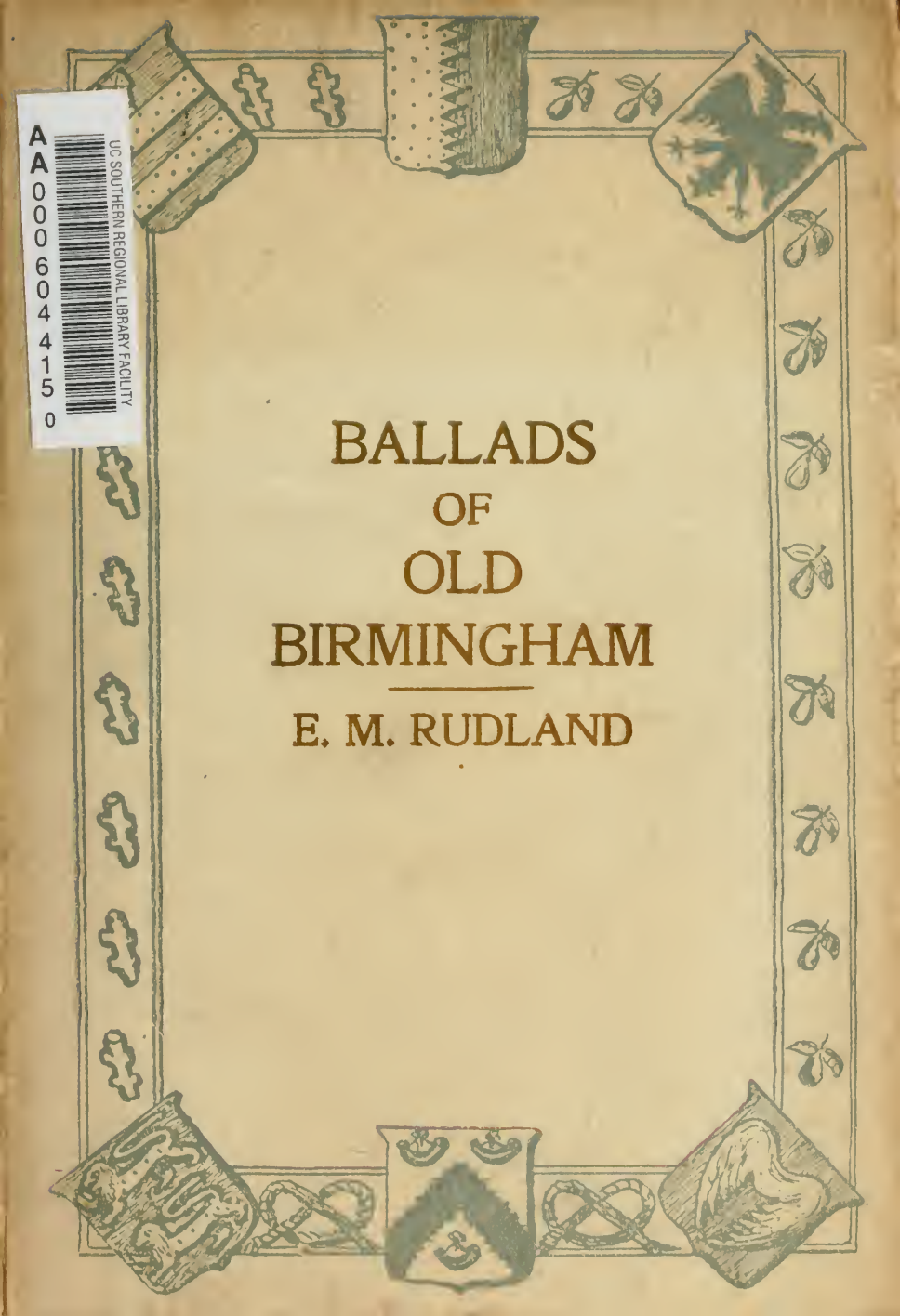


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BALLADS  
OF  
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BIRMINGHAM  

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BALLADS OF OLD BIRMINGHAM



BALLADS  
OF  
OLD BIRMINGHAM

*Presented by*  
BY  
E. M. RUDLAND  
...

WITH INTRODUCTION

BY

THE RT. HON. THE LORD MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM

(ALDERMAN W. H. BOWATER.)

HERALDIC ILLUSTRATIONS AND NOTES

BY

A. RODWAY

LONDON

DAVID NUTT

17 GRAPE STREET, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.

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TO MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.  
A DESCENDANT OF THE ANCIENT FAMILY OF  
" DE BERMINGHAM "



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## INTRODUCTION

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In commending a previous volume of Mr. E. M. Rudland's "Ballads of Old Birmingham" to those interested in the authentic history and legendary lore of the City, I remarked upon the thoroughness with which he had covered the ground and the ingenuity with which he had adapted the material to poetic use. Since then Mr. Rudland has found fresh subjects for his facile pen and has brought the series up to date by a tribute to the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. The present volume may be described as the complete edition of the Ballads, although one hesitates to use terms of finality in regard to a prolific writer.

Mr. Rudland evidently finds Birmingham a fruitful field for the cultivation of romance. Because its Municipal history is modern and its material progress has been rapid, strangers are apt to imagine that our City has no past worth recalling. The acid in the air has eaten into the soft stone of which Old Birmingham was built, so as to cause our ancient landmarks to crumble away, even when they did not stand in the way of progress. One does not look for ruins in a manufacturing town whose motto is "Forward."

As a live dog is better than a dead lion, so is a busy street better than a ruined temple. One may enjoy reading verses about "Clodshale's Chantry" in this volume without any vain regret that the Parish Church of Birmingham contains few traces of the "one Parroch Church" which Leland saw in 1538. The tombs of the feudal lords of Birmingham are there, however, to remind us of the illustrious family which took its name from the Ham of the Bermings, and in later generations carried that name into Ireland and France, where it is still borne by their descendants.

Mr. Rudland's verses recall other ancient names that are associated with the soil now comprised within the City boundaries. Starting with the ill-fated King Kenelm, he has sung the praises and told the stories of most of our local worthies, not forgetting men of humble birth, like Sir Josiah Mason, who, in making their own fortunes, contributed to the making of Birmingham.

All the districts recently incorporated with the City have brought grist to the mill, and some of the places mentioned are still beyond the pale. Their inhabitants may join in the "Song of the Midland Men" even though they may not claim to be "Sons of Berm." But the book appeals in the first instance to the civic pride of Birmingham men, and if it inspires the rising generation with the civic

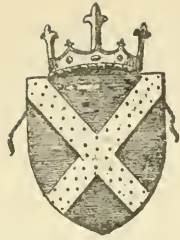
patriotism which distinguished their ancestors, it will not have been written in vain.

The heraldic illustrations and notes, which have been done with great care by Mr. Alfred Rodway, should arouse new interest in local heraldry. The poems should induce their readers to renew acquaintance with the details of local history they embellish, and indirectly lead them to make history for themselves. Mr. Rudland himself is practical as well as poetical. He is not content to make the City's songs regardless of who makes its laws. As a member of the City Council and Chairman of the Free Libraries Committee he is bearing his full share of the burdens which devolve upon the representatives of the ratepayers. The enlarged City gives greater scope for civic service, and if our leading citizens rise to the occasion, the achievements of the past will be but faint foreshadowings of a still more glorious future.

W. H. BOWATER.







## THE SONG OF THE MIDLAND MEN.

Now, this is the song of the Midland men,  
Sons of the Saxon, Hark !

“ There’s a thing to do ere the sun lie red  
At the gates of the western ark.”

For each man’s forth to the task that’s his,  
There’s none but sees it through ;  
Who fails in the part, again takes heart,  
In the pride of the Midland thew.

For the ore of life’s to the furnace,  
The spirit of God’s the flame.  
Sons of the smiths, on the anvil,  
Smite for the Saxon name.

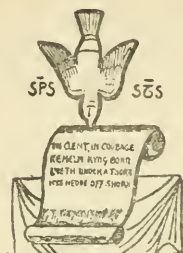
O, proud is the might of the Midland men,  
Loudly the anvils ring,  
Hearth and home, and the days to come,  
The land, and the land’s own King.

2 THE SONG OF THE MIDLAND MEN

Now, this is the song of the Midland men,  
Sons of the Saxon, Hark!

“ There’s a thing to do ere the sun lie red  
At the gates of the western ark.”

NOTE.—Many Birmingham men have been smiths and strikers upon the anvil from the remotest times.



## THE DEATH OF KING KENELM.

FALSE was the love of Askobert,  
 False to the King, and false to me,  
 And false to the Lady Guendreda. God!  
 What should the speeding be?

Gaily Kenelm, the boy-King, rode.  
 He flung me a kiss with a laugh of glee.  
 Did Askobert see, dark Askobert;  
 God! did Askobert see?

I followed swift in the track of the King,  
 Askobert rode at the King's right hand;  
 Under the hills of Clent they stood,  
 Woe to the Saxon land.

Askobert's voice broke loud and high:  
 "This of thy sister's love," he said,  
 "And this for the kiss of the maid, of me;  
 Kiss they among the dead?"

4 THE DEATH OF KING KENELM

Askobert smote, dark Askobert,  
Smote with his blade the neck of the King ;  
Still I lay till the weeping night  
Bestirred my languishing.

And O, red earth was piled beneath  
The age-bent thorn. With frenzied hands  
I flung the soil aside, where lay  
The boy-King of the Saxon lands.

And for the kiss he gave that morn,  
I took the kingly ring, and kissed  
The soiled lips, and closed the eyes  
That saw not in the mist.

I cut a golden lock, and threw  
My cloak o'er all his form, and fled,  
For Askobert, dark Askobert,  
Stole back to claim his dead.

I sped me o'er the seas, and told  
My tale before St. Peter's chair.  
The kindly father raised his hand,  
And blessed me kneeling there.

“ God's peace be on thee, gentle dove,  
God's peace on Kenelm's soul. God's flame  
On Askobert, dark Askobert,  
And on Guendreda shame.”

Men say that holy waters flow  
 O'er Kenelm slain ; that men are healed  
 By might of his pure soul, who pray  
 Beside the slaughter-field.

Men say Guendreda's eyes at length  
 Fell on God's page in flood of tears ;  
 I pray God set her soul at peace,  
 Who wept through all the years.

And Askobert, dark Askobert,  
 Who once was fain for love of me,  
 I pray to God through all the years  
 Him may I never see.

NOTE.—Kenelm was the son of King Kenwulf of Mercia, and succeeded to the throne at the age of seven years. He was murdered by Askobert, the lover of his sister Guendreda, when riding at Clent, and was buried by Askobert under a thorn tree. A white dove is said to have let fall a scroll with the tidings upon the high altar at Rome as the Pope was at Mass. A holy spring is said to have arisen where he was buried, and to have had powers of healing. He was canonized by the Roman Church.



## BARR BEACON.

OLD Druids in the mists rise high,  
 Waiting for the old world to die.  
 The old, old world, that will not fall  
 Howso' the Druid voices call.

For when the moon that battles night,  
 Walks calmly o'er the Beacon height,  
 The Druids follow in his tread,  
 Asking if yet the world be dead.

O Beacon, red with sacrifice,  
 High Altar, blood encompassed thrice,  
 Lie silent, till the doom atone  
 With wreckage of the world o'erthrown.

O Druids, bearded long and white,  
 With eyes long scant of any sight,  
 Beneath old altars lie, where clings  
 The blood of vain sin offerings.

The gods that die not, grant for boon  
 Speech only of the accomplished moon,  
 Elsewhiles within the watery deep,  
 The doom-watch of the world to keep.

So when the moon that battles night,  
Walks calmly o'er the Beacon height,  
The Druids follow in his tread,  
Asking if yet the world be dead.

NOTE.—There is a legend that at certain phases of the moon, a mist, emanating from subterranean water, envelops the hill, and that the forms of old Druids may be seen arising on the mist.



## THE JENNENS' MILLIONS.

“ By the hammer of Thor ! By the hammer of  
Thor ! ”

Cried Jennens the smith as he smote the ore,

“ Devil or Christ, I care not, I,  
Good red gold will I have or die.

“ Lust of the Viking strain of mine,  
Good red gold and good red wine,

“ By the hammer of Thor ! By the hammer of  
Thor ! ”

The Devil flew in at the smithy door.

“ O, Jennens, smith of the Viking strain,  
’Twere shame that thou called’st on my name in  
vain. ”

The Devil was lean, the Devil was fat.  
Gave Jennens the smith small heed to that.

His horns were short, his horns were long,  
Or fire shot forth from his eyes or tongue,



Knew Jennens no whit, nor his shape nor size ;  
His hammer he hurled at the Devil's eyes.

The Devil flew, but the rede is told,  
The hammer was straightway turned to gold,

Whate'er it smote, the legends say,  
Was turned into red gold straightway.

Gold by the hammer's shaping shown.  
" The Devil's own ! The Devil's own ! "

" Take me and serve ! " " By the hammer. Yea ! "  
Laughed Jennens the smith in the Viking way,

" So the gold be good. A wondrous store  
Of lands and of gold shall be mine therefore. "

Jennens the smith gat lands and gold,  
And gat in his pride as the rede is told.

" By the hammer of Thor ! By the hammer of  
Thor ! "

" I'll cozen the Devil himself, " he swore.

The hammer of gold—he hath graven the same,  
" In the name of Christ. " In the holy name.

The Devil flew straight from the Devil's mass,  
The graven hammer he dared not pass.

Laughed Jennens the smith, " Now Christ I bless,  
The gold and the lands shall be mine natheless. "

The Devil that raged spake soft with guile,  
“ The land and the gold shall be thine awhile.

“ Thy children’s children shall rue it yet,  
But never the curse on the gold shall let.

“ Thy children’s children shall seek to hold  
The baleful millions of phantom gold.

“ Youth shall wither, and age shall pale,  
And men shall laugh at the sorry tale.

“ The lands shall grow and the millions swell,  
And none shall have. It is writ in hell.

“ Thy soul for the souls of thy sons I give !”

“ Ho ! Ho !” laughed the smith, so my sons shall  
live,

“ And the gold be mine, I will get me more,  
And their souls shall be thine, By the hammer of  
Thor !”

NOTE.—The Jennens or Jennings family was of Danish extraction, and settled in England in the time of King Canute. They acquired wealth and distinction. John Jennens was a great Ironmaster of Birmingham, dying in 1653. The vast accumulated wealth of this family has been the subject of almost endless litigation, the claimants being numbered by hundreds.



## WILLIAM FITZ-ANSCULPH.

WILLIAM FITZ-ANSCULPH, over-lord,  
Large written in the Domesday word ;

In thy fair youth beyond the Somme,  
Thou wantoned'st in thy Norman home ;

And oft-times in thy stripling grace  
Did'st lightly ride the forest chase ;

And poise in joust thy lance and spear,  
Or sword or battle-axe more dear ;

And watch fair maidens at thy doors  
Listening to the gay troubadours.

And, it may be, kept secret tryst,  
Thy hooded falcon on thy wrist,

Amid the orchard bloom, that holds  
Peequingny in its blossomy folds.

Or thou would'st swim the stream and shout  
For joy the golden sun was out.

O, day of days ! Along the road  
Duke William to Pecquingny rode,

With knights of mail, with herald blare,  
And ladies and princesses fair ;

And bade thee mount thy steed, and ride  
In goodly escort by his side.

O, day of days ! that thou did'st stand  
By William of the Conquered land.

King William, whose great love hath writ  
Thee lord of many fair lands, fit

For him his love so leans upon,  
That, at thy coming, many an one

Doth hail thee " King's remembrancer "   
And gerent of his presence there.

William Fitz-Ansculph, over-lord,  
Large written in the Domesday word,

Far, far, and wide, thy sovereign sway  
Is life and death, is yea and nay.

Now in thy high baronial pride,  
With train resplendent round thee, ride

From Dudley towers, upstanding stark  
On Dudley hill, that thou may'st mark

The corn-strewn vale, where, far away,  
De Bermingham doth own thy sway.

From place to place, through golden corn,  
Thou ridest to thy vassals, sworn

To serve thee. Each bold knight in wait  
To greet thee at his portal gate.

And Saxon Godmund holds of thee  
His Estone lands in knightly fee.

From Hardintone to Doddestone,  
To Echels' towers thou ridest on.

From Bordesley unto Saluthley,  
Each goodly mansion greeteth thee.

From Bromwic unto Arden's Hall,  
Thou hold'st the subject lords in thrall.

And Staunchel the stern Saxon yet  
Holds Witone at thy loving let.

And Ceboldstone the Norman Drew  
Doth hold in trust and feudal due.

And Hanneworth, Pirie, and Barr,  
Herald thine outer lands afar.

O, day of days ! that thou dost stand  
By William of the Conquered land.

King William, whose great love hath writ  
Thee lord of the fair fields of it.

NOTE.—Son of Ansculph of Pecquingny, a Norman Noble at the Court of Edward the Confessor, who came from Pecquingny, a town on the Somme, near Amiens. He was a favourite of William the Conqueror, and was created Lord of Dudley, and Overlord of Birmingham, Aston, Erdington, Duddeston, Nechells, Bordesley, Saltley, Bromwich, Witton, Edgbaston, Handsworth, Perry Barr, and many other places.



STAUNCHEL, THANE OF WITONE

Now Edward, the King Monk, is dead,  
Wherefore, O Staunchel, lift thine head

As fits a thane who holds in scorn  
The shaven crown and weakling born.

O Staunchel, thane of Witone, bring  
Thine homage to the Saxon King,

Great Godwin's son, Earl Harold. Lay  
Thy hands within his hands this day,

Liegeman of life and limb, and own  
The Saxon on the Saxon throne.

At Stamford flee the Viking host,  
O Golden Dragon, guard the coast

Lest Norman William range his power  
In England in her mortal hour.

Yet Harold is forsworn. His oath  
Lies heavy on his liegemen's troth.

The Normans land! Lord Harold, bring  
Thine housecarles to the South, and fling

Their ranks against thy foes, and raise  
The dragon of great Wessex days.

The King is slain. For oath forsworn,  
God terribly hath vengeance borne.

For Harold, that sware William faith,  
Lies circled by his host in death.

Nor is God mocked. And thou, to him  
Th' oathbreaker, liege of life and limb,

Dost swear Duke William faith, and lay  
Thy hands within his hands that sway.

O Staunchel, thane of Witone, yet  
Thy lands are thine. Lest thou forget

Thine oath, is Harold slain, and lies  
His host around him circlewise,

Mute, silent, with blank eyes that stare  
To Heaven, that God grant healing there.

NOTE.—Staunchel is mentioned in Doomsday Book as possessing the freehold of Witone before the Conquest, and subsequently retained by his successors under William Fitz-Ansculph.





"THE LUCK OF THE DE BERMINGHAMS."

"YE ancient horn with luck is borne,  
But lost, ye luck is spent.  
Who finds again ye ancient horn,  
Shall find him good content."

Whiles Lion Heart and Saladin  
Make fight for Holy ground,  
The Frank, Sir Fouk de Bermingham,  
The ancient luck hath found.

Though Lion Heart and Saladin  
Hold peace, and Kings are lost ;  
The Frank, Sir Fouk de Bermingham,  
The seas hath safely crost.

Low Lion Heart and Saladin  
Lie dead. Proud banners fly  
Where stands Sir Fouk de Bermingham,  
His castle towers anigh.

With years and fame, they lay him, wrapt  
In blue of Martin's fold,  
In good Saint Martin's shrine, to sleep  
Till all the luck be told,

Ye ancient horn to Ireland borne  
 Hath won great lands and fame ;  
 Where still the ancient luck prevails,  
 And lives the knightly name.

But gone the ancient castle, gone  
 The knights and gone the fame ;  
 Save where the castle stood, the town  
 Stands mighty in the name.

"Ye ancient horn with luck is borne,  
 But lost, ye luck is spent.  
 Who finds again ye ancient horn,  
 Shall find him good content."

NOTE.—An antelope's horn, stated to have been brought back from the Crusades by a member of the De Bermingham family, who lies buried in St. Martin's Church, Birmingham. It was carried into Ireland by Robert de Bermingham, and was regarded as the source of the luck of the family, who afterwards became Earls of Lowth, in that country.

This antelope's horn, part of the arms of the noble family of Bermingham, enclosed in a glass casket, adorned with the crest and arms of the Bermingham family, was recently sold by order of the executors of the Rev. A. Goldney.



HENRY FITZGEROLD, LORD OF  
SMETHWICK

IN Aquitaine love hath no way  
But whom it hates to slay.

Nor is the blood of Aquitaine,  
Queen Eleanor's in vain.

The wrong no queen may lightly brook  
Hath mantled to her face, and shook

Her pride e'en in its inmost tower.  
Hath Rosamond a bower,

And shall the Queen not know? In vain,  
Fitzgerold, Queen's high chamberlain,

Thou pitiest Clifford's erring child,  
She, by the King beguiled,

Too frailly fair, too sweet a thing,  
For hate's mad reckoning.

Fitzgerold, lord of Smethwick, be  
Men's judgment, praise of thee.

And though the Queen may rage, the King  
Shall give proud answering.

In Woodstock sleeps fair Rosamond,  
The Queen's fierce hate beyond.

In Aquitaine love hath no way  
But whom it hates to slay.

For Woodstock's maze the Queen doth tread  
By path of silken thread.

"O Rosamond, 'tis thou the King  
Hath ta'en. Now give thou answering

"By poison or by steel. The way  
Of death is thine to-day.

"Drink, fool, or by God's seraphim  
I tear thee limb from limb.

"Fool! Fool! Not all King Henry's power  
Can raise thee in thy bower."

"Fitzgerold, Nay! thou com'st too late  
To stay thy Queen's just hate.

“ In Aquitaine, love hath no way  
But whom it hates to slay.”

NOTE.—Henry, son of Gerold, Lord of Smethwick, or Smedewic (Doomsday), was Royal Chamberlain to Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife of Henry II. In 1166 he succeeded his brother Warine in the possession of Smethwick and probably wielded considerable Court influence owing to his official position and to the King's domestic weakness through his intrigue with the “ Fair Rosamond ” Clifford.

Queen Eleanor is said to have found her way through the labyrinth at Woodstock, in which Rosamond was concealed, by means of a silken thread, and to have forced Rosamond to drink a poisonous draught.



## SIR THOMAS DE ERDINGTON.

SOMETIME friend of Royal John,  
 Lordly Knight of Erdington,

Brother Thomas, thou dost dwell  
 Humbly in thy white-walled cell ;

Thy greatest joy to stand and wait  
 On strangers at God's gate.

O, kingly shade of Royal John,  
 Knowest thou de Erdington,

He that bore a people's hate,  
 Even as thou in thine estate ;

Decming it his highest praise,  
 To serve thee in thine evil ways ?

Yea, as thine ambassador,  
 To bow to the accurséd Moor ;

To place thy kingdom in his hand,  
 That thou should'st rule at his command.

For utmost shame to sue his aid  
Against thy land in arms arrayed.

O, well it was the Moor in scorn  
Should hold thee, King, a craven born ;

And count it grievous ill to bear  
To look upon thy messenger.

O, King, know'st thou thy chosen one,  
Who dar'st essay Lord Marmion,

To seize him in his Tamworth Tower,  
And break him to thy power?

Know'st thou, if aught thou knowest, King,  
Where'er thy shade be wandering,

That Erdington, whom thou did'st grace  
With stay at his ancestral place ;

Which, towered and moated, proudly stood  
Stark in its hardihood?

Azure, two lions passant or,  
The shield that the stern portals bore.

The man of thine own heart, O King,  
Who wrought all thine imagining ;

Who knew no right nor wrong, but still  
Unquestioning did thy will.

To all else false and harsh. To thee  
Constant in loyalty.

O sometime friend of Royal John,  
Lordly Knight of Erdington,

Brother Thomas, thou dost dwell  
Humbly in thy white-walled cell.

Thy state, Christ's Cross upon the wall,  
Thy wooden couch and table. All

Thy greatest joy to stand and wait  
On strangers at God's gate.

No word of the great world without  
Doth tempt thee. No, nor doubt.

Only life's little things and small  
Have any joys at all.

NOTE.—Chamberlain to King John, and much favoured by him, was sent as Ambassador to the Emir Murmelius of Morocco, to offer to become his tributary and a Mahometan, if that King would assist him against his barons. John's offer was treated by the Moorish Emir with scorn. Acting by John's command de Erdington seized Tamworth Castle and arrested Lord Marmion. He subsequently became a Monk at Worcester, where he died 20th March, 1218.





A TALE OF THE LADY BRADE, OLDBURY.

LOVING thee, Lady Brade, is't well  
To ride against the infidel,  
And, fighting for the Holy Rood,  
Leave thee to piteous solitude?

Yea! go, sweet love. God, verily,  
Shall bring thee safely home to me.

Yea, Ralph de Somery, thy might  
For God in heathen lands shall smite,  
And so shall lovers' faith be tried,  
So surely shalt thou claim thy bride.

God keep thee constant, verily,  
As I in prayer to God for thee.

Thou com'st not. Yet are prayers not vain.  
More must I purge my soul of stain,  
And by the Holy Well, always,  
Give heed unto God's poor that pray.

So may I, of God's charity,  
Get peace unto my soul for me.

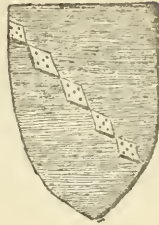
26 A TALE OF THE LADY BRADE, OLDBURY

Thou com'st not. In the Moslem cell  
God tries the lovers' faith. 'Tis well.  
Thou com'st not. By the water's side  
I wait for thy sweet coming. Wide  
    The lands that hold thee pent may be,  
    God send his poor, of charity.

Drink, palmer. May God give thee aid.  
Yea! God be praised, Lady Brade.  
'Twas thus in Moslem walls of stone  
I saw thee, dearest heart, alone,  
    And always with God's praise astir,  
    Did holy angels minister.

Let all, whose lovers roam, in aid  
Make prayer unto the Lady Brade,  
Till, kneeling by the Holy Well,  
God send the loved one safe and well.  
    O, sweet Saint Brade. Of charity,  
    Pray God send him I love to me.

NOTE.—Ralph de Somery, the heir of Dudley, who was in love with the Lady Brade, daughter of Roger de Mortuomari, Sheriff of Shropshire and Lord of Oldbury Castle, is said to have sailed for the Holy Land in 1195. He did not return for many years, and the Lady Brade devoted herself in his absence to the service of the poor and distressed. She erected a shrine at the Holy Well, Oldbury, for their comfort, praying ceaselessly for the safety and return of her lover, who subsequently returned, disguised as a palmer.



## WILLIAM DE BIRMINGHAM.

“ ROGER DE SOMERI, lord of thine,  
Baron of Dudley, master mine,

“ From whom thou holdest lands in fee,  
Suit and service claims of thee.”

William, knight of Birmingham town,  
Strode his ramparts up and down.

“ Now by St. Martin's self,” he said,  
“ Were he Fitz-Ansculph stern and dread,

“ And not but Paganall's daughter's mate,  
I give him challenge and scorn and hate.

“ Nor greet I him for a lord of mine,  
So speed and tell him, this lord of thine.

“ And since thy speech is so hotly said,  
And thy master's word is so swiftly sped,

“ Thou hast need of water to cool thy throat,  
There is water enow in my castle moat.”

A struggle, a fall, a splash ; I reck  
That herald had need of a stouter neck.

William, knight of Birmingham town,  
Hath quaffed red wine, and hath lain him down,

And “ By St. Martin’s self ” hath sworn  
Penance meet for the morrow morn.

Saint Martin hath leaped from his holy shrine  
And come in the night for a secret sign.

The flaming sword in his outstretched hand,  
Hath touched the knight as a burning brand.

“ Since penance thou hast sworn to do,  
I will spare thee yet for a year or two.

“ Yet when thou art come to thy greatest pride  
Bethink thee, then, how the herald died.”

William, knight of Birmingham town,  
Hath armed against King Henry’s crown ;

Hath clasped Earl Leicester’s hand, and worn  
The people’s cross for the battle morn.

And Roger de Someri, Dudley’s lord,  
Yields him captive and yields his sword.

What voice was that in the night that cried,  
“ Bethink thee, now, how the herald died?”

Saint Martin’s self, with his sword in hand  
Hath touched the Knight as a burning brand.

And every breeze of the night hath cried,  
“ Bethink thee, now, how the herald died.”

“ At Evesham fight ”—so runs the writ,  
Never a word of truth hath it.

They found his body by Severn’s strand,  
Burnt, as it were, by a flaming brand.

NOTE.—William de Birmingham having neglected his services to his Overlord the Baron of Dudley, and defied him, joined Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in his conflict with King Henry III., with whom Dudley was sided. De Birmingham took Lord Dudley captive, but at the Battle of Evesham soon afterwards, De Montfort was defeated, and De Birmingham was slain, avenged by St. Martin for the slaying of one of Lord Dudley’s Messengers to him.



## CLODSHALE'S CHANTRIE.

THE priests of Our Lady's altar, aye,  
For the soul of Walter de Clodshale pray.

For the soul of Agnes his wife, and all  
The faithful dead that on Christ do call.

O ancient smiths, that wrought of old  
With your mighty arms ere your days were told,

And forged a name and a high estate,  
Great as any are counted great,

Ye wrought it so, that ye hold in fee,  
The lordly manor of Saluthley.

And Walter de Clodshale's castle fair,  
Ye reared as ye wrought on the anvils bare.

Gifts doth Walter de Clodshale give,  
Gifts that your souls, O ye dead, shall live.

So at Our Lady's altar pray  
The priests for the souls of the dead alway;

For Walter and Agnes his wife, and all  
The faithful dead that on Christ do call.

NOTE.—In 4 Edward III., Walter de Clodshale of Saltley, having become prosperous, founded a Chantry at the Altar of our Lady in St. Martin's Church for his soul and that of his wife Agnes, the soul of their Ancestors and all the faithful deceased. He gave four messuages, twenty acres of land and eighteenpence rent, all lying in the town of Birmingham, for the maintenance of a priest to celebrate divine service.



## LADY ISABEL DE EDGBASTON.

“ O FAIR,” he cried, as he rode apace,  
“ Fair is the Lady Isabel.”

And never a queen but must yield her grace,  
“ O fair is the Lady Isabel.”

Her sire, Sir Richard de Edgbaston,  
“ Fair is the Lady Isabel.”

Forth to the Scottish wars hath gone,  
“ O fair is the Lady Isabel.”

In the July sun o'er the countryside,  
It is good that a youth should swiftly ride,

Though the road is long in the golden noon,  
And thunder breaks o'er the summer swoon.

'Tis the clash of arms in the woods afar,  
By the ancient hall where his sweet dreams are.

A voice, her voice, doth call for aid,  
A name, his name, rings o'er the glade.



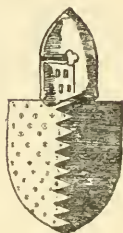
Mad fight, mad fight ! No thought nor pause !  
Glad fight, glad fight, in so brave a cause.

The thievesmen flee, save the thievesmen slain ;  
The housecarles shout for the lover fain.

Befalls it sooth that the twain are wed,  
The gallant knight, Sir Richard, dead,

And the goodly fief of Edgbaston  
With the fief of the Middlemore's is one.

NOTE.—Isabel de Edgbaston, the daughter and heiress of Sir Richard de Edgbaston, was the last of her line, and married Thomas Middlemore, of Studley. During the absence of her father at the Scotch Wars, she was attacked by robbers in the woods adjoining Edgbaston Hall. Middlemore, who was on his way to visit her, arrived during the attack, and entirely routed the thieves, slaying more than one of them.



## SIR WILLIAM DE PARLES.

SIR WILLIAM DE PARLES, of Handsworth hight,  
Imperious lord, false, lawless knight,

Though proudly thou ridest with mettlesome prance,  
With sharpened sword and with pointed lance,

And lustily call'st to thy men at back,  
For the cause that thou ridest, alack ! alack !

O, boldly thou go'st to the Sandwell gates,  
Where the holy prior thy coming waits,

With his monks arow, and the Holy Rood  
Uplifted high o'er his vassal brood.

O, now thou hast foughten the Church, thy worth  
Is cursed in heaven and is cursed on earth.

And maugre the spoils are thy henchmen fled,  
Lest each be cursed with the curses dread.

Sir William de Parles, false, lawless knight,  
That fearest not heaven or earthly right,

Thou dost thy king and thy lord betray,  
And wanderest still in thy evil way.

Know Hamon Fitz-Hamon, thy captive ward,  
Is home to his father's house restored.

And Sampson, the lecherous Lichfield Jew,  
Is clamouring loud for his monies due.

O, now thou wilt go to the Holy Land,  
With the faithful knights and the pilgrim band,

That thou may'st gaze on thy Saviour's tomb.  
Nay, but thou go'st to thy destined doom,

In thy fortune's cause, and thou dost but wend,  
O caitiff knight, to a felon's end.

'Neath the Southern sky, a rope, a tree,  
A felon knight, and no eyes to dree.

Tramp in silence the Christian host,  
Nor look they once on the soul that's lost.

Only Louis, while none doth gaze,  
Maketh the sign of the Cross always.

Only the prayer of the saintly King,  
Doth speed a soul's swift voyaging.

NOTE.—Sir William de Parles, Knight of Handsworth, was representative of the turbulent times in which he lived. He quarrelled with the Prior of Sandwell and attacked him with his retainers. He fought against King Henry III. and his Overlord, the Baron of Dudley, with the rebel barons. He detained Hamon Fitz-Hamon, his ward, as a prisoner until liberated by force by his friends. He borrowed largely from Sampson, a Lichfield money-lender, who being unable to recover, sold his debt to the Baron of Dudley, who took possession of the Knight's demesne. Sir William raided his forfeited property and was arrested by the Sheriff and imprisoned. Broken in fortune he joined the seventh Crusade in 1271 under King Louis of France, but being convicted of felony was hanged in 1277.



## LADY JOAN DE BOTETORT.

HEIR of the Someri's, Lady Joan,  
Botetort's mate, thou makest no moan.

Botetort dead, Botetort's son  
Shall rule the lands that his sires have won.

In Weoley Castle, thine own good hold,  
Thou keepest thy state as thy sires of old.

Each knight that holdeth his lands in fee,  
Doth render thee homage and fealty.

Know'st thou, Henry de Erdington,  
Thy dues shall be paid to the Lady Joan.

The pence that are named, or the silver spurs,  
Or thy lands shall be told with the tale of hers.

Henry de Erdington, welcome be,  
That bringest the pledge of thy fealty.

Lady Joan, at her castle gate  
Doth greet thee fair in her fair estate,

With her maidens sleek, and her steward tall,  
And the men that stand at her beck and call.

The lordly moat with its waters wide,  
Doth mirror the arméd men beside.

“ Now welcome thee, Henry de Erdington ;  
Right welcome thou art,” saith Lady Joan.

He hath leaped from his horse and gently kissed  
A hand as white as a knight hath wist.

In the banquet hall at the table high,  
He sitteth the Lady Joan anigh.

Stout men-at-arms are ranged arow,  
As the goodly cheer and the wine doth flow.

The loving cup high, that is filled to the brim,  
She takes in her hand and doth drink to him.

“ I pledge thee peace,” saith the Lady Joan,  
“ And health and the good, God gives alone.”

“ Henry de Erdington’s fealty,  
Be thine, Lady Joan, in this pledge to thee.”

“ And the gift of the silver spurs be thine,  
That the lands that I hold may be counted mine !”

“Yea, the lands are thine ! By the splendid spurs,  
I trow that they be good harbingers,”

“Thy faith true faith, and thy shield true shield,  
When Botetort rides to take the field.

“Or else by my Someri sires of old,  
I will break thee e’en in thy strongest hold.

“Botetort dead, Botetort’s son  
Shall rule the lands that his sires have won.”

NOTE.—John de Botetort was made an Admiral of the Fleet in 1294, and was summoned to Parliament as a Baron from 1305 to 1324. His son’s widow Joan, sister and co-heir of John de Someri, Baron of Dudley, held Weoley Castle, near Harborne Church. She exacted full feudal dues from Henry de Erdington, and appears to have been a lady of dominant character. Her son John was a soldier of reputation in the French Wars, and was also summoned to Parliament as a Baron.



## LORD JOHN DE BERMINGHAM

Woe to the Bruce, though Dundalk hold  
 Be ta'en, and Bruce be crownéd King.  
 Woe to the Bruce, though all the South  
 In flame be perishing.

Call out thy companies, Lord John.  
 At Faughart on the Northern height,  
 Shall doom be wrought, dire doom, that men  
 Shall tell with hushed affright.

Call out thy stern battalions. Slay !  
 The Scotsmen flee ; yield mercy none,  
 The Bruce is stubborn. Stubborn, falls.  
 The fight is thine, Lord John.

Thou tear'st the traitor limb from limb,  
 On walléd town and castle gate  
 The crows shall eat his flesh. His head  
 Shall grace King Edward's state.

Doom, e'en for doom, Lord John, be thine ;  
 Louth's Earl at Edward's glad decree.  
 'Tis little joy is thine, that hold'st  
 The manse of Athenry.



In Connaught, though the O'Conor hides,  
 Woe to thee, John, Earl Louth, though far  
 Thy companies thou proudly lead'st  
 In Edward's Scottish war.

Woe to thee, John, Lord Justice, woe !  
 Though Ulster's child thou tak'st to mate,  
 On Whitsun-eve shall doom be wrought,  
 And hate take toll for hate.

Doom falls upon thee, Earl, dire doom.  
 At feast with all thy race and name,  
 The rebels are upon thee, nought  
 Avails thy mighty fame.

Men tell of Ballivegan's halls,  
 And how a race was slain thereon.  
 Blood, even for blood, completest tale,  
 Doom, e'en for doom, Lord John.

NOTE.—In 6, Ed. II., John de Bermingham (of the family of our ancient lords) was knighted by Roger, Lord Mortimer, then Lord Justice of Ireland, for his valiant services. In the ninth of that reign he was Commander-in-Chief of the English forces in Ireland, and, with Sir Edward Tute and Sir Miles Verdun, marched against Edward Bruce (brother to the King of Scots) who had been crowned King by the Irish. The forces met at Dundalk, where Bruce was defeated with great loss. Sir John de Bermingham had his prisoner decapitated, the Bruce's head was sent to King Edward, and de Bermingham rewarded with the Barony of Athenry and Earldom of Louth, the latter honour expiring with him. In 1321 he was one of the Lord Justices of Ireland. Eight years later, on Whitsun-eve, while at feast, he and his family and retainers were barbarously murdered by the rebellious Irish.



## THE CURSING OF FRATER JOHN.

O frater excommunicate,  
 Unholy prior and reprobate,

Thy priory of St. Thomas' name  
 Hath open and notorious shame.

To Langton's crozier bend in awe,  
 Thy friars who know no rule nor law.

Their sins upon their heads, they now  
 Before stern Langton bow.

Fall they before his fiery word,  
 Their wakened hearts bestirred.

Stand thou erect, stern Langton, stand,  
 Thy crozier in thy hand ;

With mitre crowned, thy priestly dress,  
 Dread with its dreadfulness.

“ Rise, Frater John of Appulton,  
 Unworthy prior, that thou atone,

Unfrock thee, lay upon the ground  
Thine office, that is faithless found.

Go forth, let no man harbour thee,  
Or give thee any aid. May be,

These brethren shall more fitly bear  
The oaths thou did'st forswear."

In silence deep the prior arose,  
And cast upon the ground his clothes,

Strode through the open door, and turned,  
A man accursed and spurned.

O kneeling friars, fast ye and pray  
To purge your sins away.

NOTE.—Frater John de Appulton, Prior of the Priory of St. Thomas the Martyr, Birmingham, was excommunicated by Bishop Langton about 1320 for irregularities. The condition of the Priory at that time was deplorable.



## OUR LADY'S WELL

O GLADLY men go on Our Lady's Day,  
 Through Our Lady's wood to Our Lady's well.  
 Her shrine is decked with trophies. Way  
 For the cripple's crutch and the blind man's bell.  
 The blind, the lame, and the sick, they tread  
 The path of the wood, nor ask for alms ;  
 The eager cripple, the blind man led,  
 Singing Our Lady's praise and psalms.

Who bows at Our Lady's shrine the morn,  
 And drinks of Our Lady's well ; for him,  
 The healing hand and the joy newborn,  
 Gladness and wholeness of life and limb.  
 O priests, who stand at Our Lady's shrine,  
 And pray at Her well ; men bring thee these—  
 Hearts that leap at the name divine,  
 And stricken bodies and bended knees,

The lame, the blind, and the sick, they kneel  
At Our Lady's well, and drink and call  
On Our Lady's name, that shall haply heal,  
And lo! Her hand hath mended them all.  
They throw their crutches; they freely roam;  
They see, are whole. There are trophies new  
At Our Lady's shrine, and they haste them home.  
And lo! the wood is a-blossom through.

NOTE.—Mention is made in a document dated 1347 of a dwelling in Egebaston Strete leading towards "God well field," and there can be no doubt that this alluded to the Lady Well, possessed of wonderful healing virtues, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and close to the Priest's House, afterwards called the Rectory or Parsonage of St. Martin. The overflow from the well helped to sustain the moat round the Parsonage, and joined by other waters from the neighbourhood of Holloway Head and the hill above Pinfold Street, passed into the Manor House moat. The Lady Well Baths were historically famous. Hutton says they were the finest in the kingdom. The Holy Well of the Blessed Virgin, towards which mediæval pilgrims wended their way through the Hurst and Lady Wood, still exists, covered over, its miraculous waters turned into the drains, Lady Well Walk being the only reminder left to us of the name.



*Johannes Harpur. Armiger*

### JOHN HARPUR.

Now I, John Harpur, stood  
 By warlord Harry the King,  
 Who played, Saint Crispin's Day,  
 The tune of the grey goose wing.

God give ye ne'er such night  
 We stood 'neath hedge and tree;  
 The blast smote to men's bones,  
 The rain fell mournfully.

And Frenchmen ringed us round,  
 Theirs, surely. "By the chance,  
 King Harry, yours at last,  
 O jubilant host of France."

Now Bermingham, fair home,  
 O English land, the morn  
 Shall bear most bitter tale,  
 "Thus died the English born."

But Warlord Harry spake,  
“ O brothers, ye with me  
Shall win fair grave, or live  
Saint Crispin’s company,

Famous through all the years.”  
Whereat we rose, and sang  
The grey goose song of death,  
And battle-axe made clang.

Whereof the bruit hath filled  
The world, that none withstand  
Saint Crispin’s company,  
Lord Harry’s brother band.

Now I, John Harpur, tell  
In Bermingham, thus long,  
How at King Harry’s side  
I played the grey goose song.

NOTE.—John Harpur, a native of Birmingham, fought at Agincourt, October 25, 1415.



## ROBERT ARDEN.

“ WOE,” said the rune, “ when a child shall stand  
With a rose snow-white on the red-rose land.”

“ Woe, deep woe, when the red rose Knight  
Doth wear on his helm a rose of white.”

A fair red rose doth the Arden pay  
For the hall and the lands that his sires did sway.

A fair red rose and no dues nor thrall  
For Bromwic Park and the ancient hall.

For many a fief, a rose deep red  
Doth the Arden yield, that the rune be sped.

O sireless child that the rune awaits,  
Whose sire hath hammered at Calais’ gates,  
Is it fate or chance that thou hold’st in hand  
A rose snow-white on the red rose land?

Was it told that the Lady Sibyl’s cry  
Was the break of a mother’s agony.

Was it fate or chance that the rune was read  
By her startled eyes as her spirit fled?



O well thou takest in wedded bands  
The heiress of all the Clodshale lands.

But, alack ! that the haughty York should dare  
To front the King with battle blare.

And alas ! that York should fiercely don  
The snow-white rose on his morion.

Alas ! Alas ! thou dost lightly swear  
The rose of York on thine helm to wear.

Thou readest the rune, " the red rose Knight  
Doth wear on his helm a rose of white."

Ta'en and attainted of treason high,  
By the laws of the realm, thou art doomed thereby.

Stout Wiltshire's earl hath sternly read  
Thy doom, that the words of the rune be sped.

Woe, deep woe ! On St. Lawrence' day  
They bore thee over the traitors' way.

Woe, deep woe ! when the red rose Knight  
Doth wear on his helm a rose of white.

NOTE.—The Ardens held their Estate by payment of a red rose. Robert Arden was born about 1413. He married Elizabeth Clodshale, daughter of Isabel de Edgbaston by her second husband, Richard Clodshale. He became one of the foremost men in the County, and in 1451 was returned Member of Parliament for the Shire, but supporting the claims of the House of York, he was executed at Ludlow on St. Lawrence's Day, 1452, being one of the first to suffer in the Civil Wars.



## HENRY VI. AT YARDLEY.

“ O SINCE my sire was lord of war,  
 Men crowned me with the blood-red gold,  
 And bound me unto dolorous days,  
 And murderous doom to hold.

“ And strife by which the war-lord breathed  
 Doth dog me. Is it Harry's son  
 That loves not war? men cry, and laugh  
 In scorn of such an one.

“ Who changed me at my birth? Nay! God  
 Takes vengeance, may-be, in such wise  
 Upon the war-lord's soul, for hosts  
 Slain in his victories.

“ May-be God gave me love of peace,  
 And placed me on the war-lord's throne,  
 And set the lands to watch how Kings  
 With blood for blood atone.

“ Upon the son, the son’s son. Yea !  
God’s vengeance. Howsoe’er it chance,  
In England may the roses grow,  
And lilies in fair France.”

In Yardley amid Yardley’s peace,  
So spake Lord Harry, gentle son  
Of war-lord Harry, while afield  
Men clamoured everyone

For brothers’ blood, and armed and slew,  
And drenched the land with woes, and bruit  
Of ills to come, and ills long sown,  
Ripened to bitter fruit.

And gentle East stood nigh. The King,  
Whose doom was cloaked about him, stood  
And watched the sunlight play upon  
God’s House past the grey wood.

And thus the King spake, “ On the King,  
God’s vengeance. Yea ! howe’er it chance,  
In England may the roses grow,  
And lilies in fair France.”

NOTE.—Henry VI. passed some days staying with his beloved esquire, East of Yardley.



THE LAST DAYS OF ANNE, COUNTESS OF  
WARWICK.

I bow my head to the Fates, I laugh at their bitterest  
bands,  
Naught can they hurt me more, who reach unto  
death with my hands.

“ Warwick, my lord !” No more may I cry, and  
no more make prayer,  
Once with thy death am I smitten, once unto death’s  
dark lair.

You, O, my daughters fair, allied with your royal  
mates,  
Bade me stand and be proud, who am prey of the  
angry Fates.

I, whom you pitied in heart to take pride of your  
underlings,  
Surely the comfort were vain to the mate of the  
maker of kings.

Yea, but the Fates have pursued me, striking with  
venomous darts,

You, the babes of my womb, and the lords ye have  
ta'en to your hearts.

Yea, and your lords in the might of your name, O my  
daughters twain,

Have taken the lands of my lord, and the lands that  
were mine, for bane.

A pride have I yet in mine age that is bitter and  
barren fed,

The mate, for the love Warwick bare her, filleth the  
King with dread.

Lo! in my lone Sutton manse, I laugh at their  
bitterest bands,

Naught can they hurt me more, who reach unto  
death with my hands.

NOTE.—Anne Beauchamp, Countess of Warwick, widow of the King Maker, was the last of her illustrious line. After her widowhood in 1471, the whole of her vast estates were grasped by the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester (afterwards Richard III), the Royal husbands of her two daughters. She was suffered to live in retirement in her Manor House at Sutton. John Harman, afterwards known as Bishop Vesey, being Chaplain to the Chapel of St. Blaize within its walls. She died about 1499, aged 70.



## EDWARD BERMINGHAM.

God, of His mercy, give His grace  
To Edward, last of the ancient race.

And God, of His justice, smite with sword,  
Dudley, perjured in deed and word.

“False, as Dudley is false,” so tell  
The angels lost in the depths of Hell

With stifled breath, as they watch afar  
The rise of his monstrous, baleful star.

Yet they glee that the headsman stands in wait  
With his trappings black at the Dudley gate.

\* \* \* \*

Woe that my father died, that I  
Should come to his lands and my doom thereby.

Had'st thou seized my lands with thy strong right  
hand,

'Twere a simple theft that thy greed had planned.

Had'st thou fought and slain, as a knight had slayed,  
The Monks my soul to Heaven had prayed ;

But that thou should'st compass me round about  
With the idle knaves of thy thieving rout,

That base suborners should swear to shame  
The last of an ancient, stainless name.

And that thou, of thy mercy, my life would'st spare,  
O, more is this than a man might bear.

Glad was the morn as I rode in pride,  
From my father's hold, o'er the road so wide—

As travellers grave and meetly drest  
Came five or six of thy knaves confest,

And rode beside and spake with joy,  
How gifts were good in my lord's employ—

And betimes a horseman came in sight,  
And these knaves of thine, in the open light,

Stayed him, spoiled him, and stole his purse ;  
He chased them all with a seeming curse

And swore, thy servant, so bold was he,  
That I had aided their knavery.

It is little, God knows ! to have sworn away  
A life in the King's High Court to-day.

But that thou, of thy mercy, should'st give me grace,  
That thou might'st rule in my father's place ;

“ No thanks, my lord.” Men say anew,  
Never a Dudley yet was true.

And always the headsman stands in wait  
With his trappings black at the Dudley gate.

Now God, of His mercy, give His grace  
To Edward, last of the ancient race.

NOTE.—Last of the de Berminghams, born in 1497. Succeeded to the estates when three years old, becoming ward to Edward Sutton, Lord of Dudley. In 1528 he was falsely accused by John Dudley of robbing one of his tenants. The next year his estates were seized, and in 1532 he was arrested and imprisoned in the Tower of London, where he was detained until 1536, when he was released after forfeiting his estates. He was the victim of a plot of John Dudley, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, to seize his possessions as above stated.





NICHOLAS BROME OF BADDESLEY  
CLINTON

AT Whitefriars Church as he strode from Mass,  
Thou slewest my sire in the porch, alas !

For long three years have I sought the day,  
To face thee here in the open way.

And now, John Herthill, 'tis sword to sword,  
A life to take and a life to ward,

And God on high. Though thou guard'st thee well,  
They wait for thy soul at the gates of hell.

Now well, O Brome, in thy father's stead,  
Is Baddesley thine, and thou wivéd.

O what is the part of a priest in sin,  
Or what thy wife, that he chocketh her chin.

Die ! die ! false priest. Would'st laugh and scoff ?  
Thou diest, and that is the end thereof !

Nay, what is the end that is known to God,  
Or what the laws that they be rough trod ?

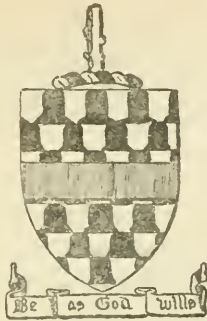
Perchance the end shall be peace, perchance,  
A shield reversed and a broken lance.

But the thing men see is the tower raised high,  
And the sounds men hear are the bells that cry.

But the end. What is man, that he seek to know  
The way of the wind or the last year's snow ?

NOTE.—John Herthill, steward to Richard Neville, the King Maker, Earl of Warwick, had mortgaged the Manor of Woodloes to John Brome of Baddesley Clinton, and wished to redeem the same, but the latter refused to part with the land. Herthill then stabbed John Brome in the porch of White Friars, London.

The eldest son, Nicholas, succeeded his father, John, at Baddesley Clinton, and resenting the murder, some three years after waylaid Herthill in Longbridge field, on his way to Barford, to attend the Earl of Warwick's Court ; and slew him, for which he had to pay for numerous masses. Sometime after coming into the parlour of the Old Hall, tradition says he caught the priest "chockyng hys wyf under chin," and was enraged, and slew him ; for these offences he was compelled to build the tower of Baddesley Clinton Church, known to this day as the Church of the Expiation.



## THE WOOING OF JOHN ARDEN

Was ever so strange a wooing,  
 Was ever so mad a raid,  
 Was ever love's rede so read ere this,  
 By youth that loved a maid ?

Son of the haughtiest Arden,  
 Proud, too, was he of his race,  
 But dearer held than the Arden hall,  
 Light of his mistress' face.

Fiercely haughtiest Arden  
 Spake him a scornful "Nay,"  
 By pride of his mighty ancestry,  
 And lands he too should sway.

Now Alice, fairest of maidens,  
 Was child of Bracebridge bold,  
 Who counted sires of the Arden stock,  
 And held the Mercian hold.

Alice, at Kingsbury, pined,  
And Richard her sire waxed sore.  
Early one morn he mounted his men  
For ride to Pedimore.

Straight to the hall of the Ardens,  
For sake of Alice his child,  
He galloped and seized the lover fain,  
Was ever raid so wild ?

O wroth was haughtiest Arden.  
Before great judges and King,  
He told the tale of the wrong was his,  
Nor hap'd till now this thing.

Yet little heeded John Arden,  
And little Alice was dread  
Of judge or King. In Kingsbury hall,  
Love's path was fair to tread.

Great King and Judges decreed  
The twain should wed. For redress,  
Should Bracebridge give Arden his swiftest  
horse,  
And Arden the twain should bless.

Was ever so strange a wooing,  
Was ever so mad a raid,  
Was ever love's rede so read ere this,  
By youth that loved a maid ?

NOTE.—John, son of Walter Arden, of Pedimore and Park Hall, was in love with Alice, daughter of Richard Bracebridge, of Kingsbury Hall, who was also of Arden descent. Arden's father refused to countenance the match, and Alice pining, Richard Bracebridge seized John Arden by force, and held him a willing prisoner at Kingsbury Hall. Walter Arden appealed to King Edward IV. and the law for redress. It was decreed the marriage should take place, and that Bracebridge should give Arden his best horse in expiation of his trespass.



## LELAND IN BIRMINGHAM

GREAT Harry's chaplain, Leland, ride  
Through England o'er the country side.

Note well the ancient landmarks. Speed  
Thy tidings that the King may read

Of each old place of fame, and praise  
The lords of England's golden days.

Now ride where hammers loudly beat  
The anvils in the pretty street

Called "Dirtey," where, for praise of God,  
The "proper chappell" oft is trod.

Where fair the timbered mansion stands,  
And the "brooke" runs adown the lands.

Now ride the ford, and "up along"  
The hill where gabled houses throng

The "Parroch Church," and closely note  
The ancient home and circling moat.

Now write King Harry, to thine eyes  
The town is fair, and clerkly-wise,

Add, there be smiths, that use to make  
All tools and knives, that in their wake

Naylors and lorimers live there,  
And prosperous is the town, and fair.

A score, score years have sped, and men,  
Who read what thou did'st clerkly pen,

See pictured clear their town, and praise  
Leland of Great King Harry's days.

NOTE.—John Leland, a chaplain to King Henry VIII., was appointed by that monarch to make an itinerary of England and to write a record of the ancient buildings of the country.

He visited Birmingham in 1538, and his description is given in the above words. Deritend Chapel, and the "Old Crown House," and St. Martin's Church, are specially alluded to by Leland.



## SAINT BARBARA'S SHRINE

THE people's hearts are waxen cold,  
 They bring no offering, jewels or gold,  
 To the shrine of the head of Saint Barbara.

Mitred abbot and canons white,  
 Who builded right well for God's delight,  
 Lament at the shrine of Saint Barbara.

Monks, white-robed, the aisles that trod,  
 Three centuries have peace of God.  
 Be praise to the shrine of Saint Barbara.

Bright-hued walls and tapestry,  
 And storied windows, wondrously  
 Tell of the holy Saint Barbara.

Aisles, dim-lit, and carven roof,  
 Hold all save lofty thoughts aloof,  
 By spell of the shrine of Saint Barbara.

White-robed canons, at dead of night,  
 And mitred abbot, the King despite,  
 Pray at the shrine of Saint Barbara.



God soften the King's hard heart.  Assoil  
The prince who thinketh to take for spoil  
  The shrine of the head of Saint Barbara.

Holds each a candle lit, in hand,  
That God may lighten a wicked land.  
  Lights o'er the shrine of Saint Barbara.

Of a sudden, a wind.  The lights out-blown  
Leave dark the Church.  God's will is known.  
  Monks weep at the shrine of Saint Barbara.

Abbot's mitre and staff and ring,  
A broken-hearted offering,  
  Are laid at the shrine of Saint Barbara.

At break of dawn driven one by one,  
The white-robed monks afar walk on.  
  Woe! woe! to the shrine of Saint Barbara.

Of the splendid aisles, stands a broken wall,  
Of the white-robed monks, but a memory small.  
  Woe! woe! to the shrine of Saint Barbara.

NOTE.—Hales Owen Abbey, the shrine of the head of Saint Barbara, was founded by King John, and conferred upon the White Canons of Premonstre. They erected a splendid Abbey, and many local manors were appropriated for its endowment. The Abbey was dissolved by King Henry VIII. in 1538, and its possessions given to Sir John Dudley. The buildings are now almost entirely decayed.



### JOHN ROGERS, OF DERITEND, MARTYR

Honour be his that dares to die  
For the faith he holds. Man hath gain thereby.

Thank God, things be that a man doth hold  
More dear than fame, and more near than gold,

More good than life, that beyond the clod  
Man's soul is one with the soul of God.

Thou knew'st in thine heart thou wast doomed to die  
By the fire and the stake for man's gain thereby.

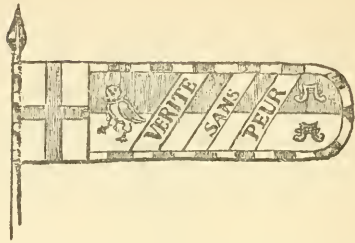
Thou would'st play thy part; yea, thou dared'st not  
quail;  
Thou knew'st it must chance that God's truth prevail.

They burned thee and slew thee. O fools were they  
That thought the Spirit of God to slay,

For beyond the ash is thy soul set free,  
A light and a star to the times to be.

And man doth know that doth look thereon,  
His soul and the Spirit of God are one.

NOTE.—Born about 1500 in Deritend. Was editor of the first printed English Bible. The first martyr for his faith in the reign of Queen Mary. Burned at Smithfield, 4th February, 1555.



## SIR HUGH WILLOUGHBY.

Lone in thy halls in the frozen north,  
Odin, lord whom Christ drave forth,

Lift thy voice on the north wind : Shout,  
That the call of the north be flung about.

Sons of the Viking blood shall hear,  
And haste apace to thine hall so drear.

Willoughby, true to thy Viking strain,  
Odin's halls in the north are lain.

There's never a north north wind but tells  
Of Odin's halls and his mighty spells.

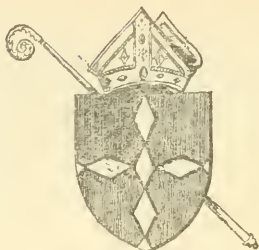
Though home on the Sutton marge be dear,  
The call of the North is a thing more near.

Now God be with thee, stout Sir Hugh,  
A bold, bold deed art thou set to do.

Let Odin give thee generous days  
That thou wend in peace through the icy ways ;

And walk his halls and turn about,  
That men may give thee praise without,  
And say thou did'st this thing. And go,  
Likewise the blissful plains of snow.  
Ay! God be with thee, stout Sir Hugh,  
Men wait thee the long ages through;  
For still, within those frozen walls,  
Thou listenest where Lord Odin calls;  
And tend'st thy lord who called thee forth  
In lands of the eternal north.

NOTE.—A navigator who lived near Sutton Coldfield. The first of our Arctic explorers. He formed a company to try the north-east route to the north of Europe and Asia. Set sail in 1553 in command of three vessels, doubling the North Cape safely. The vessels separated, one ship reaching the White Sea in safety. The other ships were caught by the ice, and Willoughby and his men were frozen to death.



JOHN OF FECKENHAM, RECTOR OF  
SOLIHULL.

O, for the old, old faith that shone,  
And led thee in heaven's va'ward on.  
Though Hooper and though Cranmer spake,  
Thou would'st not Rome forsake,  
Whenas they strove with Rome for power,  
And laid thee in the Tower,  
Till Mary, thrice unhappy queen,  
Flashed the avenging hand between,  
And smote the doors that held thee fast.  
And called thee forth at last,  
Lord Abbott of the minster set  
Where England guards her heroes yet.  
O chaplain and confessor mild,  
Too meek to sway thy queen beguiled  
By harsher priests, whom evil fate  
Called to their heritage of hate.

Thou prayed'st her, in her woeful lot,  
To sheathe the sword and smite men not.

O, queen of the unhappy lot,  
God spake. The daylight knew thee not.

Reign, sister queen, more fair, more blest,  
Proud healer of the land's unrest.

“ O, last and only Abbott, say,  
Wilt serve thy God my way, my way?”

“ Mild mannered father, say, wilt be  
Lord primate of A'Becket's see?”

Lord Abbott, it may be the grace  
Of heaven was calm upon thy face.

O! it may be, faith from of old,  
That kept thee gentle still, yet bold

To speak for Rome, and to deny  
The queen's grace and her gifts thereby.

The saints, I ween, still held in thee  
Thy gentle whole humanity,

Until God turned the numbered page,  
And called thee to heaven's heritage.

NOTE.—Called “ de Feckenham ” from the Worcestershire village where he was born, his name being John Howman. He was Rector of Solihull, and was appointed by Queen Mary, Abbot (the last) of Westminster Abbey. He was of singularly mild disposition for those times. He refused the Archbishopric of Canterbury under Queen Elizabeth, and died undisturbed at an old age.



## SUTTON PARK.

SEAL the lands of the ancient close  
 With the facets five of the Tudor Rose.

Seal the woods of the Royal chase,  
 Free by the sturdy yeoman's grace.

Good the gift and the benison  
 Of my lord the Bishop, the yeoman's son.

In the House of God 'neath the carven stone,  
 He lies with his hundred years ago.

But men well know that his soul is yet  
 On the open lands in the glow and set;

And never a breeze on the forest rim,  
 But is charged with the living soul of him.

O ancient lands, in your dreams ye see  
 Wild Celts that flit from tree to tree.



Dark groves that veil from curious eyes  
White-bearded Druid sacrifice.

Street of the field, the legions pass,  
And all again is gorse and grass.

Yet, yet ye ponder everywhere,  
The Saxons with the yellow hair,

Fierce Mercian kings that hunt afar,  
From Lichfield to the gates of Barr.

And Normans dark in eager chase,  
That boldly ride the forest space.

Dark lands that brood o'er the ancient days,  
Wild, untamed, ye are sealed always

With the spell of the Tudor Rose, and free  
To your secret dreams to all time to be.

Yet of all the names that ye hold most near,  
Vesey, the Bishop, is proudly dear.

Your age-long watch do ye keep, and know  
The men that come and that swiftly go.

Though never are men that come but bless  
The lands untamed and the winds' caress.

Good the gift and the benison  
Of my lord the Bishop, the yeoman's son.

NOTE.—One of the finest natural parks in England, was obtained by Bishop Vesey, known in earlier life as John Harman, the son of a Sutton yeoman. He entered the Church, and after many honours and preferments was made Bishop of Exeter. Returning to Sutton he built Moor Hall, and obtained a Royal Charter containing a grant of the Manor of Sutton Coldfield to be placed in trust of a corporation for the benefit of the inhabitants. He conferred many other benefits on his native town, and died in 1555 at the age of 103. He is buried in Sutton Church, where there is a stately tomb to his memory. Celts, Druids, Romans, Saxons and Normans have alike traversed this park, and the Roman Icknield Street is still discernible there.



## SIR ALEXANDER AVENON.

IN Norton of the King's domain,  
Men tell that in the great Queen's reign,

The lad they knew, who on the green  
Had fought and played, and oft was seen

Arm linked with merry maids, one day  
Cast all his old delights away ;

And ere the night's long shades unfurled,  
Fared forth to front the mighty world.

From London town, from London town,  
God speed the merry tidings down

To Norton. Tell the good folk there  
The name of London's great Lord Mayor.

Sir Knight, too ! Let the folk, of truth,  
Have pride in the bold village youth

And speak how each, on such a day,  
Foretold him fame. How each did say—

“ Who forth to play the man would fare,  
To lose all, gain all, whatsoe'er

“ His lot, he with the great hath place,  
And honour of the Queen's own grace.”

Now set the bells astart, and ring  
A joyous peal. Together bring

Such news as makes a father glad,  
Speak praises of the village lad,

And give the aged nailor joy  
And pride of his beloved boy.

“ Who forth to play the man doth fare,  
To lose all, gain all, whatsoe'er

“ His lot, he with the great hath place,  
And honour of the Queen's own grace.”

NOTE.—Son of Robert Avenon or Avenant of King's Norton, who was in the hardware business, probably a nailor, in a small way. As a youth, wandered to London, became Lord Mayor, 1569, and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth.



## THE ARDEN NAME.

THERE's never a rood of the English pale  
But knows the Arden name ;  
And there's never a tree in the midmost vale  
But tells the wind the same.  
It's a long, long cry to the Saxon days,  
And a long good-bye to the Norman days ;  
Yet there's never a day to the end of days  
But shall know of the Arden name.

O, the midmost town spreads out apace  
O'er the lands of their ancient fame ;  
O, there's many a town and a dwelling place  
That is called by the Arden name.  
There are forest heights that bear it yet ;  
There's a vale that delights to wear it yet ;  
And the hearts of a folk that can ne'er forget  
The praise of the Arden name.

O, the midmost town craves more and more  
 Of the lands of the Arden name,  
 And the silent homes where they lived of yore,  
 'Ere ever the Norman came.

It knoweth of old they were mighty lords ;  
 Yea, the hearts were bold of the mighty lords  
 That ruled for a thousand years, as lords  
 O'er the lands of their ancient fame.

In Bromwic hard by, there's an ancient hall  
 That is known by the Arden name ;  
 There's never a stone of its broken wall  
 But clamours to tell of the same.

It's a proud, proud tongue that Shakespeare wrote.  
 (O, a loud, loud note is the Shakespeare note ;)  
 'Twas the surge of his Arden blood that smote  
 The heart of the world aflame.

NOTE.—“ Arden ” is one of the most illustrious names in England, claiming descent from Rohund, the Saxon Earl of Warwick of King Alfred's time ; and allied with the blood royal and with Shakespeare. The forest of Arden, the vale of Arden, Henley-in-Arden, and many another name bear witness to this proud family of which that of Bracebridge is descendant. Park Hall, Castle Bromwich, was one of the many seats of this family.



## THE WARDERS OF MAXSTOKE.

WARD ye the King of England,  
Hold vigil from the keep;  
Make sure from every watch-tower,  
The King of England's sleep.

“ Ho ! warders on the watch-tower,  
Our blood the King hath shed ;  
Shall mortals in the ghost hour  
Defy the vengeful dead ?

“ Around the host lie sleeping,  
And fast we hold the gate ;  
Call forth the King of England,  
Whose hour of doom is late.”

What warder blew the trumpet,  
So like a dead man's call ?

“ Stand forth, O King of England ! ”  
Surely upon the wall

The King comes swiftly. Warders  
Heed not, and give no ear ;  
His brow is red with blood-sweat,  
His face is blanched with fear.

His hands strike frantic. Gasping,  
 " I dream, I dream," he cries.

" I fight, I fight with visions  
 That fright no watchmen's eyes.

" Saw ye the dead go trooping,  
 Marching from wall to wall?

My nobles. God! the children,  
 My kinsmen, wife, all, all!

" Saw ye? Heard ye? Ho, warders!  
 Ye sleep, I say, ye sleep;  
 Wake, or, by God—— Nay, curse them,  
 Let them their slumbers keep."

Shout, for the King of England  
 Goes forth to fight his foes;  
 His helm is crowned, and fiercely  
 He plucks the snow-white rose.

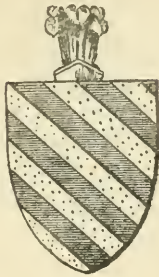
" This for my bier," and, angry,  
 " Destroy these walls," he said,  
 " Take hence the stones," and, lowly,  
 " Thereon have walked the dead."

The King is slain. No roses  
 Lie freshly on his bier.

The walls upstand; doom greater  
 That any King is here.

NOTE.—Richard III. stayed at Maxtoke Castle on his way to the battlefield of Bosworth, where he was slain. On leaving Maxtoke he gave orders for the walls to be destroyed. Fate, however, was stronger than the King, and the walls are still standing complete.





SIR SIMON MOUNTFORT, OF COLESHILL.

Son Harry, Son Harry, to horse, and ride  
To noble York, and a pledge from me,  
Bear him my purse that shall help his need,  
And swear him fealty.

Men call him Osbeck, and Warbeck, and say  
Boy York lies slain 'neath the steps of the Tower ;  
Yet his face is the face of Lord Edward, the King,  
And, freed the usurper's power,

He was borne o'erseas in a barque to the Court  
Of Margaret, Lady of Burgundy,  
Sister of Edward, our lord the King,  
Gracious of memory.

And there hath he grown to a man's estate,  
And is fair and brave, and hath ta'en him a wife  
Of the stock of the noble King of Scots,  
And cometh in open strife

82 SIR SIMON MOUNTFORT, OF COLESHILL

To wager a stake with the crafty lord  
Who sitteth where Edward's son should sit ;  
Son Harry, thy love and thy faith be his,  
Though death be the end of it.

O, York is ta'en, and the strife's at end,  
Son Harry, Son Harry, thy doom on me,  
And my fathers' house, and my wide, wide lands,  
For heart of loyalty.

A long, last gaze at my ancient home—  
To London, on, for my guard must hie.  
And Digby pants for his traitor prize,  
And the loyal of heart must die.

Yet 'tis good to die for the loyal cause,  
Though the death be Tyburn gallows tree,  
And though Digby have joy of my wide, wide lands,  
For price of treachery.

NOTE.—Sir Simon Mountfort, of Coleshill, having sent £30 by his younger son Henry to Perkin Warbeck, whom he believed to be the son of Edward IV., was arrested and tried in 1494 at Guildhall, drawn through the City, and hanged and quartered at Tyburn. His estates were confiscated and awarded to Simon Digby, his accuser. It may be said that Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, sister of Edward IV., acknowledged Perkin Warbeck as her nephew, and that he was married to the daughter of the King of Scotland.



## EDWARD HOLTE.

ONCE, and never again, doth man  
Love as he must, though a father ban.

Stout Sir Thomas, the rede is read,  
The son of thy youth is dead.

Twenty winters have flown,  
Still thou nursest thy pride alone.

Though the King of his grace beseech and plot  
For the son of thy youth, thou hearkenest not.

Though thine heart in the dark of the night hath  
cried,  
Thou hast eaten thy heart with thy pride.

Seven days agone in the Kingly train,  
Thy son had come to his home again.

Alack ! that thou turned'st thy face away  
Nor spake to thy son that day.

He fell as the Holtes should fall in fight,  
With face to the foe for the kingly right.

My son! My son! Thy sire forgive.  
Sir Thomas, thy son doth live,

And prays thee now, at the doors of death,  
To come, for he perisheth.

Nay! that is no son of mine that wed  
Where I had not purposéd.

God speaketh once. A year hath sped.  
Thy son is dead—is dead.

Ah, me! for my son that called in vain.  
Would God I, too, were slain.

God speaketh once. Nay! twice. No more  
The thing may be that had been before.

Write ye who write. It is good and just.  
A man doth love as he must.

A man's great love is a wind that blows,  
And whither it listeth, who knows?

A man doth well in his love's behest:  
The wind hath its place of rest.

NOTE.—Son and heir of Sir Thomas Holte, of Aston. He married a daughter of Dr. John King, Bishop of London, in opposition to his father's wishes. King Charles I. endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between Edward and his father, but in vain. Edward was wounded at the Battle of Edge Hill, and died in the following year, 1643, from a fever contracted while engaged in the defence of Oxford.



THE HOLDING OF EDGBASTON HALL.

O, sometime Tinker, jovial John,  
Mad in thy wild glad days ago.

Now with thy "four times four" array,  
Brethren sweet and stern to-day.

Swift from thy lowly Walsall door  
To the house of the lords of the Middle Moor.

Colonel John, by the seal of state,  
Great as any are counted great,

Seize and hold in the Commons' name,  
As strong men hold in a land aflame.

Seize, that the Commons' cause be good,  
Hold, lest thy holding be withstood.

Build the walls stout, and fortify  
The House that the cause may stand thereby,

86 THE HOLDING OF EDGBASTON HALL

Though Rupert and all his cavaliers  
Compass thee round with cannoniers.

Colonel John, thou hast gotten thee stone  
From the House of God at Edgbaston.

The people's cause is the first of all,  
The cause must stand though the Church do fall;

And stone is stone. The cause is blest.  
What man may do, be done; and the rest

Be God's. But here shall the Commons sway  
By the power of God, though the King say nay.

O Rupert doth march, thy trust to take,  
With demy-culverin, saker and drake.

At Tong last night was his fierce array,  
And Chillington's host at Dudley lay.

What man may do, be done. The rest  
Be God's, to His praise confest.

Stout John Fox, thou hast gotten thee praise.  
Rupert hath gone his ways.

The Lord of the Middle Moor hath fled,  
And leaveth thee Lord in his stead.

As the cold, fierce flash of the polar star,  
Thy sword strikes near and far.

To Severn's falls and to Bewdley town,  
Thou trackest the cavaliers down.

## THE HOLDING OF EDGBASTON HALL 87

By thy strong right hand dost thou keep thy hold,  
Maugre malignants bold.

'Tis little men wot of Tinker John,  
And little men heed of days agone.

A voice doth rise from oblivion's dust :  
Praises be his that kept his trust.

NOTE.—Colonel John Fox, known as “ Tinker Fox,” was a native of Walsall, and with sixteen more “ sweet brethren ” marched to, and seized and fortified Edgbaston Hall. He pulled down the adjoining church to strengthen his fortifications. A threatened attack by Prince Rupert was abandoned, and Fox extended his power as far as Bewdley-on-Severn.



THE LEAGUER OF HAWKESLEY HOUSE.

WHEN the Roundheads came to Hawkesley,  
 And the Middlemores were fled,  
 Three score foot and two score horsemen  
 Held the stead.

And the words came forth to Rupert,  
 "Seize the stead."

O, when Rupert rode to Hawkesley,  
 To the leaguer of the house,  
 Then Lord Astley's gallant footmen  
 Held carouse.

It was, "Footmen, to the breach,"  
 At Hawkesley House.

When the King rode out to Hawkesley,  
 To the leaguer in the field,  
 Then the Roundhead, Captain Gouge,  
 Sought to yield.

"An they leave us unmolested  
 We will yield."



O, Lord Astley laughed at Hawkesley,  
As he rode amid his men.  
“Hawkesley’s yours to fire and pillage,  
Lest the Roundheads come again.”  
And they cheered at Hawkesley House,  
Astley’s men.

NOTE.—Hawkesley House, King’s Norton, a seat of the Middlemores, having been seized by the Parliamentarians under Captain Gouge, was attacked by Prince Rupert in May, 1645, Lord Astley’s footmen making the approaches. King Charles, whose headquarters were at Bromsgrove, marched to the site, just as the garrison had surrendered. The house was pillaged and fired.



THE COMING OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA  
TO KING'S NORTON.

FAIR and fierce, fierce and fair,  
She rides as a Queen that chides despair.

Gallants bold, full thousands three,  
Hers by their stout hearts' fealty.

True and fast, fast and true,  
Ride as men whom the Gods endue.

Ride apace, the Queen ahead,  
"God and King," doth cry adread.

"Haste, haste, and on, and on,  
Or never the kingly cause be won."

Sets the sun o'er the Norton crest,  
Stay they all at the Queen's behest.

At the House of God, a whirling flame  
The swords flash high at the Royal name.

Shout ! O village of Norton, shout !  
 Old and young in a joyous rout.

Peal the bells in loyalty  
 To the peerless Queen and her gallantrie.

Sleep, O Queen, in the ancient place,  
 Sleep, an thou mayest, by God's good grace.

Queen adread ; Queen fair to see,  
 The vigil of prayer is lain on thee.

In the summer night o'er the curtained sky  
 Thou seest the sentinel stars stride by.

Thou watchest them all in their courses nod,  
 O'er the House of God, o'er the House of God.

On, on ! They bid thee on ;  
 Summon thy gallants, and get thee gone

To thy King at need. It yet may be  
 Thy foes shall kneel to the King and thee.

Sleep, O village of Norton, sleep !  
 'Ere ever the rays of morning leap

At the eastern gates, afar, afar,  
 The Queen rides under the morning star.

NOTE.—Queen Henrietta Maria, having raised three thousand horse for the assistance of the King, and marching to Oxford, stayed the night of July 10th, 1643, at King's Norton, at the ancient timber-built house adjoining the churchyard on the south side.



### THE BATTLE OF BIRMINGHAM.

O burning love of Rupert bold  
 To England, that thou could'st not hold.  
 If any laurel crown thy brow,  
 Small praise hast thou of townsmen now :  
 For sack and pillage, blood and flame,  
 Are dragged athwart thy comet name.

Summon the townsmen ! Bid them yield !  
 Christ's Cross ! An thou must take the field  
 Call out the gallants. Make attack.  
 Give o'er the town to fire and sack,  
 School the stout knaves at point of sword,  
 King Charles, for gracious liege and lord.

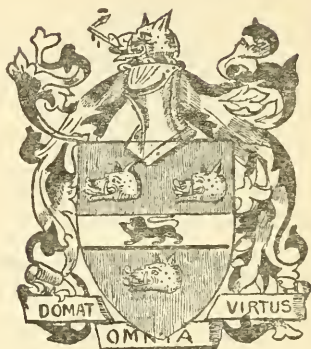
The trainbands stand. The ways are barred.  
 Now, Rupert, shalt thou school them hard.  
 On through the fields, the ways are wide,  
 Hem, Hem them in on every side.  
 Ten, ten to one, O make the pace,  
 On, gallants, to the Market Place.

The knaves are sturdy, slow to teach ;  
The Market Place is hard to reach.  
Ten gallants to one townsman. Nay !  
Shame on ye, Masters, clear the way.  
Denbigh is fallen ! God to aid !  
Rupert is here to whet the blade.

The town is thine to have, to hold,  
Lord Rupert, lest thy fame be cold,  
Bring brands and set the town ablaze ;  
Bid all the sullen townsmen gaze  
And dread with sack and pillagings,  
The wrath of princes and of kings.

O burning love of Rupert bold  
To England, that thou could'st not hold.  
'Tis little love the townsman hath  
For king or prince, but hate and wrath.  
And equal ranked, the townsmen say,  
Thy gallants had been swept away.

NOTE.—Fought on Easter Monday, 1643. Prince Rupert, with 1,200 horse and 700 foot, with four drakes and two sacres approached Birmingham from Camp Hill. His entrance was disputed by the inhabitants, with whom was a small company of foot and a troop of horse from the Parliamentary garrison at Lichfield. The Earl of Denbigh was mortally wounded. Prince Rupert, annoyed at the stubborn resistance, ordered the soldiers to set fire to the town, which was given over to pillage.



## HENRY GOUGH OF OLD FALLINGS

RING the bells in Wulfruna's town,  
 With hat rich-plumed and tasselled spear,  
 There's many a loyal cavalier,  
 That speeds to fight for the king his crown.

Cheer aloud, for the royal Charles  
 Stands with his faithful townsmen bold.  
 Pile his coffers with good red gold,  
 Who needs must fight with his traitor carles.

Red were the autumn leaves and gold,  
 Rich and poor on that Sabbath day  
 Brought their treasures, and turned to pray  
 In Wulfruna's house for the king his hold.

Gough, the miser of eighty years,  
Shook his head as they bade him give,  
Muttered only "a man must live,"  
And "a king must settle a king's affairs."

Now loyal was miser Gough at heart,  
Though he shook his head in the face of men.  
He counted his gains with his goose quill pen,  
And set a pile for the king his part.

A thousand guineas were heavy tale,  
Yet he added a full two hundred more  
And, donning his cloak, he closed his door,  
At dark of night, as he crossed the pale.

He came and sought for the king his grace,  
And prayed him take for his hour of stress,  
The gift of an old man's plenteousness ;  
And lowly bowed to the royal face.

Charles looked once on the princely pile,  
And once and again on the miser's face,  
And bade him kneel ; with kingly grace  
He drew his sword, yet he stayed awhile.

For the old man shrank from the blue-lit steel,  
And prayed that none of his deed might know,  
His honour was greater thus, and low  
In his chamber, he for his king would kneel.

He hath kissed the hand of his royal sire.

On the morrow morn is a miser grey,

That the people scorn as they turn away,

Whose soul is not for a man to hire.

NOTE.—Henry Gough of Old Fallings, Wolverhampton, a reputed miser, eighty years old, secretly gave what was then the large sum of twelve hundred pounds to King Charles I., when that king was in Wolverhampton organising his forces. He refused the honour of knighthood. Gough was the ancestor of the Gough-Calthorpe family.





## DUD DUDLEY.

Now this is the task of a man :

To do a thing with might,  
To see, to shape the plan,  
To wage a life-long fight.

O, they that play the man,  
Wield more than an ancient name.  
To stand a man among men  
Is to conquer a world of shame.

'Twas thus Dud Dudley spake,  
A youth in Balliol hall,  
"Awhiles in furnace and forge  
I will show a thing to them all.

“To spare the good, green woods,  
To break the deep coal seam,  
That the furnace may fiercer glow,  
And the iron redly gleam.”

Men scorned the youth and his toil  
Nor ceased to burn the wood.  
They broke his forges by stealth,  
And joyed at the May-day flood.

Hate, nor envy, nor spoil,  
Nor terrible flood could stem  
The strength of the master youth ;  
Nor these, nor the like of them.

Passionate, loyal heart,  
That Cromwell failed to tame,  
Cell and bolted doors  
Are badge of a tyrant's shame.

Heart of the metal of Mars,  
Battered with shocks of fate,  
The hammer that welds the world  
Doth shape it soon or late.

Men spare the good green wood,  
Men break the deep coal seam,  
The furnace doth fiercer glow,  
And the iron redly gleam.

NOTE.—Dud Dudley, presumably related to the great family of that name, while still a youth, fresh from Balliol College, was set to look after three ironworks in the Chase of Pensnett. He conceived the idea of using pit-coal instead of wood for the furnaces, and met with the greatest hostility from neighbouring ironmasters. Neither this, nor the May-day flood of 1620, which destroyed his works, daunted him. He suffered great persecution and loss, and was imprisoned by Cromwell for his unflinching loyalty to the King, but remained consistent through life in the pursuit of his patents, thus preserving the fast vanishing trees of his country.



THE PLAGUE IN BIRMINGHAM.

THE door ope's wide at the " Whyte Hart " Inn,  
No man abides therein.

Though wine and ale casks crowd the floor,  
No man dare enter the door.

Mine host, stout Humphrey, lies stark and dead,  
The women and waiting-folk are fled.

Good drink to be had without let or pay,  
What thief so bold to-day?

For the death-cart rolls for the toll so dread :  
"Bring out your dead, your dead !"

The lane is silent and lonely save  
For a hurrying priest and brave,

Who maketh the sign of the Cross in prayer,  
For demons crowd the air.

Now "'Ware the 'Whyte Hart,' " the townsmen cry,  
Or surely else, ye die.

What manner of man shall walk therein?  
A priest made free from sin.

“ O, oaken coffer from London town,  
Black in the hall where they set thee down,

“ Thou art filled with death. Hast thou had thy fill?  
Let the end be what God will,

“ Thou and the evil that rests in thee  
I will burn, this folk from the plague to free !”

The priest hath borne it into the lane,  
The coffer black with its deadly bane.

Hath lit a torch and hath made a pile  
Of clothes plague-stricken and vile.

He hath cast his gown on the fire and stood  
While the clothes all burned and the wood.

And “ ’Ware the priest,” he hath cried amain,  
“ Lest your priest hath striven in vain.”

With swiftest step he hath left the town,  
And far in the forest lain down.

For “ days and a day ” hath he lain therein,  
A priest made free from sin.

The townsmen kneel in the Church and pray  
For the priest that hath carried the plague away.

102 THE PLAGUE IN BIRMINGHAM

And with broken voice cry women there,  
That the Lord may hear and spare.

The voice of the town in a mighty voice  
Hath rended the heavens in twain " Rejoice."

" He hath come again !" Each Sabbath day,  
They turn vast throngs from the Church away.

NOTE.—The Plague is said to have been brought to Birmingham in a box of clothes brought by a carrier to the " Whyte Hart " Inn. The box of clothes was burned by an unnamed clergyman.



THE BERMINGHAMS OF FRANCE

Now thus, the luckless James,  
Stood under the starry spray,  
That stretches from France to Spain,  
That is called the "Milky Way."  
"Road that Saint James," he cried,  
"Traced for the Frankish King,  
For a path o'er the Saracen land,  
With the axe of God a-fling.

"The path, that was strown all stars,  
Is dwindled to glowless dust.  
No star, no star is there seen  
For a sign, that a King may trust.

Alas! no starry track  
 Leads ever to London town,  
 Where I and my fathers reigned,  
 And a stranger wears the crown."

And Pierre de Brindejonc spake,  
 As he stood by the luckless King,  
 "My sires, that crossed the seas,  
 Knew this for a certain thing.  
 That our towers in Bermingham town  
 Should fall to a swift decay,  
 When a King should see no star  
 As he looked on Saint James' way."

Spake Luc Brindejonc, "My sires  
 Took leave of their ancient stead,  
 When William, the Norman duke,  
 Saw stars of glory o'erhead.  
 They builded Bermingham towers,  
 And stood as strong men stand,  
 When valiant Clare made fight  
 In the starry Irish land.

"Ever they crossed the seas,  
 Because of the stars that shone.  
 How shall we stand, when the King  
 Sees none in the heavens—none?  
 We have crossed the seas as our sires,  
 Returned to our father's land.  
 And the stars are but glowless dust,  
 O King on an alien strand."



Now, on Saint Malo's walls,  
That are gone to decay and old ;  
Ever a Brindejone stands,  
And looks o'er Saint James' wold,  
Till the glowless dust shall shine,  
And a glorious starry ray  
Shall lead a Brindejone forth  
To lands that his sons shall sway.

NOTE.—The De Berminghams are surmised to have been related to the Fitz Ansculphs, Lords of Dudley, who were originally Lords of Picquigny, near Amiens. They crossed to Ireland, and attained rank and title. Pierre de Brindejone and Luc Brindejone (the Gallicised form of the name) were attached to the Court of James II. at Saint Germain. The name still survives in St. Malo.



DEPARTURE OF EDMOND HAWES  
OF SOLIHULL

“ HERE, sojourners from days of old,  
In Heaven, citizens.” Unfold

The memories of dear youth. Recall  
The words upon the Hillfield Hall,

With silver chevron set between  
The leopards’ faces’ golden sheen.

Not lord, as all thy fathers were,  
That Brome and Greswolde mated there.

But younger son, apprentice bound,  
A cutler in the daily round ;

A sojourner that seek’st to find  
The city in the heavens reclined.

DEPARTURE OF EDMOND HAWES 107

In England, land beloved, men have  
No leave to worship God. The wave

That bounds, doth bear o'erseas afar,  
Its sons who must serve God. The star

Of faith doth lead, and down the west  
Thou go'st whom God hath called and blest.

Now speeds the good ship *James*. The roar  
Of breakers on New England shore

Is song most sweet, and o'er the strand  
Thou walkest as on holy land.

NOTE.—Edmond Hawes, a younger son of Edmond Hawes, of Hillfield Hall, Solihull, was apprenticed to a cutler of London, and was sworn a free cutler in 1634. He sailed 5th April, 1635, in the ship *James*, for New England, and subsequently lived in Duxbury, an emigrant for "conscience sake," and died at a great age.

Hillfield Hall was rebuilt by William Hawes, his grandfather, in 1576, and the front is substantially the same to-day.

Over the front door are the initials of William Hawes and his wife Ursula, and the motto—

H.

W. V.

1576.

Hic hospites in Cœlo Cives.

Arms : Sable, a chevron argent, between three leopards' faces or.



## IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

O, many and many have kept their tryst  
 Under the Olden Cross.

And many a lad and lass have kissed  
 Under the far Welsh Cross ;

And every night at evenfall,

'Twas, O, for the gardens of old Vauxhall.

From the church that is called by St. Martin's name,

And the seat of the ancient Lords,

By the moated grange the lovers came

Leaping the stiles and fords.

'Twas across the fields to Edgbaston,

Arm in arm in the days ago.

'Twas, O, for the game on the bowling-green,

With the Cherry Orchard nigh,

Where the tower of the ancient Guild was seen

In the slant of the western sky.

'Twas, " Corbett, fill me the tankard yet,"

In the olden days when friends were met.

'Twas, O, for the coach in the olden days,  
That's come from London town.  
'Twas, "Wellington's fought the French relays,"  
And "Nelson's driven them down."  
O, loudly they cheered in the days ago,  
When the coach came home to the olden Swan.

NOTE.—The Market Cross stood at the corner of Phillip Street.

The Welsh Cross at the corner of Bull Street.

The Vauxhall Gardens were famous pleasure grounds.

The seat of the de Bermingham's was close to St. Martin's Church.

The Moated Parsonage was in Smallbrook Street.

There was a field path to Edgbaston.

The Cherry Orchard stood where Cherry Street now is.

The ancient Guildhall was where the Grammar School now stands.

Corbett's Bowling Green was between Cherry Street and New Street.

The Swan Inn was one of the chief Coaching Inns.



## THE LAST OF THE HOLTES.

WHITE was his beard and long,  
Lone in a lonely place,  
Always brooding the wrong,  
Last of his noble race,  
I saw him haggard and grim,  
Proudly defiant of fate,  
With eyes no years could dim,  
Lit with relentless hate.

For his father's sire, " May Hell  
Be loud with his bitter shriek !"  
And his father. Might I tell  
The words he blanched to speak.  
They had robbed their sons, had set  
Their hands to the cursed writ ;  
And how should the heir forget  
His name, and the shame of it.

His! By the gods! Thank God!

The last was he of the race.

The lands his fathers trod,

And the ancient resting place

Were gone, and the lordly home—

The stranger strode his lands.

He to his grave had come

With weary and empty hands.

If ever red hate were sown,

And visible murder seen,

Deep in his heart were grown

The roots that he nurtured green.

If ever the ghost of his soul

Should meet with the ghosts of the twain,

Hell, his coveted goal,

Should ring with battle amain.

He had gazed on the tombs of the dead,

He had drank of their ancient fame;

He was as valiant as they, men said,

He was proud as they of the name.

He would not enter the mart,

No pity or help would crave;

He crushed the love in his heart,

He journeyed alone to his grave.

He cursed his father's sire,

He hated his father's name;

The sons of his heart's desire

He mourned with a passionate flame.

His sires had doomed the race,  
Better it died outright  
Than sank to a lowly place,  
Lords by their ancient right.

White was his beard and long,  
Lone in a lonely place ;  
Always brooding the wrong,  
Last of his noble race,  
I saw him haggard and grim,  
Proudly defiant of fate,  
With eyes no years could dim,  
Lit with relentless hate.

NOTE.—Some years since the author conversed with an old gentleman in the grounds of Warwick Castle, who represented himself as heir to the whole estates of the Holtes. This gentleman spoke very bitterly of the cutting off the entail by Sir Charles and Sir Lister Holte.





THE FIRST COMING OF WILLIAM HUTTON,  
THE HISTORIAN, TO BIRMINGHAM.

Thou idlest thy time, Apprentice Will,  
Thou shalt work thy work or it bodes thee ill.

Uncle, the Nottingham stockingers play  
The week of the races that ends this day.

Thou shalt work this day, or it bodes thee ill,  
See that thou fail'st not, Apprentice Will.

Thou art roughly thrashed, though thy eighteen years  
Embitter thy soul and steel thy tears.

O Runaway Will, thou hast left behind  
Thy Uncle harsh, thou dost hope to find

In Derby town ere the night be gone,  
Thy father's house, and to look thereon.

The door stands open. Alas ! Alas !  
That ever a youth his home should pass.

## 114 FIRST COMING OF WILLIAM HUTTON

Within the fields thou hast slept. At morn  
Thou goest upon thy ways forlorn.

Wherever thou goest, thou walkest free,  
And takest thy fate in thy hands with thee.

'Twere better thus than thy soul should quail  
At the fall of a tyrant's besom stale.

Thou hast trudged with thy store and shillings twain  
O'er the eight and twenty miles terrain,

To Burton town. And at fall of night  
Thou seest the Lichfield spires in sight.

Thou layest thy load 'neath the trees, to creep  
To the barn ahead, where thou hop'st to sleep.

It is closed. Alack! thy store is gone,  
Fortuneless now dost thou wander on

To Walsall town in thy mute despair.  
Alas! no stockings labour there.

At Birmingham town, if men say true,  
There is work that stockinger weavers do.

Thou may'st surely work. And it well may be  
Thou shalt find a place with the stockings three.

Alack! that thy fate pursues thee. Nay!  
Thou may'st do no work. Thou art turned away.

Under the Olden Cross, distrest,  
Thou seekest food and thou seekest rest.

Rich men come and rich men go,  
Nor give thee heed in thy youthful woe.

Only the poor can pity the poor,  
And give thee rest at their humble door.

And food and drink in the ancient " Bell "   
They give thee, the workmen twain. Farewell

To thy journeys wild. Thou wilt get thee home  
To thy father's house. In the days to come,

Thou shalt sit in the people's judgment seat,  
Who once did'st starve in the open street.

Thou shalt write of old, both good and ill,  
Thou workest thy work, Apprentice Will.

NOTE.—William Hutton, the Birmingham Historian, was born in 1723 at Derby. He was apprenticed to an uncle, a stocking-weaver at Nottingham. Having been thrashed he ran away, taking two shillings only, and passed through Derby, Burton, Lichfield and Walsall to Birmingham. He failed to obtain work, and after some adventures returned to his father at Derby. Subsequently he became one of Birmingham's most honoured townsmen.



ANCHEATT GREVES OF MOSELEY.

THOU art bowed low with sixty years  
Humility of tears.

For scarce one pound the charge is writ,  
Thou can'st not answer it.

O race that bore imperial crest,  
O eagle headed—twain at rest,

Shaped sable on the argent shield,  
Greves borne on many a battlefield,

Our Lady's House at Moseley stands,  
Low on the Moseley lands,

Self shrunken that the town-tide rolls  
Over the ancient knolls.

Gone the great race of Greves, and gone  
The lands they ruled upon.

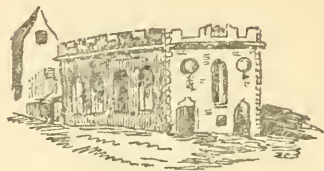
An olden rook atop the trees  
Doth babble still the name of Greves.

Only our Lady's Tower doth raise  
Its voice of ancient days,

And answereth Norton bells that call  
For the last Greves of all.

Gone the great race of Greves, and gone  
The lands they ruled upon.

NOTE.—Henshaw or Ancheatt Greves or Grevis, the son and heir of Richard Grevis of Moseley Hall, was reduced to abject poverty, the estates having been sold to pay his parents' debts. As an old man of sixty he was summoned for the payment of seventeen shillings, which he was unable to meet. He was buried in King's Norton Church in 1788. His family had been resident in Moseley almost from the Conquest. Eleanor Greves, one of his daughters, married a Mr. Parkes, from whom the author is descended maternally.



*New Meeting House*

### THE BIRMINGHAM RIOTS.

OUT! out! Turn and about  
To the traitors' homesteads. Burn them out!

Haste, Masters, to the hostelrie,  
Or wheresoe'er the traitors be  
Who drink to Freedom, that in France  
Doth lift her lurid countenance,  
And fierce and hatred-marred and lean,  
Shouts ever for the guillotine.

Out! out! Turn and about  
To the traitors' homesteads. Burn them out!

France have we fought, have hated her.  
And, being Briton-born, aver  
Our oneness with our sons that died  
In battle with liberticide  
That masques as liberty. No part  
Hath Englishman with her at heart,

Out ! out ! Turn and about  
To the traitors' homesteads. Burn them out !

To men that love their empery,  
Who drinks to foreign foes shall be  
The foe that is within the gate,  
Who hath no part in town or state,  
Who in the open standeth not.  
No part have we with him nor lot.

Out ! out ! Turn and about  
To the traitors' homesteads. Burn them out !

The houses burn. The traitors flee.  
Hark ! hark ! The tramp of soldiery  
That come full late to mar or stay  
The judgment of the townsmen. Nay !  
Such judgment never yet was done  
That only smote the traitorous one.

Out ! out ! Turn and about  
To the traitors' homesteads. Burn them out !

NOTE.—The immediate cause was a dinner held at Dadley's Hotel in commemoration of the French Revolution, 14th July, 1792. About 80 sat down to dine. Much feeling was caused, and Dr. Priestley was bitterly attacked. The New Meeting House and the houses of Dr. Priestley (Fair Hill), Mr. John Ryland (Baskerville House), Mr. John Taylor (Bordesley Hall), William Hutton (High Street and Saltley), Mr. George Humphreys (Sparkbrook), Mr. William Russell (Showell Green), and Moseley Hall were more or less completely destroyed. It was only the arrival of the military on the 18th that terminated the outrages.



## THE BALLAD OF DR. PRIESTLEY.

SINCE truth is gained with sacrifice,  
 And joy with alien woe ;  
 The man of men to pay the price  
 Doth joy to have it so.  
 And for thou pay'st the price, stout heart,  
 Rejoice whate'er thy doom ;  
 Who dares to play the strong man's part,  
 For him eternal room.

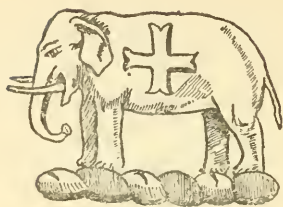
Thou dared'st to call on Freedom's name,  
 Where Freedom was forsworn,  
 As wallowing in the loathly shame  
 Of Gallia, tempest torn.  
 But thou, o'er Gallia's turpid path,  
 Saw'st Freedom loom divine,  
 And bad'st men cease their alien wrath  
 In worship at her shrine.



O, thou did'st pay the price, stout heart,  
 By hate and burning brand,  
 Thy house ablaze, thy friends astart,  
 Thy life in each man's hand.  
 Rejoice that thou the price hast paid,  
 And far beyond man's hate,  
 Or love, or dread, in light arrayed,  
 Do'st loom dispassionate.

O men have seen beyond man's wrath,  
 Fair liberty arise.  
 And hail thee by that awe she hath,  
 Priest of her sanctities.  
 They rear thy sculptured form, stout heart,  
 Where erst they sought thy doom ;  
 Thou dared'st to play the strong man's part,  
 For thee eternal room.

NOTE.—Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, was born near Leeds, 1733. Philosopher and scientist, he became pastor of the New Meeting, Birmingham, in 1780. Having participated at the dinner in commemoration of the French Revolution, his house and church were burned by the mob, and he was compelled to flee from the town, and in 1794 he emigrated to Pennsylvania, where he died in 1804. In 1874 the statue to his memory was unveiled by Professor Huxley.



## JAMES WATT.

FROM dungeons deep in the midmost gloom,  
 From voids veiled o'er by the skiey hold,  
 Spirits chained from the dark of doom,  
 Lift loud voice from the days of old,  
 Call aloud to the soul of man,  
 We wait, thee, Lord, since doom began.

Since the soul of a man may make us free,  
 Here for the hour that is thine, we wait.  
 Master, haste! we will cleave to thee.  
 Mortal, shatter the barrier gate.  
 By the breath of God that doth flush thy soul,  
 We will serve thee, Lord of the ordered whole.

Since thou shalt free us the age long bands,  
 We will bear thee swift o'er the brookless seas,  
 Speed thee over the far off lands,  
 Yea! and with mightier gifts than these  
 We will serve thee, Lord, that we be unbarred.  
 Hark! for the days of doom be hard.

Well, James Watt, that thou heard'st the cry.

Shout, strong heart, that thou smot'st the gloom,  
Shook'st the voids of the veiled sky,

Brok'st the seals of the days of doom,

Smot'st the barrier gates in twain,

Brok'st the bands of the forgeless chain.

Well, James Watt, for the sons of man,

Well, that spirits be thine in fee ;

Slaves of doom, since doom began,

Slaves of man, for the days to be.

Master, will thou thy wish most dear,

Call aloud, we be swift to hear.

Since thou hast broken the age long bands ;

We will speed thee over the farmost seas,

Haste thee over the utmost lands,

Yea, and with mightier gifts than these [cry,

We will serve thee, Lord, that thou heard'st our

Through the dungeoned gloom and the holded

[sky.

NOTE.—James Watt, the inventor of the Steam Engine and harnesser of nature's forces, was a Glasgow mechanic. In 1769 he joined Matthew Boulton at Soho, where the firm of Boulton and Watt achieved a world wide reputation. In 1868 a statue was erected to his memory. His chemical and scientific apparatus have recently been presented by Mr. George Tangye to the city.



*Edw. Taylor*

### NELSON IN BIRMINGHAM

We knew him by high countenance,  
 His arm off-shorn, his sightless eye ;  
 These gave he to his land, that still  
 Did call him forth to die.

We thronged about his steps. We stood  
 Ennobled by his coming. Yea !  
 We watched his going forth, and strode  
 After to proudly say—

“ Here walked the joy of England's sons,  
 The pride of England. Yea, her praise  
 Upon the waters memorable  
 Unto her latest days.”

His glorious doom hath stricken us low  
 Who scarcely England's safety heed  
 Or prize of Trafalgar, when now  
 He comes no more indeed.

He walked among us. Therefore proud  
We raise the stone, that down the years  
Our sons shall know the man who towered  
Foremost amid his peers,

And was the land's heart. Yea! in him  
The land's rejoicing fiercely blent—  
Lord Admiral of her seas, renowned,  
Captain of men's content.

NOTE.—Nelson accompanied by Sir William and Lady Hamilton arrived at Styles's (afterwards the Royal) Hotel on Monday, 30th August, 1802.

Thousands of the inhabitants thronged to meet him and crowded round the hotel, the bells pealing a welcome to him. In the evening he visited the theatre, the crowd dragging him in his carriage. A tremendous ovation was accorded to him at the theatre, and he was escorted back by a torch-light procession.

The following days Nelson visited the chief manufactories, being followed throughout by many thousands of people. The monument to him in the Bull Ring was erected after his death at Trafalgar.



## THE BALLAD OF TOM KING.

THE gallows creak, and the wind is shrill,  
 The carrion crow's a-wing.  
 But gold is thine. Thy beaker fill.  
 Merry's the life, Tom King.

O merry's the life of the highwayman,  
 O'er the Sutton lonely track.  
 There's never a coach to Birmingham,  
 But's his for toll and sack.

To swiftest steed and pistol,  
 Masked face and valiant hand,  
 The craven's gold and silver.  
 "Stand and deliver. Stand!"

The gallows creak, and the wind is shrill,  
 The carrion crow's a-wing.  
 But gold is thine. Thy beaker fill.  
 Merry's the life, Tom King.

A pistol shot for summons,  
A voice with a note of doom,  
Horse and man in the coach's path,  
Boldly and darkly loom.

O the Knight of the Road is out for toll,  
Now who shall give him nay?  
The gold ye hug to your inmost heart  
Is the toll of the open way.

The gallows creak, and the wind is shrill,  
The carrion crow's a-wing.  
The mead is thine, and the beaker filled,  
Drink to the dregs, Tom King.

NOTE.—This highwayman was born at a farm house towards Stonnall, and frequented the Old Chester Road and neighbourhood for his exploits.



THE NEWS OF WATERLOO BROUGHT TO  
BIRMINGHAM

Was never a coach that was driven so fast,  
As we drove from London town.  
Was never a throat but was hoarse at last,  
As we shouted the tidings down.  
We hoisted the flags and away we flew,  
Glad to carry the tidings through,  
Mad to carry the tidings through,  
Through to Birmingham town.

Was never a shout men's hearts that stirred,  
As the cheers we raised that day.  
Was never a man but we gave the word,  
And never were men so gay.  
We shouted the news and away we sped,  
Glad to carry the news ahead,  
Mad to carry the news ahead ;  
Never were men so gay.



Was never a village nor town but cheered  
As we rode upon the wind.  
And ever we heard as the horses reared,  
The joy-bells peal behind.  
We coaxed the horses, and sped them on,  
Mad to arrive and glad to be gone,  
Glad to arrive and mad to be gone,  
With the joy-bells on the wind.

Was never a task but men laid it down,  
There was never a day like the day  
We rode from London to Birmingham town,  
Nor ever a land so gay.  
We bore the news of Waterloo,  
We were mad to carry the tidings through,  
Glad to carry the tidings through,  
"Wellington's won the day!"

NOTE.—The news of the victory of Waterloo was brought to Birmingham by coach.



## THE FORGER'S WRAITH.

THE house is stark, the lands are lone,  
Save for the wraith that broods thereon.

For still, when day and day have met,  
Men hear the clang of metal yet,

As that, whose neck is ringed with black,  
Pours out false coin from sack to sack.

Or, haply, when the moon is bright,  
The restless wraith doth falsely write ;

Or grasp its corded neck in air,  
With throttled breath, and eyes that glare,

And rushes to the graven stone,  
That shadows of the church o'erthrown.

And holy ground a respite yield  
Until the days of doom be sealed.

O Queslett farmer, well when thou  
Did'st walk beside the peaceful plough,

And watch the flock, and drive the kine  
In days when God's good sun did shine.

Woe was it that the devil came,  
Thine eyes with greed of gold aflame ;

Woe was it that thou plighted'st troth,  
With bartered soul, by devil's oath.

What peace was thine by barricade,  
Or treasures piléd, falsely made?

What peace when on the accomplished day,  
The angry troopers rode thy way?

Or, what, when Stafford bars did clang,  
What peace that morn that thou must hang?

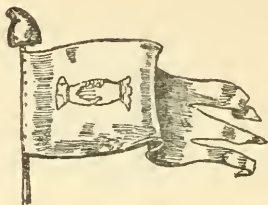
What peace, when by those beams of wood,  
The fiend that lured thee leering stood?

O get thee 'neath thy graven stone,  
That shadows of the church o'erthrown,

In Handsworth pale, a respite yield,  
Until the days of doom be sealed,

Where men whom God most loves do pray  
That God thy soul at rest may lay.

NOTE.—William Booth, a notorious forger of bank notes and coin, lived at a lonely farm house at Queslett, near Barr. All endeavours to entrap him failed. A body of Scots Greys, then quartered in Birmingham, succeeded in forcing an entrance with great difficulty and capturing him. He was tried at Stafford and hanged. He was buried in Handsworth Churchyard. His house is still standing.



THE ARREST OF WILLIAM LOVETT,  
THE CHARTIST.

OFFICERS twain of the stern Court Leet,  
Down from the steps to the crowded street,  
Through the angry mob that snarled at heel,  
They strode their march for the common weal.  
Nor heeded once to the Chartist cry,  
Hoarse-throated and fierce to the sultry sky ;  
Though threats and jibes, and curses loud,  
Smote them fast from the angry crowd.  
To the ancient inn in the Aston Street,  
They came with the word of the stern Court Leet,  
And sped therein as a spear is thrust,  
As men who do but the things they must.  
Ordered calm in a grave debate,  
The Chartist leaders strove with fate.  
Room ! room ! there scarce is standing room,  
The threatening crowd so closely loom.

A word too many, a word too spare,  
 God knows the twain shall answer it there.

“ One William Lovett !” “ ’Tis I, am he ;  
 Masters, what is your will with me.”

“ Speech apart.” “ Nay ! speak, nor fear,  
 I know of naught but my friends may hear.”

Silence, felt as the cold of steel,  
 Dreadly smote at the proud appeal.

’Twas the stroke of the sword, the rustling sheet,  
 That bore the word of the stern Court Leet.

“ One William Lovett, to seize and ward,  
 Traitor unto his Liege and Lord.”

Lovett hath read the words aloud,  
 Lovett hath stayed the angry crowd,

Else those officers twain had ne’er  
 Gone again out in the open air.

“ An my friends molest you, sirs, no part  
 Will I hold in the cause that I love at heart.

“ You have judged aright, that I do not fear  
 To stand for the cause that I keep heart dear ;

“ For the Charter’s terms, whose five points are  
 Merged in the light of Freedom’s star.

“ You for your courtesy, thanks. My friends,  
I will swift return with the Court’s amends.”

Officers twain of the stern Court Leet  
March from the inn to the crowded street.

Lovett hath holden them arm in arm,  
Lovett hath shielded the twain from harm.

Through the crowds that love him, and buzz at heel,  
He hath gone to his doom for the common weal,

For the Charter’s rights, whose five points are  
One with the light of Freedom’s star.

NOTE.—On a sultry day in July, 1839, when the Chartist agitation was at its height, two officers marched from the Public Offices, Moor Street, and were followed by a crowd to the inn in Aston Street, where the famous National Convention held their meetings. William Lovett was presiding. The officers entered the crowded room and handed Lovett the warrant for his arrest. Lovett accepted the warrant and protected the officers, whom he accompanied to the Public Offices, from the violence of the crowd. He was tried, and after an able and eloquent defence, without counsel, was sentenced to two years’ imprisonment.



THE FOLKTHING ON NEWHALL HILL.

Now this is the law of the Saxon blood ;  
Speech in the open Thing,  
Free men's speech, and a neck unringed,  
At the throne of the mighty King.

The eldermen and the thanes apart,  
Forebade the open Thing,  
The freemen's speech, and the neck unringed,  
At the throne of the mighty King.

The men of the Midland town rose up.  
Each man of the Saxon mark  
Came forth from his door as the word was passed :  
" Sons of the Saxon, Hark !

"The law that was ours from the dawn of days,  
Speech in the open Thing.  
Is made at an end by the eldermen.  
Will ye be Nidderling?"

The word's gone forth in the Midland town,  
 "To the Thing on the Newhall Hill,"  
 There's never a man in the burg but's gone  
 To will the free men's will.

There's a hundred thousand men that live  
 In the burgs of the Midland vale;  
 There's a hundred thousand free men take  
 Proud counsel in the pale.

Now this is the word that the free men spake  
 To the eldermen and thane.  
 "Saxon blood to Saxon blood,  
 Speaks truth in boldest strain.

"The speech we hold is our father's speech,  
 The speech is straight and true;  
 Ye have made the olden law as naught,  
 Now give ye way thereto.

"We will keep the law of the Saxon blood;  
 Speech in the open Thing,  
 Free men's speech, and a neck unringed,  
 Lest we be Nidderling."

The eldermen and the thanes spake proud,  
 Yea! proud of their freemen kin.  
 "Come ye to the Thing at Westminster,  
 "Free be men's speech therein."



Still is the law of the Saxon blood,  
Speech in the open Thing,  
Free men's speech, and a neck unringed,  
At the throne of the mighty King.

NOTE.—Held on Newhall Hill, 7th May, 1832, when upwards of 100,000 people were assembled in support of the Reform Bill. The Birmingham Political Union, under its chairman, Mr. Attwood, had convened the meeting, and their action was largely conducive to the passing of the Bill.



## THOMAS ATTWOOD.

UPLIFT the likened marble,  
 And yield it proudest place  
 Aloft amidst the townsmen  
 He led by wisdom's grace.  
 To utterance loud and angry—  
 A nation's thwarted will—  
 He gave the accent boldly,  
 And sternly, void of ill.

His was no thought was craven,  
 Not his a soul of fear.  
 The people's will was mighty,  
 Therefore should minions hear.  
 Donned he no blood-stained armour,  
 Bore he no reeking sword;  
 Not his the kinsmen's blood-stain,  
 Nor hasty thoughtless word.

Only men should have freedom.  
Yea ! thus the thing should be.  
And speech in the land's councils  
Men voice, whose birth is free.  
Therefore he spake forth boldly,  
And calmly, scant of ill.  
With face set sternly thronewards  
He voiced the people's will.

NOTE.—First Member of Parliament for Birmingham. Took a prominent part in obtaining the Reform Act of 1832, and was the leader of the Birmingham Reformers, whose action was largely conducive to that measure. His statue was erected in 1859 in Stephenson Place.



## JOSEPH STURGE.

HE turned his face to Franchelie,  
 The birthplace of the free.  
 And prayed the kin who lived afar  
 In Britains o'er the sea.

He spake great words of righteous wrath,  
 "Remove the thing of ill,  
 That slave-stain free men shrink to name  
 In lands it curseth still."

The kinsmen turned to whence he spake,  
 And swore by Franchelie,  
 Fair freedom's home from ancient days,  
 The ill should cease to be.

God's peace be to his manes—God's peace.  
 He strove to right the wrong.  
 A man of peace, God's chosen man,  
 To overcome the strong.

NOTE.—Bore an honourable and active part in the abolition of slavery in British Dominions beyond the sea. The statue to his memory at Five Ways was erected in 1862.



## THE SHRINE OF ST. CHAD.

MANY a year o'er the Mercian land,  
The good Saint Chad and his little band,

Robed in white, o'er the Roman road,  
Bore the joy of Christ's abode,

Singing psalms, and bidding men  
Wait the coming of Christ again.

Now in the Midland town his shrine,  
A visible, silent, holy sign,

Tells of the patient toil and strife  
Tells of the holy, perfect life.

Bidding men in the busy town,  
Lay the burdens of earth adown.

Ever beckoning busy men,  
Wait the coming of Christ again.

By the shrine of good Saint Chad do men  
Wait the coming of Christ again.

NOTE.—St. Chad, Bishop of Lichfield, 669—672 A.D., was buried at Stowe. Subsequently his remains were transferred to Lichfield Cathedral. Removed at the time of the Reformation, after being taken hither and thither, they now rest in St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham.



## TOM TIDDLER

O, THE urchins played about his beat and called his  
mighty name,

Thomas Tiddler.

His form was large, his breath was short, his face  
with beer aflame,

Thomas Tiddler.

But the infants toddled round him, and shrill voices  
piped with glee,

O, I'm on Tom Tiddler's ground, Tom Tiddler can't  
catch me.

His baton stout was a thing to fear, and strong his  
mighty arm,

Thomas Tiddler.

And whoso silver stole or gold, beheld him with  
alarm,

Thomas Tiddler.

But for tipplers he'd a weakness, as they called in  
drunken glee,

O, I'm on Tom Tiddler's ground, Tom Tiddler can't  
catch me.

O, he never saw the foolish, with one eye he could  
not see,

Thomas Tiddler.

But to unjust men and cruel, he was stern as stern  
could be,

Thomas Tiddler.

And for boys who called out after he was always on  
the run,

Puffing, panting, never catching, swearing maybe,  
just for fun.

O, he's dead, and now they miss him, though you  
seldom hear his name,

Thomas Tiddler.

Men remember how he chased them, idle boys for  
fun aflame,

Thomas Tiddler.



And there's many a man would greet him, could men  
shout in old time glee,  
O, I'm on Tom Tiddler's ground, Tom Tiddler can't  
catch me.

NOTE.—Thomas Tiddler, records Mr. Philip Baker, was a well-known member of the Birmingham Police Force in 1837, when there were only nineteen policemen in Birmingham. The original Thomas Tiddler was of much earlier date.



## WILLIAM MURDOCK.

“ I HAVE taken the rays of the long lost sun  
From the coal of the mines below,  
And stored them again for the dark o' nights,”  
Said Murdock of Soho.

“ 'Tis a good, good gift I give to men,  
For the nights that darker grow.  
A light to make all candles pale !  
Said Murdock of Soho.

“ Will you give us a light that needs no wick ?”  
Said the maker of laws “ Not so !”  
“ I will give you a flame that needs no wick,”  
Said Murdock of Soho.

O maker of laws, with thy scornful laugh,  
Thou art laughter for men below.  
“Behold the flame without the wick!”  
Said Murdock of Soho.

NOTE.—William Murdock, who was associated with the well-known firm of Boulton and Watt, was the inventor of lighting by gas. Murdock, on giving evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons as to his new method of lighting, was told by a member of the Committee that it was impossible to have a light without a wick.



## JOHN BASKERVILLE.

WHATE'ER man doth, that, done with might,  
Shall be to man a beacon light.

O printer, Master-printer, yet  
Men joy in thy good type. No let

No pain might move thee, whatsoe'er  
Thy daily need or carking care.

Nay! with such might thou did'st deny  
Thy God, and hope of heaven thereby,

That lain within thy garden wall,  
Thy tomb might loom a beacon tall.

Yet God, Who knows the soul, e'en He  
Hath ta'en thee to His sanctuary,

For sign that yet no honest heart,  
But hath of God a counterpart.

NOTE.—John Baskerville, the famous Birmingham printer, died 1775. In accordance with his opinions and the express provisions of his will, his body was buried in his garden, in, or adjoining, Easy Row. When the land was laid out for wharves in 1821, it was removed and re-interred in one of the catacombs of Christ's Church.



## SIR JOSIAH MASON.

A PLAIN and lonely man, whom life  
Was hurrying to the end of strife,

Sought long the younger man, whose strength  
Should give him peaceful years at length ;

One who should rule his works haply,  
Even as a son, if that might be.

\* \* \*

“ Rolls, cakes ! ” a child from door to door  
Doth sell among the kindly poor.

And growing, many a trade doth ply  
Even as the poor that live thereby.

Last to a kinsman’s works doth wend,  
And make it prosperous. Yet, for end

’Tis sold, his promised portion gone,  
And fortuneless, he stands alone.

A stranger stays him in the path.

“ You seek for work from one that hath?”

“ One such I know, who needs haply

Even such as thou, if it may be.”

At morn he fronts the man whom life

Is hurrying to the end of strife.

“ You would not soil your hands. For me

You would not serve. It may not be.”

As one who stands at ease with fate,

Seizing the ashes in the grate,

“ Now will I serve,” he cries. “ Yea ! yea !”

The answer, “ You shall serve straightway.”

A year doth speed what worth ensures,

“ The business that you serve is yours ”

Is said. And daily, from that day

Is stored increasing gain alway.

A lordly orphanage doth stand

Nesting the children of the land.

A lordly college fronts the gaze,

Wherein are trained for future days

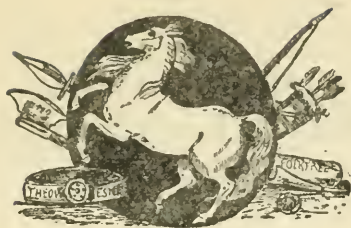
The youth, that blessed, shall hence go down

The years to come with learning's crown.

The gifts we take and praise, and yet  
Do hold in memory. Men forget  
That day when old and young were met.

NOTE.—Born at Kidderminster in 1795 of poor parents. When eight years old, sold cakes and rolls from door to door. Came to Birmingham when 21 years old, and married his cousin Anne Griffiths. He managed his uncle's, Richard Griffiths, business, which was sold, and his expectations, which had been encouraged, ignored. At a time of distress, a stranger, Mr. Heeley, escorted him to Mr. Samuel Harrison, a split-ring maker, in Lancaster Street. At the end of twelve months Mr. Harrison presented him with the business, and from this beginning Mason accumulated his large fortune. He founded and endowed the princely orphanage at Erdington and Mason's College in Birmingham. His statue is erected in Chamberlain Square.





## FRANCHELIE.

*(The place of free men—now Frankley.)*

WHEN men shall ask where men are free,  
O proudly tell of Franchelie.

O proudly tell of Franchelie,  
Where every man is free.  
Where Saxon lord and Norman lord,  
Ne'er held their seignory;  
The hearth-home of the Saxon chief,  
That to the land's heart came,  
That gave the lands to freemen,  
And bade them prize the name.

Where freemen pride them to be free,  
O proudly tell of Franchelie,

O proudly tell of Franchelie,  
Whose sons the name did keep  
Through Saxon and through Norman days  
While freedom yet did sleep.

The hearth-stone of the chief is lost,  
His name no runes recall;  
Only the name of Franchelie  
Is writ for praise at all.

When men shall ask where men are free,  
O proudly tell of Franchelie.

O we be men of Franchelie,  
Sith every man is free.  
The city that we love is linked  
Threefold to Franchelie;  
By common lands, and chartered right,  
The treasured prize we hold—  
The gift the nameless chieftain gave,  
Freedom from days of old.

NOTE.—So written in Doomsday Book. The name was probably given to it from the land being granted by the first Saxon Lord to his tenants without reserving any base services.



“ SELIG ” OAK.

LIKE a mastless wreck on the Goodwin sands,  
 Shorn of its pride and form,  
 The “ Holy ” oak in the village stands,  
 Wrecked by the years and storm.  
 The town-tide rolls to the roots of it,  
 The streets surge over the shoots of it,  
 The smoke-blast shrivels the fruits of it,  
 The tree is bowed to the storm.

The Druids of old in their robes of white,  
 Have sung beneath its shade.  
 And under its boughs ere the days of Rome,  
 The laws of the land were made.  
 It mocked the legions and bade them pass,  
 The Saxons came as the summer grass,  
 And the Normans were hushed in its pride. Alas !  
 The tree is bowed to the storm.

It hath swayed to the joy of a hundred fights,  
 Of Crecy and Poitiers.  
 It hath sung aloft o’ the summer nights  
 Of Drake and his bold compeers.

It hath seen the Kings and the leaders go,  
And the heavens ope' and the waters flow,  
And the land's dawn break, and the sunshine glow,  
Yet the tree is bowed to the storm.

It hath told of the great Armada's fall,  
Of Cromwell and of Blake.  
And never a man but hath known through all  
It stood for the dear land's sake.  
Yet the town-tide rolls to the roots of it,  
The streets surge over the shoots of it,  
The smoke-blast shrivels the fruits of it,  
The tree is bowed to the storm.

NOTE.—Selly Oak, a suburb of Birmingham, derives its name from the " Selig " or Holy Oak, under which the Druidical worship took place. The ancient Selly Oak was removed a few years since.



LINES WRITTEN AT NELSON'S STATUE  
IN TIMES OF NATIONAL DANGER

WHENEVER the land's at stake,  
Men see in the dead of night  
Starry showers that break  
O'er the mists of folded light,  
And the land's dead heroes wake  
And call the muster aright.

The threat of the foe was loud,  
In the brew of a deadly blast,  
I stood by the statue proud  
As the shower of the stars fell fast.  
And lo! a ship on the cloud,  
And the men of the mighty past.

Out of the shadows they came ;  
The hosts of the mighty dead,

Who wrought the foemen's shame,  
 And scattered their fleets a-dread ;  
 The names, that the English name,  
 With proudly uplifted head.

Nelson, the lion soul,  
 Rodney and Blake and Drake ;  
 These who gained the goal,  
 Who followed the foeman's wake,  
 And none upon the roll  
 But had fought for England's sake.

They held their counsel apart,  
 Ranged on the central deck,  
 And never an English heart,  
 But throbb'd as he craned his neck,  
 And leaped with an eager start  
 As he came at Nelson's beck.

"Ye range," he said, "for the strife  
 That cometh at careless nod,  
 The storms of travail are rife,  
 The lees of pleasure are trod.  
 A man hath only a life  
 That rests in the hands of God.

"But the deeds ye do are done,  
 And cowardly deeds and brave  
 Are judged in the light of the sun,  
 And told on the rolling wave ;

And none shall miss, though he run,  
The hour that nameth his grave."

Back to the shadows they drew,  
The hosts of the mighty dead ;  
Over the storms that brew  
They hold imperial tread.  
Glad in my courses a-new  
I turned as the stars o'erhead.

NOTE.—The bronze statue of Lord Nelson in the Bull Ring was executed by Westmacott—then at the age of twenty-four—and uncovered June 6th, 1809. The corner posts are old cannon from the Admiral's ship the *Victory*.

The spirit of Nelson still animates his countrymen in times of national danger.



## THE SONS OF BERM.

THE hammers clang the anvils,  
And in the Saxon mark,  
The younglings of the sons of Berm  
Have lit the smithy spark.

The hammers clang the anvils,  
The Norman has the power.  
The sturdy sons of Berm the eld  
Beat out the Norman hour.

The hammers on the anvils  
Ring through the feudal times,  
For freedom forge the weapons  
With instant prayer betimes.

The hammers clang the anvils,  
And each All-Hallows night  
All smithy fires of old are lit  
With fiercest wondrous light.



Loud call the spectral anvils,  
While surge in hurrying pace  
The shadowy sons of Berm the eld  
To the old ancestral place.

The castle towers and turrets  
Loom largely o'er the light,  
Sweet masses in the chantey  
Resound the ghostly night.

Saint Martin pleads with Mary,  
All sons of Berm may see  
The ancient smiths up-rearing  
The city yet to be.

Fair builded without shadow  
Of want or crime or dark.  
Fair city that the sons of Berm  
Build in the Saxon mark.

NOTE.—Birmingham is said to have derived its name from a Saxon Chief "Berm" or "Beorm." Birmingham is therefore the place of the Sons of "Berm."



## THE MAN OF US ALL.

THE word's gone forth to the Midland men,  
 "Forth to your doors, and Hark!  
 The man, whose might was the might of ten,  
 Lies low in the Midland Mark."  
 The man of us all is low. Speak low,  
 This one thing we know:  
 He fought as only his like hath fought,  
 He wrought as the great of the earth have wrought,  
 The weal of the Mark was his inmost thought,  
 This thing only we know.

He walked 'midst the men of the Saxon blood,  
 Who gave him pride of place.  
 And face to face with his foes he stood  
 In the might of the Saxon race.  
 The man of us all is low. Speak low,  
 This one thing we know:

He held the land of the Saxon dear,  
And good or ill, what should heal or sear,  
And the Midland Mark as the thing most near,  
    This thing truly we know.

Men of the Midland Mark, this day,  
    Forth to your doors, and stand  
In your silent streets, as he goes his way  
    To his rest in the Saxon Land.  
The man of us all is low. Speak low,  
    This one thing we know :  
Though the days be dread in the Midland Mark,  
Should we call his name in the hour of dark,  
His spirit will hear our voice, and hark,  
    This thing only we know.

NOTE.—The Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was born in London in 1836. He rendered the greatest services to Birmingham, the city of his adoption, to his country and the Empire. He died 2nd July, 1914, and is buried at the Old Cemetery, almost in the centre of the city.



# HERALDIC NOTES.

By A RODWAY.

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The cover of the volume is of blue and gold, the colours of the City's Patron, St. Martin of Tours, upon which are disposed the shields of the old families who anciently held sway in the various districts which now comprise Greater Birmingham, De Bermingham (Birmingham), Holte (Aston Manor), Grevis (King's Norton), De Erdington (Erdington), East (Yardley), and Wyrley (Handsworth).

The border is decorated with the Ragged Staff of Morvidius for Warwickshire, the Pear for Worcestershire, and the famous Knot of Staffordshire, our City covering portions of these three Counties.

1. THE SONG OF THE MIDLAND MEN.

Arms of Kingdom of Mercia—Azure a saltire or. Yet retained in arms of see of St. Albans.

2. DEATH OF KING KENELM.

In the legends it is stated that a dove dropped a scroll bearing particulars of the death of King Kenelm upon the High Altar at Rome whilst mass was being celebrated.

3. BARR BEACON.

Bas-relief of Druid Priests, found at Autun.

4. THE JENNENS' MILLIONS.

Arms—Argent, a chevron between three plummetts sable.

Crest—A griffin's head couped, wings expanded argent, holding in the beak a plummet sable.

5. WILLIAM FITZ-ANSCULPH OF PICQUIGNY (a town on the Somme).

The "picques" or pikeheads still ornament our civic shield.

## 6. STAUNCHEL, THANE OF WITONE.

Saxon Thane.

## 7. LUCK OF THE DE BERMINGHAMS.

The De Bermingham Horn accompanied by Crusaders' symbols from the Temple Church, London; the Cross triumphant over the Crescent, and the Star of Bethlehem. The latter was a favourite badge of Richard I. Cœur de Lion, who visited his companion in arms at Birmingham.

## 8. HENRY FITZGEROLD, LORD OF SMETHWICK.

Arms—Argent, a saltire gules.

The Fitzgerolds lay claim to a long descent originally deduced from the Italian Gherardini; their saltire cross, as the symbol of St. Patrick at present forms one of the triune crosses in our national flag.

## 9. SIR THOMAS DE ERDINGTON.

Arms—Azure, two lions passant or. Derived from the Somerys, lords of Dudley, who received them from the Paganell's, the tinctures being transposed.

## 10. A TALE OF THE LADY BRADE, OLDBURY.

Arms of Roger de Mortimer—Barry of six or and azure, an inescutcheon argent, on a chief of the first three palets between two gyronnies of the second.

Crest—In a ducal coronet or, a panache or pyramid of leaves azure.

## 11. WILLIAM DE BERMINGHAM.

Arms—Azure, a bend lozengy of five or. The "picques" of Fitz-Ansculph upon the colour of the cloak or chape of St. Martin.

De Someri: Arms—Or, two lions passant azure.

**12. CLODSHALE'S CHANTRIE.**

Arms—Partie per pale indented, an orle of martlets on the dexter side. No tinctures are known. The indented portion of the shield evidently derived from the De Berminghams, and the martlets or martins from the Old Parish Church of Birmingham with which the Clodshales were so piously associated.

**13. LADY ISABEL DE EDGBASTON.**

This family assumed, through marriage, the coat armour of Parles, now known as the Edgbaston Arms. The original arms being Argent, a lion rampant gules, over all a "Baston" of the first charged with three mullets sable.

**14. SIR WILLIAM DE PARLES.**

Arms—Partie per pale indented or and azure.

**15. LADY JOAN DE BOTETORT.**

Arms—Or, a saltire engrailed sable. Displayed in Kidderminster church upon the Heralds' Visitation, 1634.

**16. LORD JOHN DE BERMINGHAM.**

Arms of the De Berminghams—Barons of Athenry.

Arms—Partie per pale indented or and gules.

Crest—On a wreath of the colours an Antelope's Head coupé argent, attired or.

Supporters—Two Antelopes silver, their horns, plain collars, chains and hoofs, gold.

The Arms of the Irish de Berminghams taken to Ireland by Robert de Bermingham when accompanying Strongbow's expedition about 1170, to-day form the second and third quarter of Birmingham's civic shield. The antelope is supposed to have been derived from the De Bermingham's attachment to the House of Lancaster, and was a badge of John of Gaunt, derived from his Spanish marriage. During the wars of the early

eighteenth century the Warwickshire Regiment captured a banner from a Moorish troop in the Spanish service bearing the Antelope, and appropriated it as their regimental badge, so that it has returned to be the symbol of Birmingham's citizen soldiers.

17. THE CURSING OF FRATER JOHN.

A prior's bourdon, biretta, palmer's crutch and flask, and candle extinguished, symbolical of the act of excommunication.

18. OUR LADY'S WELL.

Drawing of mediæval well.

19. JOHN HARPUR.

Arms—Gules, a cross or.

This John Harpur or le Harpur was a descendant of the Harpurs of Chesterton, Warwickshire, and married Isabel, daughter of Sir Robert Appleby, from whom descended the Harpurs of Rushall, who by alliance with the Rushall family, abandoned their old coat of arms and assumed the Rushall blazonry. "Argent a lion rampant, within a bordure engrailed sable."

20. ROBERT ARDEN.

Arms—Ermine, a fess compossée or and azure.

Crest—On a chapeau azure, turned up ermine, a wild boar argent. The Wild Boar or Sanglier was also the cognizance of the Continental lords of the Ardennes.

21. HENRY VI. AT YARDLEY.

Arms of East—Gules, a pair of wings in lure, or.

The red shield is the colour of the soil of the Garden of Eden (Adam means Red Earth). Genesis iii., 24, says: "He placed at the East of the Garden of Eden, Cherubims" (i.e., Angels whose faces were not seen).



## 22. THE LAST DAYS OF ANNE, COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

Arms of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the King-maker—Gules, a saltire argent, in chief a label of three or. Badges—The bear and ragged staff of Warwick. The pied bull of Neville.

## 23. EDWARD BIRMINGHAM.

Arms—Indented, or and gules. Borne with diverse tinctures by several local families, Parles, Edgbaston, Clodshale, Hinckley, etc. Probably derived from the banner borne by Simon de Montfort, for the Honour of Hinckley.

## 24. NICHOLAS BROME OF BADDESLEY CLINTON.

Arms—"Sable upon a chevron argent three sprigs of broom vert"—evidently a rebus upon the name.

## 25. THE WOOING OF JOHN ARDEN.

Arms of Bracebridge, originally of Bracebridge, in the county of Leicester—Vaire argent and sable, a fess gules. Crest—A ragged staff erect argent.

Motto—"Be as God wills," in old English letters.

The Arms of Bracebridge are very similar to those of their great overlords, the Marmions. Their Ragged Staff Crest is that of Morvidius, a mythical Earl of Warwick, from whom the Bracebridges' claim descent, and combined with the Bear of Arthgal (British a bear), an Earl of Warwick of King Arthur's time, to-day forms our County Badge.

## 26. LELAND IN BIRMINGHAM.

Drawing of the Old Crown House, Deritend.

## 27. SAINT BARBARA'S SHRINE.

Arms of Halesowen Abbey—Azure a chevron between three fleurs de lys argent.

The Abbey was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose colour (blue from *Mare the sea*), are those of the shield, whilst the silver flowers de luce (the flower of light (*lux-lucis*)) are appropriately introduced as the Virgin's own especial badge. The head of Saint Barbara, which was there enshrined, is stated to have wrought many miracles.

28. JOHN ROGERS, OF DERITEND, MARTYR.

Arms—Argent, on a fess between three bucks courant sable, a crescent of the first.

Crest—A buck's head couped, holding in the mouth a slip of oak proper.

29. SIR HUGH WILLOUGHBY.

The banner of Willoughby shows the Owl Crest of Willoughby, the Cross of St. George, and family motto "Verité sans peur." Borne by him on board ship during his last expedition.

30. JOHN OF FECKENHAM, RECTOR OF SOLIHULL.

So called from birthplace, family name Howman.  
Arms—Gules a cross fusilly argent.

31. SUTTON PARK.

Arms of Vesey, alias Harman—Argent on a cross sable, a stag's head couped, between four birds of the field, on a chief azure a cross flory between two roses or. A stag's head appears upon the shield of the local family of Vyse.

32. SIR ALEXANDER AVENON.

Arms—Ermine on a pale gules, a cross formée flory, or, on a chief sable, a billet of the third within a mascle between two escallops argent.

Crest—A parrot's head erased vert, wings expanded per pale, azure and gules double collared or, holding in beak an olive branch of first.

## 33. THE ARDEN NAME.

Arms—Gules, three cross-crosslets fitchee or, a chief of the second. Borne by Sir Heraud de Arden, and that branch of the family from which Shakespeare's mother was descended.

## 34. THE WARDERS OF MAXSTOKE.

The massive gates of the Castle still bear the badge, the Stafford Knot of Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, erstwhile favourite of Richard III.

## 35. SIR SIMON MOUNTFORT, OF COLESHILL.

Arms—Bendy or and azure.

Crest—A plume of feathers. Derived from the ancient coat of Burgundy.

## 36. EDWARD HOLTE.

Arms—Azure, two bars or, in chief a cross patee fitchee of the second.

Crest—A squirrel sejant, holding a nut proper.

Motto—"Exaltavit Humiles."

The squirrel and cross-crosslet fitchee (a wood stake) allude to the name of A. S. Holt, a wood.

## 37. THE HOLDING OF EDGBASTON HALL.

A Cromwellian pikeman of the period.

## 38. THE LEAGUER OF HAWKESLEY HOUSE.

Arms of Middlemore—Per chevron argent and sable, in chief two moorcocks proper.

Crest—A moorcock proper amongst rushes and grass.

Motto—"Mon Desire Loyauté."

## 39. THE COMING OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO KING'S NORTON.

Heraldic badge—The dexter half of a Tudor Rose. Gules upon argent, empaled with the sinister half of a Fleur de Lys or.

Motto—"Tandem Triumphans."

## 40. THE BATTLE OF BIRMINGHAM.

Arms of Prince Rupert—The armorials of a Prince Palatine of the Rhine. The first quarter of the shield, "Fusilly bendy, argent and azure," is used to-day for the Kingdom of Bavaria.

## 41. HENRY GOUGH OF OLD FALLINGS.

Arms—Gules, on a fess argent, between three boars' heads coupé or, a lion passant azure.

Crest—A boar's head coupé or, holding in the mouth a broken spear, imbrued gules.

Motto—"Domat omnia virtus."

The Goughs were originally of Welsh origin, the name Gogh or Coch signifying "red," the colour of their shield, the boars' heads are evidently derived from cochon (Fr. a pig).

## 42. DUD DUDLEY.

Quarterly, 1st and 4th for Dudley (Sutton)—Or, a lion rampant double queue fourchée vert.

2nd and 3rd—Or, two lions passant azure for Somery (Sutton), over all a bend sinister gules denoting illegitimacy.

Crest—A lion's head affrontée or.

Upon the monument to Dud or Dodo Dudley in St. Helen's Church, Worcester, the Arms are given without the bend sinister mark of illegitimacy, but impaling the coat of Heaton. Dud married Eleanor, daughter of Francis Heaton of Groveley.

## 43. THE PLAGUE IN BIRMINGHAM.

An ancient sign of "Whyte Harte."

## 44. THE BIRMINGHAMS OF FRANCE.

Arms of Brindejone from seal of M. Raoul de Brindejone de Moulinais. According to the French laws of heraldry, the Brindejones were compelled to abandon their ancient Anglo-Irish blazonry, and take out a new coat of arms of rather a punning nature.

D'Argent. A une tige de "jone" etc.

## 45. DEPARTURE OF EDMOND HAWES OF SOLIHULL.

Arms—Sable, a chevron between three leopards' heads argent.

Upon a memorial board preserved in Solihull Church are emblazoned the above Arms, surrounded by berries or "hawes" forming a quaint rebus upon the name which was originally Haw.

## 46. IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

The Old Cross, High Street, used as a Market Place, demolished 1784.

## 47. THE LAST OF THE HOLTES.

The heraldic hatchment of the last of a family displays a skull instead of a crest.

## 48. THE FIRST COMING OF WILLIAM HUTTON, HISTORIAN, TO BIRMINGHAM.

Arms—Argent, on a fess sable, three bucks' heads caboshed of the first.

## 49. ANCHEATT GREVES, OF MOSELEY.

This ancient coat appears upon the tomb of Sir Richard Grevis, of Moseley, 1600, in King's Norton church. The eagle, derived from the Romans, is associated with the German Graf, a Count.

## 50. THE BIRMINGHAM RIOTS.

An illustration showing the "New Meeting House" after its being attacked by the rioters.

## 51. THE BALLAD OF DR. PRIESTLEY.

Arms—Gules, on a chevron argent between three grappling irons sable, between as many towers argent, issuant out of each a demi-lion or.

Crest—A cockatrice argent standing on the lower part of a broken spear lying fess-ways or, in the mouth the other portion.

## 52. JAMES WATT.

Assumed Crest—An elephant charged with a cross moline. James Watt, Junior, adorned his residence, Aston Hall, with this crest.

## 53. NELSON IN BIRMINGHAM.

Arms of the third Earl Nelson. Or, a cross patonel sable, surmounted by a bend, gules (the ancient paternal Arms of the Nelsons or Nelstons of Lancashire), thereon another bend engrailed or charged with three hand grenades, sable, fired proper; on a chief (or augmentation) wavy argent, thereon waves of the sea, from which issuant in the centre, a palm tree between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruinous battery on the sinister, all proper.

Crests—1st: Out of a naval coronet or, the chalenk or diamond aigrette of triumph presented to Horatio, 1st Lord Nelson by the Sultan.

2nd: The stern of the St. Josef, first rate man of war, floating in waves of the sea all proper, surmounted by the motto: "Faith and Works."

Supporters—Dexter. A sailor habited and armed with a cutlass and a pair of pistols in his belt proper, his right hand supporting a pike proper, thereon a commodore's flag gules, and his left holding a palm branch.

Sinister—A lion regardant, in his mouth two broken flag staffs, and flowing from the one the Spanish, and from the other the French tricoloured ensign, and in the dexter fore-paw a palm branch all proper.

Motto—"Palman qui meruit ferat."

## 54. THE BALLAD OF TOM KING.

Domino, pistol, and hat of highwayman of the period.

## 55. THE NEWS OF WATERLOO.

Laureated helmet and sabre of a life-guardsmen of the period.

Most of the military accoutrements of the period were made in Birmingham.

56. THE FORGER'S WRAITH.  
Sign of the Old Horns, at Queslett, near Booth's Farm.
57. THE ARREST OF WILLIAM LOVETT, THE CHARTIST.  
Chartist banner of the period.
58. THE FOLKTHING ON NEWHALL HILL.  
Mercian Dragon holding volume of Saxon Laws.
59. THOMAS ATTWOOD.  
Arms—Gules a lion rampant, double queue argent.  
Crest—Out of a ducal coronet or, a demi-swan, wings displayed argent.  
The shield with the double-tailed lion was borne by the great Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. Ernald de Bois (of, or, at the wood) was Seneschal to the earldom.
60. JOSEPH STURGE.  
Laurel wreath and initials.
61. THE SHRINE OF ST. CHAD.  
Arms of See of Lichfield. Per pale gules, and argent, a cross potent and quadrate between four crosses pattées all counterchanged.  
The Arms are very similiar to and appear to have some connection with those of the Holy Sepulchre, and some heralds see in the Cross Potent the sacred initials (I.H.) combined; the smaller crosses are known as the cross of St. Chad, and have been introduced as a memorial of former incorporation with the See of Lichfield in the Arms of the See of Birmingham.
62. TOM TIDDLER.  
Drawing of policeman of the period.

## 63. WILLIAM MURDOCK.

Arms of the Scottish Murdachs, Murdochs and Murdocks Argent, two ravens hanging pale-ways sable, having an arrow thrust through their heads bar-ways proper.

Crest—A raven volant, pierced by an arrow bar-ways proper.

Motto—"Omnia pro bono."

The shield commemorates the un-erring archery of a long ago Murdac.

## 64. JOHN BASKERVILLE.

Arms—Argent a chevron between three Nurts.

Crest—A wolf's head erased argent, holding in the mouth a broken spear, staff or, head argent, imbrued gules.

Motto—"Spero et Fidelis."

## 65. SIR JOSIAH MASON.

Assumed Arms—Or a lion rampant double headed azure.

Crest—A mermaid crining her hair proper.

Motto—Dum Spiro Spero.

## 66. FRANCHELIE.

Saxon White Horse Buckler collar of the Bondman with words, "Theow, Esne" (Saxon for Thrall and Bondman); Saxon scroll Folkfree (free).

## 67. "SELIG" OAK.

Druidical ornaments.

## 68. LINES WRITTEN AT NELSON'S STATUE.

Badge of H.M.S. Victory—A naval crown (composed of alternate sails and stems of ships) placed within a wreath of laurel.



## 69. THE SONS OF BERM.

Saxon implements.

Birmingham is said to have derived its name from a Saxon chief "Berm" or "Beorm." A bear is the symbol of this tribe.

## 70. THE MAN OF US ALL.

This crest is derived from John de Tankerville (younger son of William Count of Tankerville in Normandy), Lord Chamberlain to King Stephen.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain came from an ancient Wiltshire yeoman family long settled in that county. One of the neighbouring villages is Compton Chamberlayne, evidently so designated from some remote connection with the Chamberlains, or, as it was anciently spelled, Chamberlayne family.

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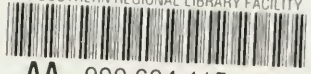
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