

Bridgwater Poets & Poems

by Tony Woolrich

21/10/2020

1

BRIDGWATER POETS

Readers will be aware of the nationally-known poets who settled on the Quantocks for a while at the end of the eighteenth century: Samuel Taylor Coleridge lived at Nether Stowey for three years from 1797, and William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy lived at Alfoxton House in Holford between July 1797 and June 1798, during the time of their friendship with Coleridge. In the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries other non-resident poets wrote about the Quantocks but are not well known now.

From the mid nineteenth century several Bridgwater residents wrote and published verse. They are now quite forgotten. Their verse was often in ballad form, sometimes in rhyming couplets, and is often humorous, but it would be unkind to call it doggerel. It was probably written for recitation to a small group at a social occasion or round the parlour fire. The Rev. Arthur Herbert Powell quotes a number of politically-inspired verses from the local newspapers in *Bridgwater in the Later Days*. (1908) There must have been others. This needs more investigation.

The Bridgwater historian Sydney Gardner Jarman, quoted poems in his *History of Bridgwater*, 1889, and some are extracted here



George Parker 1796-1888 He was a customs officer, and lived at Blake House, Blake street, now the Blake Museum.

His publications were:

A sketch of Bridgwater and its neighbourhood; a poem. To which notes are added containing a history of the Seige of the town by Fairfax, and also the Battle of Sedgemoore. 8vo., Bridgwater, 1854.

This was published at an exhibition in the Town Hall, held in June 1854 to raise funds towards clearing the remaining debt after the re-ordering of St. Mary's church.

The following extracts give a flavour of his style and a good overview of his account of the town,

INTRODUCTION

My theme shall be my native Borough Town,
If you, indulgent reader will attend,
And ramble with me as a list'ning friend,
We'll travel here and there, as Fancy finds
Allurements, or attractions for our minds ;
The leading features of the town I'll show,
And make a few short comments as we go.

THE LAUNCH OF A VESSEL

Observe a building yard, where on the blocks
A spacious vessel rises from her stocks
With stern inclined, as purposely to glide
With easy movement on the flowing tide :
When in the town the morning hour is known
The waters are to claim the ship their own,
Spectators line the banks, eager to view
The vessel launching with her joyous crew ;
When almost to its height the water flows,
The air resounds with noise of heavy blows,
The powerful wedge is driven up with ease,
Whilst showy flags are floating in the breeze ;
The busy preparations once begun,
The watchful crowd await the signal gun,
At length 'tis heard, a silence reigns around,
A moment's silence, till she breaks the ground ;
With steady look the anxious crowd survey,
Until in majesty she moves away,
Then cheers resound, " that's good"
 they cry, "that's brave;"
As steadily she dips into the wave.
When fairly borne upon the spacious tide
'Mid noisy glee they rock from side to side,
A parting gun reports that all is right,
And crowds disperse delighted with the sight.

THE MARKET

Our markets, well supplied, present a heap
Of agricultural produce, good and cheap,
Where those, whose incomes are not overstored,
May many comforts to themselves afford,
Which increased value from a short supply
Would prompt domestic prudence to deny.

THE IRON FOUNDRY

Observe that smoke which hangs upon the air,
It curtains o'er an iron-foundry there,
Connected with the rail — Hark ! what resound
Of numerous blows from the large hammers sound;
View the extended buildings how they spread —
The busy labourers, from shed to shed,
Bearing their heavy weights — Mechanic skill
Here shapes the yielding iron to its will ;
With practised eye, they forge the forms desired
In tubes, or chains, or rails, as are required.
Such works as these are pleasing to behold,
'Tis there that man turns labour into gold;
Cheerful he works, and cheerfully returns
To spend the money he so ably earns.

SHOPPING

In the town's centre, where the castle stood,
The streets are spacious and the buildings good;
And on the well known Cornhill as we go,
Shop after shop appears in even row,
Where goods of all descriptions meet the eye,
In well dressed windows, crying "come and buy ;"
Superb cut glass, and ornamental ware,
Which every envious competition dare;
Some pretty print shops, where the idlers stay
Enjoying the attractions they display;

Bridgwater Poets & Poems

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21/10/2020

2

And linen drap'ry, placed in winning style,
On which, as they survey, the ladies smile.
And I may here of public buildings tell,
The Market House, the Court House, the Hotel,
Where multitudes on various business throng,
While carriage after carriage moves along.

SUPPORT THE CAUSE

But ere I take my leave, or end my rhymes,
A passing thought of *The Bridgwater Times*
Reminds me of an Exhibition near,
Where wonders upon wonders will appear
To lure the stranger, and I hope will tend
To both a pleasing and a useful end.
A church has been restored, a debt unpaid
Still hovers round to cast it in the shade.
This plan has been devised — it is well meant,
Give it, kind reader, your encouragement.
Come, with a ready will, your offering bring
To Him who gave to you the offering;
Bestow your mite to set the building free,
A blessing rests on liberality.
The hour may come for cheering self applause,
That you have aided in so good a cause;
Let genuine Christianity prevail,
The meal will waste not nor the cruse will fail.

*The ancient history of Bridgwater and its
neighbourhood: also poems connected therewith.*
1st edit. 8vo., Bridgwater, 1877. 2nd edit.,
corrected. With photo, of St. Mary's Church.
8vo., Bridgwater, 1877.

He preceded his account of Bridgwater
with some verse titled HOPE

Then follow some untitled verses about a
Westonzoyland man who was press-ganged
into taking part in the Siege of Bridgwater

In Weston field I earn'd my bread
In sixteen forty-five;
A very quiet life did lead,
Vor my family did strive.

And when I war at work one day
A turning up zome ground,
I heard a noise which made me start:
It war an awful sound.

Aye, zich a crashing sound it war,
I never shall forget;
I dro'd away my spade, by gor,
And away then I did zet.

And as I cum'd nigh Oller drove
I zeed zome zogers run;
I clim'd a tree, and there above
Thought I shud zee some fun.

A PILGRIM IN HIS PILGRIMAGE FROM CORNWALL TO GLASTONBURY.

Here a poor Pilgrim who hath seen
Many a weary day ;
To Normandy I have been,
Again I never may.

Weary and sick when I came here,
To Glastonbury bent :
My sins hath caused me many a tear,
And humbly I repent.

Here in this hospital I rest,
The Hospital of St. John ;
It was Briwere's good bequest
For his soul to rest upon.

He built the Castle in this town,
The bridge he built besides ;
His charity bears high renown,
Tis like the Parrot's tides.

An extract from verses about Athelney,
and King Alfred burning the cakes

'Twas at the dawn of early day,
The sun had cleared night's gloom away
Over the Plains of Athelney.

To Græcia's hut a stranger came
Without a friend, without a name,
With keen suspicion looked the dame.

" Thy character I can read soon
I guess thou art some lazy loon
Whose hands will scarcely feed thy spoon.

" I'll to the swine, I hear them crack ;
Attend the cakes til I come back,
And keep 'em turned, or they'll be black,"

The stranger smiled, but sullen care
Had laid his throbbing bosom bare
Transfixed he stood in deep despair.

Thought upon thought o'erwhelmed his mind',
'Till sorrow left its sting behind
Fortune to him had been unkind.

Facts cumbered Memory's dreamy track
And called his wand'ring senses back ;
The *smoke* it curl'd, *the cakes were black*.

He heard a footstep hastening nigher ;
Ere he could snatch them from the fire
Græcia returned in furious ire.

" Gadzooks, you loon, you lazy loon,
You did not think I'd come so soon ;
The blackest cake shall be thy boon.

Bridgwater Poets & Poems

by Tony Woolrich

21/10/2020

3

VERSES ON THE QUANTOCKS

*Verses on Bridgwater Castle and Petherton Park,
describing a deer hunt*

There was a park at Petherton,
Where stately trees did grow,
You ne'er the like could look upon,
For noble buck or doe.

In fourteen hundred eighty-six,
The young Lord Daubenny
A wondrous hunting match did fix,
For governor was he.

Henry now wore King Richard's crown,
He nobly did attain ;
One battle brought the tyrant down,
Which Daubenny helped to gain.

He was then active and was bold,
And fear he never knew ;
His diary many records told,
He prized his bow of yew.

Which he had won when very young,
When knights had met to see
A match which bards had ably sung
Of skilful archery.

*Tom Balch; an historical tale of West Somerset
during Monmouth's Rebellion; together with
amusing and other poems, some of them in the
Somersetshire dialect. Front. 8vo., Bridgwater,
1879.*

The verses were:

*The Battle of Sedgemoor, supposedly by a
Middlezoy man*

The Milk Maid

The Neighbours

Molly Green, a witch of North Moor Green

The Bible



Edwin.H. Burrington was born in 1821 in Devon, and died in Bridgwater in 1892. He was a leather merchant and lived on West Quay.

Nothing has been discovered about his education, and he is in no directories of students at Oxford or Cambridge. But at the age of 27 he published in 1848 *Revelations of the Beautiful and other poems*, which was acclaimed critically. He contributed to the London literary journal *The Critic*.

He wrote and published in 1866 *Serio-Comic History of Bridgwater*

APOSTROPHE TO THE PARRET.

Upon the soft brown pillow of thy shore,
No shells lie scattered, such as childish hands

Delight to gather, yet thy sandy store
Is richer than the gems of Cashmere's lands,
So prettily described by Thomas Moore.
Parret, thou art Old Ocean's lawful daughter,
And to her breast thou rushest down with glee!
I cannot praise the blueness of thy water, —
Less blue than Baltic waves or Ægean sea ;
But thou flowest ever beautifully thick,
Leaving thy filthy slime to make Bath brick!
I've seen thee gentle as a child asleep,
I've seen thee rushing wild from either shore,
Bringing back health and freedom from the deep, —
Yet men have called thy swift return a bore !

THE CASTLE

With cannon in front and cannon in rear!
The Castle was kept by William Briwere ;
And high on the keep daily floated his banners,
For the Castle was reckoned the head of his *Manors* ;
Which proved that his *manners* were not very gentle—
In fact they were physical rather than-mental.
But why should I tell what would pain you to know —
The horrors the Castle concealed, or could show?
Damaged legs, damaged arms, damaged heads,
damaged noses,
Results which *arose* with the Wars of the *Roses*.
Burrington's Serio-Comic History.

A SIEGE VERSE.

"When Fairfax lay camped on the green Castle Field,
And frightened our maidens and frightened our dames.
Not a soldier would spur, not a burgess would yield,
With High-street, and Fore-street, and Cornhill in
flames.
All the town was ablaze, and the soldiers strove hard,
To nourish the flames, and no mortal could turn 'em;
Some said those destructives came over from Chard,
But I know as a fact that they went out by *Burn 'em*."

OUR OLD BRIDGE.

*On the replacement of the Coalkbrookdale iron bridge
in 1883.*

In Memoriam.
Betwixt its shores, in restless ebb and flow,
I see the tawny Parret moving fast,
Whilst thou, old friend, art gone, as old friends go,
Into the silent memories of the past.
If the returning hull, and sail, and mast,
Could see the might of time as I have seen,
If they could view thee broken up at last,
Then they, I think, would gaze with mournful mien
Upon the vacant place where thy embrace hath
been.
Go down to the sea, the mystic sea,
Thou tawny Parret with thy slimy trail,
And tell the coming ships, where'er they be,
That all Town Councils wear a coat of mail.
So, *cap-a-pie*, they fearlessly assail,
So *cap-a-pie*, they cover human failings
(If borough records have such word as " fail ")

Bridgwater Poets & Poems

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21/10/2020

4

And in the tourney, spite of all bewailings,
Strike ancient bridges down, or tilt at market-
railings.

Let me be just, for justice is a queen,
And loyalty to her hath been my creed;
At least I hope so, which may only mean
That I, like other men, have found the need
Of putting "make belief" in place of deed.
Let me be just, and in the plainest letters
State for the benefit of those who read,
That had I power, in spite of all regretters,
I would have knocked thee down, old Bridge,
as did my better.

If you want reasons, seek them in my rhyme,
For rhyme hath been a solace unto me.
Old Bridge! thou hast outgrown both use and time,
Or rather time and use have outgrown thee.
Twas said of Cleopatra (happy she!)
"Time could not wither her, nor custom stale,"
But thou, old Bridge, stood'st not in that degree,
For commerce coming fast by road and rail,
We found thy brow too narrow and thy feet too
frail.

Yet for lang syne I would have had thee stay
In honoured age, if sentiment should guide
The current of our thoughts; for in decay
There dwell fond memories which backward slide
Into the fantasies which youth supplied.
Thus through thy age I see thee far behind,
So far that time, like a retiring tide,
Leaves on the strand of life to please the mind,
What may be weeds or shells—for what we seek we
find.

Back through thy years I see the *long ago*,
For here thou stood'st when noble Nelson died;
When England mingled her colossal woe
With the wild shout of her colossal pride.
And longer still! for here thou did'st abide
When men were human only in the name,
When license took foul murder for his bride,
And Robespierre's and Danton's hateful fame
Made God a mockery and fairest France a shame.
Old Bridge! my facts grow dim, my fancies stray,
I care not for thee now—perhaps no one cares—
But I am thankful, in a modest way,
That Councillors, and Aldermen, and Mayors,
Blossom perennially! Thus our affairs
Will still go on as they have gone before;
Bargemen will curse, and lovers walk in pairs,
And noisy boys will play upon the shore,
With tawny Parret flowing—flowing evermore.

In his history of the Bridgwater Infirmary,
1890 Jarman wrote: *A fund-raising amateur
concert was held at the Town Hall on 4 November
1873 which raised £383 12 10. On that occasion a
Plea for the Infirmary was expressly written by
Mr. E. H. Burrington and spoken by Mr. W. J.
Ford. It ran as follows:—*

A PLEA FOR OUR INFIRMARY.

To speak of our Infirmary! How begin
Your thoughts to occupy, your hearts to win?
"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."
So Shakspeare said, and he, the King of Mind,
Probed all the surging passions of mankind.
"One touch of Nature!" Be that line our text
To lead the thought, the word that's coming next.
"One touch of Nature!" See the varied flowers
That cheer and beautify this world of ours.
See them on breezy hills, and verdant valleys;
See them in fragrant lanes, and leafy alleys;
See them wherever children come to play,
In gusty March, or in the riper May.
Oh, happy children! With your joys untold,
Ye watch the yellow buttercups unfold;
Ye bind the cowslips up, like balls of gold,
And pelt each other with a loving love,
While yet the mellow sunshine glows above.
Ye string the daisies with their crimson specks.
And fondly hang them round each others' necks.
Thus with fair flowers Affection's trials begin:
"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."
So in the dawn of life, so in its close,
When the frail body sinks to its repose,
We make the flowers, as if with Death to cope,
The symbols of our faith, our grief, our hope.
Thus in the grave where honoured age reposes,
I see the hand of Love strew dainty roses.
I see white lilies, without taint or stain,
Dropped on the earth which claims its own again;
On childhood's graves unmarked by sin or strife—
So spotless beauty mirrors spotless life!
Thus ending human life as we begin—
"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."
The scene is changed! Upon the raging main
I hear the quick, sharp, cry of human pain.
A ship, but yesterday of stately form,
To-day lies wrecked and shattered by the storm.
I see rough men, while yet the vessel floats,
Help trembling women down into the boats,
Then back to danger, with undaunted eye:
So heroes live, so noble martyrs die!
There you may see, amid' the tempest's din,
"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."
"One touch of Nature" through the world excelling,
Oh, let us give it here a local dwelling!
By Parrett's stream which rushes, fast and free,
Back to its mother's breast, the mystic sea,
As life flows down into Eternity,
There stands a dwelling. Mark it where it stands:
It is the triumph of our Christian lands!
By day and night within its solemn halls
Misfortune moans, and wasting Sorrow calls.
And shall they call in vain? Oh, men with wealth!
Oh, women with the radiant bloom of health!
"The poor are always with you," and, yet more,
The *sick* are with you, even as the poor;
And these have homes which little comfort yield,
"When moving accidents by flood and field"
(To use Othello's words) have struck them down.

Bridgwater Poets & Poems

by Tony Woolrich

21/10/2020

5

Be *yours* the task to turn Misfortune's frown
From their lone lives ; to offer them a place
Of healing, and whate'er the cause, or case,
The hand that freely gives hath double grace,
so little gifts may show great hearts within—
One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."
Imagine, if you can, how many lives
Your small Infirmary saves. *There* Science strives
With pale disease, while smiling hope survives.
There Surgeons, to their honour be it told,
With patient skill, ungrudging and unsold,
Stand in the deadly breach of duty ! Stand
And fight with Death, the tyrant, hand to hand.
Here I would name a name so nobly known,
That our Infirmary's history is his own.
'Tis said the lilies neither toil nor spin,
Their bright array of loveliness to win ;
Yet in this working world I do descry
One LILLY who is toiling far and nigh,
To make our Institution a success,
,To raise the funds that may subdue distress.
" One touch of Nature !" In the Minstrel's sight
You have it now, or why come here to-night?
No Patti sings to thrill you with a note
Which scarcely seems to come from mortal throat.
Why are you come to hear your own compeers?
It is that you have sympathy with tears.
Each song you hear, the least of Music's strain,
Augments the help that lessens human pain ;
Help for those Wards where suffering mortals lie,
In hope of succour, or with hope to die.
And those who sing? Oh, sing they ill, or well,
Each loving accent, in its fall or swell,
Will reach the home where blissful angels dwell,
Wafted by powers we feel, but cannot see,
Upon the radiant wings of Charity !
So I retire, and so our songs begin ;
" One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

An anonymous verse from the newspaper.
This refers to the placing of the gun next to
the toilets by the Town Bridge

THE RUSSIAN GUN.

After the gun was presented to the town it
was allowed to occupy a somewhat degraded
position for some four months; some
amusement was caused, in October, 1857, by
a copy of the following verses being pasted
on it:—

By gallant Englishmen was I
From Russian fortress captured ;
And when from Woolwich here I came,
The people seemed enraptured.
With rejoicings and with sweetest strains
Of music was I greeted ;
But now with gross neglect I grieve,
Most vilely am I treated.
I and my friends in the Redan,
Fine carriages reposed on ;
But now with filth and dirt I'm scorned,

And traitorously imposed on.
When Panmure gave me unto you,
He named as the condition,
That I should hereafter occupy
An honourable position.
When I belonged to Russian hosts,
English valour I respected.
And from British pride of British pluck
Good treatment I expected.
My fellow guns have elsewhere met
With flattering receptions;
But here I lie the victim of
The cruellest deceptions.
Alas! alas! I've got into
An unpatriotic quarter;
Brave Blake I'll swear was never born
In spiritless Bridgwater!

It is somewhat interesting to note that
these verses drew public attention to the
matter, and as a result the gun was soon
afterwards placed in a more dignified
position.



A postcard of the Cornhill bonfire

Published by T. Bruce Dilks

The following was written by Mr A. J.
Whitby and published in the *Bridgwater
Independent* of November 10, 1888

THE BRIDGWATER GUY FAWKES CARNIVAL.

[A Long Way after Macaulay],

Attend all ye who list to hear our Carnival's delight,
I tell of the thrice famous larks we had on Monday
night,
When our Bridgwater fireworks eclipsed in size again
The biggest blaze of Brock and Co., the stoutest squibs
of Pain.
It was about the lovely close of a bright November day,
There ran a troop of small boys round, exulting in their
play,
For they had seen the Bonfire Boys at their congenial
task,

Bridgwater Poets & Poems

by Tony Woolrich

21/10/2020

6

From earliest twilight, on Cornhill, come heaving many
a cask;
And they escaped the School Board man, and hung
about the place,
And round the pile of wood enjoyed the pleasures of
the chase.
For all day long the Bonfire Boys were gathering fuel
galore,
All day from yard to yard they drove, they drove from
door to door,
Till sixty barrels filled the space within the market
gates,
Till packing cases towered aloft, with faggots, logs and
crates ;
And opposite the market house behold an iron-railed
space,
Wherein behoves them to set up the bonfire in its place.
The fisher lent his skiff to light the saturnalian sports,
The ragged urchins roared around, from West-street's
sunless courts.
The sun was shining joyously, and all along the line,
" We're going to have it fine," they said, "We're going
to have it fine!"
The freshening breeze of eve blew up, the afternoon
grew cold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed those railings
tipped with gold.
Forthwith a sail at every shop was placed along the
street,
And firemen played with hose and jet to wet each
flowing sheet;
Many a light errand-boy put out to pry along the way;
As fast from every village round they came to join the
fray.
Night sank upon the noisy streets, and on the gathering
spree,
Such night Bridgwater oft has seen, and oft again shall
see !
From Eastover to Taunton Road, from North-street to
the Quay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day,
A " bobby" pacing Wembdon Hill looked forth into the
night,
And saw, o'erhanging Clarence roof a blood-red streak
of light.
'Twas four fair maidens caused the blaze on Cornhill's
open space,
Till broad and fierce the flames came forth and raged
and roared apace.
At once beside the station gates arose the answering
fire,
At once the tradesmen's trophies splashed along St.
John's-street mire.
And east and west and up and down the fiery message
flies,
To rouse in many an ancient " pub," the chattering
groups of guys.
Now from the farthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
All making for the station yard, where all the guys
must meet.

The hobbler left his skiff to rock on Parret's slimy
banks,
The brickies left their toil to join the great procession's
ranks.
We look down Eastover and see, while shouts rise
higher and higher,
Torch beyond torch, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.
With his grey charger well in hand, General Boulanger
comes,
Behind him march the fire brigade, behind them sound
the drums,
And lustily the Christies play, and gaily dance the
belles,
As slowly up the street there rolls a carriage-load of
swells.
Look how the effigy of Fawkes lifts up his ancient head,
As underneath him steadily his stalwart bearers tread;
So glared he, when at Westminster in wrath he turned
to bay,
Where in the cellar of the House, the powder-barrels
lay.
How gallantly the jockeys ride, and how the people
stare
As streams in crimson on the wind the Chinese
lanterns' glare.
The Admiral and sailor boys march on with swinging
pace,
And the *Orlando* all the way has held them close in
chase.
Then bugle's note and rattling drum the stately ship
succeed,
And torch in hand, in red and white, the sojer-boys
proceed.
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute, ho ! curate, wave your
nose,
As high on horseback by the gun the dark
Commandant *Rose*.
With his white wig unbonneted, a handsome courtier
rides,
While by him sits a jester, with two foreigners besides.
And waving red along the route, the torchlight still
appears,
High on the Mandarins it shines, it shines on Cavaliers ;
It streams o'er knight and lady fair, o'er nigger, Turk
and clown,
As slow the gay procession sweeps along the roaring
town. ;
And all the different industries are represented here,
And as they pass the wondering crowd send up an
answering cheer.
The " little Brown jug" rides aloft, the potter's wheel
spins round,
And Thompson's tin pots clatter loud, sparks fly, and
knives are ground.'
And see how Symon's, Major's, and Barham's bricks
and tiles
Are being manufactured here in all the latest styles.
So work they when at Salmon Lane, or by the Castle
Field,

Bridgwater Poets & Poems

by Tony Woolrich

21/10/2020

7

They turn to brick the native clay the local claypits
yield.
Look how the car of Culverwell lifts up its massive
cogs,
While underneath the engineers stand in their working
togs,
Ho ! sling your type, compositors ; ho ! small boy, roll
the forme,
For here the gallant printer lads their noble art perform;
Here Smith the saddler tells us all that " nothing is like
leather ";
Here boiler-makers banging loud, work with good
Wills together;
And wood is carved, and marble chipped, and laths are
rent asunder,
While Carver's ship-wrights in their craft make all the
craftsmen wonder.
The carriage sheds have sent a dray, with forge in fiery
blast,
And Cresser's valiant fire brigade brings up the rear at
last.
And on and on, with many a pause, they rolled from
street to street,
And through Northfield and round the Square the
drums were heard to beat.
Then far and wide from bright Cornhill the gangs of
guys dispersed,
And rockets soared, and crackers banged, and squibs
careered and burst.
And when we speak of squibs, you know, we mean
them hot and strong,
Two inches in the bore, about, and eighteen inches
long.
Once from the battery of one gun the Roman candles
poured,
From H.M.S. *Orlando* quick an answering broadside
roared,
And all the Naval Volunteers charged with a louder
cheer,
The gun was won, with lots of fun, the gunners fled in
fear!
Now swift to east and swift to west the masqueraders
ran,
To squib the folks around, who try to dodge them al
they can.
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the
din,
As folks from every village round enjoy the fun and
grin!
The Christies tunefully discourse beneath the market
dome,
Until eleven, but not till two do all the crowd go home.
The Carnival has ended now, in *S, M, O, K, E,*
And when they have another one, may we be there to
see.



The Blake Museum also has a number
similar C19 printed poems in its collection, as
well as the books published by Parker and

Burrington, noted above.

During the First World War a Mr Sharkey
of Bridgwater wrote and sold small booklets
of verse to raise funds for troop comforts.
Copies are in the Blake Museum collection,
as are other poems of the time.

BWRAB : 2007/45/30

'Things Unseen Papers and Poems' by Florence
Whitby. Most items of a religious nature. Printed by
John Whitby and Sons

BWRAB : 2007/15

'Reminiscences: Papers and Poems' by Harry J
Hamlin. Includes reminiscences about the Bridgwater
'Cheese Man' a life size model of a farmer selling
cheeses. A Christmas greeting card from C A Hamlin
enclosed within. The Eastgate Press

BWRAB : 2006/52

Newspaper cutting a poem written in the
vernacular and as if by an eyewitness printed in a
newspaper (possibly the *Bridgwater Mercury*) c1900
'Battle of Sedgemoor' original manuscript found in a
cottage.

BWRAB : 1992/70/33

Satirical notice Billy Cockings the patriot
watchmaker or parish engine keeper poem inspired
by a *Bridgwater Times* article

BWRAB : 1993/45B

Sheet of poems entitled "Kitcheners Men" printer
Bridgwater Mercury

BWRAB : 1993/45A

Sheet of poems entitled "Somersets" at the Fronts
printer *Bridgwater Mercury*

BWRAB : 1990/94

Handwritten diary kept of voyages aboard the
Barque *Ailsa* sailed 5.12.1852. The rear of the book
contains poetry written by Culverwell in 1854 at
Halswell. Poem carved on a stone at Mill Wood

BWRAB : 1991/47

Paperback booklet containing poems by W. J.
Sharkey and sold for 1 shilling

BWRAB : 2010/1/89

Green book of poems Jan (OPQ Philander Smiff)
and Tommy Nutty Zummerzet Rhymes.

BWRAB : 2011/1/134

Draft copy of booklet containing poems by N.R.J.
Hutchings.

Poem 1 The Battle of Sedgemoor
Poem 2 Robert Blake General at sea
Poem 3 The Bridgwater Fair
Poem 4 The Bridgwater Carnival

BWRAB : 2010/1/46

WW1 Poem Booklet.

1914 Five Sonnets by Rupert Brooke

Published London: Sidgwick & Jackson, Limited

Bridgwater Poets & Poems

by Tony Woolrich

21/10/2020

8

3 Adam Street, Adelphi, W C 1915

BWRAB : 2001/16/1

Scrapbook collated by PC Hagon of press cuttings related to sports teams at Dr Morgan's School c.1900-1905. Includes poem written by Hagon in 1903 and photo of the team that won the Bishop's cup.



In addition, the Museum has a number of satirical election leaflets and posters from the mid C19. These are from before the Borough was dis-enfranchised in 1870 for gross election corruption.

BWRAB : 1992/70/36

Satirical Election material photocopied letters dated March 25 1852 from Joel Spiller to Thomas Ford Mayor notification of a public meeting in March 1852

BWRAB : 1992/70/8/11

To the Electors of Bridgwater dated 19/03/1852
Satirical handbill

BWRAB : 1992/70/53

Handbill of comic tragedy set at the Malt Shovel
Wembdon Road political satire

BWRAB : 1992/70/23

Handbill political satire sale of a celebrated
Spiller(ian) Ass 1852.

BWRAB : 1992/70/18

Political satire 2 speeches by Joel Spiller printed for
the Worshipful Company of Snobs

BWRAB : 1992/70/19

Political satire two love letters from Mr W Boys to
John Hancock 1835/1838

BWRAB : 1992/70/32

Handbill political satire Sale at Henry C. White's
bakery 1853.

BWRAB : 1992/30

Handbill political satire printed political
broadsheet reward notice '£1000 ..' 1866.

BWRAB : 1992/70/52

Handbill in the form of an advertisement and play
script political satire 1854

Text digitised and edited by Tony & Jane Woolrich, 21/10/20