

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

1

Editorial note

by Tony Woolrich, Dr Miles Kerr-Peterson and Kay Dilks.

Margaret Thompson Sturge (1839 - 1908), was the eldest daughter of Francis J. Thompson (1813 - 1896) the Bridgwater ironmonger. They were a long-established Quaker family.

Her grandfather, Joseph Thompson (1778-1885) was born in Shaftsbury, Dorset, but at the beginning of the C19 was established as an ironmonger in Bridgwater. He married, in 1807, Anne Clark (1788-1876) a daughter of Thomas Clark (1759-1850) of Street, and his wife Mary (born Metford, 1765-1837). They had eleven children, of whom nine survived to adulthood.

The business was on Cornhill, finally moving to Mount Street and by the time it closed in 2007 was reputed to be the longest-established concern in the town.

Her brother, William Thompson (1837-1927) joined the business and eventually became sole-owner. He married twice and had three son and three daughters. He was prominent in local political life and was Mayor of Bridgwater in 1900 and 1901. He sold the business in about 1900 to a man named Bond, who had started work at Thompson Brothers in the 1880s and became a partner in the firm. The Bond family owned and ran the firm for the next century.

Margaret married Walter Sturge in 1878, at the age of 39, at the Friends Meeting House, Bridgwater. Walter was born on August 14 1830, in Bristol, Gloucestershire, England. a son of Jacob Player Sturge and Sarah Sturge (Stephens). They had no children. They lived at 11 Downfield Road, Clifton. She died in 1908. She died in Bridgwater Hospital in 1908, and buried in the Friends burial Ground, Albert Street.

Walter was a partner in the family surveying business at Bristol of J. P. Sturge & Sons. He died in 1913. His newspaper obituary said he lived privately and was much involved in Quaker affairs. On his death his money was willed to a number of Quaker-run Bristol charities.

Margaret's memoir gives a very good idea of life in Bridgwater in the mid C19. She saw political meetings on Cornhill from her nursery above the shop, and the first steam train to enter the town. The family moved to a house in Huntworth in 1849, for her mother's health. Her father drove to the shop by pony and trap. They moved to Hamp Green, which had been her Uncle Charles' house, in 1857. Charles had asked them

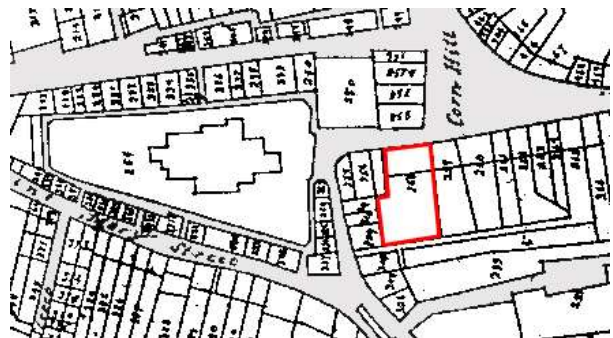
to look after the property while he went off to Cardiff to become a manager for Spillers' flour company.

When she was growing up, the town was scarcely bigger than it had been in medieval times. There were no buildings beyond the East Gate and St John Street did not exist as such, just a country road The railway station was in the fields beyond the borough boundary.



Above is the map accompanying the 1868 Act of Parliament to extend the Parliamentary boundary. It shows the small extent of the town.

Note the railway station beyond the Borough boundary



The above map shows the location of the shop and is from a rating map of 1835. Note the properties by the Churchyard in Little St Mary Street, and the buildings by the Market. This site was re-built from 1791 to 1834.

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

2

Her family lived above the shop on Cornhill. This must have been cramped with eleven children, and they also housed some apprentices to the business



Thompson's shop on the Cornhill. This picture dates to 1902, when the Vestry on St Mary's church was rebuilt.

Her father, Francis James Thompson, had a great interest in politics and was Mayor of Bridgwater in 1884. His portrait hangs in the Town Hall. He was a Liberal and if an election was held during the summer the children decked themselves with orange and yellow flowers in support of the party.

He was an evangelical Friend and was much concerned with the relief of poverty in the town. He was very strong in the Temperance movement then.

Early on they were not allowed to learn music, it being against Quaker principle then, but later on these relaxed, and the family held musical evenings. Their mother could not sing, but instead chanted the words of long-forgotten hymns and Parlour Songs to the children.

The family went for rambles and picnics on the Quantocks, and were much involved with their Thompson cousins.

There is much about her Quaker relatives, (they were closely related to the Clarks and the Metfords), as well as other friends, some of whom were Unitarians. The Church of England is nowhere mentioned.

The book was printed and published in 1904 at the Eastgate Press, Bridgwater, which was run by a fellow Quaker, T Bruce Dilks. He was local historian, whose work features extensively on this website.

He was married to Isabel Thompson, youngest daughter William Thompson (1837-1927) and so a niece of Margaret Thompson Sturge.



Copies of this book are very rare. At the time of writing only three are known. One copy is in the Library of the Society of Friends in London. The second in the collection of the Somerset Studies Library, Taunton. The third, from which this edition has been made, is in the collection of the Bridgwater Heritage Group and was purchased from Abebooks in February 2017. A handwritten note on the title page, most likely written by Margaret Thompson Sturge herself, reads 'with love to Alice Stephens – September 1905'. The whole booklet has been rebound in leather, and a photocopy of a bookplate pasted into the inside cover reads 'J. & A. Gillett, no.78'.

There is a dedicated page on this website about Thompson Bros, ironmongers:

[To follow]

Text digitised and edited by Tony & Jane Woolrich 08/04/2020

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

3

MY Father and Mother, Francis James and Rebecca Thompson, née Stephens, were married at Bridport, Dorsetshire, her native place, on August 30th, 1836, at the quaint little Friends' Meeting House in South Street. They were very young, he only just past 23, and she not yet 22; people spoke of them as the "*boy and girl*," which rather wounded their pride as to what was becoming to their married station. They drove to Lyme on the wedding day, *en route* to Truro, to visit Mother's recently widowed sister, Mary Tregelles, Mother of Margaret Robert F. Sturge. They were accompanied by Mother's sister Ann, who returned to Bridport the following day. It was not thought correct for a bride to start at first alone with her husband, though generally it was the mother who went. Things are changed now, for neither the couple, nor the sister would approve of such an arrangement. Mother always had a great love for this older sister; they were congenial companions, and I believe Aunt Ann's influence over Mother was most helpful intellectually, as well as in her daily guidance. Mother was the youngest, by the second wife, of a family of 17 in all. She was quite the little pet, and her father, William Stephens (who, when a lad, was apprenticed for a few months to Champion's China Works, in Bristol), spoke of her as "*the child of his old age, little Beppa*", a name which her brother, John Pike Stephens, always kept up. Grandpapa Stephens died six months after our parents were married. His widow died when I was eight years old; I remember asking Mother "why she was crying." I have just one remembrance of this grandmama. I was staying, when about five, at their house at Bridport for several months, under the kind care of my aunts, Eliza and Ann Stephens, and their nice maid Emma, who afterwards married, and lived at Street. Grandmama was much of an invalid, and did not have the care of me; one morning I was playing under the massive dining-room table, when she called to me, I looked up, I can fancy I see her now, a fine old lady seated in a horse-hair arm chair, dressed in a Quaker cap and gown, with neckerchief. She is a little linked in my memory with the portrait of Elizabeth Fry. Grandmama was Amy Metford, a sister of Joseph Metford, the father of Aunt Eleanor, who married Alexander Thompson, my father's brother. Father's maternal grandmother was Mary Clark, a

sister of Amy (Metford) Stephens ; consequently it is not surprising that some of us inherit the likeness and a few of the characteristics of that name, such as a love of art, and strong imagination. Mother told me that Grandmama Stephens had very cultivated tastes, and the fact of their being Quakers, and interested in the Anti-Slavery movement, introduced them to many esteemed and well-known Friends, It was the custom in those days to have religious "Family Visits." William and Anna Forster lived at Bradpole, near Bridport; they were acquainted with many excellent persons, Friends and others, which led to intercourse with a very interesting circle, Amelia Opie, of Norwich, was of this number; she was an accomplished woman, who joined Friends in middle life. She made the pencil sketch of Mother at 18 years of age in 1827.



REBECCA STEPHENS, 1827.

(from a pencil sketch by Amelia Opie)

The Forsters' only child, William Edward (the future Irish Secretary), and our Mother were about the same age; and while they were young, Mother was often over at Bradpole to play with him, but as the boy grew into his teens, her visits wore less frequent, for she heard that Anna Forster was afraid that the young people might play falling in love. This Anna Forster would not approve, for grandfather Stephens was a "*linen draper bold*," and it would not bo a

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

4

suitable connection for a scion of the Buxton family!

To return to Father and Mother; they came back from their fortnight's wedding tour, to live at the house attached to the business — that of an ironmonger, on the Cornhill, Bridgwater; and a busy time they both had, he in the shop, and she taking charge of her household; which included two apprentices who lived in the house, as was the custom in those days. As time passed on, a young family grew up, needing her constant care. In this loving work she was most efficiently helped by "Betsy," our nice nurse, who after ten years married Edward Lane, who kept the little "sweet" shop, opposite the top of Friarn street, Bridgwater. She was married from Father's house, and some of the men rang the handbells in the shop, as we went out to St. Mary's church. Willie and I were of the party, and partook of the wedding dinner at Edward Lane's house, where they lived for many years, until the town authorities pulled it down to widen the street. Betsy, who was then a widow, moved to West street, She died in 1901, aged 85. I generally called on her when at Bridgwater, and saw her only a few weeks before her death, when she was bright and contented as ever, always telling me of the old times. *"Those were happy days with your dear Mama. She was a good Missus, and we was all so happy together — and didn't Willie and you and I like to go up Durleigh road and try to find the first violets before your dear Pa! — We was so fond of flowers — and you was good children your Ma always let me manage you, Then your Grandpapa, [Joseph Thompson] he did always like to come up to the nursery to you children, and sometimes Missus didn't want him to stay so long. He would want to know about everything, but Missus would say 'thee mustn't mind it, thee know, Betsy,' and then your Pa would come up and have a romp with you all."*

Our nursery was a fair-sized room on the third storey, with a good window and window-sill, on which we children liked to perch and look out over the Cornhill. On market days it was a busy scene; all the middle of the market square or "place" was occupied by vendors of all kinds of wares, like the markets in the streets, that one sees in many towns on the Continent. There were very few standings, or booths, but the ground was covered with articles, such as common white-wood rocking, and other chairs, baskets of all shapes and sizes — clothes of

every description for country men and women — and best of all, a great number of pots and pans, and china and glass articles, little and big. 'Twas there that Grandmama Stephens bought the little seaweed-pattern tea set, which she gave to me for us to use, when we had a children's tea party in the nursery. Then, though we were brought up to be lovers of peace, I know that I always enjoyed seeing the Yeomanry ride through the town, and salute on the Cornhill. It was a delight to see their pretty cockades and bright coats, to hear the band play and the bugle call.



On the Cornhill too, the townspeople were wont to assemble for the public nomination of two Members of Parliament for the Borough, from the hustings, a temporary wooden platform in front of the Market House. There would be speeches addressed to the electors, and non-electors, from the proposers and seconders, and from the candidates themselves; after which a show of hands by the crowd, which the Mayor and Returning Officer would declare as in favour of one Candidate or the other. Of course the Candidate *not* elected in this rough and ready way, always demanded a poll of the electors. This took place on the following day; it was

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

5

open voting, so that it was always known, from hour to hour, how it was going. Groups, called "tallies," of voters, would come up in a body, escorted by a band of music and banners. The *old* style was more picturesque and exciting than the decorous voting by ballot after private written nominations.

From the same nursery window, we elder children witnessed a scene, the remembrance of which should be specially interesting in these days of fiscal controversy (February, 1904). It was in 1840, while the repeal of the Corn Laws was yet in the balance. The upholders of the *foreign* corn tax thought that Bridgwater, as an agricultural centre, would be a suitable place to have a meeting in its support. This was held on the Cornhill on a market day. But the farmers and their friends were out-numbered by the enemies of Protection; and a resolution was carried in favour of Free Trade. Feeling ran high, and fighting with fisticuffs took place. The leaders of either side exhibited big loaves and little loaves, indicating Free Trade or Protection. We children were fascinated in looking down upon the seething crowd, though sometimes rather frightened when the free fights became rougher and rougher, and we thought somebody would be *sure* to be killed!

My own remembrance of Father is more of his coming into the parlour, that was on one side of the shop, and since then turned into a show-room. He would come in before "*book calling-over*" time, rubbing his hands in his brown holland apron, and get a warm at the fire, and perhaps take one or two of us on his knee. He would not stay long, he was a busy man, hard at work early and late. People did not get Bank Holidays in those days, and the shutters were left half up even on Christmas day*, for fear a customer should come in from the country; so someone was always in charge, a duty which was not liked,—it was pleasanter to join in a Walk with the other young people.

*The reason for this was partly that "*Friends*" objected to the "*times and seasons.*"

One Christmas Day when I was about eight, I had very bad chilblains and could not go out; Amy Jane Clark, of Street, two years older, was visiting us; she and I stayed in the little attic "*school-room,*" where Cousin Eleanor Metford taught my brothers, Willie and Lewis, Amy shewed me the way to do

crochet; we had no proper hooks, and used bent pins. Alfred Clark, (the father of Lilian Aubrey Clark), one of the apprentices was truly kind to us children, and a real help to Mother, especially on Sunday afternoons, when he would read or talk to us, or show us pictures, while Mother rested and Betty was out. He was very fond of fun and practical jokes, and sometimes sent us on his errands. When Uncle Alexander and Cousin Eleanor were up in the attic schoolroom during their courting days, he would send us up with no end of messages to disturb them, to their great annoyance; and once tried to frighten them by shooting peas at the window from the yard below. I wonder he could aim so straight! This yard is a good deal smaller than when we were young. We enjoyed it as a play ground, and I daresay got into a fine mess.

When spring came, our delight was great to go down to our walled garden, and to Grandpapa's field which was beside the Hamp brook, on the West side of Taunton road. This field, like Mrs. Ewing's "*Mary's Meadow,*" was a never-ending source of joy. We would play about under the old tree, while Mama or Betty mended the bagful of little socks; sometimes we made bonnets out; of kidney bean leaves, using the prickles from the gooseberry bushes for pins. Often we flew our kite — we had one in the shape of a man — or we played about in the sweet smelling hay. Grandpapa always put up the field for mowing. Later on in the year, we older ones were let join in playing football with our elders. What fun we had! It was not the terribly rough game that is in vogue in these "*civilized*" times.



WILLIAM STEPHENS, 1834.

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

6

A SMALL OFFERING.

"I am a very little girl As old again as half,
Don't look at me when this is read,
For fear that I should laugh.
Now, as for such a little child
A little verse will do,
Why shouldn't I a Budget piece
Put in, as well as you ?
"No, no, my name's *not* Amy Jane,
You haven't got it yet—
Why what poor guessers you must be—
'Tis little Margaret !"

The title of Sarah Clark's piece was—

NURSERY TROUBLES,

" I can't think what all this great bustle's about,
Things are not as they were I am sure;
There are guests by the dozen, within and without,
And more coining up to the door ! ...
Ah, here's "Betsy"—I've lost her a very long while,
Though I've nurses by twos and by threes;
And to my great contentment, she says with a smile,
'Baby's *dressing time*, miss, if you please.'
Well ! I can't think what all this commotion's
about,
All around is unusual and strange!
But one thing I know—where there's bustle and
roust,
The "babies" don't gain by the change."

One day in 1845, I remember Father taking us down to Weston Zoyland [Road. TW] Railway Bridge, to see the first train that was run from Bridgwater to Exeter. The engine was decked out with flowers and flags, and greeted with many a cheer. A year or two after, Father and Mother travelled by rail to London, and saw the electric telegraph wires on poles, on one side of the line. Mothers they made her feel giddy, they seemed to bob about so much. She gave me a kaleidoscope she had bought in the newly constructed Thames Tunnel. Science has made rapid strides since then. Six years ago I watched workmen lay the wires for lighting our own house at Clifton with electricity.

Willie and I were sent to Miss Ware's school when he was seven, and I five years old. The school was held in a house near to the back yard gate. When it was dirty, I had to wear little pattens, and many a fall I had in them. How glad I was when clogs were invented, that kept on one's feet. Poor little Willie was a spoilt boy—spoiled by Grandpapa mostly, and oh ! how naughty he often was at school. Miss Ware used to shut him up in a dark cupboard, away from the schoolroom; he would kick the door for ever so long—and I would cry for him to be let out. We went there for about a year, after which I was sent to kind Caroline Smith's and Emma Ravis' school that had lately been opened in a house across the Cornhill, rather behind the Clarence Hotel. On the removal of E. R. and C. S. to Friarn Place, the house was occupied by a dentist. Caroline Smith had taught Amy Jane and William Clark, at Street, and Emma Ravis had given lessons to my Aunts Catherine and Lily Thompson. They were both Friends, and of intellectual tastes.

In those days " *Budget* " meetings were the fashion. I remember one meeting during the winter of 1845, which was held at Father's and Mother's house on the Cornhill. It was such a very grand party, the ladies were dressed so fine, specially tall Eleanor Rawes—our house was lighted with many lamps, and it was a memorable occasion. All Street friends as well as those living in Bridgwater, attended, and every one brought a Budget piece. Cousin Sarah Cyrus Clark wrote about baby Frank, Willie and I were given pieces too; mine written by Emma Ravis, was called



The Cornhill at the end of the eighteenth century. This lithograph based on a watercolour by John Chubb shortens the space between the Cornhill and St Mary's Churchyard. The Thompsons' home and shop is the last building on the left here, nearest the churchyard—in reality three more buildings completed the row. See p.2. Also, this picture shows a building of four bays, whereas later photographs show five—although the façade may have been rebuilt between 1800 and 1865.

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

7

There were many more Friends living in Bridgwater in those days, and on Sunday the small meeting-room seemed nearly full. Great Grandfather, Thomas Clark, sat in the front; he often preached. He died in 1850, aged 91. His funeral was a very large one,—such a string of carriages! He lived latterly at Halesleigh, near Bridgwater, with his son Thomas Clark, and his widowed daughter Sarah Metford, with her three young daughters. Grandfather Clark often called in at our Cornhill house. He was very fond of baby Mary, (his late wife's name was Mary Metford), and one day Mother came into the parlour and found him seated, sound asleep, with baby *on* his lap, in the old arm chair, so close to the fire, that one of the chair legs was badly scorched. Strict orders were given to Betsy never again to trust little Mary to Grandfather's tender care.

Thomas Short also spoke in our meetings, but he was so given to weeping during his discourses, that a young man remarked "*an umbrella would soon be necessary.*" Thomas Short's wife, Sarah, always wore a Friends' straw bonnet in the house,—I wondered whether she went to bed with it! Mother used to take me to call on the Shorts, and also on Ann Kett, a nice old Quaker lady, who, as well as the Shorts, lived in Castle Street. She left me her gold watch and chain which I received at her death when I was about 27. I do not remember other ministers at our meeting, except "*visiting Friends*" like the late Silvanus Fox, of Wellington, who preached in a loud and sonorous voice. Sometimes we children would get restless in Meeting, and then mother would make us stand up, which we did not at all like. Occasionally a very curious man, as he seemed to me, would come to Meeting. He looked like a big boy, for he wore a short jacket, and very short trousers, and his shirt was so open in front, that his skin was visible;—round his neck was a light blue (or red) necktie. He was the eccentric and clever John Clark, Father's uncle, and Father used to take us to call upon him at his house in Eastover, close to the large white turnpike gates. He would show us the Latin verse-making machine which he had invented, and let me put in a penny and see the couplet coming out. It was not like the "*penny-in-the-slot*" machines of the present day, but may have given rise to the idea. Uncle J. Clark really invented the rain-proof

material for water-proof coats, but he sold the patent to a Mr. Macintosh for £40, and so lost the honour and profit of the discovery. Uncle J. Clark was however never a practical man, and like many another genius, lacked the ability to bring to perfection the many original ideas which filled his brain. He died in 1853. His Grand-mother, the so called "*Giddy Girl of Greinton*" used to call him the "*poor projecting boy.*"

After twelve years of married life, Mother became a good deal overdone; and had an attack of English cholera, and I remember the awe that I felt sitting by her bedside early in the morning, while Papa went across the Cornhill to fetch Dr. Haviland. She was weak and ill for a long time; Father scoured the country miles round, to find a suitable dwelling for us to live in, so that she should no longer have the worry and strain of a business house. In 1849 he decided on a small farm house with verandah, two miles out of Bridgwater, where we passed seven happy years, until the house could, no longer hold us. Huntworth was the name of the small hamlet in which it was situated. Our opposite neighbours were the Ritsons, he a successful timber merchant and contractor, she a pleasant, though reserved lady, whom Mother would like to have seen more of, only Mrs. Ritson remarked "*that it was too much trouble to put on her boots, and dress up, to pay a call so near!*"

Putting on boots was necessary; it was before the days of goloshes. Often during winter the lanes were very muddy, and once I saw a gentleman carried pick-a-back to keep his boots clean, when he was going to spend the evening at our friends, the Colthursts' near by!

Father kept a pony named "*Sammy*" and a little car, to take him to and from town; George the boy looked after them, our fowls, and other things. Every one of us enjoyed being right out in the country, and having live stock of our own. Father did not care so much for animals as Mother did. We children had a skylark, kept in a cage, of which Father was very fond; he wrote these verses about the bird, which had been found dead in its cage.

"To BONNIE"

"Did you ever know the Skylark,
That pretty little bird,
Whose song so merrily all day

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

8

Around our cot was heard.
How very sparkling was his eye,
How pert his crest and look !
Then shy and timid he would seem
As from your hand he took
A fly, a spider, or a worm,
A taste of blackberry jam;
A nice tit-bit of roasted beef,
Or e'en a slice of ham.
Bonnie, where art thou, Bonnie, where?
And where thy joyful lays,
That, early morn till even-tide,
Told thy Creator's praise?
Bonnie, where art thou, sweetest bird,
And that sweet voice of thine ?
Will not Spring rouse thee from thy rest
Again thy voice to chime?
Will not the thrilling swelling note
Of skylarks on the wing
Recall thy spirit into life,
Again with them to sing?
Ah no I poor Bonnie, he is gone !
He sleeps beneath the sod!
Ne'er will that voice in accents sweet
Sing praises to its God ! "

Father would come home very tired on market days, and very cold when it was wet or frosty. Many evenings he would play games with the children; later on double chess would he enjoyed, in which game Uncle Metford Thompson would often take a part. The care of the young household was necessarily left to the mother; and a busy time she had, especially in the winter vacations, when we could not be out much; and it was always a relief to Mother and me when the holidays passed without any serious scrimmaging among the boys; for besides my brothers, the cousins George, James, and Harry Thompson would come out from Hamp Green, where they were then living, and we used to have jolly games of assaulting, or besieging our garden, which had a haw-haw along the side adjoining the large cornfield, and this made a capital rampart. George was fired with a military spirit, for he had often heard his grand, father, George Brown, tell stories of the time when he served on board the "Victory," and saw Nelson fall.

George Brown lived at the bank; he delighted to take his grandson and our Lewis a stroll before breakfast, always calling at a

pastry cooled they passed, to give the boys a hot "*manchet*." This was when we lived on the Cornhill. The Browns were Unitarians. Father and Mother in their early married life mixed a good deal with some of the members of that congregation. As young people, we were somewhat imbued with the old-fashioned Unitarian views. I think this was helpful to us; I believe it has given us a broader outlook on truth all round. Their minister, Russell Lant Carpenter, and Father were great friends; both espoused teetotalism in its early days, and joined heart and soul with the Temperance Crusaders in winning many a moral victory over the advocates of beer and sider.



REBECCA THOMPSON, 1866.

During summer time we saw much more of Father, for in the light evenings he would take long walks with us, or we would drive "*Sammy*" to Kingscliff, and make a bonfire and have tea. Father would find, and point out to us, any rare wild flowers; he was keen on them, and on natural history in general. In his boyhood he had gone long walks with his Uncle Thomas Clark, and John Collins (incumbent of St. John's church), who were great friends, and very good botanists. Uncle had taken father to Andrew Crosse's, at Broomfield, and had shown him the then newly discovered adaptation of electricity.

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

9

Uncle Thomas would tell Father about the Quantock Hills and Alfoxton, where William Wordsworth lived for a year, and Coleridge near by, in his small cottage at Stowey. In a letter of Father's, written to Alice in 1883, he remarked "*I often think we have as it were a shadow of the grandeur [of Switzerland] in the 'dear Quantocks' now in my sight, they are ever speaking of Him who made all things.*"

Father early imbibed Chartist opinions, and a love of freedom that clung to him through life. He had the courage to exercise independence of thought. I am now writing this (September, 1903) at Susan Sellick's cottage, at Holford. Walter was calling one day lately on Mr. and Mrs. Escott, at Kilve Rectory (who have this year celebrated their diamond wedding). Mrs. Escott is a daughter of the late John Collins. She was telling Walter of her father, and uncle Thomas Clark going botanising, and how once, on finding a rare flower, Uncle exclaimed "I have found it, I have found it, John Collins, *Eureka*"—She also related the following anecdote of Wordsworth and Coleridge, at Nether Stowey. They were suspected of entertaining revolutionary opinions, and a detective was sent down from London to watch them. The two friends were walking together one day, and conversing about Spinoza and his philosophy. It so happened that the detective had a *very long nose*; and listening to the conversation thought that it related to his personal appearance, which he duly reported to the authorities! She spoke too of Reuben Payne, who was also an enthusiastic lover of nature, and how he, with Uncle and John Collins, would scour the Quantocks together. In this way the beauty of the hills became known to Father, as well as during his drives when he was out delivering bills, and taking orders for the business. On special occasions he would take one of us children, and great was the treat of sitting beside him in the gig, and listening to him, as he would point out some fresh flower, or bird, or different headland in the Bristol Channel.

Father was the first of one large circle to stay at Holford village; he wanted to give Mother a complete change, so asked the blacksmith if he would turn one of the rooms, used as a shop, into a parlour. Father sent out a wagon load of furniture for it; and there mother, and Betsy, and we children went for several summers. The post cart brought Father down for the Sundays. The house was

just opposite the low hill that we named "*Thompson hill*" ; Willie and I went every morning over it to fetch the milk at the "*Round House*" in Alfoxton Combe. Mother would send us two off with baskets and sandwiches, to pick worts. One day when we had wandered further than usual, and discovered Rocky Combe, she quite thought we were lost; I can still recall her look of relief when Betsy and she came across us in Alfoxton Combe. How we did enjoy everything, it seemed like fairyland to us. Happy the children who have parents who encourage them to find out and delight in the beauties around them! One morning after Father had taken a bath in Hayman's pond, he called us to see a green snake swim right across it. Things are changing now, for the tannery is turned into a boarding house, and we meet more people about; but up at Susan Sellicks, the hills are peaceful as ever, and the rich glory of the heather and gorse speaks of beauty that is not of earth. The whole district seems to teem with memories of those near and dear to us who have already passed beyond the veil. One day in September 1903, Walter, Marjorie Whetham and I spent on Kilve beach, and found part of a big ammonite fossil, like the one which Wilson Marriage and some of our brothers dug out on that beach and had mounted, and presented to Father years ago; he put it in the hall at Hamp Green. It now stands in the porch at Dilbridge Hall, Colchester.

When I was about 18, my kind uncle Thomas Clark gave me that pretty little microscope, in a red case, which many will remember. He had made good use of it in his younger days, but had lately bought a much more powerful instrument. I remember many a pleasant evening at Halesleigh, when he would show us hidden wonders by its aid. Father had a great love and reverence for this uncle, who helped to lead him from the study of Nature, to a fuller knowledge of Nature's God.

In 1851 Father took my brothers Willie (14), Lewis (10), and myself (12), to London to see the world's great show, the Crystal Palace Exhibition, the conception largely of the good Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria. I remember that old Green, one of the porters at the shop who drove all of us to Meeting on Sunday mornings from Huntworth, in Grandpapa's carriage, and white horse "*Duke*," remarked that "*he did hope when*

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

10

we come back from London we could tell him something of what we had seen; everybody was a-going up but he, and not a soul of them could say what 'twere like." No wonder, the whole thing was so grand, so overpowering, that it seemed to take one's breath away. Yet for all that, I remember the first impression of the building far better than the one of 1862—I can see the crystal fountain, the palms and the flags, and the beauty and symmetry of the whole place, crammed full of people. Father was afraid we should get lost, so we went one behind the other through the crowd, Lewis, the youngest, bringing up the rear, bolding on to a pocket handkerchief that I held; but being a very absent-minded boy he would often stop to gaze, and muse over some curious thing that attracted his attention. Father certainly had his hands full. Mother could not be with us, she had to stay at home with baby Lilian. One day, to our great delight, we picniced in Trafalgar Square, under the shadow of Landseer's Lions, and washed down our sandwiches with water from the fountains, greatly to the amusement of the passers-by. We looked like, and were, "*country cousins*"—Father did not mind!



FRANCIS JAMES THOMPSON, 1866.

Politics had always a great interest for Father, both Parliamentary and Municipal. He was an ardent Liberal, and naturally liked to have his party win the day. Once when he was trying to persuade a man to vote for some special candidate for the Town Council, the man excused himself, saying he must look after his litter of pigs; "*Never thee mind the pigs*" said Father, "*I'll buy them all.*" The nomination and polling days were grand times for us. Our nursery window in town, as before stated, looked out on the Cornliill, and we enjoyed watching the crowd, and occasional small fights. Later on, when living at Huntworth, we went to Bridgwater on nomination days, and once, when a young cousin accompanied us, who liked to curry favour with both sides, she would turn her right shoulder with a big *blue* rosette to the window when the blues (the Tories) were speaking; and when the Liberal candidate appeared she turned the other shoulder, decorated with a *yellow* bow. Father kept a large orange-coloured silk handkerchief on purpose for these occasions, In summer time, if there was an election, we decked ourselves with all the orange and yellow flowers that we could find. We must admit the sad fact that as the years rolled on, the Parliamentary Borough of Bridgwater became very corrupt, and in 1868 or '69 it was disfranchised. Personally I felt this a wicked shame, as it was for all time; and those who came after and were not implicated, would suffer as well as the wrong doers; moreover we were not worse than some other small towns, only *we* were found out, A Commission was sent down from London to enquire into our misdeeds. The trial created quite a sensation, as one after another the evil doings of our townsmen were brought to light by the three Commissioners, nicknamed respectively "*The World,*" "*The Flesh,*" and "*The Devil.*" An interesting little episode was told me lately in connection with these names. The Commissioners stayed first at the Clarence Hotel, but finding the landlord was implicated, they moved to the Railway Hotel; afterwards finding that too was involved, they went down to Highbridge. Coming over one morning by train, two young ladies got into the same carriage, saying they were going to Bridgwater to the trial, and also remarking that the townspeople were very angry about it, and called the Commissioners "*The World,*" "*The Flesh,*" and "*The Devil.*" On

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

11

nearing the station they said they "hoped they would be able to get into the hall." On hearing this one of the gentlemen handed them his card, saying that "if they presented that, they would be sure to be admitted,"—adding "I may as well tell you that I am the Devil"

I should like to add a political squib of George Carslake Thompson's composing, in reference to the candidature of Colonel Weatropp and Mr. Kinglake, the historian of the Crimea war, it will show the superiority of "skits" in those olden times:—

AN IDYLL OF THE BOROUGH OF BRIDGWATER,

In the pleasant shire that borders
To the south the Severn sea,
Dwelt a maiden, lovely, stately,
And of ancient pedigree.
She was rich in corn and pastures,
Came to her 'neath snowy sails
Timber from beyond the ocean,
"Diamonds" from the mines of Wales.
Many, many, came to woo her,
But her heart was still the same
Fixed on him who first had won her,
And *Sir Progress* was his name.
Large of heart and ever keeping
Steadfast in the People's cause—
Lightening burdens, helping wisely,
Framing just and equal laws.
Came a gallant youth from Limerick,
Looked and loved, confessed his flame,
Urged his suit with vow and pleading,
But the maid was still the same.
Six long years he hovered round her,
Courting her with gift and word ;
Overwhelming her with presents,
If her slightest wish he heard.
Every girl caprice he humoured,
Did she wish, he'd sign the pledge—
Was she fond of steeplechasing ?
He himself would clear a hedge.
Yet he *knew* her noble hearted,
So he aped his rival's part;
He, too, would remove abuses—
But he spoke with half a heart.
And the maiden learnt to like him,
Learnt to part from him with pain;
Till he deemed, the time accomplished,
And he asked her once again.
Then her own true love *Sir Progress*
Told her how *he* hoped and loved—
Found himself not *all* forgotten—
Thought he'd not unworthy proved.

Stands on either side a suitor
Listening for Bridgwater's voice—
Twixt the *New love* and the *true love*
Now Bridgwater—make your choice!

Father was a very good son, and devoted to his mother, Ann Thompson. Grandpapa died in 1855, and during his last illness Father often spent the night in King Street—*Dampiet* Street, as then named. One evening he arrived rather late, and went up to bed with his boots on, high Wellingtons such as were worn in those days. Then finding that he could not get one of them off, he tied it up in a serge bag that he used for his night things. He slept the night through like this, so that the sheets should not be soiled, not daring to go down for the boot-jack for fear of disturbing the household. Mother liked to mention this to show Francis's great thoughtfulness. Grandpapa Joseph Thompson was born at Poole, Dorset, where his father lived, who was a sea captain. They were Friends, and Grandpapa's mother, Hester Thompson, kept a school at Gillingham, for the daughters of Friends. A brother of Hester Thompson's, William Parker, settled at Bridgwater as a Fellmonger, and supplied the firm of Cyrus and James Clark, at Street, with skins for making the rugs. This house and yard were close to the old stone bridge over the Parrett, and nothing gave my father and his brother Charles more pleasure, when little boys, than to play in the skin yard of their great uncle, or fish with a long string and pin out of one of the windows of his house.



WILLIAM PARKER.

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

12



HAMP GREEN.

We moved from Huntworth to Hamp Green in 1857; our uncle Charles Thompson having left that house and gone to Cardiff in order to take part in the corn and milling business, now carried on by the firm of Spillers and Baker, Uncle Charles hoped that Father would "keep Hamp Green warm" until he should return to it. Father always said that the house was too large for him, and that he should prefer to live in one of the cottages in Hamp Ward! Jessie, the youngest of Father's and Mother's family was born at this house in January, 1858. We young children much appreciated the change, for it gave us the opportunity of mixing with others of our own age much more than we could so far out in the country. Mother superintended the move, and I went to Burnham with Philip, Lily, and little Arnold. Martha, our faithful nurse, was to have come with us, but the baby (Katie) was too poorly, and they stayed at home. I had the entire charge of the children in small lodgings, in hot September weather. Poor little Arnold, only four years old, was very shy, and would not let me go out of his sight. One day a band came along. Philip, who was very fond of music, ran after it, Lily followed, with myself to bring them back, and Arnold, loudly screaming, brought up the rear; it made quite a scene! All we children were fond of music, but of course we might not learn the piano, it was then against Friends' principles. I begged hard for Katie and Jessie to learn when they were young, but the dear mother said that none of us had learned, and that they must not, greatly to my disappointment. Later on, however, the two girls were given a piano by uncle Charles Thompson, and during the latter years of our parents' lives it was a great pleasure to them to hear it played. Often of an evening Mother

would say "Shall we have a little music?" Father had a nice voice; he taught us to sing, and at Huntworth, the early part of every Sunday evening, he would join with us in singing children's hymns, it being too far from town for us to go to Meeting a second time. I remember his singing "The Minstrel Boy" with a good deal of his old gusto, not many years before he died. The hearing of a favourite hymn sung was soothing to him to the end of his long life. Our dear mother had no idea of tune, but when Willie and I were little, she used half to say, half to chant "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea," and "Gaily the Troubadour" over and over again, to our great delight. This was generally on a Sunday evening in the town kitchen when the maids were out, and the parlour occupied by others.

Father did not wish to have the dining-room at Hamp Green furnished for several years after we moved there. This troubled Mother, who liked to have the whole house look nice; but like the wise and sweet woman she was, she quietly yielded to Father's wishes. So the large, almost empty dining-room was used for a school and play-room. I taught Philip and Lily there. One winter, soon after we moved to Hamp, we had great fun with a long skipping rope, and impromptu dancing, in both of which amusements John Horne Payne and his friend Mr. Nesbitt took part. They were down for the winter at Reuben Payne's house on the Cornhill, studying hard for the law. How hard I do not know—we saw a good deal of them. In Bridgwater John wore a Quaker coat, in London it was never seen. The Payne family were brought up very strictly, and the young people would have liked the greater freedom of our home life. I saw a good deal of them, and stayed occasionally at Parish's farm above Cockercombe, where they passed many weeks during the summer. One afternoon Reuben Payne, who loved every stick and stone up there, took me into the woods, carrying a large coal hammer, which he struck on the trunks of the tall fir trees, to make the squirrels spring from tree to tree; as they jumped, he would exclaim "There, Margaret Thompson, do thee see them?—quick, quick—there's another leap." It was a pretty sight—never before or since have I seen so many squirrels leaping, almost flying, from tree to tree.

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

13

Father and Mother were always interested in the questions of the day; they adopted teetotalism and homeopathy on their first appearance. They liked us children to sign the pledge as soon as we could write our names. I signed when I was six years old; Father wrote my name on a card of membership in the Bridgwater Teetotal Society. There were no "*Bands of Hope*" in those days. We took part with the grown-ups in their teas and processions, and attended some of the public meetings. In 1862, when the second great exhibition was held, Father took Mary, Alice, and myself to a large Temperance Convention in London; we heard Sir Wilfrid Lawson deliver a very clever speech, but what stirred us more deeply was an address from Joseph Thorp (father of Fielden Thorp), that by its intense earnestness and religious tone, carried great weight.

Father was always ready to hold out a helping hand to any one of his fellow townsmen whom he found to be in need, and in this way one may say he was looked on as a friend of the whole town.



ANNE THOMPSON, 1866.

I should like to allude to Father's mother, Ann Thompson (daughter of Thomas and Mary Clark, formerly of Grenton Farm, near Street). She was a Quaker of the olden type in dress and manner, very kind and thoughtful,

but reserved—respected by every one. She was a well-known figure for such a number of years in her "Friendly" garb, and many missed her loving presence when she passed away at Bridgwater in 1876, aged eighty-eight. I had a great affection for her—she always gave me a loving welcome. In the old Huntworth days, and often afterwards from Hamp Green, when Mother left me in charge, I would go in to consult with her on some difficulty which had arisen. I remember her once quoting a very simple rhyme when I went to dine with her, and had forgotten my hair bow:—

"For every evil under the sun
There's a remedy, or there's none.
If there be one, try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it."

Father was always very quick in his movements, and sometimes when he ran in to see his mother he would stand, as if to go directly, and Grandmamma would say "*Can't thee sit down a minute, Francis, while I ask thee something?*" "*All right mother,*" he would say, "*I'll attend to you.*" In his younger days, Father being a "*Friend*" was in the habit of using the "*plain language*" when speaking to members of the Society, but not in addressing others. On one occasion when a young man, he attended a public dinner, and sat between Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, and a gentleman not a "*Friend*," He addressed the former with the singular pronoun; and the latter with the plural; this struck him as an inconsistency, and he determined henceforward to use the plural pronoun to everyone alike. It was a courageous thing to do for a young man in those days, when great stress was laid upon the "*peculiarities*" of the Society of Friends.

I might recall more "*memories*," but I have given "*echoes*" enough to show the kind of home in which we children were brought up. It is true that there were days of sorrow and suffering, as is the lot of all, but they came from a loving Hand and touched us "*gently*." The first great sorrow I remember was when uncle Metford Thompson and my cousin Herbert Stephens were drowned while bathing at Portreath, in Cornwall, in 1856. It was a crushing sorrow to all the large circle who knew and loved them. But as Father wrote in a letter to Matilda Sturge some years later. "He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness." I cannot do better than

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

14

close with the Golden Wedding poem of 1888 (by Matilda Sturge) to show that " Goodness and Mercy " have followed our beloved parents through all their many days.

To FRANCIS AND BEBECCA THOMPSON ON THE OCCASION OF THE GOLDEN WEDDING AT HAMP GREEN, BRIDGWATER, August 80TH, 1886.

[*Sic.* Clearly the month date is wrong. TW]

"Like to a summer morning just begun,
Sweet as the coolness of the awakening day
With all its dewy shade, while yet the sun
Tints but the tree tops with his golden ray,
"Was that fair hour when in the shining weather,
Fresh in the gladness and the hope of youth,
These two stood up, and joined their hands
together,
To pledge through weal and woe their love
and truth.

Her girlish bloom, in days so far behind,
Her children's children wear;
Although her husband, calling her to mind,
Thinks them not quite so fair.

And he a young man joying o'er his bride,
And strong to run life's race with her beside;
That race well run, together all the way,
Till they have reached their golden wedding day.

Fair was the morn, and the eve was fair.
Although indeed we know
There have been clouds between—the mists of
care,
The deeper shades of woe.

For they have loved and lost: the starting tear
Marks that they meet a not unbroken band;
Tho' many sons and daughters come to cheer, ,
Or send their greetings from a distant land.

But clouds at even lose their gloomy hue,
And catch the crimson glowing in the west;
Past griefs are softened, and a sense of rest
Falls on the present gently as the dew.

And Mercy still hath followed all their ways,
And filled their hands with blessings
manifold;
Many and good have been their pilgrim days,
Though fewer than the patriarchs of old.

And scarce can we believe, what still we know,
That bridal morn was fifty years ago !
Time hath but gently touched her hair and brow,
And left his form erect, his step elastic now.

Blest in each other, in their children blest;
O happy pair, whose love so true and tried
Is dearer yet in His, the bidden Guest

"Whose presence cheers them more than all
beside.

He fills their cup with gladness to the brim,
For they are one for evermore in Him.

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904



THE GOLDEN WEDDING, 1886.

Identified Individuals:

Back row

1. Edith Marriage
2. Lewis Thompson 1841-1920
3. Unknown Young Lady
4. Gower Thompson
5. Pollie Frank Thompson
6. Thomas Reuben Thompson b.1871
7. Agnes M.F. Thompson
8. Harold Stuart Thompson 1870-1940
9. William Thompson 1837-1927
10. Jessie Impey, nee Thompson, b.1858
11. Walter Sturge 1830-1914
12. Alice Elliott, nee Thompson 1846-1926
13. Robert Impey (1848-1935 hat & moustache)
14. Joseph Elliott 1844-1895
15. Wilson Marriage (holding hat and cricket ball)

Middle Row

1. Arnold Thompson (leaning over)
2. Dolly (Arnold and Carrie's Baby)
3. Carrie Thompson

4. Margaret Thompson Sturge 1839-1908
5. Rebecca Thompson 1814-1893
6. Francis James Thompson 1813-1896
7. Katie Thompson
8. Mary Thompson b.1843
9. Thompson Elliott (with cricket bat)

Front Row

1. Jack Elliott (2nd boy)
2. Isabel Thompson (William's 3rd)
3. Arnold Elliott (3rd boy)
4. Maggie Thompson (Pollie's Girl)
5. Beatrice Thompson (William's...)
6. Francis Thompson (Lewis' 2nd boy)
7. Valérie Thompson (William & Agnes Thompson's eldest daughter)
8. Isabel Marriage
9. Ralph Elliott
10. Frank Marriage

Deciphering all these individuals was the hard work of Kay Dilks. Similar photos to this one exist, although with individuals in slightly different places.

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

16

Additional Notes

Page 1 Col 1 William Stephens

Margaret's grandfather, William Stephens was a well-respected Quaker in Bridport. He was born in Truro in 1756 and was apprenticed as a china painter to Richard Champion, a china manufacturer in 1770. Champion was based in Plymouth at the time, but moved to Bristol in 1772. After his apprenticeship finished in about 1778, William appears to have moved to Tewkesbury and worked as a woollen draper, and before moving back to Plymouth by the 1780s. It was in Plymouth he met Ann Dawe, who came to inherit her father's draper's business in Bridport. William married her in 1788 moved to join her in the business in Bridport. She died in 1794. In 1796 William married Amy Metford of Glastonbury, who was Margaret's grandmother. William Stephens died in February 1837, aged 81, and is buried at the Friends' Burial Ground, Bridport.

Page 3 Col 2 **Amelia Opie**

Amelia Opie, née Alderson (12 November 1769 – 2 December 1853), was an English author who published numerous novels in the Romantic Period of the early 19th century, through to 1828. Opie joined the Quakers and was also a leading abolitionist in Norwich, England. Amelia Opie's was the first of 187,000 names presented to the British Parliament on a petition from women to stop slavery. (WP)

P5 Col 1 **Times and Season**

Quakers did not observe Christmas nor mark other 'times and seasons'. They believed that no day was more holy than any other, and believed that each day, and all of life, was sacred.

P6 Col 1 **first railway train in Bridgwater, 1845**

She is mistaken in the date: it was 1841

The start of the line was in August 1835 when the Parliamentary Act was passed. Construction reached Bridgwater in May 1841, and the first passenger train from Bristol to the town ran on 14 June 1841. From

then on, until the line was finished, passengers were transported onwards by coach. The section to Taunton was completed in July 1842, and the Exeter section in May 1844.

P6 Col 1 **Budget**

budget (n.) early 15c., bouget, "leather pouch, small bag or sack," from Middle French bougette, diminutive of Old French bouge "leather bag, wallet, pouch," from Latin bulga "leather bag," a word of Gaulish origin (compare Old Irish bolg "bag," Breton bolc'h "flax pod"), from PIE *bhelgh- "to swell," extended form of root *bhel- (2) "to blow, swell."

The modern financial meaning "statement of probable expenditures and revenues" (1733) is from the notion of the treasury minister keeping his fiscal plans in a wallet. **Also used from late C16. in a general sense of "a stock, store, or collection of miscellaneous items," which led to C18. transferred sense "bundle of news," hence the use of the word as the title of some newspapers. and book titles such as the Augustus de Morgan, *Budget of Paradoxes*, (1872)**

Her paragraph describes the event exactly— a social event where everyone brought a piece to recite, presumably carried in their wallet or budget.

P7 Col,1 **John Clark**

Grocer. Born Greinton 21 November 1785, son of Thomas Clark (d.1850) and Mary, nee Metford (d.1837). A very important man who invented, among other things, an early computer and a waterproof material, the patent of which he sold to the Mr Macintosh for £40. He was also an antiquarian of Glastonbury Abbey For his Eureka Machine, see:

<http://poetrybynumbers.exeter.ac.uk/history/ohnclark/>

P8 col 2 **Russell Lant Carpenter**

Russell Lant Carpenter (December 17, 1816 – 1892), a Unitarian minister who carried on the works of his father, Dr. Lant Carpenter and wrote his biography. He was a brother of the social reformer Mary Carpenter.

MEMORIES AND ECHOES OF BYGONE DAYS.

by

Margaret Thompson Sturge, 1904

17

Carpenter was born in 1816 in Kidderminster, Worcester, England and was christened in Devonshire, England. He died in 1892 (WP)

P9, col 1 **Chartism**

Chartism was a parliamentary reform movement that was most active from the late 1830s through to the late 1840s. Their manifesto was called The People's Charter and wanted universal voting rights for men, fairer electoral districts, voting by secret ballot, the abolition of property qualifications to become a member of parliament, and annual general elections. Although the movement was a failure during its own existence, almost all their major objectives were eventually passed into law later.

P9, col 2 **Ammonite at Kilve**

Wilson Marriage (1842-1932) was a corn and flour miller of Colchester, Essex, who married Mary Thompson, sister of MTS. Dilbridge Hall, where the fossil was eventually displayed was his residence at Colchester. He was an antiquarian, and efforts are being made to discover if the fossil survives in a museum collection there.

P11 **William Parker's Home**

The house as described by Sturge seems to match that drawn by John Chubb in the 1790s – presumably the window here is the one the boys enjoyed fishing from. The hanging sheets seen here are presumably skins.



P12 *Sound the loud timbrel*

By Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but
spoken, 5
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord;
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!¹⁰
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free

And Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar,
by Thomas Haynes Bayly (13 October 1797 –
22 April 1839)

He was an English poet, songwriter, dramatist, and
miscellaneous writer. You can listen to the tune here:
<http://www.contemplator.com/england/gaily.html>

Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar,
When he was hast'ning home from the war.
Singing from Palestine hither I come;
Lady love, lady love welcome me home.
Singing from Palestine hither I come;
Lady love, lady love welcome me home

She, for the troubadour hopelessly wept,
Sadly she thought of him when others slept.
Singing in search of thee would I might roam;
Troubadour, troubadour come to thy home.
Singing in search of thee would I might roam;
Troubadour, troubadour come to thy home.

Hark! 'twas the troubadour breathing her name;
Under the battlement softly he came.
Singing, from Palestine, hither I come;
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home.
Singing from Palestine hither I come;
Lady love, lady love welcome me home