

Diary

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Several of the duplicates  
are cleaner copies than  
those unbound.

Dec. 47

dmg.

ENCLOSURE OF TIPTREE HEATH—ABOUT 1803.

**THE COCK AND THE BULL!**

GIVE ear to the myst'ry—'tis all fact I relate—  
Of a terrible contest that happen'd of late;  
A *Cock*, *Bull*, and "Mole," they raised a great rout,  
And—contending for victory—had a fierce "bout."  
The *Cock* and the *Bull*, they were both of one part,  
And resolved, being powerful, the poor "Mole" should  
smart:

These several contests, 'twas plain to be seen,  
Arose through the parties' claim'd rights in a Green.  
The "Mole," he contended a just right he had  
To a *share* in the Green, which quite made the *Bull* mad;  
But his power arbitrary the "Mole" did disdain,  
Who would starve him and more the said Green to obtain.

This mad *Bull* empower'd, show'd no mercy, alas!  
And a magistrate made was a neighb'ring *Just ass*;  
Then the *Cock*, his colleague, ever by a sad choice,  
*He*, too, crowd'd for the Green, and exalted his voice.

The *Cock* curs'd the "Mole," and e'en bitterly swore  
That, to hang him at once, he'd employ all his power:  
These *Just asses* then both prepared for the fight,  
And combined and determined that wrong should be right.  
Then to *take* the poor "Mole," and so get at the Green,  
To "run" at him fiercely the *Bull* soon was seen;  
And bellow'd and roar'd that he and his pigs  
Should it damage no more,—when to aid came 'Squire  
G—ggs.

The *Cock* burst out swearing for his will and his power,  
And the poor "Mole" was "savaged" almost the same hour;  
Made a pris'ner at once, and in gaol safe confined,  
For his ruin to work *Cock* and *Bull* had design'd.

That a *beast* like the *Bull* should contend with the "Mole,"  
Is thought such a shame few their tongues can control;  
While the *Cock* seems but "dunghill," and scarce worth  
two figs

Is the *one-sided* "Justice," by clowns call'd "'Squire  
G—ggs!"

Though the "Mole" 's yet in prison, it thought is by all  
He will "undermine" so that he'll give them a fall;  
And the Green would have starved him—deny it who can,  
While those knavish Lawmongers would ruin a man.

Now, to wind-up my ditty, may justice take place,  
And correct *Cock* and *Bull* much to their disgrace:  
With the wish all such worthies may hang one hour full,  
I end this my tale of the *Cock* and the *Bull*!

JUNE, 1841.

GREAT TOTHAM: PRINTED AT CHARLES CLARK'S PRIVATE PRESS.



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## TIPTREE TWO CENTURIES AGO.

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*Extract from a whimsical little Work entitled—"Walk Knaves, Walk,—A Discourse intended to have been spoken at Court, and now published for the Satisfaction of all those who have participated of the Sweetness of Public Employments."—By Hodge Turbervil, Chaplain to the late Lord Hewson.—London, 1659.*

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"Why, what a great Comfort and Consolation is it, for all those who have Occasion to travel through bad and sad Ways, to be provided of Waxed Boots. Beloved, there are (as I shewed you before) your Summer and your Winter Boots. In the one you may travel reasonably well, all the Year long, provided your Ways, and the Journey be accordingly. As for Example; If you have Occasion to ride your *Newmarket Ways*, your *Bansted-Downs Ways*, YOUR *TIPRY*- [Tiptree] *HEATH WAYS*, or your *Salisbury - Plain Ways*, then these Summer Boots will carry you through; these will preserve you well enough, provided no Rain from above, or Dirt, Mire and Waters from beneath, do not offend or molest you. But should you have Occasion in the Winter Time to travel, your *Essex Ways*, your *Dunmow Ways*, your *High-Suffolk*, *Farningham-Castle Ways*, or those most abominably dirty, miry and watery *Wishbeech* or *Ely Fenny Ways*; O! in what a fine Case would your Summer Boots be, when they have been well washed in those filthy Ways! How will they shrink together like Parchment against the Fire! Therefore buy you Waxed Boots."

JUNE, 1841.

FIFTEEN TWO CENTURIES AGO.

Extract from a valuable little Work entitled—"Walk  
through Wales"—A discourse intended to have been  
spoken at Cardiff, and now published for the Satisfaction  
of all those who have partaken of the Success  
of Public Reformation.—By Robert Trenchard, Chap-  
lain to the late Lord Herbert.—London, 1639.

"H! what a great Comfort and Consolation is it,  
for all those who have Occasion to travel through bad and  
bad Ways, to be provided of Water Boots. Beloved, there  
are (as I shew'd you before) your Summer and your Win-  
ter Boots. In the one you may travel necessarily well, all  
the Year long, provided your Ways, and the Journey be  
accordingly. As for Example; If you have Occasion to  
travel your Summers Ways, your Winter-Boots Ways,  
FOR YOUR WATER BOOTS, or your  
Water-Boots Ways, then these Summer Boots will  
serve you though; these will preserve you well enough,  
provided you take care above, on that, this and Water  
Boots, do not offend or molest you. But should  
you have Occasion in the Winter Time to travel,  
your Ways, your Journey, your Water-Boots,  
your Water-Boots Ways, or those most speedily dirty,  
muddy and watery Ways, or the Pasty Ways; O! in  
what a Case would your Summer Boots be, when they  
have been well washed in those filthy Ways! How will  
they stick together like Parchment against the Time!  
Therefore buy you Water Boots."

THE END

GREAT TOWN: PRINTED AT CHARLES CLARKE'S PRIVATE PRESS.

dup 5

**THE DAYS WHEN TIPTREE  
WAS OUR PRIDE!**

ADAPTED FROM THE POPULAR SONG—"THE DAYS  
WHEN WE WENT GIPSYING."

◆

IN the days when **TIPTREE** was our pride,  
Some forty years ago,  
All at Race-time in their "bettermost"  
Were dress'd from top to toe.  
We danced, and sung the jocund song,  
Beneath the floral wreath,  
And nought but mirth and jollity  
Was seen upon the Heath.  
And thus the Race-time e'er we pass'd—  
E'en horses scarce knew *woe!*—  
In the days when **TIPTREE** was our pride,  
Some forty years ago.

Lads' hearts were light—girls' eyes were bright,  
E'en nature's self seem'd gay;  
The tents their tempting shelter spread,  
And "sweets" perfumed the way.  
'Twas there we heard sweet music's note  
Sound sprightly through the air;  
While every thing around seem'd form'd  
To charm both beau and fair.  
And thus the Race-time, &c.

We "tumbled" up to every Show,  
With lass or wife so dear,  
And wish'd *all* were Saint James's Days,—  
It were then a happy year.  
We curst "Squire Simms," with all our might,  
And may such subjects be  
Our standing jest—all men's beside,  
And glory to **TIPTREE!**  
And thus the Race-time, &c.

And when we yearly there again  
Greet old familiar faces,  
We'll drink with both our heart and voice—  
"Success to **TIPTREE RACES!**"  
May they live long, and o'er foes reign,  
And by the "scrouging" show,  
That they're again what they were once—  
The joy of high and low!  
And e'er may all the Race-time pass—  
No care to dull their brow—  
As we did when **TIPTREE** was our pride,  
Some forty years ago!

C.

JULY, 1841.

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London: Printed by Henry Jackson, Maiden Lane, Soho.

THE DAYS WHEN TIPTRIE  
 WAS OUR BRIDE!  
 ADAPTED FROM THE POPULAR SONG—"THE DAYS  
 WHEN WE WENT GIPSING."

IN the days when TIPTRIE was our bride,  
 Some forty years ago,  
 All at once-time in their "bellest mood"  
 We dressed from top to toe.  
 We danced, and sang the jocular song,  
 Beneath the forest's shade,  
 And sought but mirth and jollity  
 As we were upon the road.  
 And thus the face-time of our pass—  
 How horses scarce know now!  
 In the days when TIPTRIE was our bride,  
 Some forty years ago.

Lads' hearts were light—girls' eyes were bright,  
 It on nature's self seem'd gay;  
 The tents their tempting shelter spread,  
 And "sweet" perfume'd the way.  
 'T was there we heard sweet music's note  
 Sound sprightly through the air;  
 While every thing around seem'd found  
 To charm both heart and fair.  
 And thus the face-time, &c.

We "tramped" up to every town,  
 With less or with no gear,  
 And wish'd we wore Saint James's Days—  
 It were then a happy year.  
 We cast "Saint's Stanzas," with all our might,  
 And may such subjects be  
 Our standing jest—all men's beside,  
 And glory to TIPTRIE!  
 And thus the face-time, &c.

And when we yearly there again  
 Meet old familiar faces,  
 We'll drink with both our heart and voice—  
 "Success to TIPTRIE RACES!"  
 May they live long, and o'er foes fight,  
 And by the "scourging" show,  
 That they're again what they were once—  
 The joy of high and low!  
 And ever may all the face-time pass—  
 No care to dull their brow—  
 As we did when TIPTRIE was our bride,  
 Some forty years ago!



JULY, 1841.



✓ 7

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## AN EPITAPH

FOR ELIZABETH, WIFE OF MR. WILLIAM  
LARKIN, OF GREAT TOTHAM.

◆

(AN ACROSTIC.)

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*E*-NTOMB'D below, by kindred mourn'd, secure from world-  
ly strife,  
*L*-ies one who was a parent fond, true friend, and faithful  
wife.  
*I*-n duty's path to aim to walk, 'twere well if each dis-  
play'd  
*Z*-eal like to her's who here by Death—ere pass'd life's  
noon—was laid.  
*A*-lthough but humble was the sphere of life in which she  
moved,  
*B*-less'd are all those, we're told, who e'en *one* "talent"  
have improved!  
*E*-er—like the good Samaritan—as far as fortune blest,  
*T*-o her it was the highest joy to "succour the distrest."  
*H*-ow at her death the villagers lamented would you  
know,  
*L*-et but your feet wend to each shed of penury and  
woe,—  
*A*-nd the heavy sigh and eyes bedimm'd the fact still  
yet will show!  
*R*-emorseless Death, with her laid here, your shafts but  
flew in vain;  
*K*-ind fate decreed that they should prove but a release  
from pain.  
*I*-n realms ne'er scann'd by mortal eye, she's now, we  
trust, a guest,  
*N*-ought but ecstatic bliss to share, and Christ's eternal  
rest!

C. C.

MAY, 1841.

AN EPIGRAPH

FOR EMANUELE, WIFE OF MR. WILLIAM  
LAWRENCE, OF GREAT TOWN.

(AN ACROSTIC)

E-ternally beloved, by kindred mourn'd, secure from wrong-  
 & she who was a parent fond, true friend, and faithful  
 I-ndulg'd her path to sin to walk, 'twere well if each dis-  
 -cal like to her's who bare by Death - one pass'd life's  
 Although but humble was the sphere of life in which she  
 -lived, and all those, who's name is "talent"  
 -like the good Samaritan - as far as fortune best  
 -for it was the highest joy to "succour the distressed"  
 -now at her death the angels lamented would you  
 -at but your feet - bend to such kind of penny and  
 -and the heavy sleep and eyes bedim'd the fact still  
 -and alas! dear! with her fall here, your shafts but  
 -and fate decreed that they should prove but a release  
 -from pain  
 -a realm no longer bound by mortal eye, she's now, we  
 -and a kiss  
 -could not describe like to many, and Christ's eternal  
 -rest

© 18

MAY, 1841.

GREAT TOWN: PRINTED BY CHARLES CLARK'S TYPE-CASTING PRESS.

dup

# AN ACROSTIC

ADDRESSED

## To Miss Mary Anne Browne,

*Of Worton Lodge, Isleworth,—Author of  
“Mont Blanc,” “Ada,” &c.*



**M**-ONT BLANC's great minstrel! lady of renown!  
**A**-DA's sweet authoress! highly-gifted **B**ROWNE!  
**R**-esplendent beauties glisten on each page  
**Y**-our mind has penn'd, both passionate and sage;  
**A** richer wreath of flowers Parnassián  
**N**-e'er yet was cull'd than in your lays we scan.  
**N**-ot Hemans' strains, nor those of **L. E. L.**,  
**E**-nchanting as they are, do your's excel.  
**B**-owles, Norton, Wilson, Jewsbury, and Howitt,  
**R**-egard not as compeers—they are below it.—  
**O**-h, charming **B**ROWNE! fair daughter of deep thought,  
**W**-ith what fine feelings your great mind is fraught!  
**N**-ature's fair scenes in that susceptible store  
**E**-nkindle thoughts till far above they soar—  
**I**-nspire ideas that “lie too deep for words,”  
**S**-hrouded within the soul's remotest hoards.—  
**L**-ady! I'm one—though by her not *quite* spurn'd—  
**E**-namour'd more of Learning than high-learn'd:  
**W**-eak though my lines be that display your name,  
**O**-h! spare the critic's frown—forbear to blame,—  
**R**-eproach not him who has an honest aim!—  
**T**-is hop'd, Enchantress, that we all may long  
**H**-ave oft fresh proofs of your great powers of song.

**C. C.**

*Great Totham May, 1830.*

(REPRINTED OCTOBER, 1841.)

GREAT TOTHAM: PRINTED AT CHARLES CLARK'S PRIVATE PRESS.

AN ACROSTIC

ADDRESSED

To Miss Mary Anne Weston,

Of Water Lodge, Leamouth, — Author of  
"Mont Blanc," &c.

My dear Miss's great talents! lady of renown!  
 Admire not authors! highly-gifted know!  
 My highest praises rising on each page  
 Your mind has power, both passionate and sage;  
 A richer wreath of flowers I possess  
 Than ever yet was e'er in your days we saw.  
 Not flowers, stings, nor those of L. H. L.  
 & charming as they are, do yours excel.  
 B. G. W. Norton, Wilson, Jewsbury, and Howitt  
 I regard not as competitors — they are below it —  
 O! containing flowers! fair daughter of deep thought!  
 What what the feelings your great mind is fraught!  
 Nature's fair scenes in that magnetic store  
 & infinite thoughts fill her above the sun —  
 I apprehend those that "lie too deep for words,"  
 & reached within the soul's remotest bounds —  
 & only I in one — though by her not quite spun —  
 & cannot more of learning than high-learn'd;  
 We ask though my lines be that display your name,  
 O! spare the critic's frown — forbear to blame —  
 & goodness not him who has an honest aim! —  
 'Tis hope, & faithfulness, that we all may look  
 My own of fresh proofs of your great powers of song.

Great Tatham May, 1830.

(REPRINTED OCTOBER, 1841.)

PRINTED AT CHARLES CLARKE'S PRINTING OFFICE.

## WITHAM IN AN UPROAR!

"TWAS the Fifth of November, and dark was the night,  
For nought save a star and a squib gave a light;  
When the gay lads of Witham determined to try  
To light-up a fire, and commem'rate Old Guy.  
Their sport thus resolved on was destined to meet  
A strong opposition, from some in the street;  
Whose names—to be lib'ral—I wish not to write,  
But perhaps you'll detect them by metaphors light.  
First,—*Closefist*, the Lawyer, no fire would allow,—  
His wife was afraid it would end in a row;  
Her coach, too, she fear'd, would be soil'd with the smoke,  
And it to repaint would indeed be no joke.  
His house, 'tis well known, is the best in the town,  
And should it catch fire 'twould perhaps be burnt down.  
'Tis certain that *Closefist* was quite in a rage—  
He declaim'd, then he paused, then he threat'ned the cage!  
Next, *Pigtail*, the Grocer, came ARM'D—and declared,  
To disperse them at once he was fully prepared;  
To beg or entreat he would not take the pains,—  
Unless they surrender'd, he'd *blow out their brains!*  
This threat he ne'er meant to fulfil, let us hope;  
He was anxious, no doubt, for his candles and soap—  
His sugar, his figs, his plums, and his cheeses,  
And *Pigtail*, you know, e'er says just what he pleases.  
Out rush'd *Oldman Calfskin*, as black as his ink,  
And, snuffing the air, he exclaim'd, "What a stink!  
"Come, *Closefist* and *Pigtail*, assist me, I pray,  
"In quenching the fire, without further delay."  
Poor *Calfskin*, it seems, was bewilder'd with fright,  
For to find out the fire he inquired for a light!  
In truth, *now* there was none;—then enter'd the crowd  
Neighbour *Pitchpot* himself, exclaiming aloud—  
"Friends, neighbours, and all, I entreat thee to cease,  
"And do not endanger my tar and my grease.  
"To a good rousing fire I am always a friend,  
"But let me, I pray thee, a *stove* recommend!  
The crowd now moved forward—on *Pitchpot* they press,  
The effect on his p——h you may easily guess;  
He puff'd and he blow'd, it was really a shame,  
Until *Blackcoat*, his first-born, to rescue him came.  
Then *Scrubbrush* came forth, with his bristles erect,  
And firmly resolved his new house to protect:  
His voice, it was known by its deep hollow tones,  
While he threat'ned a mopstick to lay on their bones!  
Now *Closefist*, and *Pigtail*, and *Calfskin* unite,  
With *Scrubbrush* and *Pitchpot*, a Letter to write  
To a neighbouring "Justice," imploring his aid,  
For the town was in danger of *fire* they all said!  
Thus ended the tumult and terrible riot,  
And Witham recover'd its lost peace and quiet;  
But all would regret should these worthies cry down  
Old Guy and his squibs, that enliven the town.

WITHAM, NOVEMBER, 1819.

Reprinted October, 1841.

# WITIAM IN AN UPROAR!

IT WAS the fifth of November, and dark was the night,  
For ought save a star and a quip gave a light;  
Was the ray late of William determined to try  
To light up a fire, and commemorate Old Guy.  
Their eyes thus resolved on was destined to meet  
A strong opposition from some in the street;  
Whose names—to be listed—I wish not to write,  
But perhaps you'll detect them by metaphors light.  
First—O'er the lawyer, no fire would allow—  
His wife was afraid it would end in a row;  
Her coach, too, she feared, would be sold with the smoke,  
And it to repeat would indeed be no joke.  
His house, it's well known, is the best in the town,  
And should it catch fire 'twould perhaps be burnt down.  
The certain that George's was quite in a rage—  
He declared, thus he paused, then he thrust in the cage;  
Next, O'er the doctor, some years—and declared,  
To discover them at once he was fully prepared;  
To look or cut out he would not take the pains—  
Unless they surprised him, he'd show out their brains.  
The threat he never meant to fulfil, let us hope;  
He was anxious no doubt, for his candles and soap—  
The crowd, his fire, his plume, and his chess;  
And flying you know, 'er says just what he pleases.  
Out ran Oldman Wynkin, as black as his ink,  
And, snuffing the air, he exclaimed, "What a stink!  
"Come, Clotter and Pylekin, assist me, I pray,  
In quenching this fire, without further delay."  
Poor Wynkin, it seems, was bewildered with fright,  
How to lead out the fire he heaped for a fight!  
To wait, says there was none—then enter'd the crowd,  
And he, like a bull, set himself exclaiming aloud—  
"Friends, my friends, and all, I entreat thee to cease,  
And do not endanger my tax and my fees.  
"A good reasoning fire, I am always a friend,  
But for me, I pray thee, a slow movement!"  
The crowd now moved forward—on Wynkin they press,  
The effect on his part—you may easily guess;  
He staid and he staid, it was really a shame,  
Till Wynkin, for his first time, to rescue him came.  
Then, snuffing the air, with his hat in his hand,  
And truly resolved his new house to protect,  
His voice it was known for his deep hollow tones,  
While he threatened a metaphor to lay on their bones!  
Then Clotter and Pylekin, and Oldman in suite,  
With Clotter and Pylekin, a letter to write  
To a gentleman of the town, including his aid,  
For the town was in danger of fire they all said!  
Thus ended the tumult and terrible riot,  
And William recovered the lost peace and quiet;  
But all would regret should these worthies cry down  
Old Guy and his saints that sell on the town.

WITIAM, Townman, 1810.

Reprinted October, 1811.

Varran 13

# SYLVAN SHADES.

BY CHARLES CLARK.

“ Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,  
And, to the nightingale’s complaining notes,  
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.”  
SHAKSPEARE.

’TIS evening, and the sun’s bright beams are fading in  
the west ;

’Tis now when charming Nature is in all her beauty drest ;  
Now all above and all below presents a placid scene,—

Above is the ethereal blue—below the verdant green.  
Now is the time to haunt the grove, enchanting notes to

hear :  
Though some may fly from solitude, to *me* it is most dear.

There I can take a retrospect of life’s uncertain maze ;  
And, though my spirit be o’ercast, can hope for brighter

days.  
There I can view the stately oak—my native country’s

pride,—  
On which, to conquer on the main, her gallant sailors ride.

There I can hear the nightingale, the bird of sweetest lay,  
Pour forth her soft and plaintive notes, to hail the close

of day.  
’Tis there the tender, anxious dove coo’s fondly o’er its

mate,  
And gives an emblem how to love, when in the wedded

state.  
There I can muse on those dear friends whom death hath

from me torn ;  
But, as my loss may be their gain, I quickly cease to

mourn.  
There I can view the num’rous shades of dark and lighter

green ;  
And banish all my gloomy thoughts, enraptured with the

scene.  
Then let me stray to sylvan shades, when placid eve draws

near ;  
Though some may fly from solitude, to *me* it is most dear.

*Great Totham Hall.*

—————  
GREAT TOTHAM : PRINTED AT CHARLES CLARK’S PRIVATE PRESS.

SYLVAN SHADES.

BY CHARLES CLARK.

"Thus I can sit alone, unmoved of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distress, and record my woes."  
SHAKESPEARE.

THIS evening, and the sun's bright beams are fading in  
the west;  
The now when charming Nature is in all her beauty dressed;  
I sit all alone, and all alone pursue a placid scene—  
I view the crystal blue—below the verdant green.  
Now is the time to hear the grove's enchanting notes to  
hear,  
Though some may fly from solitude, to me it is most dear.  
I here I can take a retrospect of life's uncertain maze;  
And, though my spirit be depressed, can hope for brighter  
days.  
I here I can view the stately oak—my native country's  
proud  
On which, to compare on the main, her gallant sailors ride.  
I here I can hear the nightingale, the bird of sweetest lay,  
Four forth her soft and plaintive notes, to hail the close  
of day.  
I here the tender, anxious dove coo's softly o'er its  
mate,  
And give an evision how to love, when in the wedded  
state.  
I here I can muse on those dear friends whom death hath  
from me torn;  
But, as my loss may be their gain, I quickly cease to  
mourn.  
I here I can view the numerous shades of dark and lighter  
green  
That banish all my gloomy thoughts, compared with the  
green.  
Then let me stray to sylvan shades, when placid eve draws  
near;  
Though some may fly from solitude, to me it is most dear.

Great Yolkam Hall.

CLARK'S SHAKESPEARE: PRINTED BY CHARLES CLARK AT THIRTY THREE.



dup 15

THE  
FATHER'S PETITION!  
A PARODY OF "THE BEGGAR'S PETITION."

"Who would be a father!"—Old Dowton,  
"Learn to be wise from others' ills,  
And ye shall do full well."—Shakspeare.

PITY the sorrows of a poor weak man!  
Whose "fruitful vine" has borne him lots of brats;  
Whose joys have dwindled till find none he can,—  
Oh! give him hope, and caution thoughtless flats!  
These "seedy" clothes my empty purse bespeak,  
These uncomb'd locks proclaim my num'rous cares;  
And many a furrow in my once plump cheek  
Has been occasion'd by a host of fears.  
Yon house, selected by the youths around,  
Its tempting inmates drew me in the snare;  
For beauty there a residence had found,  
And parents who e'er *promised* you so fair!  
Hard is the fate of those who're "green" and poor!  
Here as I craved a little of their "tin,"  
My spouse's parents drove me from the door,  
To seek the trifle—where I could it win!  
Oh! take, take warning by my wretched doom!  
Pert are my girls, and headstrong is each son;  
Short be the time till I've at home more room,  
For I'm a sire, and miserably "done."  
Should I reveal the *number* of my woes—  
If soft compassion ever touch'd your breast,  
Your heart would not withstand the shock, God knows,  
And debts long standing would not be repress'd.  
Wives bring such fam'lies! 'tis why I repine;  
'Twas children brought me in the "mess" you see,—  
And your snug life might soon become like mine—  
The man from nurse and doctors never free!  
A little pleasure once fell to my lot—  
Then, like a fool, I went to Church one morn;  
Ah! soon from care short intervals I got,  
My fortune waned, and squallers still were born!  
My bus'ness—once the boiler of my pot,  
Gain'd by another who e'er *cash* could pay,  
Kept still declining—I became a sot—  
And doom'd I was in poverty to stray.  
My care-worn wife—so often in "the straw"—  
Struck, too, with thoughts of what our fate must be,  
Droop, slowly droop, the victim soon we saw,  
Then leave the world and all our "charge" to me!  
Pity the sorrows of a poor weak man!  
Whose "fruitful vine" has borne him lots of brats;  
Whose joys have dwindled till find none he can,—  
Oh! give him hope, and caution thoughtless flats!

C. C.

Great Totham, October, 1841.

THE  
**FATHER'S PETITION!**  
 A PARODY OF "THE BEECHER'S PETITION."

"Who would be a father?"—Old Darton,  
 "Learn to be wise from others, till  
 And ye shall do the well"—Bible.

Oh! give him hope, and caution thoughtless this!  
 These joys have dwindle'd till his soul he can't—  
 "I have," "I wishful view," has found him lots of pain;  
 Why the sorrow of a poor work man!

The house, selected by the youth's avowal,  
 His door occasion'd by a host of tears,  
 And many a narrow in my own plain check  
 These wretched locks proclaim my man's own case;  
 These "each" clothes my empty purse bespeak,  
 Oh! give him hope, and caution thoughtless this!

The man from nurse and doctor never free!  
 And your own life might soon become like mine—  
 "Your children brought me in the 'mess' you see—  
 Why this poor each family! the why I revere;  
 And their long-standing would not be repress'd,  
 Your heart would not withstand the shock God brings,  
 If soft compassion ever touch'd your breast,  
 Should I reveal the number of my woes—  
 For I'm a king, and miserably "done,"  
 Short be the time till I'm at home more soon,  
 Not see my girls and husbandry in each son;  
 Oh! take, take warning by my wretched doom!

To seek the wife—where I could it win!  
 My spouse's parents drove me from the door,  
 "There as I crawl a little of their 'tin'  
 Hard is the fate of those who're "green" and poor!  
 And parents who e'er prevent you so fair!  
 The country inmate drive me in the snare;  
 Its teaching inmate drive me in the snare;  
 The house, selected by the youth's avowal,  
 His door occasion'd by a host of tears,  
 And many a narrow in my own plain check  
 These wretched locks proclaim my man's own case;  
 These "each" clothes my empty purse bespeak,  
 Oh! give him hope, and caution thoughtless this!

17  
Aug

**DOINGS AT TIPTREE—ABOUT 1803.**

---

**THE “LURCHER.”**

---

COME, hearken awhile, and the truth you shall hear,  
'Tis of the sad dearth that has happen'd this year ;  
Though but *made* by the farmers and millers,—'tis true,  
And Long Tom, the “Lurcher,” 's the worst of the crew.

For *his* flour he SENT OFF, which made such a rout,  
That the *Bull* and the “Mole” it were forced to fight out :  
Whilst the *Bull* and the “Mole” did about this flour fight,  
The “Lurcher,” Long Tom, look'd as black as the night.

When folks brought ready cash he them flour did deny,  
And, to make the case worse, he e'en swore to a lie !  
Yes, his will for to gain of the innocent “Mole,”  
Tom, he took a false oath—never thought of his soul !

Oh ! all his contrivance, and all his delight,  
Is to “snap” at small farmers—poor people to “bite :”  
Kind to man nor to horse, deny it who can,—  
He is but a “Lurcher,” though called a man.

So now, you small farmers, 'tis hoped that you'll still  
E'er beware of the “Lurcher” of old Tiptree Mill ;—  
Now wheat it gets cheaper, and flour it must fall,  
But Long Tom, the “Lurcher,” will be last of all !

MAY, 1841.

POINTE AT TERTRE—ABOUT 1808.

# THE "LURCHER."

"GOD!" roared the swillo, and the truth you shall hear,  
 'Tis of the red heart that has bidden this year;  
 Though it made by the farmers and millers—'tis true,  
 And look, Tom, the "Lurcher," 's the worst of the crew.  
 For his don he gave eye, which made such a roar,  
 That the Wolf and the "Wolfe," it was forced to fight out;  
 While the Wolf and the "Wolfe," did about the hour fight,  
 The "Lurcher," Tom, Tom, look'd as black as the night.  
 When folks look'd ready, each he then hear'd his don,  
 And to make the case worse, he was sworn to a lie!  
 For his will for to king of the fanoost "Wolfe,"  
 Tom, he took a false oath—never thought of his soul!  
 Out all his contrivance, and off his delight,  
 A "Lurcher," at small farmers—poor people to "die";  
 And to man nor to horse, heavy it who can—  
 He is but a "Lurcher," though called a man.  
 So now, you small farmers, 'tis hoped that you'll still  
 His power of the "Lurcher," of old Tiptoe Mill;—  
 Now when it gets cheaper, and hear it must fall,  
 But look, Tom, the "Lurcher," will be fast of all!

MAY, 1811.

PRINTED BY CHARLES CLARK, TRINITY STREET.

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## A BILLET-DOUX OF A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

---

ACCEPT, dear Miss, this *article* of mine,  
(For what's *indifinite* who can *define*?)  
My *case* is *singular*—my house is rural,—  
Wilt thou indeed consent to make it *plural*?  
Something I feel prevades my system through,  
I can't describe, yet *substantively* true.  
Thy form so *feminine*—thy mind *reflective*,  
Where all's *possessive* good, and nought *objective*.  
I'm *positive* none can *compare* with thee  
In wit and worth's *superlative degree*.  
*First person*, then, *indicative* but prove,  
Let thy soft *passive* voice exclaim—"I LOVE!"  
*Active*, in cheerful *mood*—no longer *neuter*,  
I'll leave my cares both *present, past, and future!*  
But ah! what torture must I undergo  
"Till I obtain that little "YES," or "NO!"  
Spare me the *negative*—to save compunction,  
Oh! let my *preposition* meet *conjunction*.  
What music could produce such satisfaction,  
To hear from thee this cheering *interjection*,—  
"I WILL BE THINE!"—thy joys and griefs to share,  
"Till Heav'n shall please to *point a period* there!"

R. H.

CHIDDINGLY, SUSSEX.

---

JUNE, 1841.

A BILLET-DOUX  
OF A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

ACCEPT, dear Miss, this article of mine,  
(For what's the value who can define)  
My eye is always—my house is rural—  
Will then indeed consent to make it plain,  
Something I feel provides my system through,  
I can't describe, yet undeniably true,  
The form so fitting—the mind reflective,  
How all's necessary good, and sought by both.  
I'm possible none can compare with this  
In wit and worth's exquisite degree,  
I'm not aware, then, that I'm not  
Let the soft passage voice exclaim—"I love!"  
Noting in cheerful mood—no longer weary,  
I'll have my care both sweet and true,  
But all what fortune must I undergo  
Till I obtain that little "Yes" or "No!"  
Share me the necessity—in some conjunction,  
Oh! let my proposition meet conjunction,  
What music could produce such satisfaction,  
To hear from thee this cheering intonation—  
"I want no more"—thy joys and griefs to share,  
"Thy heart shall please to paint a period there!"

E. E.

(Invertedly, Susan.)

JUNE, 1841.

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✓

## TIPTREE FAIR.

---

FROM "THE KENT AND ESSEX MERCURY,"  
JULY, 1828.

---

### THE CRIER AND HIS CALF.

THERE is a man in W—th—m\* town,  
Who's got a *phœnix Calf!*  
We often hear this said man *cry*,  
Though seldom see him *laugh*.

What with this calf is best to do,  
Puzzles the thinking elf—  
Whether to sell it while alive,  
Or kill the calf himself!

But should the latter be the case,  
And sell it out by *retail*—  
Of *joints*, and *parts*, already sold,  
The following is a *detail*.

*Five loins—four fillets—and three breasts;*  
*Two heads—four necks—three hearts—*  
*Three shoulders—sixty pounds of fry,*  
And various other parts.

And should this man, from "*this ere*" calf,  
These orders cut asunder,  
'Twill be to him a welcome prize,  
And to the town a wonder.

\* Query,—Witham?—C. C.

TIPTREE FAIR, JULY 25, [1828.]

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(*Reprinted June, 1841.*)

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# TIPTREE FAIR.

FROM "THE KENT AND ESSEX MERCURY,"  
JULY, 1828.

## THE CLEVER AND HIS CATTLE.

There is a man in W—th—w—town,  
Who's got a yoke of Oxen;  
We often hear this man cry,  
Though seldom see him laugh.  
What with this calf is best to do,  
Puzzles the thinking elf—  
Whether to sell it while alive,  
Or kill the calf himself!  
But should the latter be the case,  
And sell it out by retail—  
Of joints, and parts, already sold,  
The following is a detail.  
Five joints—four fllets—and three breasts;  
Two heads—four necks—three hearts—  
Three shoulders—sixty pounds of fat,  
And various other parts.  
And should this man, from "this eye" calf,  
These orders cut sundry,  
'Twill be to him a welcome prize,  
And to the town a wonder.

\* Query—Whom?—C. C.

TIPTREE FAIR, July 25, [1828]

(Reprinted June, 1841.)



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**MALDON ELECTION—1807.**

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THE  
**WESTERNITES' JOURNEY  
TO TOTHAM.**

[*A FRAGMENT.*]

---

COME hither, all ye Gaskellites,  
And listen to my ditty ;  
I'll tell you how the Westernites  
Once thought themselves quite witty.

On Jackey-asses they did mount,  
To go for an excursion ;  
But little did they think that it  
Would give us such diversion.

One *ass* upon another rode,  
With boots and spurs so clever ;  
A monkey's jacket graced his hide,  
And my lady wore her beaver.\*

The horn it blew "The Rebel Rout,"  
To call the lads and lasses ;  
And all at once the ladies cried,—  
"Don't, pray, Sirs, whip our asses !"

At four o'clock, the Cavalry,  
To move they did begin ;  
And for to keep the troop in awe,  
Up came the whipper-in.

They went full well till near the Tweeds,—  
Each willing found his donkey,—  
When his head one put between his legs,  
And—down he threw his "Monkey !"

With horse and gig, or neat postchaise,  
We'll ever treat *our* lasses ;  
And will not—like the Westernites—  
Provide a tribe of asses !

\* \* \* \* \*

\* "My lady" is now the wife of a celebrated "knight of the hammer," residing not a hundred miles from Montague Square, London.

☞ *The Printer would be obliged by being supplied with a correct copy of THE WHOLE of this once popular little production.*

MAY, 1841.

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GREAT TOTHAM: PRINTED AT CHARLES CLARK'S PRIVATE PRESS.

MALDEN ELECTION—1807.

THE  
WESTMINSTERS' JOURNEY  
TO TOTHAM.  
[A PARODY.]

GOVERNMENT, with a Goshawk,  
And a party of fifty;  
I'll tell you how the Westminsters  
Once thought themselves quite witty.

The Westminsters they did mount,  
To go for an excursion;  
But little did they think that  
They'd find such a reception.

One was named "The Noble Lord,"  
With a sword and a pair of pistols;  
A country's lord, and a nobleman,  
And his lady, and his horses.

The first he said, "The Noble Lord,"  
To call the lady and horses;  
And all at once the ladies cried—  
"Oh! how fine, who our asses!"

It was a fine, the lady,  
To have the lady and horses;  
And she to keep the troop in view,  
She rode the nobleman.

The nobleman fell with the "Noble Lord,"  
And with him, and his horses—  
When his head was put between his legs,  
And down he lay his "Noble Lord."

With horse and girl, or most post-chaise,  
I'll ever trust my horses;  
And will not—like the Westminsters—  
Lose a wife of asses!

"The Noble Lord" is now the nobleman's selection, "light of the hour,"  
and the lady is a nobleman's wife from London, being London.

The "Noble Lord" would be offered by being supplied  
with a correct copy of THE WHOLE of the  
above production, this production.

MAY 1807.

PRINTED BY CHARLES CLARKE'S PRINTING PRESS.

dup 25

MALDON ELECTION.

THE

“**DICKY-BIRD.**”

A PARODY OF “THE WOODPECKER.”

I KNEW by the “fibs” that so cantingly flow’d  
From the “DICKy-bird’s” “beak,” that a contest was  
near;

And I said, if there’s “tin” ever wrung from the hunks,  
The wight that is free might have hope were he here!  
Every “trump” should not rest, till unheard is the sound  
Of this “DICKy-bird” tapping for aid at our door!

And here in this Borough, so pure, I exclaim’d,  
When they named him who’s shabby to one and to all;  
Who would “bleed” WHEN HE’S FORCED, and *but* then,  
or I’m blamed,

How prime could we oust him, and make him “sing  
small!”

Every “trump” should not rest, &c.

By the votes of yon staunch ones, who’ve red-and-white  
bows,

In the lurch that they’d left him, how sweet were it  
heard!

And to know that we’d placed our reliance in those

Who ne’er will betray us, like this “DICKy-bird!”

Every “trump” should not rest, till unheard is the sound  
Of this “DICKy-bird” tapping for aid at our door!

ANAGRAM EXTRAORDINARY.

THOMAS  
NEVILLE ABDY.

{ I blest heavy Maldon!  
Oh! beat my land’s evil!  
Oh! my evil beast, land!  
Best—oh! a manly devil!

C.

JULY, 1841.

MALDON WOODPECKER.

THE

**"DICKY-BIRD."**

A PARODY OF "THE WOODPECKER."

I KNEW by the "flap," that so carelessly flew,  
From the "DICKY-bird's" "beak," that a contest was

near;  
And I said, if there's "it," ever wrong from the hanks,  
The night that is free might have hope were he here!  
Every "tump" should not rest, till unheard is the sound  
Of the "DICKY-bird," tapping for aid at our door!

And here in this thorough, so pure, I exclaimed,  
When they named him who's shabby to one and to all;  
The word "blood" were not so concerned, and but then,  
or I'm blamed,  
How prime could we cast him, and make him "sing  
small!"

Every "tump" should not rest, &c.  
By the voice of your stomach ones, who're red-and-white  
down,  
In the lurch that they left him, how sweet were it  
heard!

And to know that we placed our reliance in those  
Who never will betray us like the "DICKY-bird!"  
Every "tump" should not rest, till unheard is the sound  
Of the "DICKY-bird," tapping for aid at our door!

WAGSWORTH EXTRAORDINARY.

I best bossy Maldon!  
Oh! best my land's evil!  
Oh! my evil best land!  
Best—oh! a manly devil!

THOMAS  
KEVILLE ABDEY.



JULY, 1811.

London: Printed by Long, Widdow, and Co. in Strand.

July 27

# TIPTREE RACES.

(Established Upwards of Two Centuries Ago!)

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## A SUMMONS

FOR ALL  
LOVERS OF THE TURF AND GOOD  
OLD ENGLISH SPORTS.

---

“I SUMMON YE FROM SILENCE AND FROM SHADE!”

---

AIR,—“*Blue Bonnets over the Border.*”

---

COME! COME!—be stirring, ye Sporting Boys!  
Hither be moving—here show us your faces;  
Come! Come! nor want any courting, Boys,—  
Never desert famed old TIPTREE RACES!  
But ever remember, pray,  
When again 'tis St. James's Day,—  
(Though full often *the weather* did prove but so-so)—  
What joys you did owe to them,  
When we used to go to them,  
In the days of their glory, “a long time ago!”  
COME! COME!

Come from your mansions, ye 'Squires and ye Ladies!  
Come, each good Yeoman—each Mary and John!  
Come to the Heath, in your best, on those gay days,  
And partake of the pleasures still offer'd thereon!  
There, while nothing perplexes,  
Is e'er found for both sexes,—  
All ages—all fancies—of joys such a store;  
That the wish still increases—  
(As Pats say in their leases)—  
That old TIPTREE may flourish “for ever and more!”  
COME! COME!

JULY, 1841.

---

London: Printed by Henry Jackson, Maiden Lane, Soho.

THE TITMERE RACES  
(Established Friends of Two Centuries Ago)



# A SUMMONS

FOR ALL

LOVERS OF THE TURTLE AND GOOD  
OLD ENGLISH SPORTS.

"I SUMMON YE FROM SILENCE AND FROM SHADE!"

All ye who dwell o'er the Borders,

COME! COME!—be stirring, ye Sporting Boys!  
Hither be moving—here show us your faces;  
Come! Come! nor want any counting, boys—  
Never desert famed old TITMERE RACES!

But ever remember this,  
When again tis St. James's Day—  
(I though full often the weather did prove but so-so)—  
What joys you did owe to them,  
When we used to go to them,

In the days of their glory, "a long time ago!"  
COME! COME!

Come from your mansions, ye Spains and ye Ladies!  
Come, each good Yeoman—each Man and John!  
Come to the TITMERE, in your best, on those gay days,  
And partake of the pleasure still offer'd thereon!  
There, while nothing perplexes,  
Ye are found for both sexes—

All eyes—all hearts—of joys each a store;  
That the wish still increases—  
(As Fate say in their honours)—

THE TITMERE may flourish "for ever and more!"  
COME! COME!

JAMES 1841.

London: Printed by Henry Jackson, Stationers Lane.

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MALDON ELECTION.

MODERN POLITICAL  
CONSISTENCY,

OR,

"JIM CROW," NEW VERSION!

HO! all ye friends of Liberty,  
Who Independence love,—  
Come, let us now to MALDON go,  
Our consequence to prove;  
Get all we can, whichever way  
The wind shall chance to blow,  
For I turn about—and tack about—  
And jump JIM CROW!

I once became a *Radical*,  
And then I turn'd a *Whig*,  
Because it suited to my taste  
To swagger and to swig!  
But now I am *Conservative*,  
As all the world shall know;  
So I turn about—and tack about—  
And jump JIM CROW!

For Liberty I boldly stand,  
On this my mind is set—  
To "bolt" the beef of *any man*,  
And guzzle down his "wet!"  
I'll "floor" the first who dares exclaim—  
"Oh, JIM! why do you so?"  
For I'll turn about—and tack about—  
And jump JIM CROW!

For ROUND I do not care a fig,  
For mean old DICK still less;  
But I will go and vote for both,  
*Because it swells my mess!*  
Though I fully promised ABDY's side,  
Yet I will boldly show,  
That I turn about—and tack about—  
And jump JIM CROW!

©.

JULY, 1841.

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London: Printed by Henry Jackson, Maiden Lane, Soho.

MADON RINGTON.

# MODERN POLITICAL CONSISTENCY.

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"JIM CROW," NEW VERSION!

And jump Jim Crow!  
For I turn about—and tack about—  
The wind shall chance to blow,  
And all my crew, whichever way,  
Our conscience to prove;  
Come, let us row to Britain's bay,  
Who independence love—  
Ho! all ye friends of Liberty!

And jump Jim Crow!  
So I turn about—and tack about—  
As all the world shall know;  
But now I am Conservative,  
To conquer and to sway;  
Because it suited to my taste  
And then I turn'd a Whig,  
I once became a Radical.

And jump Jim Crow!  
For I turn about—and tack about—  
"Oh, Jim! why do you say?"  
I'll show" the first who dares exclaim—  
And gush down his "wet"  
To "dribble" the best of my own,  
On this my mind is set—  
For Liberty I boldly stand!

And jump Jim Crow!  
That I turn about—and tack about—  
Yet I will boldly show,  
Though I fully promised Andy's side,  
Because it would pay money,  
That I will go and vote for both,  
For now an old hawk still less;  
For I have I do not care a fig.

JULY, 1841.



July 31

**ESSEX CONSERVATIVE FESTIVAL.**



**GOD SAVE THE BLUES!**

ADAPTED FROM THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

---

GOD save our Essex men!  
Long live those noble TEN—  
God save the Blues!  
Make them notorious  
For deeds great and glorious,  
Long in Essex victorious—  
God save the Blues!

Conservatives, arise!  
Check England's enemies,  
And make them fall!  
Confound Whig politics,  
Frustrate sly Popish tricks—  
On our staunch TEN we fix  
Our hearts, one and all!

Our honest votes in store,  
On them we still will pour;  
Long may they shine!  
For they'll defend our Laws,  
Protect the Church's cause,  
And e'er win our applause—  
GOD SAVE THE BLUES!

**CHARLES CLARK.**

*Great Totham Hall, September, 1841.*

---

GREAT TOTHAM: PRINTED AT CHARLES CLARK'S PRIVATE PRESS.

ESSEX CONSERVATIVE FESTIVAL.

GOD SAVE THE BLUES!  
ADAPTED FROM THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

GOD save our Essex men!  
Long live those noble TEN—  
God save the Blues!  
Strike their nations  
For deeds sweet and glorious,  
Look in Essex victories—  
God save the Blues!

Conservative, true!  
Check England's enemies,  
And make them fall!  
God send W. the pollies,  
Destroy the Poppy sticks—  
On our staunch TEN we fix  
Our hearts, one and all!

Our hearts ever in store,  
On them we still will pour;  
Long may they stand,  
For they'll defend our land,  
Protect the Church's cause,  
And for our opponents—  
GOD SAVE THE BLUES!

CHARLES CLARE

Great Britain War, 1811.

GREAT BRITAIN: PRINTED BY CHARLES CLARE'S PRIVATE PRESS.

ESSEX CONSERVATIVE FESTIVAL.

BLUES OF ESSEX!  
A Glee.

AIR,—“HERE’S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES!”

BLUES of Essex! raise your voices,  
Every loyal heart rejoices—  
We of staunch ones TEN now boast!  
Men who never will betray us,  
Nor 'neath Popish thraldom lay us,  
But who'll still remain our toast!  
How victorious  
Now our voice is!  
And how glorious  
Now our choice is!

Blues of Essex! raise your voices,  
Every loyal heart rejoices  
That of staunch ones TEN we boast!

May the Guardians we've selected  
Study to see *all* protected,  
Till joy reigns on ev'ry side!  
May they e'er our Church still nourish—  
See alike all int'rests flourish,  
And long live to be our pride!  
How victorious, &c.

CHARLES CLARK.

Great Totham Hall, September, 1841.

GREAT TOTHAM: PRINTED AT CHARLES CLARK'S PRIVATE PRESS.

ESSEX CONSERVATIVE FESTIVAL

BLUES OF ESSEX!

A Glee.

AIR—"HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD ESSEX!"

Blues of Essex! raise your voices,

That of staunch ones THY now boast!

Men who never will deny us,

For health, though from us,  
But which still remain our toast!

How victorious

Now our voice is!

And how glorious

Now our choice is!

Blues of Essex! raise your voices,

That of staunch ones THY now boast!

May the Goddess we've selected

Study to see us protected,

Till joy reigns on every side!

May they for our Church still nourish—  
See alike all that rests flourish,

And long live to be our pride!

How victorious, &c.

CHARLES CLARK

Great Town Hall, 2, October, 1841.

GREAT TOWN HALL PRINTED BY CHARLES CLARK'S CHURCH PRESS.

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# MAY - DAY.

---

BY JOHN HOLLAMBY,  
AUTHOR OF "THE UNLETTERED MUSE," ETC.

---

"Now happy swains review the plains,  
And hail the First of May."—CLARE.

---

HOW sweet, when the rigour of winter is past,  
And "hush'd is the voice of the wintery blast,"  
To feel the soft breeze and the warm sunny ray,  
As we stray through the fields, on a pleasant May day!

When clustering primroses deck the green vale,  
And the breath of the violet is borne on the gale;  
The coppice resounds with the nightingale's lay,  
And the cuckoo responds to the music of May.

Erected on high, now the May-pole is seen,  
While the lads and the lasses dance round on the green;  
'Tis a season of joy, to the young and the gay,  
To join in the sports and the pastimes of May.

And now, see the knights of the brush and the scraper,  
In tinsel array, cutting many a caper;  
With hearts light and merry, and looks blythe and gay,  
To mirth and diversion devote their May-day.

Once more that gay morning of spring we have seen  
Graced with chaplets and garlands, as erst it has been:  
Though the May-day of life may have passed away,  
As the seasons roll on, we still welcome May-day!

*Hailsham, Sussex, May, 1841.*

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# MAY-DAY.

BY JOHN ROLLAND.  
AUTHOR OF "THE UNLETTERED MUSE," ETC.

"Now happy again within the plains  
And hail the first of May,"—CLARE.

How sweet when the thimble of water is cast,  
 And "quash" is the voice of the water's blast,  
 To feel the soft breeze and the warm sunny ray,  
 As we stray through the fields, on a pleasant May day!  
 When clustering primrose hock the green vale,  
 And the breath of the violet is borne on the gale;  
 The copse resounds with the nightingale's lay,  
 And the cuckoo responds to the music of May.  
 Ploated on high, now the May-pole is seen,  
 While the folk and the fiddlers dance round on the green;  
 'Tis a season of joy, to the young and the gay,  
 To join in the sports and the pastimes of May.  
 And now, see the knights of the brush and the scythe,  
 In tinsel array, cutting many a caper;  
 With hearts light and merry, and looks bright and gay,  
 To mirth and diversion devote their May-day.  
 Once more that gay morning of spring we have seen,  
 Graced with chaplets and garlands, as erst it has been;  
 Though the May-day of life may have passed away,  
 As the seasons roll on, we still welcome May-day!

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