouded sky.  
 But soon o'er life's horizon,  
 There passed the first dark cloud,  
 As I saw the light of my household,  
 Enwrapt in a snow-white shroud.

Oh! how the heart-strings quiver,  
 As memory wings it's flight ;  
 From days that are oft-times gloomy,  
 To days that were ever bright.  
 Memory, fond memory,  
 Turns with magnetic power ;  
 Turns to review the past once more,  
 If only for one brief hour.

The voices of departed friends  
 Speak from the shadowy past,  
 Reminding us of earthly bliss,  
 And joys that could not last.  
 And as in imagination,  
 We clasp their hands once more ;  
 They seem to whisper in our ear—  
 Not dead, but gone before.

That morn, as I bowed in sorrow,  
    Beneath God's chastening rod,  
I could hear the organ pealing  
    It's tones through the House of God.  
And a calm and peaceful feeling  
    Soothed my troubled soul;  
As I heard sweet voices singing—  
    When the surges cease to roll.

Oh! when the dark-wing'd angel  
    Beareth the soul away,  
Through the vale of eternal shadows  
    To realms of eternal day,  
'Tis sweet to think that loved ones  
    Our coming do await,  
And will be the first to greet us  
    At Heaven's celestial gate.





### Spring.

**H**AIL! Hail to the Spring, with her genial face,  
 That smiles on all nature around ;  
 Hail! Hail to the Spring, for who cannot trace  
 Her presence, far over the ground.

As we roam, through the fields, or the green bushy dells,  
 The linnet pours out his wild lay ;  
 Whilst the hedge rows are covered with bonny bluebells,  
 That ope with the first blush of day.

Then, Hail to thee, Spring, thou glorious Season,  
 That decks, with sweet flowers, the sod ;  
 Oh, where is the man, who hath not a reason  
 To praise his most bountiful God.







BOTTOMS HALL WOOD: "Dame Nature donn'd up in Her Best."

(From Photo by  
GEORGE HIGGINSBOROUGH,  
Croft Street, Hyde).





### S u m m e r .

'T WAS Summer time, the season when  
 Nature steps forth in bright array ;  
 When on the breeze there comes again  
 Sweet fragrance from the new-mown hay.

'Twas then I roamed, 'mid rural scenes,  
 By devious paths and winding streams ;  
 'Twas then I roamed through wood and dell,  
 And many a spot remembered well.

Oh ! when the heart is bowed with grief,  
 When for departed friends we pine ;  
 How often we may find relief,  
 Alone with God, at nature's shrine.





### A u t u m n.

COME, let us away, blithe hearts, away,  
 This beautiful autumnal day ;  
 Come, let us away with a joy new-born,  
 And watch the reaper among the corn :  
 He bindeth the last of his golden sheaves,  
 Ere falleth the first of autumn's leaves ;  
 He layeth his well-worn sickle aside,  
 With joy on that last load home he'll ride ;  
 Whilst Robin cracks his whip for joy,  
 And shouts to Dobbin, "Gee up, old boy" ;  
 And the good old waggon will creak and groan,  
 'Neath the last big load of the harvest home.

Come, let us away without delay,  
 And a dozen voices answer yea ;  
 Come, let us away to the woods, ho ! ho !  
 A blackberry-gathering let us go.  
 With basket hanging on our arm,  
 We enter the woods without alarm ;  
 Scanning each bush both high and low,  
 Where we know luscious fruit doth grow ;  
 Some fill their baskets, nor lag behind,  
 Whilst others eat all the fruit they find.

Come, let us away, blithe hearts, away ;  
Let us visit the orchard of old John Day ;  
For merry laughter is heard therein,  
As the season's fruit they gather in.  
"Who," says old John, "is the first to speak,  
For this big round apple with russet cheek?"  
"I—!" a dozen voices cry,  
And a hearty laugh is old John's reply.  
"Give it to me!" but Old John won't yield,  
So the apple goes spinning along the field.  
"Tis their's who gain it," he then cries out,  
And off they bound with a joyous shout.

Come, let us away o'er hill and dale,  
O'er barren heath and fruitful vale ;  
Nor think of home till harvest moon  
The eastern heavens doth illumine.  
See how she sails up the star-lit sky,  
Queen of the night she reigns on high.  
O ! who can view such a glorious sight,  
And think not of Him who is infinite?  
God of the seasons in every clime  
We gratefully thank Thee for harvest-time.





## W i n t e r .

**S**PRING, Summer, and Autumn come,  
 Spring, Summer, and Autumn go ;  
 O'er hamlet, village and town  
     The keen north wind doth blow.  
 The Christmas bells chime out,  
     And the New Year comes apace ;  
 Our hearts are filled with hope and doubt  
     As we look him in the face.  
 Again o'er hill and dale  
     The huntsman's horn resounds ;  
 Once more through wooded vale  
     He follows his well-trained hounds ;  
 The timid hare bounds forth,  
     In her eyes is the fear she feels ;  
 She's running for life, for well she knows  
     That death is at her heels.  
 Away through wood and vale,  
     With ne'er relaxing pace,  
 Away o'er hill and dale,  
     Till nightfall ends the chase.

The farmer is sitting at ease  
By the side of his ingle bright,  
With a tankard of rare October-brew'd,  
Which he quaffs to his heart's delight ;  
The storm is raging without,  
But to him it doth rage in vain  
As he thinks, with a thankful heart, no doubt,  
Of his barns well-filled with grain—  
Of his cattle, well hous'd and fed,  
Now chewing their night's repast.  
O, that all creatures on God's wide earth  
Were as free from the wintry blast !  
The bowl of his long clay pipe  
In the fire he'll now and then poke,  
His schemes of the future realised,  
He sees in the curling smoke :  
He seeth his barns enlarged,  
His cattle increased two-fold,  
And a smile flits over his face  
As he thinks of their worth in gold.  
He is building his castles in air,  
And his heart is all aglow,  
But the realisation can never come  
Except God wills it so.  
And so, in the chimney nook,  
With a heart more at ease than a king ;  
He nods and dozes, he dozes and nods,  
And dreams of the coming Spring.  
Spring, Summer, and Autumn come,  
Spring, Summer, and Autumn go ;  
And the earth is enwrapt once more  
In a shroud of crystal snow—  
A shroud that is gleaming white  
Far over the frozen ground,  
While the stars are twinkling bright  
In heaven's deep, profound.



### Christmas Time.

**T**HE Christmas bells are ringing,  
Ringing, sweetly ringing,  
Once again ;  
A thousand choirs are singing,  
Singing, sweetly singing,  
Good will to men.

We celebrate with joy  
Christ's advent from on high,  
This blessed morn ;  
Peace and goodwill to men  
Was sung o'er Bethlehem  
When Christ was born.

From distant zone to zone,  
From earth to heaven's high dome,  
Glad anthems ring ;  
For unto us was born  
On that mysterious morn  
A Saviour King.



Shine forth ye crystal spheres,  
'Tis nigh two thousand years  
    Since Christ came down ;  
To be refused of men.  
Yea, though he died for them,  
    And wore a Crown.

A crown of plaited thorns,  
Placed on his head 'mid scorns,  
    For us he wore ;  
Behold him crucified,  
Behold his bleeding side !  
    What need ye more ?

The temple rent in twain,  
The darkness that did reign,  
    Proves, without doubt  
Some unseen hand divine,  
A mystery sublime  
    Was working out.

Ring out ! harmonious bells !  
Your cadences and swells,—  
    Oh, how grand !  
The yule log sheds its glow  
On many a hearth we know,  
    Throughout the land.

But some there be that mourn ;  
Our joy, this Christmas morn,  
    They cannot share.  
Their hearts are filled with pain ;  
Perchance their homes contain  
    A vacant chair.

A dear one passed away ;  
Alas, and who can say  
    When death will come ?  
The flowers that bloom to-day,  
May wither and decay  
    Ere night comes on.

The mistletoe, once more  
Hangs, as it did of yore,  
    In stately hall ;  
Whilst once again is seen,  
Holly and evergreen,  
    On cottage wall.

Behold, yon mansion fair,  
Home of the millionaire,  
    What joy within !  
The flowing wine goes round,  
Until the house resounds  
    With joyous din.

Out in the cold, dark city,  
The heart is moved with pity,  
    Oh, how sad !  
To view that unkempt hair,  
Those feet so cold and bare,  
    Poor arab lad.

Where can thy mother be ?  
Thy father, where is he ?  
    Thou knowest not ?  
A waif upon the street,  
Amid the snow and sleet,—  
    How sad thy lot !

No yule log burneth bright  
To cheer thy soul to-night,  
Nor give thee joy.  
Tossed as a straw might be  
On a tempestuous sea,  
Poor, homeless boy.

Within some hovel old  
He shrinketh from the cold,—  
The ground his bed ;  
There, desolate, alone,  
He layeth on a stone,  
His weary head.

But soon a well-known tread  
Fills his young heart with dread.  
He steals away ;  
E'en like a hunted hare,  
He hideth anywhere,  
Where best he may.

How many thousands roll  
In wealth, whilst you poor soul  
Goes shivering by  
With halting step and slow,  
Perchance amid the snow  
To fall and die !

No flowers o'er him are strewn ;  
No kind hands lay him down  
Beneath the sod ;  
Into the earth he's thrown,  
An outcast, all unknown,  
Except by God.

Thou God who watcheth all,  
E'en to a sparrow's fall,  
    We ask of Thee  
To spread Thy saving wings  
O'er such poor, homeless things,  
    Where'er they be.

Vain sons of mortal man,  
This life is but a span,  
    A race soon run;  
The lowly and the great  
Must surely meet the fate  
    They cannot shun.

Ring out sweet pealing bells,  
Those cadences and swells,  
    What joy they give!  
They mind us, Christ, of Thee,  
Who died upon the tree,  
    That we might live.





### New Year's Eve.

ONCE again those bells are pealing,  
 Pealing out another year ;  
 And the thought comes o'er us stealing,  
 That our end draws still more near.

Once again the yule log burning,  
 Sheds its cheerful glow around ;  
 And some traveller, home returning,  
 In its warmth once more is found.

Round that yule log burning brightly,  
 Voices swell the glad refrain ;  
 Hands are grasping hands more tightly,  
 Friends, long parted, meet again.

Once again sad thoughts and pleasant,  
 Sweep across our busy brain ;  
 Bidding us enjoy the present,  
 And review the past again.

Oh ! what memories crowd upon us !  
 Whilst amid our mirth we grieve—  
 Grieve for those departed from us,  
 Since we met last New Year's Eve.

Perhaps a father or a mother  
Sat within that vacant chair ;  
Perchance a sister mourns a brother  
Who, last New Year's Eve, was there.

Ah ! those bells are pealing gladness,  
Gladness to a thousand hearts ;  
Hearts that may be filled with sadness,  
Ere another year departs.

Hark ! the grim old year is sighing,  
Sighing as he hears his knell ;  
Hush, for the old year now is dying ;  
Now he is gone—farewell, farewell.

Ring out ! ring out ! ye merry bells !  
We cry aloud with gladsome voice ;  
Ring out your cadences and swells,  
The New Year comes, and we rejoice.

We know not what the year may bring us,  
We live in doubt, in hope, in fear ;  
But oh, we trust those bells may ring us  
In, a happy, prosperous, year.





## Lines on a Distressed Village.

**P**OOR village! Heav sad is thy lot!  
Deserted art thou, and bi' th' mass,  
Thoose folk ut should cling to' th' owd spot  
Show noather thersel nor ther brass.  
They con ha' ther grand dinners, and snooze,  
An' loll i' ther own easy chair;  
But scarce give a thowt abeaut thoose  
Who's cubboards are empty an' bare.

Aw took o walk reawnd tother day,  
An' aw thowt aw'd just look fur missel'  
At'th misery, want, and decay,  
O' which aw'd so often yerd tell.  
Aw went, an' awst never forget  
O'th wretchedness theer to be seen;  
I'th heawses at arno to let,  
Poverty's reigning supreme.

A stillness pervadeth the streets  
Weer many a frolic wi'n had;  
An' aw hardly yerd th' sound o' mi feet,  
As aw walked over'th grass-covered pad.  
Th' cottages goin' to rack,  
Th' windows and doors smashed in;  
Looking just like some desolate place,  
Which life had forsaken lung sin'.

Poor folk, they could hardly for shame  
 To show themselves even i' th' street ;  
 An' so i'th owd nook they'd remain,  
 With scarcely a morsel to eat.  
 They've drunken o' poverty's cup  
 Deep down to its bottomost dregs ;  
 An' ther clooas i' which they stond up  
 Are nowt nobbut tatters and rags.

Yo' sympathise with 'em, yo' sen ;  
 Like Tummas, am hard o' belief ;  
 Except yo'n gie proof on't, an' then  
 By helpin' to give 'em relief ;  
 They'll be thankful fer owt yo' con give,  
 Fro'th tail of a ceaw to it yed ;  
 For they've mony a time had to live  
 Off nowt but a crust o' dry bread.

Sympathy's grand in it place  
 Bur look at yond poor clemmed felly ;  
 He'll know that yo' pity'n his case,  
 If you'll find him some mate for his belly ;  
 His stomach's bin workin' short time  
 For nigh on a yer, more or less ;  
 But fer o that, he winnot repine,  
 "Ther's happen woss cases," he says.

He's worn his owd shoon deawn to'th welt,  
 Wi' trampin' abeaut after wark ;  
 An' he says that he's oftentimes felt  
 He could dreawn hissels, things look't so dark.  
 He's a wife an' six childer a whoam,  
 And ther cryin' fro' mornin' til' neet,  
 Wantin't know when ther daddy's beaunt com  
 An' bring 'em some butties to eat.



His cot is as cowl as a barn,  
 But you'll find 'em o theer of a neet,  
 Hutchin't gether for't keep thesel's warm,  
 Wi' scarcely a glimmer o' leet.  
 They'n parish relief, ther's no deaut ;  
 But what con it be for o them ?  
 For they hardly con mak it ratch eawt,  
 So in and among they mun clem.

Clem, did aw say ? dear-a-mee !  
 In a Christian country, too ;  
 Yo' deaut what aw've said, aw con see,  
 An' yo' tell mi' yo' think it's noan true.  
 Well, just goo an' look for yersel',  
 An' you'll find what aw've tow'd yo' are facts ;  
 An' to see'th gloomy picture aw've drawn,  
 Yo'll ha no need to put on yor specs.

Yo folks that have brass and to spare,  
 Just oppen yor hearts a bit, do ;  
 If yo'll nobbut do so, aw declare  
 That yor purses will fly oppen, too.  
 Just help to keep'th wolf fro' ther door,  
 An' 'oth end o' yer days (who can tell),  
 Yo' may find that, throo givin' to'th poor,  
 Yo'n purchased a creawn for yersel'.

So neaw, just a word, an' aw've done,  
 An' with it aw'll finish mi' ditty ;  
 A hondful o' good solid help  
 Is worth a whul ocean o' pity.



### Jamie o' Dicks.

QWD JAMIE o' Dicks were a mon  
 At could drink a whul brewin' o' ale ;  
 He like't it no matter how dark,  
     He like't it no matter heaw pale ;  
 He like't it no matter how seaur  
     He like't it no matter heaw sweet ;  
 He'd a sit with it heaur after heaur ;  
     If it wer co'ed ale it were reet.

He spent o his neets at th' "Owd Dog,"  
     That wer't place we'er he run up his scores ;  
 An' yo'd alwus find owd Jammie theer,  
     At back of a pint o' cowl fours.  
 He wer weel up i' o maks o' games,  
     At dominoes, cards, puff and dart ;  
 An' every neet at coom reaund  
     He'd a challenged o'th heause for a quart.

At a pigeon fly, dog race, or owt,  
     If Jamie could scrawl he'd bi theer ;  
 He wer gettin' quite famous i'th teawn,  
     As a chap at wer fond of his beer.  
 His wife at wer once a breet lass,  
     Sat mournin' i'th nook bi hersel' ;  
 While Jamie were drinken o'th' brass,  
     An' makin' a beast of hissels'.

They'd seen better days, had those two,  
 For Jamie an' her, so its said,  
 Booath went to one chapel and school,  
 An' at same place o' worship wern wed ;  
 Th'owd shepard at join't 'em i' one,  
 Had christen't 'em booath when yung ;  
 Never thinking o't one eaut o'th two,  
 Ud tak to bad ways, an' go wrung.

Aw watched him as time pass't away,  
 I'th scale of humanity sink ;  
 While his nose wer beginnin' to show  
 What danger ther was i' strung drink.  
 Ther's mony an artist aw know  
 At con paint immitations o' roses,  
 But alcohol's king of 'em o,  
 At naintin' owd topers ther noses.

Its hard when a mon likes his drink,  
 An' cares not what troubles may come ;  
 Bo' ceawers him i'th alehouse a neets  
 While his childer sits clemmin' a whoam.  
 It wer so wi owd Jamie o' Dicks,  
 I'th aleheause he'd constantly sit ;  
 An' shus heaw his wife ax't him come whoam,  
 He'd a towd her aw'st come in a bit.

He'd a gone whoam as drunk as a lord,  
 He'd a punc't ther owd cat across th' heause ;  
 An' i't wife had but spokkun a word,  
 He wer certain fer't give her a seause.  
 His childer fair trembelt o'gen,  
 Whenever they yerd him o'th dur ;  
 If they wurnot i' bed when he coom,  
 I' less than two minutes they wur.

But things have quite altered since then,  
 Ther's bin a great change, dun yo' know ;  
 He's neaw one o'th temperance men,  
 Aw believe he's a staunch un ano'.  
 Heaw't change coom obeaut awl try't tell,  
 He went to't Mechanics', aw think,  
 Fer't harken that chap, Mester Bell,  
 Discourse on the evils o' drink.

He determined that neet to reform,  
 As he harken't that eloquent tung  
 Describe heaw a mon con com deawn  
 Life's ladder to'th bottomest rung.  
 His heart at wer once like a stone,  
 Gan way when he seed his great sin ;  
 An' he felt as he'd ne'er felt before,  
 That an angel wur pleadin' wi' him.

That's summat like twelve months ago,  
 But ever since then, aw feel sure,  
 O' drink he's ne'er tasted at o',  
 An' ses he ne'er shall do no moor.  
 I hope he'll act up to what's reet,  
 An' never agen goo astray ;  
 For he's far better off than he wer,  
 When drinkin' his wages away.

He's a model of soberness neaw,  
 He's fond ov his own chimney nook ;  
 An' aw often co' in ov a neet,  
 To borrow or lend him a book.  
 If yo'l gi'e me a co some fine neet,  
 Wil just tak a peep in't his cot ;  
 An' aw'l show yo' th' owd mon ut wur once  
 On creation's fair face a dark blot.

He's whitewashed th' owd cottage o throo',  
 New pictures he's hung up o'th wo';  
 He's bow't a nice cheer for his wife,  
 An' a stoo't pur her feet on a'no.  
 He's bowt her a new chest o' drawers,  
 An' a bookcase to howd o his books;  
 A fender, top bar, and a rug,  
 He's autert th' owd heause ov it's look.

He lent some odd things, awhile back,  
 To a uncle o' his deawn i'th teawn;  
 His best Sunday cooat, 'an a watch;  
 Their Nannie's twill shawl an' her gown.  
 But he's fotched 'em back, one by one,  
 An' he vowed when he geet 'em o eaut,  
 If he live't be a hundert year owd,  
 They'd never ogen go up't speaut.

His childer un dofft ther owd rags,  
 His wife con turn eaut like a queen;  
 An' at chapel, as Sunday come's reaud,  
 Booath Jamie and her con be seen.  
 Ther Nannie's as dacent a soul  
 As ever brok th'edge of a cake.  
 An' am preaud at owd Jamie's reform't,  
 If it's nobbut for Nannie's own sake.  
 May the angel of Temperance soar  
 O'er the length and breadth of our land,  
 And a halo of light shall come deaun,  
 As her glorious wings do expand.

Neaw a hope ut this tale a'v just towd  
 O' Jamie o' Dicks an' his wife,  
 May show, in its own simple way,  
 A picture in every-day life.  
 Strung drink any brain will bewilder,  
 Though it fills for o time wi' vain mirth,  
 Let yer whoam, yer wife and yer childer,  
 Bi' dearer than out on this earth.



Opening of the Hyde Town Hall Clock and  
Bells, October 18th, 1884,

PRESENTED BY MR. JOSHUA BRADLEY, OF GODLEY.

**H**ARK! to those sounds of jubilee  
In honour of our friend J.B. ;  
Hark! to those sounds—  
Loud cheers are heard on every hand,  
Whilst with the music of the band,  
The town resounds.

With joyful step and hearts elate  
This noble gift we celebrate  
With demonstration ;  
Our hearty cheers this day we raise,  
The giver's worthy of all praise  
And emulation.

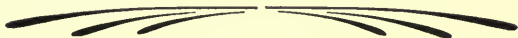
But now't the time, and now's the hour,  
J. B. ascends the Town Hall Tower  
To play his part,—  
He starts the Clock, the Bells chime out,  
And with the sounds, a mighty shout  
Doth thrill the heart.

And now they're off—the Town Hall Bells,  
Each listening heart with pleasure swells,  
    To view the scene ;  
Strains of sweet music fill the air,  
Whilst joyful faces everywhere  
    With pleasure beam.

As to the clock our eyes we lift,  
We thank the donor for his gift  
    With loud acclaim.  
And others will in future times,  
When listening to those mellow chimes  
    Pronounce his name.

That grand old spinner's played his part,  
For he with large unselfish heart  
    Doth nobly give ;  
Then let this mighty concourse sing  
The words that in my ears now ring  
    Long may he live !

Long may he live to view with pride  
The gift he has bestowed on Hyde  
    For many years ;  
And when this generation's gone,  
Those Town Hall Bells may still chime on  
    For other ears.





### A Visit to Stratford-on-Avon.

**I**MMORTAL Shakespeare! By thy grave I stand;  
Thou favourite genius of my native land;  
Thou glorious star, whose never paling ray  
Sheds its refulgence on the world to-day!

I come, I come, a Pilgrim to thy grave,  
By Avon's banks, by Avon's rippling wave;  
And as I muse within this hallowed spot,  
I feel that thou wilt never be forgot!

As long as Avon flows its banks between,  
So shall posterity keep thy memory green;  
Thy light burns brighter as from age to age,  
Thy lines are uttered on the world's great stage;  
But I must leave thee, Poet of all time,  
Beloved, revered, in every land and clime!





### Th' Village Parson.

**F**AUR parson's a genial sort,  
 A servant of God witheaut deawbt ;  
 Not one o' yor mashin', stuck-up sort, yo' known,  
 'At likes to go strutting abeaut  
 Wi' a silver knob'd cane i' their hond,  
 An' a big albert guard o ther breast ;  
 Eaur parson's a plain, whoamly sort, mind yo' that,  
 An' thoose sort o' parsons art th' best.

If yo' seed his benevolent face,  
 Lookin' in on the needy and poor,  
 Takin' comfort and sunshine i'th place,  
 Yo'd bi some an' preaud, aw feel sure ;  
 And then when he kneels deawn to pray,  
 And axes a blessin' divine,  
 He not only prays for God's help,  
 But helps 'em hissel at same time.

He's a shepherd at knows o his sheep,  
 Fro'th owdest to'th yungest i'th flock ;  
 An' he knows heaw to manage an' keep  
 A reet good occeaut of his stock ;  
 An' tho' there's a few neaw an' then  
 At wander away caut o'th fowd,  
 He's after 'em soon, for he sees  
 Ther souls are more precious than gowd.



And so as he journeys throo' life,  
 He is what he seems to a tee ;  
 He goes in an' eaut amongst th' rich,  
 But na'er forgets th' poor, dun yo' see.  
 He's awlus a word ov advice,  
 For thoose at are strivin't get on,  
 And not only that, bur what's moor,  
 He gie's 'em a lift when he con.

Whenever he dees, aw'll bi beaund,  
 O'th village will weep o'er his grave ;  
 An'th singers will o gather reaund,  
 To sing ther owd pastor a stave  
 O' sunmat he lov'd when on earth,—  
 A verse of some beautiful hymn ;  
 An' then when he's lowered i'th greaund,  
 A hundred eyes will grow dim.

God bless thi, owd shepherd ; aw know,  
 Whenever theaurt laid under't sod,  
 Thy soul will soar upwards, and go  
 To sit at the right hand of God.  
 An' if theau gets theer before me,  
 Ther's one thing aw hope for owd Taw ;  
 An' its this—that in heaven, if aw leet o' thee,  
 Theau'll gie me a wag o' thi paw.





Lines on the Death of Mr. Thomas Ashton,  
F.R., First Mayor of Hyde.

OH! We have lost a noble, generous friend,  
A great big heart that sought no selfish end  
Has ceased to throb. And with its last pulsation  
The town, the shire, yea, I might say the nation,  
Has lost a noble son.

As sinks the wintry sun deep in the glowing west,  
Its journey done, so sank he to his rest  
Whilst loving hearts stood by and watched, as he  
Passed out of time into eternity.

The tears that fall, when loved ones pass away,  
Like pearls upon their snow white shroud,  
Are deeper earnest of departed worth  
Than all the plaudits of a surging crowd.

Thou grand old man, thy earthly course is run,  
But to thy memory oft will fall a tear ;  
Whilst generations that are yet to come  
Will reap the fruits of thy great labours here.

A friend of science, art, and education,  
Thou gave thy wealth, and with no niggard hand.  
In town and city those of lowly station  
Revere thy name, so honoured in our land.

With gracious acts thy noble life is thronged,  
To fourscore years that life has been prolonged ;  
And now, alas ! We mourn the ripened grain,  
That God has garnered to himself again.



## Ben Brierley (Ab-o'th'-Yate).

### I' MEMORIAM.

Q
 WD AB'S gone whoam, his shuttle's stopt at last,  
 Th' owd loomheause wears a drear, deserted look ;  
 O'er Whalmsley Fowt a heavy gloom is cast,  
 Th' owd rib sits mournin' in her chimney nook.

Deep sorrow reigns i' every heause i'th' fowt,  
 O'th' neighbours tawk i' whispers sad and low ;  
 An' even th' childer cease ther joyous shout,  
 They seem to feel an' share the heavy blow.

Jem Thuston mourns an' rambles round th' owd place,  
 An' wonders why such things should com' abeaut ;  
 While manly tears are trickling deawn his face,  
 He feels as though life's lamp had just gone eaut.

Poor Jack o' Flunters ses 'twill noane bi lung  
 Before he follows in his owd friend's track ;  
 He ses ut death, that wrastler stern an' strung,  
 He feels ere lung will throw him on his back.

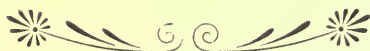
Deawn at th' owd Bell owd cronys sit an' smook,  
 An' tawk o'er one (beloved as owd Ab wer),  
 Whilst o'er each face ther steals a wistful look  
 Wi' every foot that enters in at th' dur.

Owd Ab's gone whoam, his clogs are laid aside,  
 Th' last of a pure, high-soule l minstrel band ;  
 The weaver minstrel was our joy an' pride—  
 He swept his harp with perfect master hand.

Farewell ! owd brid ! thi' warblin' days are o'er,  
 Thy cheerful lays have gladdened many a heart ;  
 Thy genial face is gone for evermore !  
 Though we were loth with thee, owd friend, to part.

And now thy soul has winged its heavenward flight,  
 Lets hope when God calls thy owd rib to thee,  
 A "Daisy Nook" you'll find i'th' realms o' light,  
 Wherein to dwell through all eternity.





Lines on Teddy Ashton describing me  
as a Shadow.

**D**EAR Teddy, I know 'at this shadow o' mine's  
A little bit lunter an' broader nor thine ;  
An' I've oftentimes wished 'twere a little bit less,—  
Then th' substance, of course, would be ditto, I guess.

Heawever, friend Teddy, my feelings rose high  
When I knew theau were comin' to Hyde by-an-bye ;  
It were quite an event, a great pleasure i' store,  
And comin' events cast their shadows before.

Well, well, my friend Teddy, theau coom an theau went,  
Witheaut lookin' in at my humble tent ;  
But next time theau comes (excuse this next line),  
Theau'll ha t' come an' see this twin shadow o' mine.

Hoo sends her respects to Bill Spriggs an' their Bet,  
An' if there's a heause i' Tum Fowt ut's to let,  
He mun just let us know, an' he'll see this owd cowl  
Arm-i'-arm wi' his wife takkin' stock o' Tum Fowt.

Sing on, Teddy Ashton, wi' tale an' wi' song,  
Theau'rt helpin' some theausands of toilers along ;  
Many hearts that are riven by life's storms an' gales  
Are solaced an' cheered by thy songs an' thy tales.

So neaw, my bowd bantam, a word an' I've done,  
I know theau fair glories i' aw maks o' fun ;  
Stick this i' thy journal, an' gie me a show,  
And when theau comes t' Hyde again, just give a co' on

POOR OWD SHADOW.



### Christmas, 1903.

**D**EAR GEORGE,—  
 This Christmas time, while ceawrt i'th' nook,  
 Havin' a comfortable smook,  
     Just think o' me.  
 Just think o' me, an' wish mi weel,  
 An' I'll think same o' thee, friend Seel,  
     Jamie Leigh.  
 Gie my regards to thy owd rib;  
 (This pen o' mine's a dang bad nib;)  
     What! a blotch,—  
 Well, ne'er mind, owd tiddley wink,  
 Next time we meet we'll have a drink,  
     Three o' Scotch.  
 Remember me to yore George Harry,  
 An' tell yore Alice not to marry  
     Ony tart.  
 Hoo's a singin' bird, wi' sense an' reason,  
 Meawt her awhoam another season,  
     Bless her heart.  
 Neaw, George, yo'll just excuse this rhyme,  
 One rambles so at Christmas time,—  
     Wi' dun, fur sure.  
 But as theau ceawrs i'th' chimney nook,  
 Leet up thi' pipe an' have a smook;  
 God bless thi' close-cropped yure.  
 May Christmas and the coming year  
 Bring thee and thine health and good cheer.





Hymn—"God Bless our Town."

**G**OD bless our native town,  
 May peace and plenty crown  
 Each home therein ;  
 May trade once more revive,  
 That we again may thrive,  
 As bees in one great hive,  
 God bless our town.

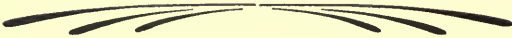
On this auspicious day,  
 We do most humbly pray,  
 Thou wilt look down ;  
 Do thou our labours bless,  
 And crown with great success  
 All works of holiness,  
 In this our town.

Bless thou our worthy Mayor,  
 May he fill the chair  
 With dignity ;  
 O may long life be his,  
 And earthly happiness ;  
 May his last hours be bliss,  
 God bless our Mayor.

Bless, too, our Council-men,  
O may we find in them  
    Wise men and true ;  
Working in unity,  
For our prosperity,  
What though their colours be—  
    Red, white, or blue.

God bless each one, say we,  
In this great jubilee ;  
    Let wisdom's beam  
Shine in our hearts. O Lord ;  
So that each thought or word,  
May be in sweet accord,  
    Thou great supreme.

When years have passed away,  
Grant that our children may  
    Go hand in hand ;  
Striving with a heartfelt pride  
To make our town of Hyde  
Honoured both far and wide  
    In this our land.





## She is not Dead.

**S**HE is not dead, but sleepeth—  
For though beneath the sod  
There lies the empty casket,  
The jewel is with God.

And though on earth she languished,  
Through many weary hours ;  
Yet now she wears upon her brow  
A coronet of flowers.

Flowers that are ever fadeless,  
Flowers that for ever bloom ;  
In that eternal Eden  
Which lies beyond the tomb.

Then let us not bewail her loss,  
For tho' her form we miss,  
We'll cherish deep, within our hearts,  
The mem'ry of her loveliness.

Through the dark portals of the tomb,  
We know that she is gone ;  
And, at the Lord's own will time,  
We each must follow on.



### Cowd Wintur.

**T**HER once lived a chap, an' his name yo' mun know,  
 Well't name at he went by wer owd Juddie Snow;  
 His wife wer coed Peggy, a simple owd dame,  
 Fer hoo nayther could write nor yet spell her own name:  
 No matter for that, wi' mi' tale aw'l goo on,  
 Un aw'll tell it i'th' Lankishur rhyme, if a con.  
 For a living owd Juddie ha't work eaut o door,  
 He worked in a quarry on't side ov a moor,  
 An' fer mony a winter at least, so it's said,  
 Owd Juddie had very hard wark fer't get bread,  
 Fer he wer a chap at when summer wer here,  
 He'd ha plenty o' tommy, an' plenty o' beer,  
 An' he never would let th' opportunity pass  
 O' slipping i'th' alehouse a getting a glass.  
 So wi' sittin' i'th' alehouse neet after neet,  
 He awlus made streight wi' o'th brass at he geet,  
 An' every time at cowd winter coom reaund  
 He'd never as mich as saved an odd peaund.  
 Bo one winter coom, an' a tough un it wer,  
 Ther' wer no wark inside, ther wer none eaut a dur,  
 An' chus which road he looked, wether this way or that,  
 Th' weather look't gloomy, an' trade it look't flat;  
 Starvation an' hunger wer plain to be seen  
 In his pale lookin' face an' his deep sunken een,  
 Fer they hadn't a morsel o' bread i' ther heause,  
 Not even enough for a visitin' meause!

So Owd Juddie then vowed if he nobbut geet reawnd  
 He'd see if he cudno save a few peaunds ;  
 So never again, neet after neet,  
 Wer Owd Juddie't bi' seen spending o at he geet.  
 For neaw, like a true an' sensible mon,  
 When he'd done ov a neet he hurried off whoam ;  
 An' true to his word, bi'th next winter coom reawnd,  
 Owd Juddie had managed to save just four peaund.  
 An' he took it upstairs ne'er fert com' deawn,  
 As he said to his wife, "Till cowd winter com s reawnd.  
 An' when he com's reawnd, with his owd grey yed,  
 He'st have it, aye, every haupney," he said.  
 So one day,—an' a rough, stormy day, too, it wur,  
 Hardly fit for a dog to a bin eawt o' dur,—  
 A poor owd tramp wer passin' that way,  
 An' off Peggy he begged a drop o' warm tay.  
 "Eh, bless yo, com' in!" owd Peggy said,  
 "Yo'st ha' some warm tay, an' some butter an' bread ;  
 Com' in, mon, come in, sit yo' deawn here i'th nook,"  
 An' Peggy remarked heaw famished he look't.  
 So hoo made him some tay and some butter an' bread,  
 "An' if yo' want'n some moor yo'st ha' some," hoo sed.  
 So while he wur eatin' an' drinkin' his tay,  
 An' talking to Peggy, he happened to say,  
 "Aul tell yo' what, missis," an' he look't o reawnd 'th cot,  
 "Cowd winter is com'n, whether he's welcome or not ;  
 He said this, yo mun know, referring to'th weather,  
 Bo' Peggy, hoo misunderstood him o't gether.  
 "Why, are yo coed Cowd Winter?" owd Peggy replied,  
 Starin' at th' tramp, wi' her een oppen wide ;  
 "To bi' sure aw am," he said with a grin ;  
 "Aw thowt yo' knowed that when yo' axed mi't com' in."  
 "Nay, awm sure aw didno'," hoo said, with a smile,  
 "Fer eaur George has been waitin' o' yo' a good while."  
 "Oh aye!" he then sed, wi' a leer in his ee,  
 "Is ther summat yor George has getten for me?"  
 "To bi' sure there is ; he's getten four peaund,  
 An' i' less nor two minutes aw'll fotch it yo' deawn."

So upstairs hoo went, poor simple owd body,  
 An' fotch't it him deawn as a present from Juddie ;  
 He could see in a minute at summat wer wrung,  
 So he thout to hisscl, "Aw murn't stop here lung ;  
 Aw'd better bi gooin' as soon as aw con,  
 Or happen her husband't will be comin' whoam."  
 "Well, Missis," sed he, "a thout aw'd just co,  
 Bur a see bi' yor clock, it's time aw must go.  
 When yer husband com's whoam, yo' n'm tell him a bin',  
 And when next time a co', he'll happen bi' in ;"  
 So off thowd tramp went reet joyous an' glad,  
 To think what a stroke a good luck he'd just had ;  
 Owd Juddie coom whoam 'ith course ov a bit,  
 So Peggy set too an' towd him o th' skit ;  
 Heaw Cowd Winter ud bin', an' hoo'd made him his tay,  
 An' hoo sed "He look't rare an' vexed because tha wer away ;  
 Bur aw gan him that brass, a meon that four peaud,  
 At tha sed he must have when he happen't com' reaud."  
 When owd Juddie yer'd that, he set up a yell,  
 Bur what he did an' sed, aw'd raythur not tell.





### Death and Immortality.

**H**O! the spirit wins its rising way!  
 Behold! its glorious heavenward flight!  
 It gains the splendours of eternal day,  
 And dwells for ever with the Saints in light.  
 Why should we dread God's messenger to greet?  
 Why in his presence are we thus unnerved?  
 The King of Terrors we can bravely meet  
 If our Creator we have rightly served.  
 The darkest night doth oft precede  
 The blessed dawning of a glorious day.  
 Through death's dark vale, the righteous soul doth  
 lead  
 To realms of light and life and immortality.





## Once More We Meet.

INSCRIBED TO FRIEND, MARTIN MIDDLETON

**O**NCE more we meet  
 Dispensing joy and gladness ;  
 Once more we meet  
 As oft we've met before ;  
 Once more we meet  
 Dispelling care and sadness.  
 So mote it be  
 Till life's stern fight is o'er.

Time flies away  
 With pinions aged and hoary ;  
 The world goes with him  
 In his ceaseless flight,  
 Whilst on his wings  
 Tipp'd with celestial glory—  
 He bears some lov'd one  
 From our circle bright.

Once more we meet,  
 And friendships that we treasure  
 Are once again  
 Renewed with right goodwill ;  
 Away with care !  
 Let joy in fullest measure  
 Pervade each breast,  
 And all our heartstrings thrill.





Lines on the Presentation of a Pipe and  
Walking Stick,

TO AN OLD SERVANT OF THE HYDE FUNERAL SOCIETY,  
MR. EDWARD ASHWORTH.

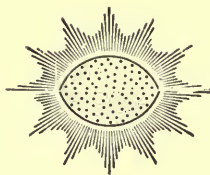
**E**DWARD, accept these tokens, which we deem  
But small mementoes of our high esteem ;  
'Tis not the value of the gift, you know,  
That does betimes the truest friendship show ;  
These gifts, we know, are small indeed, but still  
Accept them as expressions of goodwill.

Accept this pipe : And may it never be  
Short of the weed so dearly loved by thee ;  
And may this stick, so handsome, strong, and neat,  
In after-years support thy aged feet ;  
Enjoy the one, and use with pride the other  
Is what we ask of thee, our friend and Brother.

Throughout the district thou hast trod so long,  
We do believe no man can say thee wrong,—  
And by the work which thou hast nobly done  
Golden opinions thou hast surely won ;  
For seventy years thy once familiar form  
Hath trod that ground in sunshine and in storm.

In every house where thou wer't wont to call  
Thou art respected and beloved by all ;  
And as the weeks and months fly on apace  
Thy many friends will miss thy genial face ;  
Whilst many a time these words will oft be said  
To thy successor, "Well, an heav's Owd Ned?"

Respected friend, oh may the hand of time  
Deal gently with thee in thy life's decline  
May pain be absent from thy aged breast  
When thou art sinking to thy final rest ;  
And when death comes, with its attendant gloom,  
May angels light thy passage to the tomb.





An Epistle to My Friend, "Cremona," of  
the "North Cheshire Herald."

ALL Hail, owd Friend, heaw doesta feel?  
Aw've yerd it said theau'rt noane so weel:  
Tell mi' true.

Theau surely artno' plagued wi'th' mumps—  
Heaw is it at theau'rt deawn i'th' dumps?  
Just tell mi' that, owd King o' Trumps:  
Come neaw, do?

Cheer up, owd friend, an' dunno' fret,  
Theau munno' turn thi toes up yet:  
Dear a me.

Theaurt nobbut just in th' prime o' life,  
So throw to th' winds booath care an' strife;  
To this advice aw think thi' wife  
Will agree.

An' then, theau's friends booath far an' wide,  
Some at theau's tested weel, an' tried,  
Booath rich and poor.  
Heaw would they feel if theau popp't eaut?  
They'd miss thi', lad, ther's not a deaunt;  
Wi' conno' very weel do beaut  
Thee, am sure.

Theau artno' short o' worldly gear,  
 So poverty theau doesno' fear ;  
     Now't o'th sort.  
 If I had thee o week i' teaw  
 Aw'd try an' mak thi' smile, chusheaw ;  
 If aw wer bi' thi' side just neaw,  
     We'd ha' some sport.

It seems an age sin' last aw seed  
 Thi face, owd friend, it does indeed ;  
     Heaw time flies on !  
 In th' "Herald" every week, aw see  
 Thy chat on music, an' to me  
 Its like a quiet chat wi' thee—  
     Its welcome, mon !

Aw'd ask a boon if aw should dare,  
 Has theaw a photograph to spare—  
     One for me ?  
 In worldly gear am nobbut poor,  
 Theau may ha wealthier friends, for sure ;  
 But, "Crim," ther's none respects thi' moor  
     Nor Jammie Leigh.

Music, owd friend, is thy delight ;  
 Aw know it, an' aw think am right  
     I' what aw say—  
 Chus weer thy help wer in demand  
 Theau'd awlus lend a generous hand,  
 To singers, players, or a Band,  
     Ony day.

Cheer up, owd friend, wi' leetsum heart  
 Aw hope for years theau'll play thi part  
     I'th' music line.  
 An' in that wish a'm not alone,  
 Thy gamut is to thee weel known—  
 For harmony and perfect tone  
     Thy gifts are fine.

They tell mi' at theau's pitched thi tent  
 Wheer country odours theau con scent  
     Morn an' neet.  
 Wheer't throstle wakes thi in a morn,  
 Wheer scented blossom decks the thorn,  
 Wheer fields are full o' growin' corn,  
     An' lambkins bleat.

Theau dwells 'neath th' shade o' Werneth Low,  
 Wheer buttercups an' daisies grow  
     I' rare profusion.  
 Dame Nature's songsters sing for thee  
 From cvery bush, from every tree,  
 And glorious is their melody  
     In thy seclusion.

All Hail! owd friend! aw hope e'er lung  
 To see thi face an' yer thi tung—  
     'Twould be a treat.  
 But here aw'll stop, or else, no deaubt,  
 Theau'll think am like a brid i'th' meaut—  
 A poor owd sparrow on a speaut—  
     Peeweet, good neet!



### To a Poet Friend.

**T**HE year of Eighteen Ninety-Six,  
 Wi' o his marlocks, pranks, an' tricks,  
 Has ta'en his hook.  
 An' for thy sake, alone, owd friend,  
 Aw'm glad th' owd year is at an end—  
 Aw'll swear bi'th' book.

Aw know theau's had some hardish rubs,  
 Booath thee an' th' wife, an' thy young cubs ;  
 Yo' han for sure.  
 But, friend, a gifted bard like thee,  
 Wi' heart so leetsome, frank, an' free,  
 Is never poor.

Aw know theau's trudged throo' thick an' thin,  
 Th' owd year eaut, an' th' new 'un in,  
 Wi' cheerful heart.  
 An' tho' tha'rt far from me to-day,  
 Aw know tha'll act while tha'rt away  
 A manly part.

Theau's had good reason t' say go look  
 To th' year at's just neaw ta'en his hook—  
     That's true enough.  
 An' nobody would a thow't, owd mon,  
 (Bi'th' look o' th' craft), at theau sailed on  
     A sea so rough.

But let us hope this span new year  
 Will bring to thee an' thine good cheer,  
     An' reet good health.  
 May God be ever with thee still,  
 An' watch o'er Number three, \* Ridge Hill—  
     Thy mine o' wealth.

What tho' owd Ninety--Six is gone,  
 Yet aw feel thankful to th' owd mon  
     For one kind act.  
 He brought to me a gifted friend  
 Whose friendship aw shall prize to th' end—  
     That's a fact.  
 An' when wi cross owd Jordan's tide,  
 No matter which gains to'ther side  
     Before the other,  
 Aw know he il stond wi' wistful e'en  
 To welcome to that heavenly scene  
     His friend and brother.

\* The Poet's home.





To the Same, on His 40th Birthday.  
June 27th, 1904.

DEAR FRIEND,—

Aw should ha' gone to Mackelsfild this afternoon, but o,  
Ther' com's a feelin' i' mi' breast at aw want to be wi' yo ;  
Aw want to be wi' yo', aw do, yo'r mirth an' joy to share,—an'  
See that Rachda' singin'-brid, sterling Willie Baron.

An' so am hoping, Sam, owd mon, if am alive an' able,  
To cool these twelve-inch feet o' mine underneath thi table ;  
In visitin' thy humble cot aw awlus take a pride,  
An' if aw com to-day, aw know, theau'll feel more fortyfied.

Aw think the longer at wi' live, the more we know each  
other,  
But only makes us feel the more, as brother should to  
brother ;  
So when we meet to-day, owd friend, if tha's some rhubarb  
wine,  
We'll raise eawr glasses once again, an' drink to "Auld Lang  
Syne."



Theau's had some ups an' deawns, owd mon, at folks know  
 nowt abeaut,  
 For theau'rt not one o' those at likes to blab ther' troubles  
 eawt ;  
 Tha'd sooner keep um to thysel, what tho' thy heart feels  
 sad,  
 And so tha' keeps thi pecker up tho' times are awful bad.

Well, Sam, tha'll soon bi forty, an' then tha'll be a mon ;  
 Let's hope at wife will guard thee weel, an' do the best hoo  
 con,  
 To keep thee weel supplied wi' books, by gum, an' what is  
 more,  
 At when hoo fancies tha'rt it meawt for't look thi' feathers  
 o'er.

Aw fancy aw con see her smile, an' th' twinkle in her 'ee  
 Says, "Thee just mind thi' own affairs, an' leave eaur Sam  
 to me,  
 We shannot ha' no meddlers, so yo' just stop yo're prate,"  
 An' th' owd brid hutches in his cheer, an' chuckles "Weel  
 done, Kate"!

Aw hope at David 'ull com' deawn, an' leave his mountain  
 heather ;  
 Let's try to verify that phrase at says birds of a feather,  
 An' so on, Sam ; tha knows the rest, an' so does Baron, too,  
 So let us hope, this afternoon, that phrase will turn eaut true.





## Time.

**H**OW constantly the time rolls on!  
How swift the moments fly!  
A minute's here, but ah, 'tis gone—  
Gone to Eternity!

Time spareth peasant, peer, nor King,  
What though for life they crave;  
He beareth them on noiseless wing,  
Down to the silent grave.

Look at the man of threescore years,  
And see what time has done;  
Time has brought changes fraught with cares,  
And now life's sands are nearly run.

Thou who art formed from the dust,  
Obey time's warning 'ere it be too late;  
Prepare thy soul to meet th' Almighty just,  
For fleeting time will never wait!



(From a Water Colour Drawing,  
by W. RUTHERFORD.)

WALKER FOLD — The Birthplace of the Author.





### Thoughts on a Winter's Night.

**H**ARK! how the wintry wind  
Doth howl around our cot!  
The garden and the fold without  
Doth seem a dreary spot;  
The unloosed garden gate  
Is swinging to and fro  
With every gust of wind  
That round the house doth blow.

The cherry-tree that stands  
Close by the gable end,  
Beneath the angry storm  
His aged form doth bend  
And where not long ago  
Bloomed flowers both rich and rare,  
Now seems a wilderness indeed,  
For winter stern is there.

But a glance within our cot  
Would fill you with delight;  
The clock is ticking merrily,  
The fire burns warm and bright;  
The cat upon the hearth  
Sits blinking at the fire;  
The children play about the house,  
And never seem to tire.

But as we sit beside  
 The fire so warm and bright,  
 We think of those who brave  
 The ocean's deep to-night.  
 We think of those poor souls  
 Who tread the dreary street,  
 With scarcely raiment on their loins,  
 To shield from wind and sleet.

Great, God, look down on such  
 As wander to and fro,  
 No pillow where to lay their head,  
 No home wherein to go,  
 Except mayhap it be  
 Some hovel dark, through which  
 The bitter wind blows keen  
 Upon the shivering wretch.

Sweet home, thou blest retreat  
 When our day's work is done,  
 'Tis there we eat in peace  
 The bread which we have won ;  
 'Tis there our hearts incline,  
 As the needle to the pole ;  
 'Tis there we anchor down  
 The vessel of our soul.

Thou great and bounteous God,  
 We humbly bend the knee,  
 E're we retire to rest,  
 And pour our thanks to Thee.  
 For though all Nature seems  
 Of every beauty shorn ;  
 Yet still we have a home  
 To shield us from the storm.



## God Bless Yo' O!

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1887, ON THE OCCASION  
OF THE OLD FOLKS' TEA PARTY.

Thomas Gair Ashton was the donor, and had just been married.

**O**H, dear a me! God bless yo' o,  
Th'owd women and th'owd chaps ano,  
At this grand stir;  
Let's hope that Eighteen Eighty Seven  
Finds yo' and me a bit nar heaven  
Than what wi wur.

Dear friends, when aw wer ax't fer com  
Aw said if aw'm a living mon  
Aw will, by gum;  
Awm awlus preawd to tell a skit,  
At'll entertain th'owd folks a bit,  
An' ha' some fun.

Ther's only one thing aw regret,  
Aw should a browt eaur Nan, an' yet  
Hoo's rather yung;  
But eh! hoo could a lik't for't com,  
Awd hard wark t' get her't stop awhoam,  
Hoo's sich a tung!

Aw could so like yo' t' yer her sing,  
 Hoo fairly maks th'owd cottage ring,  
     When once hoo starts ;  
 Why, Madame Patti isno' in it,  
 Eaur Nan pipes eaut just like a linnet—  
     Bless her heart.

At neets aw've often sat an' wonder't  
 At' th' way hoo warbles eaut th' Owd Hundert,  
     It bangs o' praise,  
 Hoo's sung that grand owd hymn o' grace  
 Tills tears have trickled deawn mi' face  
     As big as paes.

Hoo sings yo' known—hoo doesno' sheawt—  
 Aw wish yo' yerd her pipin' out  
     “Owd Robin Gray” ;  
 Just give us a co' some afternoon,  
 When hoo's i' reet good stunnin' tune,  
     An' ha' yer tay.

Hoo wanted't know if Thomas Gair  
 Wur being here, aw do declare,  
     An' his yung bride ;  
 Aw said am sure aw dunno' know,  
 But if they are, aw'st tell thi o,  
     An' moore beside.

Hoo tow'd mi't tell 'em, if ther'n heer,  
 Hoo wished 'em booath a prosperous year,  
     An' plenty on 'em ;  
 Hoo hope't that God their lives would bless,  
 Crown o ther labours wi' success,  
     An' smile upon 'em.



Aw said, "Amen to that, owd lass,"  
 Aw meant it, too, aw did bi'th mass,  
     Aw'll tell you true ;  
 No matter politics or creed,  
 A mon that does a generous deed  
     Deserves his due.

So let us thank him for eaur tay,  
 Hopin' to see some future day  
     Booath him an't wife ;  
 God grant that bonny brid he's taen  
 May sing him mony a soothing strain  
     Throughout his life.

Yo' seen owd time keeps swingin' on,  
 Another New Year's Day's just gone  
     On rapid wing ;  
 Time waits o' nob'dy—nawe, not he,  
 No matter who or what they be,  
     Peasant or king.

Since we met here, twelve months ago,  
 Ther's bin a few owd friends laid low  
     I'th mouldering clay ;  
 Wi' conno' tell hooat next may be ;  
 It may, bi' you, it may bi me,  
     It's hard for't say.

Then let us o eaur ways amend,  
 Let those ats enemies bi friends ;  
     Away wi' strife ;  
 Ther's One above at's watchin' o,  
 Aye, He writes it deawn, aw know,  
     I'th Book o' Life.

He writes it deawn wi' His own hand,  
 And when before His throne wi' stand  
     He'll read it eaut.  
 An' owt win done amiss deawn heer  
 Wist ha' to face it eaut up theer,  
     Ther's not a deaubt.

Ranters, Unitarians, Shakers,  
 Independents, Baptists, Quakers,  
     —Churchmen, too—  
 Will o bi' on an equal theer;  
 Ther's no front seots, never fear,  
     For just a few.

God favours noather rank nor station,  
 No matter what denomination,  
     Nawe, not He;  
 Up theer he'll put us o to th' test,  
 An' reward thoose at's sarved him't best,  
     Chus what they be.

Bur come, owd friends, yo'll just excuse  
 These wayward wanderin's o' mi muse,  
     Aw know yo' will;  
 An' neaw, owd rosiner so limber,  
 Tune up thi merry bit o' timber,  
     Let music thrill.

So neaw aw'll finish wi' mi rhyme,  
 Wishin' yo o a happy time,  
     Let pleasure flow;  
 Eh, dear a me! heaw weel yo' look,  
 Leet up yor pipes an' have a smook,  
     God bless yo' o.



## Kingston for Ever !

WRITTEN IN 1887, WHEN KINGSTON MILLS BAND, HYDE,  
WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP AND MEDALS AT  
BELLE VUE FOR THE THIRD TIME.

**B**RAVO ! Bravissimo ! Kingston for ever,  
Honour and glory is yours this day ;  
Once more ye have been in the heat of the battle,  
And vanquished the foe in bloodless affray.

All honour to Kingston lads all round the ring,  
For the manner in which they have beaten the foe ;  
With Gladney to lead 'em, we cry out "God speed !"  
And hope they will conquer wherever they go.

And now the gold medal will shine on each breast,  
In commemoration of what they have done ;  
Three years in succession have they at Belle Vue  
The victory bravely and nobly won.

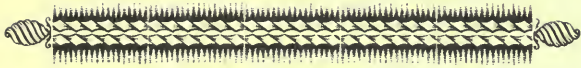
Besses, Black Dyke, and others have struggled  
To keep them from winning the coveted prize,  
But with Gladney to lead they have beaten all-comers,  
And so we will laud them right up to the skies.

Loud and prolonged are the cheers that greet them,  
Thousands are waiting to see them arrive ;  
Congratulations are showered upon them,  
In fact the whole town with the news is alive.

All honour to Gladney, long may he live,  
To look on the many bright laurels he's won ;  
He will long be remembered by Kingston Mills Band,  
When he from their midst may for ever be gone.

Then hurrah for John Gladney, the bold and the fear-  
less ;  
Victory crowneth his efforts once more ;  
As a teacher of prize bands he is the most peerless,  
And Kingston lads ever his name will adore.





### Eaur Nan an' me at Didsbury.

I'LL tell yo' what, folks, yo' may think aw've a cheek,  
 Bur aw had sich a row wi our Nan t'other week ;  
 An't cause on't wur this, hoo towd me point blank,  
 Aw should ha t' stop awhoam while hoo went to Ford Bank.

"Tha'll ha t' stop awhoam, an' mind th' childer," hoo sed ;  
 "Oh, tha's no need begin, mon, a scrattin' thi yed ;  
 It's seldom tha does stop awhoam, an' that's true ;  
 It wur bur last week at tha went to Belle Vue.

An' not only that ; aw know ov a fact  
 Tha spent one-un-odd before tha coom back.  
 Heaever do'st think wi' con live, tha owd flat,  
 When tha spends o thi money at random like that?"

Then wi geet to high words, an' awmost to blows ;  
 In fact yo' may tell bi' this scrat o' mi nose ;  
 An' hoo vowed if aw hurt but one hair of hur yed,  
 Hoo'd tell every member o' th' league on't, hoo sed.

Hoo coed mi a foo, an' aw coed hur a snicket ;  
 Then hoo laughed i' mi' face, and showed me her ticket.  
 "Tha doesna possess one," hoo sed ; "an' awm glad,  
 Tha thinks tha'll ha' mine, bur aw'll tent thi, mi lad."

Well, aw thowt, thart a topper, an' tow'd hur so, too ;  
 "Dost tak me," aw sed, "for a yorney, tha foo ?  
 Dost think awst bi messin' wi' th' childer o day,  
 While thart tuckin' in at a stunnin' good tay ?

If tha does do," aw sed, "thart sadly mistaen,  
 So banish sich nonsense as that fro' thi brain.  
 Aw know at last week aw went to Belle Vue,  
 An' a Set-dy awm beawn for t' go t' Didsbury, too."

It wur bur last week at aw seed Thomas Gair,  
 An' he said, "Now, I hope you an't wife will be there ;  
 For ther isn't a couple, no matter their rank,  
 More welcome than you and your wife at Ford Bank."

Aw gript him bi'th hond, an' aw sed, "Bless thi, lad,  
 Just gi' mi respects to thi mam an' thi dad ;  
 An' tell 'um fro' me, if we'er livin' that day,  
 Eawr Nan an' her husband will come to ther tay."

"By the bye," he then said, "How is your good wife,  
 I have seen her but once, I believe, in my life ;  
 An' that was—(let me see, what a memory, for sure)—  
 "Why, tha knows, mon, aw sed, when wi' went to Sale Moor."

"Ah ! now I remember," he said, "very well,  
 That lady I saw with the big umberell ;  
 I thought of her oft for days, yea, and weeks,  
 I could see her bright eyes and bonny red cheeks."

When aw'd tow'd hur o' this, aw look't at th' owd gel,  
 An' aw seed hoo wur lookin' throo'th glass at hersel' ;  
 Her temper had cool't, an' hoo'd gettun' quite calm,  
 A bit o' soft soap often acts as a balm.

"Eh! Jammie," hoo sed, an' hoo then gan a soik,  
"When o's sed an' dun aw think aw's't beloike  
Furt go deawn't mi moathers, an' get her that day  
To com' an' mind childer while wi are away."

"Aye, do, lass," aw said, "An' tell her fro' me,  
Theaus't bake her a fatcake or two fur her tea ;  
An' aw'll beigh her some gin, a noggin o' th' best,  
Hoo taks it, tha knows, fur that pain at her breast."

Well, Set-dy coom reaund, an' bi sunmat to three  
Wi geet to Ford Bank, an' 'neath a big tree  
Wi sat deawn to rest, th' sun wer so warm,  
Aw'd swat like a bull wi eaur Nan on mi arm.

Then wi took a wing reaund fert see an' bi seen,  
Eaur Nan on mi arm, looking just like a queen ;  
An' a yerd a chap say, as he graced bi mi sleeve,  
"That's Mayor o' Hyde, an' his wife, aw believe."

"Dost to yer, lass?" aw sed, "who ther takkin us for?"  
"Aw do, lad," hoo said, "but it isno' so, worr?"  
"Well, now, lass," aw sed, "but aw'm certain o' this,  
Th'art as pratty as ony Mayor's wife at ther' is."

Then wi seed Mester Ashtun and Missis, God bless 'um,  
An' eaur feelin's, wi really couldno' express 'em,  
When thi sed they were preawd o' eaur presence that day,  
An' hoped they should see us agen after tay.

While walkin' throo't gardens, wi met Mr. Schwann,  
 So, ov course, aw presented misel' an' Eaur Nan ;  
 An' smilingly raisin' his hat from his head,  
 " Whoom have I the honour of meeting?" he said.

"Well, am blest," said Eaur Nan, "if he doesno' know thee,  
 Am certain o' one thing, he doesno' know me ;"  
 So aw bowed, an' hoo curtsied, while he raised his hat ;  
 "No harm done," aw sed, "an' wi parted at that."

Then wi went upo'th race ground, to see a big race,  
 Which, accordin' to th' program, wur gooin't tak place ;  
 An' when wi geet theer, weren't it a lark?  
 Tim Booth an' owd Chadwick wur just toein't mark.

Th' pistil wur shot, an' ther'n off in a crack ;  
 Some sheauted "Neaw, Tim, lad," an' others "Neaw Jack,"  
 An' rarely Tim leg'd it, an' struggled reet hard,  
 Bur Chadwick just lack't him, they sed, bi two yard.

Then wi watch't Punch and Judy perform o their tricks,  
 An' eaur Nan coed 'em two jolly owd bricks ;  
 An' aw thowt o thoose days, a long time ago,  
 When they use't com i'th streets ov a Wakes time, yo know.

So wi kept lookin' reound till darkness coom on,  
 When wi thowt it wur time to bi trudgin' toart whoam ;  
 So wi bid Mester Ashtun an't Missis good neet,  
 Wi' hearts at wur joyous, contented, an' leet.







Reply to an Invitation to a Ladies' Tea Meeting.

**D**EAR Mrs. T., right proud I be—  
 And glad to see  
 That there is going to be a tea  
 To which you have invited me.  
 Likewise eaur Nan, if hoo'll agree  
 For't just slip up, an' have a cup  
 O' good Hong Kong, an' sing a song,  
 An' help yo' wimin t' jog along,  
 An' have her share o' beef an' tongue.  
 Hoo has her share o' tung, no deaubt,  
 Hoo isno' beaut, for why? because  
 It's me at knows.  
 For when her tung wonce fairly wags,  
 Why, then, as safe as eggs are eggs,  
 Aw bowt upstairs, an' say mi' prayers  
 For her t' gie o'er, an' say no moore—  
 Aw do for sure, hoo's sich a cure.  
 Yet nevertheless, dear Mrs. T.,  
 Yo' may expect eaur Nan an' me  
 Next Monday neet, at yo'r grand tea;  
 So we remain ever the same,  
 Dear Mrs. T., eaur Nan an' me.



## Eaur Nan an' Me at a Picnic to Sale Moor.

**L**AST Saturday, eaur Nan an' me  
 Wi went to th' demonstration;  
 Wi donn'd us up quite trim an' neat,  
 As just becoom eaur station;  
 We donn'd us up quite trim an' neat,  
 An' ay, eaur Nan look't charny;  
 Hoo'd getten a bonnet on her yed  
 Like one o't' Salvation Army.

Hoo'd trimmed it wi' some velvet,  
 An' made it look quite smart!  
 An' t' face at smiled within it  
 Would ha' charmed a prince's heart;  
 Ther's not a bonnier lass, aw know,  
 I' o this teawn o' eaur;  
 Hoo's as pratty as a lily,  
 Or a bunch o' wildwood flowers.

Eaur Nan's a weaver, yo' mun know,  
 Hoo's four looms an' a tenter ;  
 Hoo's chairman of a henpect club,  
 And hoo wants me to enter ;  
 Hoo's tried it on mi mony a time,  
 But hoo finds it winno' act ;  
 Aw awlus shoo o th' hens away,  
 Aw dunno like t' be peckt.

Hoo ses hoo's beaunt resign i' th' club,  
 An' enter t' red rose league ;  
 Hoo'l be a famous woman yet,  
 Eaur Nan, aw do believe ;  
 Bi' th' next election time com's reaurd,  
 An' that ul noane be lung ;  
 Hoo'l be as fine a orator  
 As ever wagged a tung.

Hoo's larin' me heaw t' wash up pots,  
 Darn stockings, an' the like ;  
 Heaw t' mak' bread pobbies for eaur Joe,  
 If he should chance to srike ;  
 An' when hoo's eaur, late ov a neet,  
 Attending some grand stir,  
 Aw mun put o'th childer safe i' bed,  
 An' a cheer a back o' th' dur.

Good lorgus days, aw scarcely know  
 What things are comin' too ;  
 Wha wi' these red rose ladies,  
 An' primrose dames so blue.  
 If men mun still wear t' breeches,  
 Before so very lung  
 They mui pass an Act o' Parliament  
 To shorten women's tungs.

When th' Teawn Hall clock chimed 2-15,  
Th' procession started off ;  
A theawsand voices gan a cheer,  
A theawsand hats were doft ;  
Eaur Nan an' me, perchit on a bus,  
Like a Royal pair on' th' throne,  
We bowed to th' multitude, an' then  
Went driving up Heyd-lone.

When we geet to Sale Moor Gardens,  
Good lorgus, what a show !  
They'd taen a fielt or two beside  
To accommodate us o.  
Ther wer races uppo'th' bicycle,  
Likewise gymnastic feats ;  
It ud tak three sheets o' foolscap  
Just to mention o th' grand seets.





Lines Suggested on a Visit to Middleton,  
at the Opening of the Albany Mill,

**M**R. Chairman and friends, as a stranger to-night,  
There are persons no doubt who may question my  
right

To speak of the Albany Mill.

But what I shall say emanates from the heart,  
And I hope, 'ere from Middleton town I depart,  
To gain your esteem and goodwill.

I travelled from Hyde by the one forty-three,  
Most anxious was I to be in at the tea,—

A tea that has truly been grand.

I travelled from Hyde with a hearty good-will,  
To be at the opening of Albany Mill—

And here, Mr. Chairman, I stand.

God grant that our trade once more may revive,  
And the people at Middleton prosper and thrive;

That, friends, is my earnest desire.

May masters and workmen unite in the plan  
Of doing the best for each other they can;

Let justice their actions inspire.

. . . . .

A've often yerd o' Middleteawn,

Bur never thowt us a wer beawn

To com here on a visit;

Bur neaw am here, aw'll tell yo' this,

Ther's noan so mich awm beawn to miss,

An' that's no sin, neaw, is it?

A've com fro' Heyd, this very day,  
 Naw just fer t' drink a cup o' tay,  
     An' ha' mi' fill;  
 Eh! bless yo', nowe, am no such mon  
 A'm com'n fer't help yo', if a con,  
     O' th' openin' o' yore mill.

A've laught at mony a skit betimes,  
 A've seen i' booath prose an' rhymes,  
     I have so;  
 Good lorgus, heaw a laught o' th' rig\*  
 Thi wer abeaut that guinea pig  
     Some time ago.

Aw promised, then, if a wer a mon,  
 Fost time a coom to Middleton,  
     Aw'd have a gill  
 A'th' heawse weer t' pig were raffled;  
 An' t' neet, afore mi clooas aw doff,  
     So aw will.

Mi two owd chums, booath Jud an' Tum,  
 An promised tak' mi, if ad cum,  
     To Tandle Hill  
 An' other places here abeaut;  
 So new am com'n, ther's not a deaubt  
     Bur what they will.

Before mi steps to'art whoam are bent,  
 Aw mun see Sam Bamford's Monument,  
     Th'owd mon o' rhyme;  
 His honoured name shall ever be  
 Borne deawn unto posterity  
     On th' wings o' time.

---

\*About this time a pig had been raffled off at the Assheton Arms,  
 and the winner going to where the pig was kept,  
 found it was but a Guinea Pig.

He needs no tablet o' stone,  
For shure his "Radical"\* alone  
Tells what he's done ;  
So aw mun visit th' owd churchyard,  
An homage to th' grand owd bard  
O' Middleton.

I' th' days o' bygone Peterloo,  
When every mon wur deem'd a foo  
If he wer poor,  
Th'owd patriot, an' such as he,  
Were strugglin' for eaur liberty,  
They were, for sure.

God bless his soul, a'wm sure o' this,  
That in yon world o' future bliss,  
He sits at side o' th' throne,  
Amongst those patriarchs of owd,  
Whose characters shine forth like gowd  
Or precious stone.

To Bamford, an such men as he,  
We owe eaur vaunted liberty  
On English greawnd ;  
Amid thoose dark and troubled days,  
Ther deeds wer far beyond eaur praise  
Or trumpet seaunds.

---

\*"Passages in the Life of a Radical," by Samuel Bamford, the  
Poet.



### Theau'rt Badly, Arto ?

**T**HEAU'RT badly arto? dear a me!  
 Theau munno' dee, owd brid!  
 Wi munno' put the likes o' thee  
     Beneath a coffin lid.  
 Nowe, nowe, the lunger at tha lives  
     On this wide earth o' eaur, s,  
 The more tha'll mak' both weed an' thorns  
     Gie way for fruits an' fleawrs !

Those lines theau read for me, owd mon,  
     When aw wer o'er last week,  
 Abeaut religion, an' the like,  
     Why, they were quite unique!  
 What's thy religion? why, owd friend,  
     Aw durst bi beawnd to say  
 'Tis honesty, 'twixt man and man—  
     Theau lives it every day.

What's thy religion? weel, aw know,  
     I' every twinkling star  
 Theau sees the handiwork of God,  
     Which none can mend or mar.  
 Though deep within some woodland shade,  
     Or on the mountain's crest,  
 Theau sees the handiwork of God,  
     And love swells in thi breast.



But here, my gifted friend an' bard,  
Maybe theau'll think me rude  
To say what thy religion is  
(An' so theau may conclude  
To bring my humble self to task)  
An' want to know what's mine ;  
An' aw should say, without a deaubt,  
It's summat same as thine.

It did mi good, last week, owd mon,  
To see thi face once moor ;  
Thi' voice wer music to mi soul,  
It awlus is, for sure !  
Dost think theau'll manage t' com, owd brid,  
O Wednesday neet, to th' party ?  
Let's hope at theau'll bi with us then,  
Feelin' weel an' hearty.





## The Golden Jubilee of Hyde Church Bells.

1903.

DEDICATED TO TOM MIDDLETON.

**T**HERE'S nought sounds sweeter than the bells  
 At noon or Eventide,  
 I love to hear their falls and swells  
 As on the breeze they ride.  
 Like spirit voices in the air  
 They seem to say, the world is fair;  
 Then why should man, in his despair,  
 See nought but clouds and shadows?  
 Thus spake the bells in a language grand,  
 Which only the few can understand;  
 Thus spake the bells, that Sabbath morn,  
 As I made my way with a joy new-born  
 From the town to the fertile meadows.

'Tis fifty years since Hyde Church bells  
 First flung their cadences and swells  
 O'er this, the town of Hyde.  
 And now, to-day, with heartfelt glee,  
 The ringers ring their Jubilee  
 With joy and pride.

Fifty long years have passed away,  
 And as those bells peal out to-day  
     Each iron tongue  
 These words ring out o'er all the town,  
 "Though man unto the grave goes down,  
     We still are young.

"The men who gave us a dower,  
 To peal from out this old grey tower,  
     Have passed away ;  
 But we remain, and still we ring  
 Our peals, for subject and for King,  
     Each Sabbath day.

"As wedding bells, we've pealed our best  
 To fill the bride and bridegroom's breast  
     With that sweet joy  
 Which only bride and bridegroom feel ;  
 And we, as bells, would not reveal  
     The reason why.

"When death gathers his sheaves betimes,  
 Then we fling our muffled chimes  
     To the heavens above ;  
 And in tones, though sad, we try to tell  
 How those departed have gone to dwell  
     With a God of love.

"We have joined in many a peal of praise  
 On National thanksgiving days  
     Of great renown.  
 For long, long years, as servants true,  
 We've voiced the joys, and sorrows, too,  
     Of this, our town.

"For fifty years have we been rung,  
 By sterling ringers who have flung  
     Our fame abroad ;  
 For we are famed as sweet-toned bells,  
 And when ye listen to our swells,  
     Our ringers laud.

"For fifty years those ringers stout  
 Have rung the years both in and out  
     With right goodwill ;  
 Many old ringers, good and true,  
 Have crossed the bar, whilst just a few  
     Are with us still.

"Year in, year out, on Sabbath days  
 We call the people to prayer and praise ;  
     Though some, we know,  
 Would rather sit in the woods and dells  
 Listening to our falls and swells,  
     Than in the Church below."

Ring out! ring out! sweet pealing bells,  
 Your varied cadences and swells ;  
     Bring back to me  
 Sweet memories of byegone times,  
 When first I listened to your chimes  
     With boyish glee!





An Epistle to Harry C. Kershaw,  
 OF BROOKLYN CITY, NEW YORK,  
 AFTER HIS VISIT TO ENGLAND.

TO thee, Harry Kershaw, I write these few lines,  
 Thou son of Columbia dollars and dimes ;  
 In the hope they may find thee enjoying good health,  
 Which the poet hath said is better than wealth.

Ah, Harry, old boy, with your twinkling eye,  
 You have charmed many a lass hereabout ;  
 And if e'er you come back, they will be on your track,  
 That's so, you may bet, without doubt.

They say they can see thee throo' memory's eye,  
 And they think of thy old beaver hat with a sigh ;  
 Whilst a blush to their cheek we can instantly bring  
 If we say thou art coming to see them next Spring.

At the old house at home we oftentimes call,  
 And as often find Tom by the old garden wall,  
 A-courting his lassie, your cousin, you know,  
 The bonniest lass in all Hattersley o.

And then your Aunt Jane, so trim and so neat,  
 Will ask us inside, and we each take a seat ;  
 Whilst your old Uncle James, in the corner, 'tis true,  
 Sits dreaming,—perchance he is dreaming of you.

Aunt Jane, ever glad of acquaintance renewed,  
 Brings forth a big pitcher, well-filled with home-brewed ;  
 And we drink to the health of those far away,  
 God grant we may see them on some future day.

Ah, Harry, old boy, we shall never forget  
 The night that we spent at the old farm, you bet !  
 What a glorious supper we had, and how we  
 Fairly made the old house ring with boisterous glee.

God bless thee, old friend, we were sorry to part  
 With one who doth hold a warm place in our heart ;  
 And though the great ocean betwixt us doth roll,  
 We shall think of thee ever, thou genial soul.

And if ever we meet, a night's pleasure to share,  
 We shall certainly wish Harry Kershaw was there !  
 Whilst the toast of the evening most surely will be—  
 "Harry Kershaw, God bless him, wherever he be" !

And now, my old friend, just a word, and I've done ;  
 If you ever again to Old England should come  
 Just write a few lines, and I'll wager a crown  
 There's a bodyguard meets you at Liverpool Town.

To Brooklyn, New York, may this letter speed on,  
 Unto the Fifth Avenue, block forty-one ;  
 And may everyone there, that we hold most dear,  
 Be found in good health, as it leaves us all here.

P.S.—Isaac told me to write that to Brooklyn full soon  
 He should bring his flagello, and give you a tune ;  
 So no more, dear Harry, at present, from me.  
 I am, ever respectfully yours, J. LEIGH.



## A Friend in Need.

TO MY FRIEND, ABEL GRUNDY.

“**A** FRIEND in need is a friend indeed”!  
 An’ theau’s bin one to me;  
 That’s just the reason I inscribe  
 These few short lines to thee.

When darksome clouds hung o’er mi tent,  
 Into my life theaw coom;  
 An’, like Aladdin with his lamp,  
 Theau soon dispelled the gloom.

The likes o’ thee, my owd friend Abe,  
 Are few an’ far between  
 Thy failings (an’ ther’s nob’dy beaut)  
 To virtue’s side they lean.

Thy City friends acknowledge thee  
 As a reet good sterling sort;  
 They say at when theau’s cross’t life’s sea  
 Theau’ll enter th’ heavenly port.

An’ they should know, those friends o’ thine—  
 They know thi weel ov owd;  
 They’ve seawnded thi for years an’ years,  
 An’ found thi sterling gowd.

Streight up, streight deawn, fro' top to toe,  
Theau knows the truth, an' lives it ;  
An' mony a one on th' quiet knows  
If theau's out give, tha gives it.

Theau art no Sunday full-blown saint,  
Nor yet a week-day devil ;  
Week in, week eaut, thy creed is this :  
To do no man an evil.

But pray, excuse me, if, old friend,  
A liberty I've taken ;  
But on this side the grave my faith  
In thee will ne'er be shaken.

And when I cross old Jordan's tide,  
If thou art gone before,  
How grand 'twill be to leet o' thee  
An' just talk matters o'er.







To a friend : December Musings.

DECEMBER cometh, dark and drear,  
 Wrapt in a cloak of sombre hue ;  
 He ushereth out the grim old year,  
 And bids us welcome in the new.

Ah ! well, old friend (so mote it be),  
 Time flies on golden wings,  
 And waiteth not for me nor thee,  
 Nor e'en for mighty kings.

. . . . .

E'en as I write, swiftly the moments fly,  
 Bearing each mortal towards the vale of death,  
 The vale that borders on Eternity,  
 Where time will leave us at our latest breath.

Time carries with him, on his noiseless wings,  
 The cherished idols of our hearth and home,  
 Maybe to dwell amid eternal things,  
 Beyond the blue of heaven's ethereal dome.

So time flies on, and we with some misgiving  
 Question our hearts if we have lived in vain,  
 If we have lived a life that's worth the living,  
 For we shall never pass this way again.

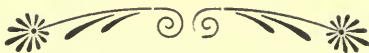
The longest life is but a short probation  
Compared with what eternity must be ;  
Then let us strive to gain our own salvation  
By deeds of love and Christian charity.

December cometh, and the sad old year  
Is flying swiftly on the wings of Time ;  
A few short days, and to the listening ear  
Will sound the music of the New Year's chime.

To-night I listen to the wild winds moaning,  
With heavy heart and spirits far from gay ;  
A twelve-month back my home was filled with mourn-  
ing—  
For near and dear ones who had passed away.

But there is joy and blissful consolation,  
In the thought that surges through my brain,  
That when we leave this temporal habitation,  
We may embrace our loved ones once again.

Ah ! well, old friend, excuse the vein of sadness  
In which I write these lines to thee and thine ;  
May robust health, contentment, peace, and gladness,  
Dwell in thy tent through eighteen-ninety-nine.





## Critchley Prince.

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

**A**W SEED those lines o' thine, owd friend,  
 On poor John Critchley Prince;  
 An' as aw read 'em, line bi line,  
 They fairly made mi wince  
 To think at i' mi native teawn,  
 Weer Prince ran eaut his race,  
 No fittin' tribute has been raised  
 To mark his restin' place.

A few admirers, it is true—  
 All honour to the same—  
 Have raised above the poet's dust,  
 In honour of his name,  
 A simple, unassuming stone  
 The pilgrim to convince,  
 That here is the last resting-place  
 Of the poetic Prince.

He had his faults, wi o know that,  
 An' Sam, owd friend, aw deawbt  
 If theau could find a livin' mon  
 To-day at's gradely beaut ;  
 He'd be a curiosity,  
 A wonder, far and wide ;  
 Aw deawbt ther's noane i' Stalybridge,  
 Am sure ther's noane i' Hyde.

John Critchley Prince, with all his faults,  
 Possessed a noble mind ;  
 A generous heart, wherein there dwelt  
 A love for all mankind.  
 And though from paths of rectitude  
 He wandered now and then,  
 It seemed as though some angel hand  
 Controlled the poet's pen.

Read his poetic "Rosary,"  
 His glorious "Autumn Leaves,"  
 And garner them within your minds,  
 For they are golden sheaves.  
 'Tis here, with noble sentiment,  
 The poet's soul is fired ;  
 'Tis here he sweeps his harp, and sings  
 Like one who is inspired.

Oh, how he loved to roam and read  
 Great nature's open page ;  
 It seemed to soothe his harassed soul,  
 His troubles to assuage.  
 Oh, how he loved to wander forth  
 Far from the haunts of men,  
 To hold communion with his God  
 In some deep mountain glen,

A child of nature, how he loved  
Her every mood and form ;  
The peaceful whisperings of the breeze,  
The mutterings of the storm.  
And when from Kinder's lofty brow  
He watched the storm clouds roll,  
The thunder of the lightning's flash  
Was music to his soul.

. . . . .

John Critchley Prince's name will live  
When thine an' mine, owd brid,  
Have passed from sight an' memory  
Wi' th' plate on th' coffin lid.  
Then, why not his adopted town,  
Though not his place of birth,  
Perpetuate his memory  
And recognise his worth ?





Lines Suggested by the Death of the  
Rev. R. R. Bateson.

YON solemn bell tolls out once more ;  
Our hearts, responsive to the sound,  
Swell with a grief unknown before,  
A grief that is indeed profound.

Why start we thus to hear yon solemn knell?  
Why mourn we thus for one who's gone?  
Oft have we heard that tolling bell  
With scarce a passing thought thereon.

But now, alas! a generous friend is gone,  
A benefactor kind and true ;  
We ne'er again may meet with such a one,  
With virtues many, and failings few.

The good old pastor of some two-score years  
Has finished now the work to him assigned ;  
No more will he, with prayers oft mixed with tears,  
Pour out instruction o'er the youthful mind.

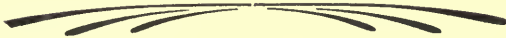
He loved his Church, he loved his people, too ;  
The lowly poor had his especial care ;  
Aspiring still to brighter worlds in view  
He served his God, nor never knew despair.

With aching hearts we mutely wend our way  
To see the last of one we loved so dear ;  
And as we kneel beside his silent clay  
There falls the tribute of a heartfelt tear.

Hark to that sound above the closing grave—  
That comes more near and now departs,  
Just as the murmuring of the rippling waves  
The sobbing of a thousand hearts.

Farewell, old friend, thy honest genial face  
Will shine no more upon thy congregation,  
But as each Sabbath cometh round apace  
We'll bow to God in prayer and resignation.

Servant of God, thy mission here is done ;  
But to thy memory oft shall fall a tear,  
And generations that are yet to come  
Will reap the fruits of thy great labours here.





### An Acrostic :

TO WALTER INGRAM SHERRY.

**W**HAT shall I wish thee, as a wish, my friend,  
**A**s I now bring these pages to an end?  
**L**ong life and happiness to thee and thine,  
**T**hat is a fervent, heartfelt wish of mine.  
**E**ver of thee shall I be proud at heart,  
**R**ight nobly thou hast played the patron's part.

**I**f thou art pleased with these, my humble rhymes,  
**N**eedless to say, I'm grateful at all times;  
**G**rateful to thee, for all that thou hast done,  
**R**ight from my heart I give what thou hast won.  
**A**nd though my thanks I'll not too oft rehearse,  
**M**ay I inscribe to thee my humble verse?

**S**uch friendship as thou hast bestowed on me  
**H**as made my heartstrings thrill with pride of thee;  
**E**ternal bliss be thine when death shall come,—  
**R**adiant with joy may angels bear thee home;  
**R**ead what I've penned, and pardon me, forsooth,  
**Y**ours, in true bonds of friendship, love, and truth—

J. LEIGH.



## FOOTBALL SQUIBS,

By JIM HISSEL'.

## Hyde v. Eccles, Played in 1887.

**A**W went fer't watch a footbo' match  
 Last Monday afternoon,  
 An' if mi memory sarves mi reet  
 'Twer th' day when Eccles coom ;  
 Bur ay, by gum, aw'll tell yo' what,  
 It seemed a curious thing  
 To see 'em knock each other deawn  
 Like skittles in a ring.

At three o'clock \*Joss Hall punc't off,  
 An' took a flying kick,  
 An' th' bo' went spinnin' reet throo' th' air,  
 Till it geet to †Watson Dick ;  
 An' th' way he dodged abeaut with it  
 Wer th' grandest treat of all :  
 He dribbled it to th' top o' th' fiel't,  
 An' then shot streight at th' goal.

---

\*Joshua Hall, the Hyde Captain.

†Richard Watson, one of the Hyde Forwards.

"A goal! a goal!" they sheauted,  
 But it wurno,—nawe, not it;  
 Deawn th' fiel't they went ogen like mad,  
 An Eccles scored a bit.  
 But Hyde went at it neck or nowt,  
 An' th' bo kept spankin' throo,  
 Till when hau've time coom reaund, my word,  
 Th' Eccles cakes look't blue!

Aw geet a bit excited once  
 While watchin' little Pugh,  
 He'd gotten't ball aside o' th' goal,  
 An' wer tryin' t' punce it throo.  
 Aw conno' tell yo' heaw aw felt—  
 But then no deaubt yo' known—  
 Aw lan'st eaut wi mi foot, an' puncest  
 A chap o'er th' ankle bone.

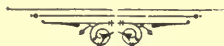
Deawn he drop't, just like a shot,  
 Amung o'th weet an' dirt;  
 "Eh, dear-a-me, owd mon," aw said,  
 "Aw hope yo' arno' hurt."  
 "I do not understand," he said,  
 "Such nasty tricks at all";  
 Aw said, "By gum, bur aw do,  
 They'd like to had a goal."

"You'd better get inside," he said,  
 "And do your kicking there";  
 "Oh, nay," aw said, "am satisfied,  
 Aw think aw've done mi share."  
 "Well, do not try it on again,  
 Or, mind you, if you do,"—  
 Aw said, "Aw beg yo're pardon, sir"—  
 An' only proper, too!

Yo'll see at once aw shouldno' do  
 For't be a puncin' member,  
 My heart's a little bit too soft  
 Or else a bit too tender ;  
 However, be that as it may,  
 We connot o bi players,  
 Yet everyone con help th' game on  
 If they'n bi reet good payers.

Wi connot awlus win, yo' known ;  
 Wi arno' such highliers ;  
 But wi just do eaur level best,  
 So put us deawn as tryers.  
 An' to thoose folk at's fond o' th' game,  
 An' watches it bi th' heaur,  
 Th' committee says, "If yo'll find th' brass,  
 They'll find yo' th' puncin' peawer.

So neaw, my bonnie lads, play up ;  
 Punce fair throo thick and thin,  
 An' if next year yo' play for't cup,  
 Let's hope yo'll do a win.  
 Keep weel up to yo'r practice, lads,  
 An' th' time 'ul com', no fear,  
 When yo'll bi able t' howd yo'r own  
 Wi ony club reawnd here.





## Grand Football Matches.

HYDE v. DERBY JUNCTION.

PLAYED IN 1887, AT WALKER FOLD, HYDE.

Tune—"Powder Monkey."

IT'S of a famous Football Team  
 I've heard my uncle tell;  
 My uncle lives in Derbyshire,  
 And you may know him well.  
 His name it is \*Will Chatterton,  
 A Cricketer of fame,  
 And as a County Football man  
 He's earned himself a name.  
 Now, Will told me the other day  
 About these Junctionites,  
 He said they were the heroes  
 Of a dozen valiant fights;  
 And there never was a braver team  
 Ere stept upon the field  
 Than the famous Derby Junction lads,  
 Who made old Staveley yield.

### Chorus.

If you'll go to Derby town,  
 Sing, my lads, yo, ho!  
 The silver cup is handed round,  
 Sing, my lads, yo, ho!  
 The cup with wine doth overflow,  
 Drink, my lads, yo, ho!

---

\*Will Chatterton was a Hyde man, and a distinguished Cricketer and Football Player. He was the principal bat in the Derbyshire Cricket Team for many years, and also played for England against South Africa.

The Junkies went to Matlock Bath,  
 Just for a change of air ;  
 Of wine and eggs, and baa lamb's legs,  
 They also had their share ;  
 And when the day of battle came  
 They all were in good trim,  
 And confident the Challenge Cup  
 From Staveley they would win.  
 Now, Staveley is a team, you know,  
 That's held in high renown,  
 And Junction lads knew very well  
 They'd want some taking down.  
 But when the 17th came round  
 They did the wondrous feat,  
 And Staveley lads acknowledged, too,  
 That they were fairly beat.

Chorus—If you'll go, &c.

There was Bromage in the goal that day,  
 With Hind and Potts full-back ;  
 And whene'er the ball got near 'em,  
 They were sure to give it whack.  
 There was Seddon, Smith, and Walker, too,  
 They did their work quite well,  
 And kept the Staveley forwards  
 From the Junction citadel.  
 There was Bromage, Smith, and Hopkins,  
 With Peach upon the wings,  
 Whilst Radford, centre-forward,  
 Did some very clever things.  
 And there never was a braver team  
 Ere stept upon the field  
 Than the aforesaid Junky boys,  
 Who made old Staveley yield.

Chorus—If you'll go, &c.

Success to Derby Junction !  
May they view their cup with pride,  
And may they beat all teams they meet  
Except the one at Hyde.  
And if the efforts of our team  
This day should be in vain,  
Like Robert Bruce, of Bannockburn,  
We'll try and try again.  
And if next year the Junction lads  
Should pay a visit here,  
We know the people of our town  
Will greet them with a cheer.  
For there never was a braver team  
Ere stept upon the field  
Than the famous Derby Junction Boys,  
Who made old Staveley yield.

Chorus—If you'll go, &c.





### Charge of the "Hyde Brigade."

HYDE v. DENTON—PLAYED AT WALKER FOLD, HYDE,  
1887.

**H**ALF-A-FIELD, half-a-field,  
 Half-a-field onward,  
 Into the Denton goal  
 Our forwards they thundered,  
 Stormed at with shot and shell,  
 \*Lowe bravely fought and well,  
 But down went his citadel,  
 And \*Denton folks wondered.

Wondered how it was done,  
 Wondered to see the fun,  
 Wondered whom Bunyan  
 Had thrown o'er his head ;  
 Didn't they rave and rant,  
 'Twas their beloved \*Plant,  
 Into the mud thus sent,  
 As though he were dead.

---

\*Lowe and Plant were Denton players, Bunyan was the Hyde  
Goalkeeper.

Hark! how they yell and scream,  
Little did Denton dream  
That our respected team,  
    Would conquer them so!  
Now all their gas has gone,  
And ready brass they've none,  
A dollar, alas! not one  
    Of them can show.

Hark! to that deafening roar  
Proclaiming the fight is o'er!  
And likewise the fact that four  
    Goals have been got.  
Denton have lost the day,  
And as they wend their way  
Homewards, they seem to say  
    Sad is our lot.

Now they are put to rout,  
And as they face about,  
Twenty-six none they shout,  
    Poor Dentonians.  
Do not your fingers flirt,  
For with your Sunday shirt  
Hyde has wiped out the dirt  
    Rubbed in by Prestonians.

Pity poor Denton's plight,  
Oh! what a mournful sight  
As they went home that night,  
    Vanquished Dentonians.  
Honour the Hyde Brigade,  
Honour the win they've made,  
When will their glory fade?  
    Noble Hydonians!





## Song of the Defeat of Denton !

**Q**'ER Denton's team with silent grief oppressed,  
 The natives mourn their heroes now at rest,  
 But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years  
 Whose leaves are watered by th' Old Soldiers' tears.

'Twas on the football field  
 Hyde made poor Denton yield,  
 Though bloodless was the fray.  
 Our men were in good form,  
 For on the best of corn  
 They'd liv'd for many a day.  
 At Charlie Barber's they were trained,  
 By Chadwick and John Bowker famed,  
 And well they did their duty.  
 For when the day of battle came,  
 Bravely they fought and bravely they won.  
 They tought for home and beauty.

The third of March came round,  
 And the Dentonians found  
 Our Hyde lads in good trim,  
 Quite eager for the fray,  
 And confident that they  
 The victory would win.  
 With wine and eggs, and baa lamb's legs,  
 They ran poor Denton off their pegs,  
 And then they did their duty ;  
 And the Dentonians found that day  
 They had no chance, for Hyde lads could dance,  
 And make big rings all round them.

With Bunyan so well known,  
Tom Gregory and Alf Jones,  
Our back defence was sure ;  
Gill Pollock on left wing,  
With Hopkinson a king,  
At screw kicks he's a cure,  
With Cotterill, Bowers, and Williams, too,  
John Bladen, Jim, and Wood, we knew  
That Hyde would do its duty.  
All round the lines this signal ran,  
Shoot low my lads, and score if you can ;  
And each one did his duty.

Hark how the people roar,  
When Hyde the first goal score ;  
Poor Plant, he stood dismayed,  
The tears were in his eyes,  
And speechless with surprise  
He rubbed his shoulder blade ;  
At last, in accents wild, he cried  
"If I had only stayed with Hyde,  
I should have done my duty ;  
Oh, if I were but back again,  
One thing I'd do, I'd always be true,  
And nobly do my duty."

And stiff the battle raged,  
Our lads the conflict waged,  
From three till half-past four ;  
Poor Denton's pride and boast  
Were yielding up the ghost,  
Long ere the time was o'er.  
Rocked in the cradle of defeat,  
Confessed that day his pets were beat,  
And vowed that on the morrow,  
Each man would be in bed all day,  
Grieving to think he'd have no cheap drink  
And no victorious supper.

At last the final shot  
Poor Lowe received red-hot,  
    And fell into young Bladen's arms ;  
"We've lost the day," he cried ;  
"We've won it," Jim replied ;  
    "Now long enough we've fought."  
McIntyre then his whistle blew,  
And all the town in quicksticks knew  
    That Hyde had done its duty,  
    For they had scored four beauties.  
And Denton folks went home that night  
Silent and sad, and awfully mad  
    That Hyde had done its duty.







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