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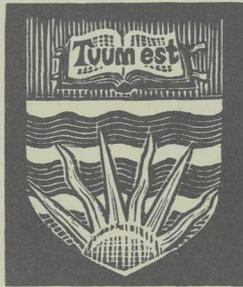
By JOHN HARBOTTLE.

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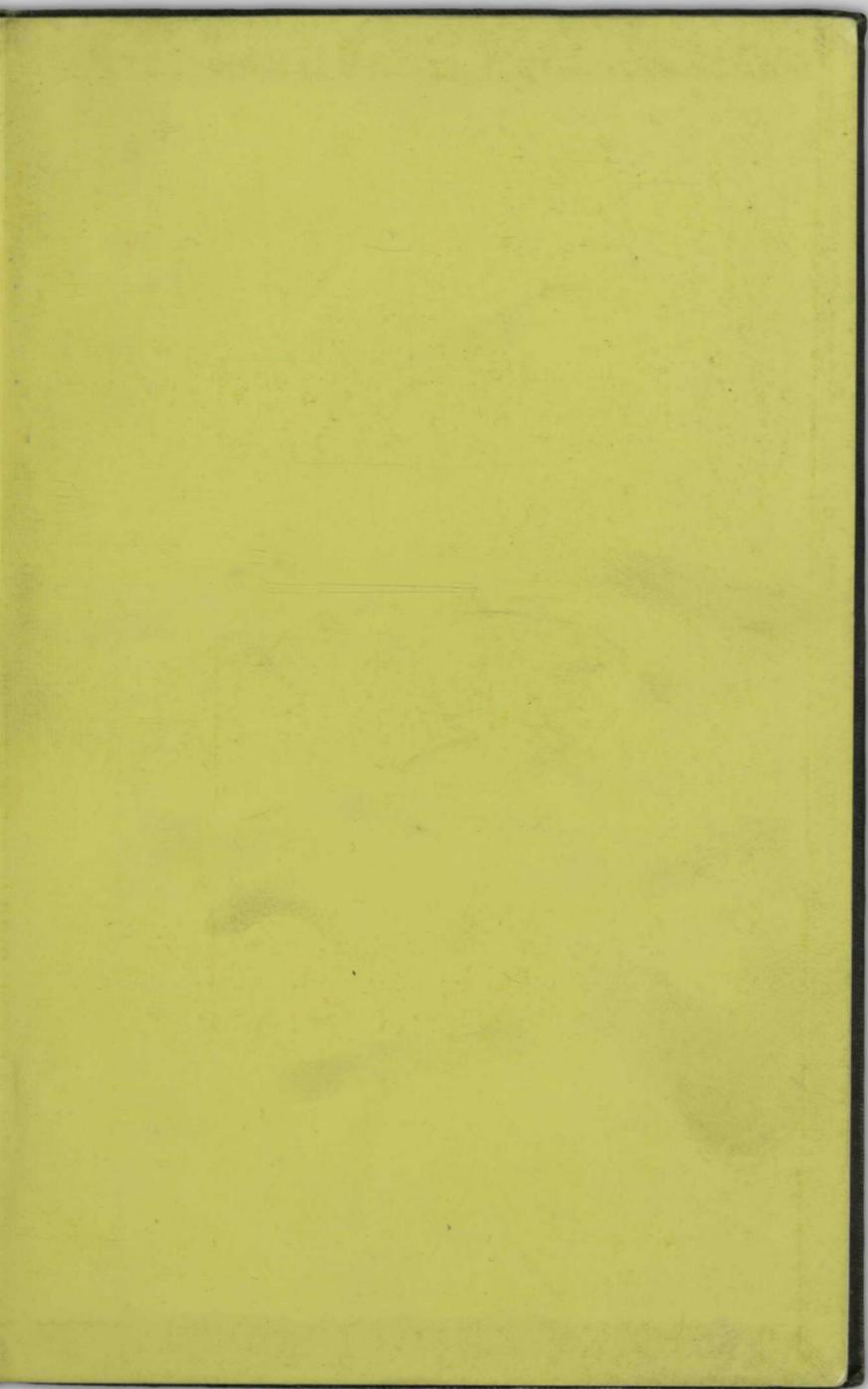
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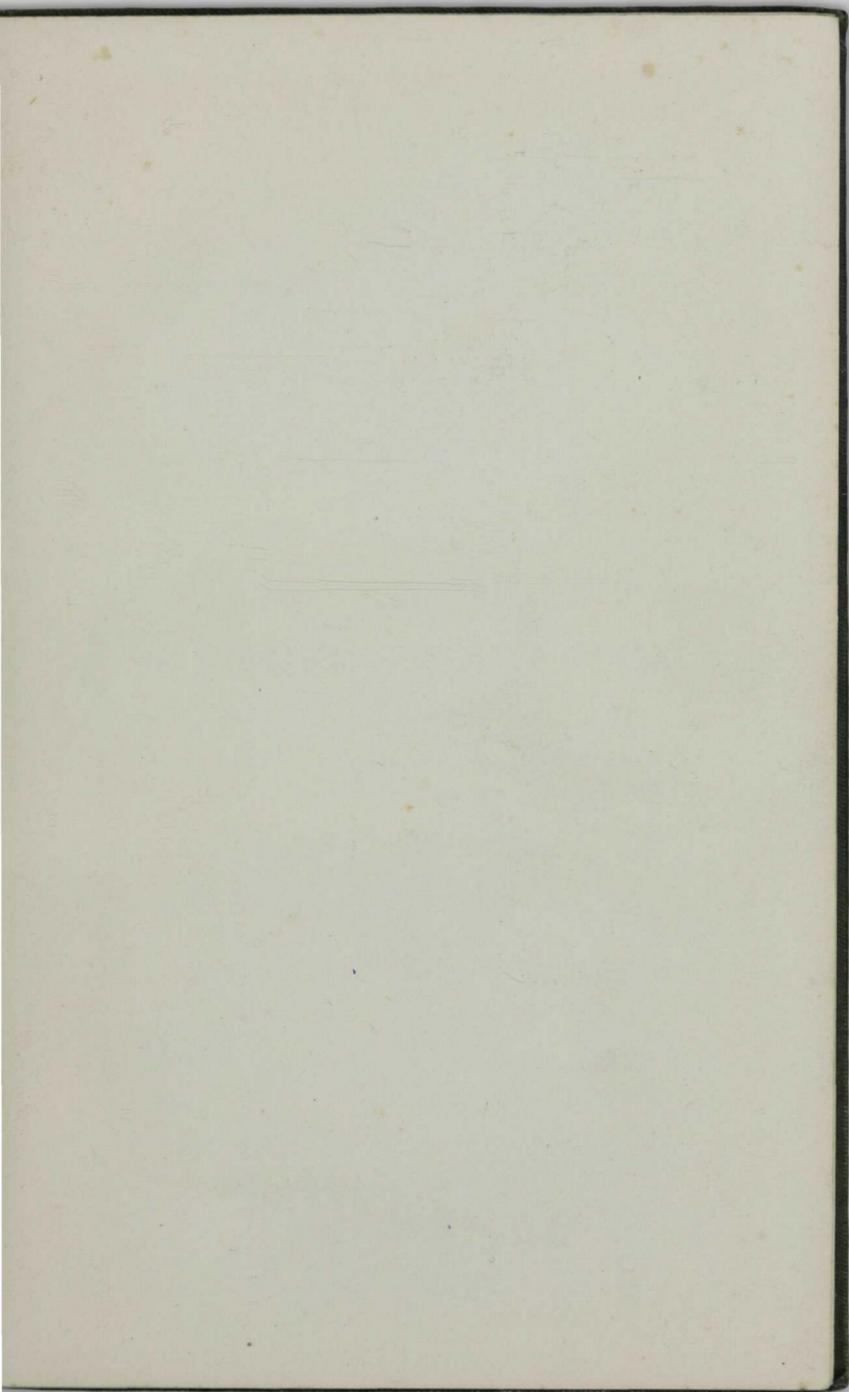
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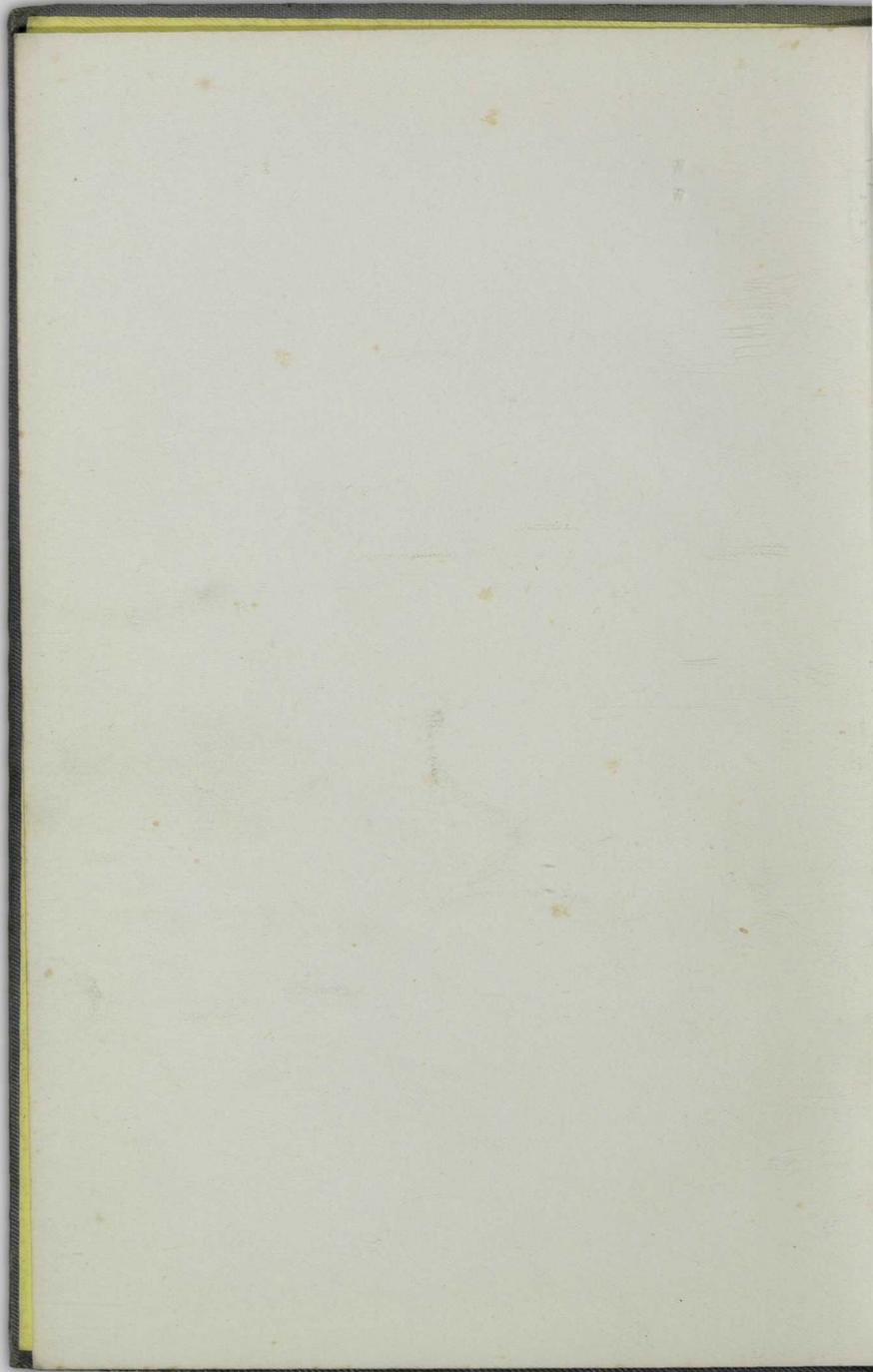


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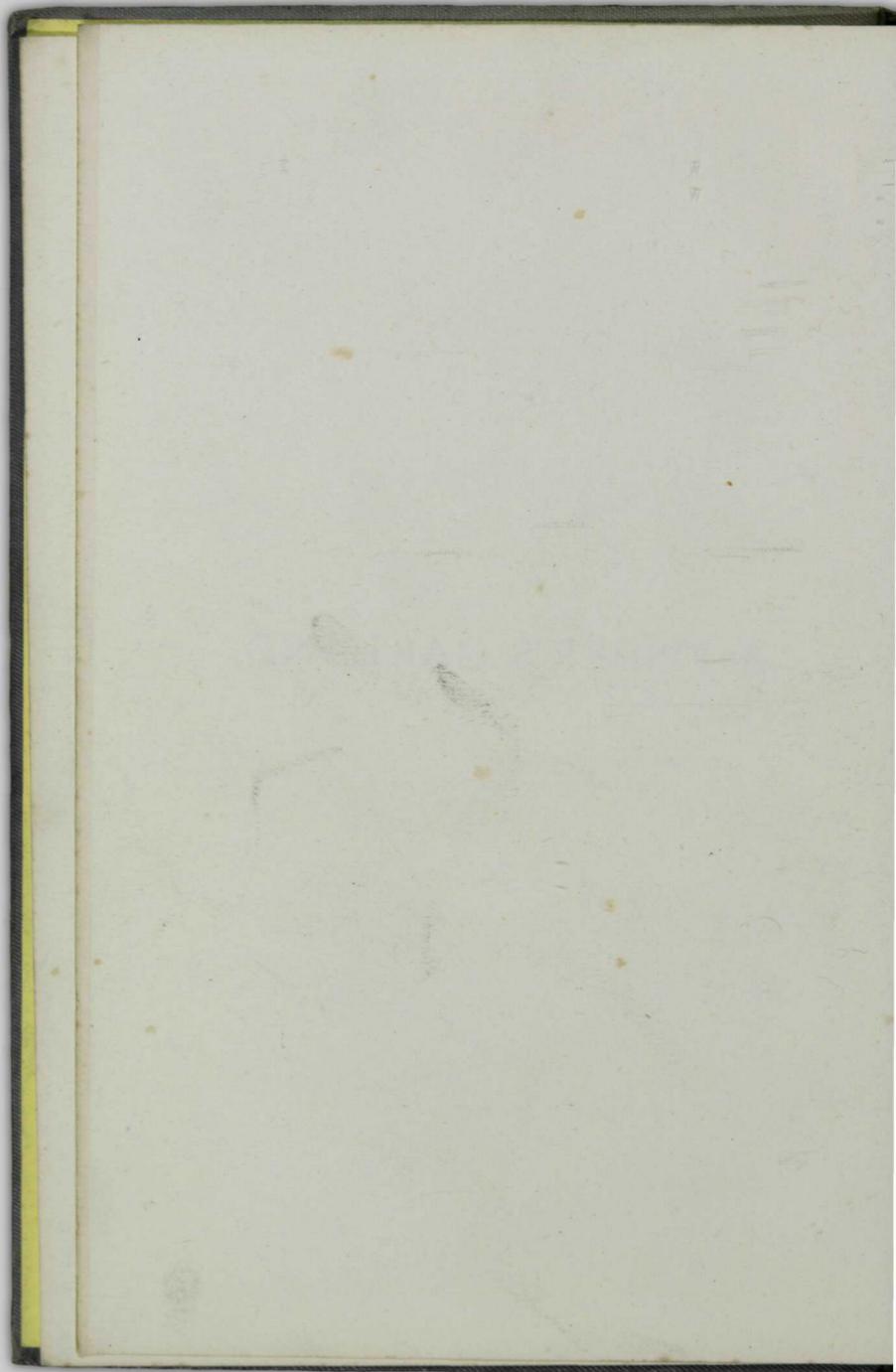


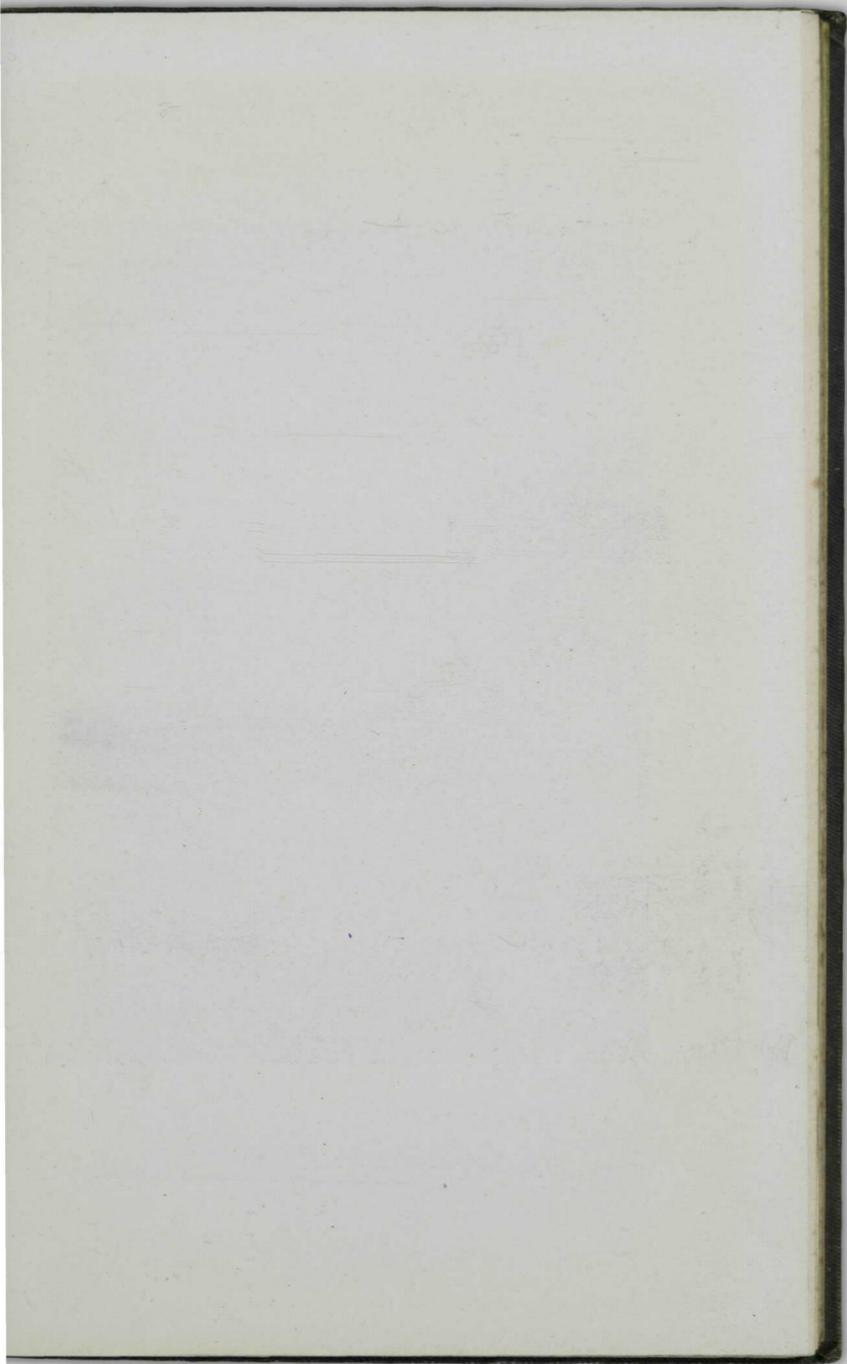
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A FISHER'S GARLAND.







Yours truly
John Harbottle.

A FISHER'S GARLAND :

BEING A COLLECTION OF SOME

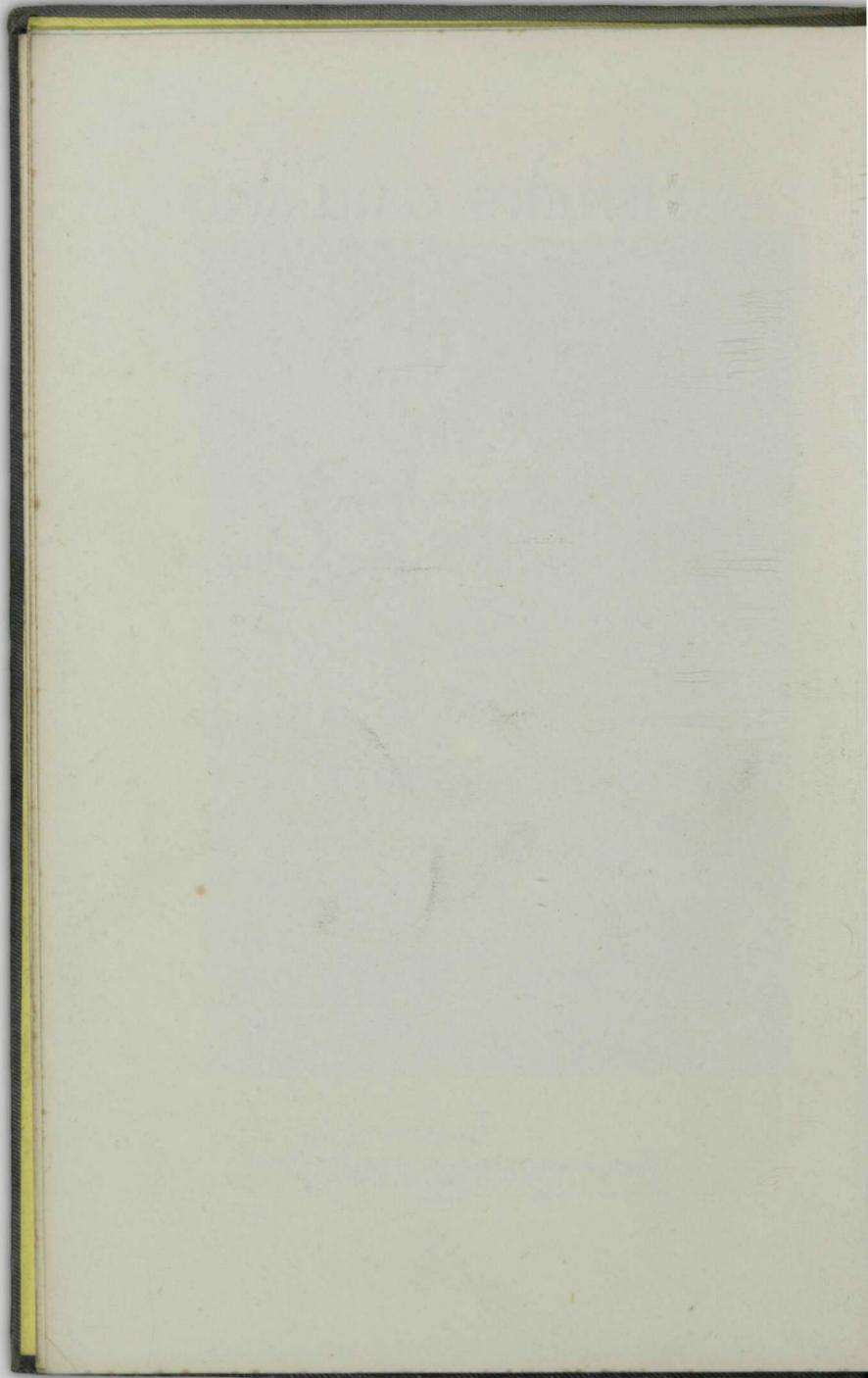
"SANGS O' THE FISHIN',"
"NEWCASSEL SANGS,"
THE "FISHIN' CLUB" SANGS,
AND OTHER VERSE.

BY

JOHN HARBOTTLE.

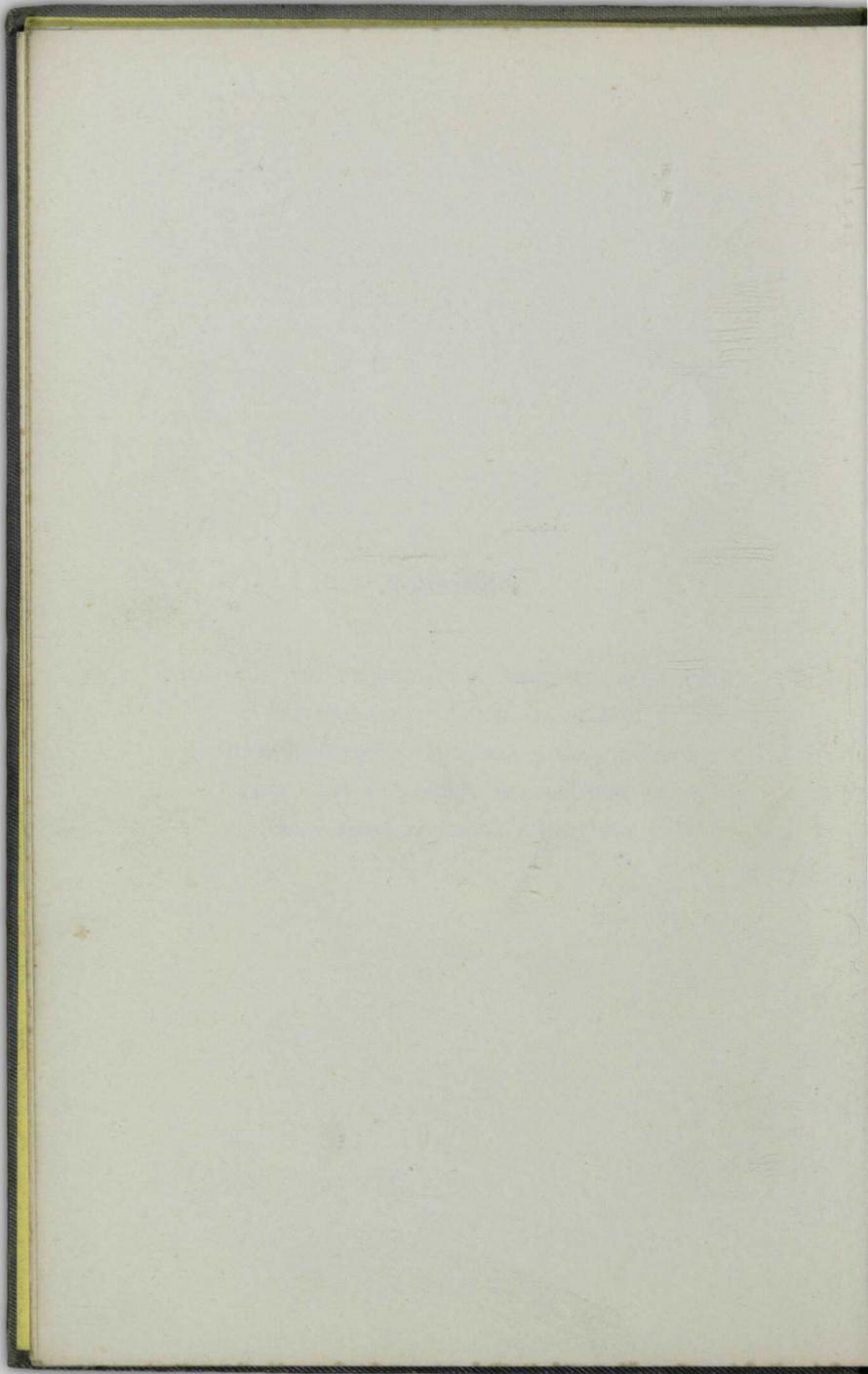
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1904.



Dedication.

TO MY DEAR BRETHREN IN THE GENTLE ART OF ANGLING,
AND TO ALL HONEST NORTHUMBRIANS,
PROUD OF THEIR GLORIOUS BORDERLAND COUNTY,
AND WHO ARE NOT ASHAMED OF THE "BURR,"
THE AUTHOR DEDICATES THESE PAGES.



PREFACE.

WHEN in the dear old days, past recall, in a whimsical humour or under the inspiration of some "occasion," I dipped my pen in rhyme, I never dreamt that they should ever form part of a "beuk o' sangs," or I might have cast my line more carefully.

After the lecture, however, on "The Romance of Angling," delivered by me in the Connaught Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in March last year, at which I was honoured with the chairmanship of the present Lord Armstrong, himself a keen sportsman, several of the angling songs appearing in this volume were sung for the first time in public, and their reception was so gratifying that I felt obliged to yield to the pressure previously and then put upon me to publish them. In doing so, I have taken the opportunity of including several north country poems, angling and otherwise, some of which have appeared in the transitory paper or magazine; numerous Coquetside songs, some local songs, the "Newcassel Sangs" of the *Newcastle Chronicle* Year Book, and, by special request of its members, the songs of the Northumberland Angling Club privately circulated during the last 23 years. In their sections these therefore appear in this volume, which, to use an angling term, might veritably be entitled "a mixed basket."

The activities and attendant wear and tear of a busy Quayside life do not assist much in the cultivation of the literary or poetic faculty; and the verse and song, written during the periods of hastily snatched leisure, mostly under the *nom de plume* of "Streams o' the North," must be looked upon as the outcome of an angler's enthusiasm rather than serious literary effort. The angling songs for the most part

were penned in our grand old Northumbrian dialect, and which, to charm of expression and purity of feeling, it peculiarly lends itself.

In the glorious fishing songs of Roxby and Doubleday, the late Mr. Jos. Crawhall, Mr. Robt. White, Mr. Jos. Watson, and others, the anglers of the north country do indeed possess a glorious heritage, and I doubt not that the fame and influence of these beautiful songs will remain as long as streams shall run. If in ever so small a degree the fishers' garland of this volume contributes to increase those feelings of love and enthusiasm for Northumbria's hills, dales, and streams and all the associations of a noble sport, the Author will feel amply rewarded.

With Dr. R. Spence Watson's permission, I include his father's (the late Mr. Jos. Watson) singularly sweet and beautiful poem on Coquet, entitled "Rothbury, September, 1869." This and the charming song, "Coquet's Stream," set to a fine air by our townsman, Dr. H. E. Armstrong, and "An Angler's Song," by Mr. F. W. Dendy, will, I feel sure, appeal. Both these gentlemen are enthusiastic anglers and members of the Newcastle Angling Club, the oldest sporting club in the North Country.

The Northumberland club songs are dealt with in the prefatory remarks to this section. They will not, of course, possess so much interest to the general public as to the numerous angling readers who are acquainted with the members past and present and their friends.

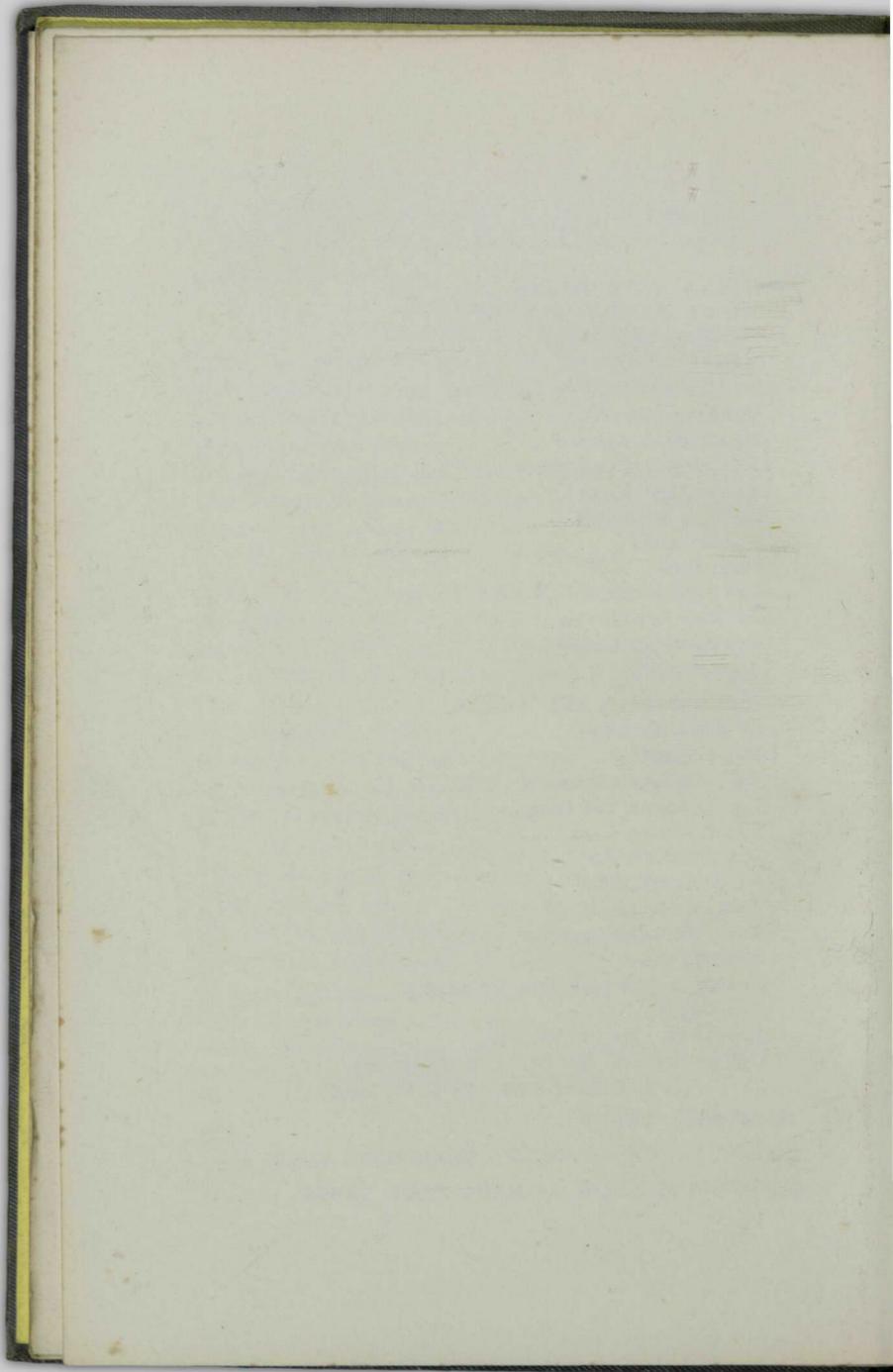
The "Newcassel Sangs" require no comment. My thanks are due to my artist friends, Mr. R. J. S. Bertram, and to Mr. O. Rosenvinge, whose able sketches, specially produced, assist in enlivening these pages.

THE AUTHOR.

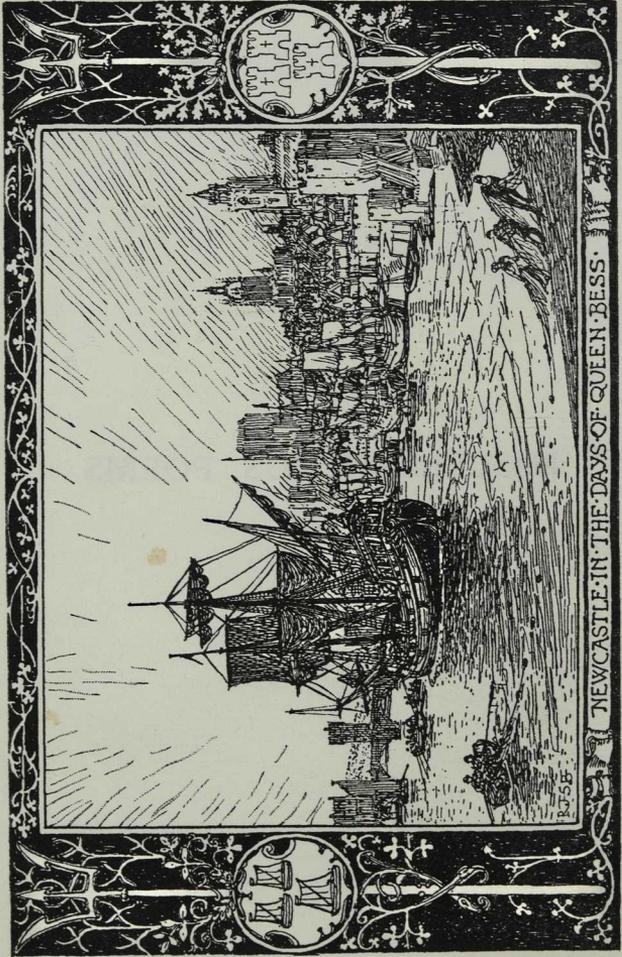
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE,
August, 1904.

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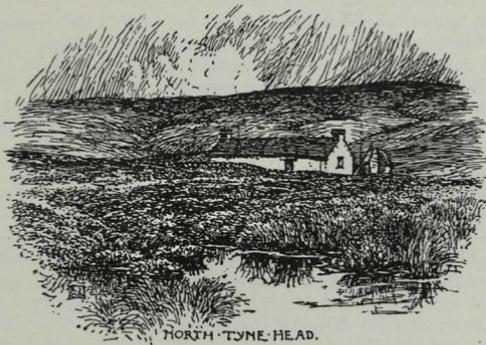


MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



NEWCASTLE IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN BESS.

R. 55 E.



THE TYNE.

"I know not where to seek, even in this busy country, a spot or district in which we perceive so extraordinary and multifarious a combination of the various great branches of mining, manufacturing, trading, and shipbuilding industry, and I greatly doubt whether the like can be shown, not only within the limits of this land, but upon the whole surface of the globe."—*Extract from speech of Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., on his visit to Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1862.*

Drear is the heart, no pleasant past recalls,
No ivy tendrils clinging round its walls ;
No bright green spot, no sunlight on its sea,
No memory's land where it may wander free.
And sad my own, if e'er the image fade
Of those fair scenes wherein my childhood played,
Where all the joys of life have found their birth,
And spread their wings around a Tyneside hearth.
Home of all Northern hearts, my Muse's shrine ;
Once loved, still loved, the dear old banks of Tyne.

Hail, glorious stream! thy shore is hallowed ground,
 Where'er thy sturdy Northern sons are found.
 For through the heart of each Northumbrian son,
 Throughout all time thy gentle streams shall run.
 I've wandered all thy beauties near and far,
 From moss-girt cradle to the harbour bar.
 What hours were mine spent by thy Northern stream,
 By heather blooms, where lonely lapwings scream,
 O'er Belling's crest, wild Wannie's heaving fells,
 By Kielder's moors and lone romantic dells,
 Where thy young life, fed by thy creeping rills,
 Wakes all to mirth amidst thy sleeping hills.
 Down rocky vales thy crystal cascades pour—
 The boisterous stream of boyhood's happy hour,
 Here by thy pebbled shore, with hope-lit eye,
 Bent the old rod and led the mimic fly—
 O'er linn and pool, and from thy waters cold
 Oft dragged the gleaming salmon from his hold.
 On, rolling on! no backward thought is thine;
 No slogan cry—no feud of "auld lang syne";
 No clash of steel disturbs thy peaceful way,
 Unstained thy tide by reiver's bloody fray—
 On, rolling on! by many a cairn and mound,
 Marked by the fireside tale as haunted ground.
 Beneath the shade of moss grey tower and keep
 The rugged heroes of the Border sleep.
 On, rolling on! no time to sleep or dream,
 Thy panting heart yearns for the parent stream,
 Where thy sweet sister South, the gentler one,
 Bids kind farewell to moorland, bleak and lone,
 To Alston's hills and all her verdant plains,
 Where dwell Tyne's rosy maids and sturdy swains,
 Until at last, all youthful wanderings done,
 *North blends with South their beating hearts in one.
 Deeper thy currents now by Hexham town
 †And Wilfred's sacred pile of old renown.
 Here in the past the fires of conflict burned,
 When every eye in England on thee turned;
 Yon mouldering tower on Dilston's ancient walls,
 The days of Edward and King Charles recalls.

* The river Tyne is formed by the junction of North and South Tyne, a little westward of the ancient town of Hexham.

† The Bishopric of Hexham, founded in 674, by Wilfred, Archbishop of York. Hexham Abbey said to have been the fifth stone church erected in England.

When princely blood o'er all the margin shed
 *Proclaimed the White Rose victor o'er the Red!
 Here friendship's hand signed truce 'twixt Tyne and Tweed,
 And hushed the feuds that made our noblest bleed.
 Historic stream! on thy green banks a home
 Once found the conquering sons of ancient Rome.
 We trace their mighty works by time revered;
 From sea to sea their mighty barriers reared.†
 Here in the shrine of many a lovely vale
 Bold Aidan taught the Gospel's gentle tale;
 Here noble Bede, the learned, wise, and good,
 Shed o'er the land the truth's pure vital flood.
 The voice of ages bids us ne'er forget
 The days of Norman and Plantagenet,
 Nor when thy plains were trod by Danish horde,
 Who dipped in Saxon blood the wasting sword.
 Through Time's dark shadows we the struggles trace,
 Of all that made our sturdy Northern race.
 These fevered, fierce, and fitful days now o'er
 Leave not a trace of sadness on thy shore.
 What rustic scenes here meet the wanderer's eye,
 Those bright green fields of patient husbandry!
 Now clustered flocks o'er all thy plains are seen,
 The gay flower bank and pine wood's darker green.
 These pictures past, now thy broad bosom wears
 The darkening hues of all thy future cares.
 Thy sunny hours of youth and play are done,
 And life's stern duties with thee are begun.
 On by the Northern city rolling still,
 Deep are the channels now thy waters fill;
 Where yonder spire rears high its head sublime,‡
 And Norman keep defies the waves of Time,||
 Where all those thronging fabrics rise to view,
 Might of the old and triumphs of the new.

Hail, stream of progress! Now thy furnace fires
 Glow with the zeal that Northern hearts inspire.

* Battle of Hexham, fought May, 1464. Defeat of the Lancastrians by the Yorkists, between Dukesfield and the Linnels, on the south side of the Devil's water.

† The Roman Wall, eighty miles in length from sea to sea, said to have been built in the year 120 by Hadrian.

‡ The spire of St. Nicholas Cathedral, one of the finest in England.

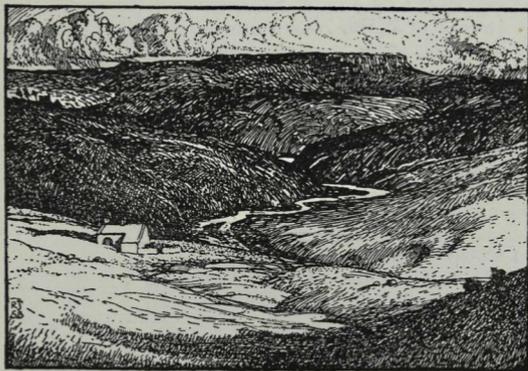
|| Keep of the old castle of the days of William Rufus.

Hark to the hammer's clang, the rushing stream !
 See whirling wheels and lamps electric gleam,
 Tall tapering masts, from towering chimney pours
 Stern Toil's dark breath in all the busy hours.
 Here grim King Labour sits on high enthroned,
 His regal sway by all his subjects owned.
 Tyne's grimy sons to honest toil inured,
 Strong hearts, strong minds, by honest toil matured.
 Here Armstrong's genius is bequeathed to fame,
 His glorious lot to guard his country's name.
 Here float those ships like belted knights of yore,
 Old England speaks where'er his cannons roar.
 Where'er the rushing engine thunders on,
 There rides the soul of mighty Stephenson !
 And 'twixt thy shores high in the murky air,
 What wondrous skill hath hung a pathway there ! *
 Far down below in womb of Mother Earth
 Our hardy miners pour Tyne's treasures forth,
 Heroes in labour 'midst their deadly toil,
 Rugged in speech and racy of the soil.
 Mark well the ships, those racers of the sea !
 That speak their builders' glorious energy.
 The noble docks, and estuary wide,
 Where laden fleets steam safely o'er the tide ;
 Those mighty piers that mark the untiring will,
 The stable monuments of intrepid skill,
 O'er all thy banks, art, science both combine ;
 While o'er their works the beams of genius shine.

Roll on, brave Tyne, thy course still proudly roll,
 Thou gentle nurse of many a noble soul,
 Strong sons of freedom, whose undying names,
 Shall rouse our own to great and noble aims,
 The first to strike in freedom's glorious cause,
 And shield the weak from stern oppression's laws.
 Hail, glorious Tyne ! thy banks, thy woods, thy streams,
 Thy toil-stained tide with inspiration teems ;
 Theme of historian, poet, and of sage,
 A glorious epic thou in every age.
 Hail, gentle Tyne ! the birthplace of the free,
 Strong are the links that bind our hearts to thee.
 Where'er, in distant climes, thy sons may roam,
 Kind are the thoughts that turn to thee, their home ;

* The renowned High Level Bridge, built by Robert Stephenson.

And when their lamp of life but dimly burns,
 Still to thy shores their lingering vision turns.
 In life's last hours give them a Tyneside friend,
 The light of heaven, then welcome is the end.



South-Tyne-Head.

WINTER AND MAY.

God's acre was green, and the old man knew
 The sunny spot where the hawthorn grew,
 With its scented flowers and branches tall,
 That hung o'er the moss-grown churchyard wall,
 With its peeping green and its blooms of snow,
 Blue heavens above, cold graves below—
 Winter and May.

A little maid with eyes of blue, bright and clear as the sun at
 morn,
 Hand in hand with an aged man, trembling with weary years
 and worn,
 And they softly go by the churchyard wall,
 'Neath the silver spray of the hawthorn tall,
 Ah! dainty trip and toilsome tread,
 Snowy locks and golden head—
 Winter and May.

Winter and May 'neath the leafy screen,
 With a sunny light all the boughs between,
 While the merriest voice is heard to say,
 Come to the lover's bower and play.
 This old grey stone shall be your throne,
 And you shall be my king alone ;
 The birds shall all our courtiers be,
 And sing their songs to you and me.
 Songs and play, hearts in May
 Never know a yesterday !

Trembling hands the blossoms wreathe,
 Wreathe them on the snowy brow ;
 There now, my sweet, my queen most meet,
 Queen of the May I crown thee now.
 And am I really queen ? she cried,
 And sit my darling king beside ?
 See ! there is a sunbeam peeping through,
 The violets with their eyes of blue,
 Seem to smile on me and you,
 Winter and May. Youth and age together play,
 Fourscore years but yesterday !

Time is fleet, May is sweet, the linnet sings the livelong day,
 The livelong day from his nest of down ;
 From his nest of down, in a silver spray,
 And soft was the gentle breeze that blew,
 Like an angel's breath all the branches through,
 Till trembling down the blossoms fall,
 In a snowy shower from the hawthorn tall,
 Gently fall on the royal pair,
 Golden curls and snow white hair—
 Winter and May.

Snow in May, the maiden cried.
 Tears of May, the old man sighed ;
 Yes ! my sweet, with thee 'tis May !
 You are the bright spring morning gay.
 I am but as the evening grey,
 The fading light of December day.
 Blossoms are shed, years are fled—
 May is dead !

* * * * *

Blooms again the hawthorn tall,
Over the moss-grown churchyard wall ;
Plaintive is the linnet's song,
All the perfumed flowers among.
May is sweet, Time is fleet,
And he sings his song alone ;
Greyer is the old grey stone,
Tender lights the boughs between
Linger o'er two mounds of green,
Fall the blossoms soft as snow,
On the sleeping loves below.

Winter past, now all is May,
In Heaven for aye!



THE DAWN OF MORNING.

Upon a couch of dreams the morning lay,
 And gently slept the dewy hours away,
 While nature meekly lingered by her bower
 With patient longing for her waking hour.
 Till weary of her vigil, nature said,
 "Come, angel, sunbeam, wake my sleeping maid,
 Soft breathes my love, the perfumed eglantine,
 While pearly dewdrops in her tresses shine,
 My love is fair—but, oh! I long to see—
 Her bright eyes radiant, beaming upon me.
 Come, bid her wake, nor twilight hour prolong,
 The world doth patient wait her matin song."
 As from the flower the bee the honey sips,
 A sunbeam softly stole and kissed her lips.
 The lingering dews of sleep kissed from her eyes,
 And whispered, oh! so softly—"Love arise."
 Thus woke the rosy morn in golden light,
 And cast aside the mantle of the night.
 Hark! now afar o'er mountain hill and dale,
 A thousand notes wing on the scented gale.
 Earth lives again—list! to the city's din,
 Where some to pleasure wake and some to sin.
 The ponderous wheel of life now slow revolves,
 To bear our hopes or crush our hearts' resolves.

NIGHT.

Dark mantled is the night, now earth's great heart beats slow,
 And folded in the dewy arms of sleep lies down to rest beneath
 the eye of Him who sleepeth not.
 Hushed for awhile the eager foot and calmed the fevered brain.
 The toil of weaving vanities is laid aside
 And weary lives are lost in golden dreams.

TO MEMORY.

Eternal fount! beside whose spring the heart may find a cool
retreat,

Beside whose bowers "forget-me-nots" encircle weary world-
worn feet.

Oh! Land of love, what vales are thine, what visions from thy
hills are seen:

Old lanes with love and hawthorn hung, and graves that sleep
in mantled green.

Sweet gale that stirs the heart's dead leaves, and sings the songs
of long ago.

Across thy streams what sunny thoughts, like glancing swallows,
come and go,

And through thy sorrow-frosted panes the old familiar fire lights
view.

We walk the gardens of the past, where pleasures like our roses
grew.

Still, still we breathe those perfumed hours,

And garland o'er our love with flowers.

Dear heart, I heard thy voice to-night.

That kiss of old, so light, so light.

Ah me! the sun sinks o'er the hill.

Be still, my beating heart, be still.

TO MY OLD ROD.

Another season gone! so with a sigh,
My old and trusty friend, I lay thee by
And say farewell!

But not for aye; for in a little while,
When spring returns to greet us with a smile,
We'll have a spell.

They say thou'rt wanting polish, old and rough,
But what of that, thy heart is sound and tough
Tho' years have passed,

Unvarnished virtues still upon thee shine,
And deftly still thou'lt fling the taper line,
Aye, to the last!

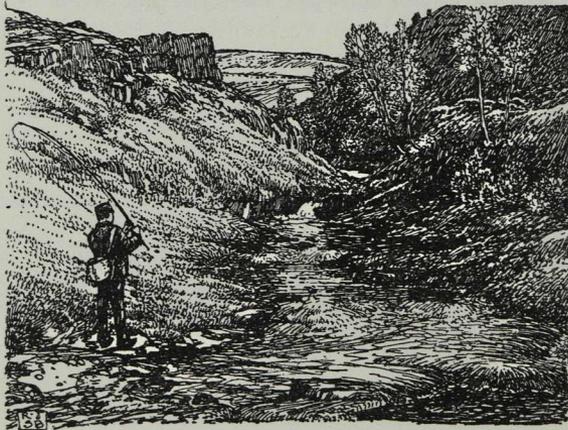
For we have known the shadow and the gleam
Of fickle fortune by our favourite stream,
For long together.

Tho' modern art would lure me from thy side,
Yet my old love for thee will e'er abide
In foulest weather.

Unlike some worldly friendships I have seen,
Unbroken friendship thine has ever been.

May luck attend!

And pleasures wait on all our angling hours,
For many a gallant prize shall yet be ours,
E'en to the end!



A COQUET BURN.

TO A FRIEND ABROAD.

CHRISTMAS, 1900.

I sit beside the ruddy glow,
Northumbrian fire so warm and bright ;
While Winter's blast breathes frosty blight,
I muse of all the long ago.

And down the dull drear lane of time
I see the palsied year go by,
With tottering step and lightless eye,
All heedless of his funeral chime.

But Faith will stand beside the bier
And Hope will weave a garland gay,
Forget-me-nots and flowers of May,
And kiss away the tear.

For Love wings o'er the billowed space,
The same kind sun that shone to-night
Before mine eyes shall greet the light,
Will linger on a brother's face.

We link the arm of mem'ry yet ;
The old loved room where you have sung,
Is with the berried holly hung,
Green as the days we ne'er forget.

The sun ne'er sets in mem'ry's land,
The flowers ne'er fade within the vale ;
We climb the hills and breathe the gale,
And on the highest ridges stand.

There all the dear old scenes we view,
Northumbrian lanes bedecked with flowers ;
Hills, woods, and streams, of youthful hours,
We wander o'er again with you.

Thus love hath forged a lengthened chain,
Strong welded links in glowing fire,
To brighten all our heart's desire,
Till we shall meet again.

So let Old Time his course pursue,
And pluck some roses, if he care,
From out our fancied garden fair,
He cannot steal our love for you.

THE ANGLER'S COURTSHIP.

Sae blithe o'er the hills, when the spring breezes blaw,
 Gans the keen fisher lad ti the courtin' awa',
 And where yon green valley dips doon to the west,
 Is the love o' his leal heart, the stream he lo'es best.
 What virtues aye shine in her waters sae clear!
 For the stream is the maid that the fisher holds dear.
 Her sweet modest features wi' smiles still await
 Her warm-hearted lover, be it early or late;
 While her pure heaving bosom wi' beauty doth shine,
 As coyly she waits for the kiss o' the line.
 What glances o' love frae her fountains she flings,
 And awa' as they wander what love songs she sings;
 Or whispers sae soft in the shades o' the dell,
 While the birds a' a tale fu' o' tenderness tell.
 And aye she will gie him affection's best seal.
 In the bright glittering treasures that lie in his creel.
 Like the fish, oft the heart is ensnared wi' the silk,
 Fine dressin' and feathers, and things o' that ilk.
 Tho' the barbs o' the Cupid hae caused grief and pain,
 "Bide a wee," like the trout, "he gans at it again";
 And the times he's been "hookit" he still will forget,
 Till at last he is ta'en in the mesh o' love's net;
 There's a link o' fine hair he'd fain use in the art—
 Tho' 'twill scarce haud a trout, it may bind fast a heart!
 And love's sceptre the rod, that he aye loves to bend,
 He's a re(a)l ring and *splice* that won't break *at the end*;
 For little ye think o' the pleasures that beam,
 When a fisher gans courtin' awa' to the stream.



AN ANGLING IDYLL.

A JUNE DAY.

Come quit wi' me this Babel toon,
 Its sin and din, its cark and care,
 And grip your gad and don your creel,
 And breathe wi' me the heather air.
 The yellow gold that gilds the broom,
 Ne'er brings the lust, that breeds ye hate ;
 The voices ringin' frae the woods,
 Nae bickerin's ken o' creed or state.
 Sae come ! Auld Coquet's sparklin' clear,
 And where the waters rush amain,
 Beneath the foam, frae simmer suns,
 Their cool retreat the troots hae ta'en.

There's sangs frae ilka bush and brae,
 And sangs when sun shower patterin' fa's.
 The westlin' breeze, amang the trees
 Mak's music as it softly blaws.
 The verra "spinners" owre the pool
 Are dancin' to a merry tune,
 An' liltin' 'neath the alder shade
 They ken fu' weel 'tis golden June.
 The wee red squirrel in the oak,
 Gie's me a blink o' his bright ee.
 Yon ouzel tipsy daft wi' fun,
 Gae's bobbin' in the stream wi' glee.
 Flit, flit, the swallows sweepin'go,
 At ilka turn they kiss the pool.
 I hear the minstrel o' the clouds.
 Beneath the larch, 'tis fresh and cool,
 The briar sweet and clover red
 Fling a' their perfume to the breeze.
 Amang the trembling "meadow sweet,"
 I'm fairly wadin' to the knees,
 And frae the tangle o' the dyke
 The bonnie blue eyed speedwell peeps.
 The dog rose blushes to the sun,
 The woodbine in the thick thorn creeps,
 Doon by the willows bending low,
 I hear the bonnie reed wren sing,
 And 'fore my sight, wi' arrow flight,
 A rainbow flies on glitterin' wing.*
 I stand beneath a flowerin' thorn,
 And some sweet auld love tune recall;
 The sang the tremblin' blossoms hear,
 They kiss my cheek as down they fall!
 'Neath spreading beech and plane and ash,
 Amang the mosses creeps the stream,
 Sae saft it scarcely stirs the sedge
 Where a' the lilies lie and dream.
 Upon the streamy shallows there
 Like gold the glitterin' pebbles shine.
 The "creeper's on" *splash* gan the troots!
 Fu' weel they ken the place to dine.
 And where the swirlin' eddy breaks
 A big braw troot is risin' fast.

*The flight of the Kingfisher, in all its glorious plumage, as it flashes up stream in the sunlight is accurately described as a "rainbow on wings," being one of the most beautiful sights in nature.

The red worm fa's,—a cleavin' fin!
 The auld rod bends! He's mine at last!
 And thus through a' the golden day.
 Too swift awa' the glad hours steal,
 Sweet Coquet's charms we linger o'er,
 Wi' heart as full, e'en as the creel.
 I meet young Willie by the ford,
 An' faith he is a handsome lad!
 We have a fine auld fishin' crack.
 There's few like him can bend a gad.
 We baith agree in simmer days
 To tak' the flee troots are na fain.
 I show my creel, twa score at least,
 The best uns wi' the red worm ta'en.
 I hear a merry laugh and turn,
 But Will, the rogue, just gies a smile.
 The sweetest thing I've seen th' day,
 Is winsome Mary at the stile!
 Get hame! Get hame, in mellow notes!
 Fu' loud, yon blackbird ca's to me.
 Wi' heavy creel o' nectared sweets
 Fast hameward hummin' hies the bee.
 The lapwing, filled wi' loves' alarms,
 Wakes a' the moor wi' plaintive cry.
 The brown eyed kye in wonder gaze,
 Ye catch their sweet breath passing by.
 The lambs lie clustered on the hill,
 A red glow lingers on the crest,
 The faint breeze sighs, as daylight dies,
 And hushes ilka bird to rest.
 The glamour of the gloamin' fa's.
 Among the rocks the foam shines white,
 The red sun throws a parting kiss
 And bids his ain dear world "Good night!"
 And now the bats among the gnats
 Like ghaists are whiskin' in the gloom,
 The troots are still, save 'neath the shade
 A flutterin' white moth meets his doom!
 The grey mist's creepin' up the glen,
 Sae hameward now my feet I turn,
 I stir the red grouse 'mang the bents,
 And shake the dews frae heath and fern.
 I hear my auld dog's watchfu' bark,
 When I'm awa' he seldom sleeps,
 I see the lights o' love and hame,
 A dear face at the window peeps,

A dear heart ever on the watch,
 Dear eyes wi' love that brightly shine,
 A dear hand eager lifts the latch,
 An open door o' love is mine !
 The world may boast its tinselled joys
 O' fashion, show, and gilded sin,
 Gie me God's world o' joy without,
 A world o' joy at hame within !



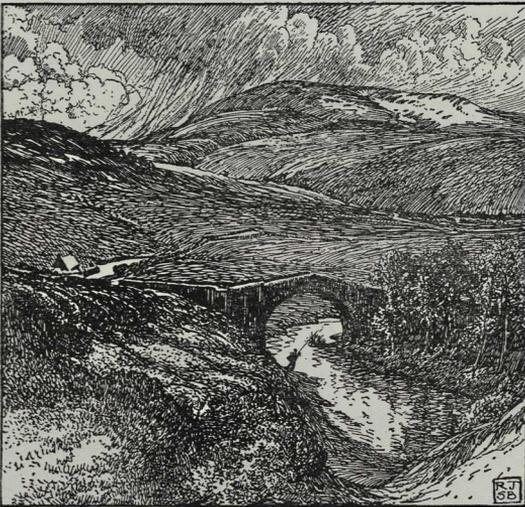
ANGLING MEMORIES.

THE OLD STREAM.

My old beloved stream, I see thee still
 In mazy wanderings, down by vale and hill,
 Thy pearly breast bears still a silver sheen,
 Thus gliding soft, thy velvet banks between.
 Each wild and rocky haunt, each foaming deep,
 Doth aye a tender, sacred memory keep,
 Of that true-hearted friend, of deftly hand,
 Now passed away "into the silent land."
 Swift o'er the noisy Linn thy torrent pours,
 Singing the old sweet songs of boyhood's hours,
 When by the favourite spot, where foam bells shine,
 Across thy heaving breast we swept the line.

Unchanged thy pebbled margin, cool the glade,
 Still droop the willows, and the alders' shade;
 The flush of sunset still, with sparkling gold,
 Sleeps on thy wave, as in the days of old.

We long to keep our tryst in fair spring time,
 The thoughts of thee wake youth in manhood's prime;
 An angler's joys thy kindly bosom bears,
 And down life's channels sweeps away our cares.



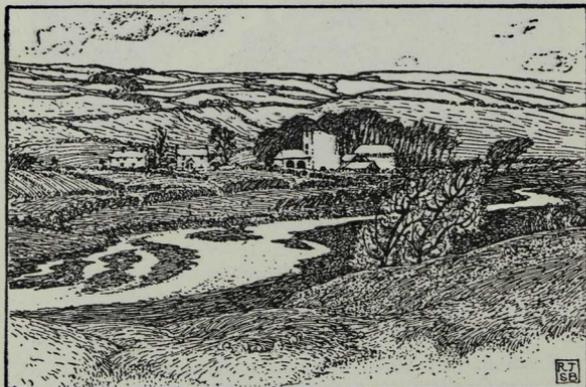
Westwood Bridge: Wooler.

From the Paper on
 THE ROMANCE OF ANGLING.

Read at the Angling Club "Social," November 21st, 1884.

Northumbria! Hail! fair land of flood and field;
 Whose Cheviots' blue, their crystal fountains yield.
 Hail to our borderland, and hail the sport!
 Which, to our latest hours, we still shall court.

Come o'er the hills and roam afar with me,
 Where winding Coquet wanders to the sea ;
 Her silver streams pour down each grassy vale,
 While o'er the heather blows the healthful gale.
 When " vernal spring " comes tripping on the scene,
 And blushing Nature dons her robe of green ;
 When snow wreaths quit the hills and rains descend,
 Then by the stream the pliant rod we bend ;
 And o'er each finny haunt we lead the fly
 With cautious hand and ever watchful eye.
 Down by yon pool some " speckled monarch's " home !
 Whose dark grey boulders fret amidst the foam ;
 Where mosses cling and cascades pour their streams,—
 These are the spots which haunt the angler's dreams ;
 And there we love to stand, where oft' before
 We've lured the " spangled beauties " to the shore.
 Hail to the sport ! which smooths the path of life,
 And threads of pleasure weaves 'mid care and strife :
 Hail to the sport ! within whose gentle arms
 No warlike sounds disturb, nor fierce alarms !
 The music of the stream bids such depart,
 And purest pleasure lends the Angler's heart.
 This sport, our choice, while life's fleet hours remain,
 Peace is her watchword, calm content her reign.



THE COQUET AT HEPPLE.

DEWDROPS.

When the world is wrapped in sleep,
 Ah! then doth Nature weep,
 And the dewdrops tell
 That they are Nature's tears.
 While we gaze, they chase our fears
 By their spell.

Ever sparkling, trembling, smiling, pure and true,
 All aglowing, love ashowing, gilding every morn anew,
 Flower and leaf.
 Hear them whisper as ye pass
 O'er the sweetly scented grass,
 Life is brief.

When Nature rosy, wakes from her bed,
 O'er the meadows as ye go, softly tread.
 How they shine!
 Bright on woodlands, hill and glade,
 Sprinkled by the hand that made
 All divine.

Their watch they trembling keep,
 Clinging o'er the mound where sleep
 Those we love.
 And like them when day was bright,
 And all seemed joy and light,
 Passed above.

 THE AULD FISHER'S CRACK.

Come in, Tam ; sit doon—get yer pipe, gie's yer crack ?
 Sae ye're come frae the fishin' ? Tak the creel aff yer back
 Hech ! man ! but it's fu ! whar the deil hae ye been ?
 That's the bonniest basket o' troots I hae seen.
 Did ye say, wi' a heckle ? an' the watter sae sma' !
 Man ! there's nowt beats the heckle, it's the best flee of a' !
 There's a heap o' new fangelt things fleein' aboot,
 But a fine sma' black heckle will aye pu' them oot.
 An' if a bit drumlie I try reed or broon,
 But a woodcock is sure, when a flood's wearin' doon.

Here's a flee, lad, fra Lunnon, that leuks weel indeed,
 An' the gut ye mun tee at the hole i' the heed.*
 Nae rough about that, wi' a bonny split wing,
 Like a dandy weel dressed, an' a' that kind o' thing.
 I tried it yestreen, for I thowt it leuked smittle,
 But the auld fashioned troots, wi' the new flee were kittle.
 Sae I gaed back again ti ma auld Coquet flee,
 An' ti it I shall stick, till the day that I dee !
 Aye ! I'm fond o' the fishin'. D'ye mind the time, Tam,
 When I killed the big troot at auld Weldon dam—
Sax pund ! an' his length twenty inches or mair.
 Noo ye needna' start laffin' ; there's the nicks i' ma chair !
 Aye ! I mind o' it weel, tho' it's gane mony a year,
 As Bessy wad telt ye, gin she had been here.
 I sairly miss Bessy, an' noo that she's gane,
 An' it werena' the fishin', I'd aften be *lane !*
 In a few seasons mair, I'd be ower auld ti fish,
 Then ti lay doon bi Bessy will be ma last wish.
 It's mair than twa year sin oor Mary got wed,
 An' she's prood o' her man. He's a graand fisher, Ned !
 The wee uns are thrivin' an' the farm's deein' weel,
 An' they're a' glad ti see the auld man wi his creel.
 Sae God hes been gude an' I winna repine,
 Tho' aften I lang for the days o' lang syne,
 When I coupit the scale, fifteen stane an' ten pund !
 Wi' a neive that wad fair fell an ox ti the grund.
 Then light was the bosom when spielin' the brae
 Wi' the first glint o' morn, ower the mosses away.
 Oh ! the breath o' the heather is fresh i' the spring,
 When diamonds o' dew on the green breckans hing ;
 An' the throssel sings clear fra the birks i' the dell,
 An' the note o' the plivvor sounds wae on the fell ;
 While the lintie sings sweet on the auld rowan tree,
 An' the bleat o' the lambs is like music ti me.
 An' there where the hills dip away in the blue,
 The crest o' wild Cheviot is grand to the view ;
 Then think o' the joys at the fishin', ma lad !
 When the big troots are bendin' the lang souple gad !
 Aye ! there it is lyin', an auld fisher's pride,
 My aud feyther gied me't, the year that he died—
 There's ne'er sic anither for makkin' a cast ;
 Tough an' auld like mysel', it'll bide ti the last.
 A' days hae an end. It's the gloamin' wi' me,
 An' I'm grippit wi' pains i' the back and the knee ;

* Alluding to the modern eyed hook.

But the e'enin' o' life, Tam, is peacefu' an' still,
 An' the auld fishin' joys yet ma auld bosom fill,
 Sweet an' mony the thoughts in ma bosom are blent,
 When aa think o' the 'oors by the streams I hae spent,
 But what wi' the talkin', I'm fidgin' fu' sair,
 We'll awa', Tam, the morn, ti the fishin' ance mair ;
 An' I'll try wi the menna, for it's easy ti fling—
 For makkin' the weight, Tam, the menna's the thing !
 If ye dinna get mony, they're sure to be big ;
 There's a three punder lyin' aboon the auld brig !
 Gude neet Tam, an' mind, dinna fail your freend Jock,
 An' see ye're astir with the craw o' the cock !!



AN ANGLER'S DREAM.

(THE SHADE OF "OLD IZAAK.")

BY "STREAMS O' THE NORTH."

Wild is the night ; without the snow lies deep,
 And biting winds across the wild moors sweep.
 I sit me down beside the ruddy blaze,
 Soothed by my pipe. I muse of bygone days,
 Sigh for a sunbeam, and spring's genial rain,
 And welcome hours by favourite streams again,
 Till softest slumber fancy turns to dreams
 Of trout and salmon leaping in the streams.
 'Tis now on Shannon's banks, in Erin's Isle,
 Or in Killarney fair the hours beguile,
 With rod in hand, adown the noble Tweed
 Or rapid Tay, the mimic fly I lead.
 By Coquet's lovely stream—queen of my heart—
 I wander on and ply my angling art,
 Where silver Dove winds down her dales of fame,
 Whose beauty is as gentle as her name.
 By well-known haunts I see swift monsters glide,
 And drag them, gasping, from the crystal tide.
 By many a rolling stream, in many a clime,
 Pursue with ardour still my sport sublime.
 Swift as each vision swept before my view,
 Each moving scene brought victories anew ;
 Until at last my eager footsteps stray
 Where Father Thames rolls on his kingly way,
 And fancy, musing on his ceaseless flow,
 Transports me back two centuries ago.
 I wander on, the hours did pleasant seem,
 Where ancient Lea winds to the parent stream,
 And to the "Thatched House" at Hoddesdon
 I swift repair, and there I sit me down
 Within those walls where angler's song and tale
 Beguiled "ye merry nights with nut-brown ale."
 Upon the oaken bench an old man sat,
 Clad in strange ancient garb and slouched hat ;
 So strange and ancient was this man to see,
 My mind was filled with curiosity.
 "Pardon," good sir, "but may I ask your name ?"
 "Walton," said he ; "perhaps you know the same ?"
 "Walton !" I cried, in mingled joy and fear,
 "How the devil, Walton, came you here ?"
 The old man sighed, and faintly gave a smile—
 "I've just come from below a little while."

I've wearied oft, and longed to see once more
 The much-loved angling haunts of days of yore.
 I'm rather sad, because I find to-day
 The old-loved angling spots have passed away !
 Where are the banks where wantonly I've strayed ?
 Where the fair bowers beneath whose leafy shade
 I once did rest, or by the margin stand,
 And cheat the wary fish with cunning hand ?
 It seems but yesterday since I have stood
 And conversed with the Muse by Thames' clear flood ;
 Discoursed with Cotton on our much-loved themes,
 Catching the music of the flowing streams.
 But this is now the past, and to my ear
 Strange are the tales brought from this upper sphere.
 Rivers that once flowed clear through flowery dells
Are now distinguished for their ' sewer smells.'
 They tell me now you scarce can cast a fly
 Save 'neath a jealous bailiff's watchful eye ;
 That notice boards by every stream are found,
 Warning the angler this is hallowed ground !
 If in this stream you dare to cast a line,
'Tis fourteen days or certain £2 fine.
 The cheap and humble joys I once did praise
 Are cheap no longer in these modern days.
 The poor man's sport has now become so dear,
 He often leaves the rod and turns to beer.
 A day's sport now, if all is true that's told,
In fishy ounces oft hath cost in gold !
 Now, mighty lords, ' Gods of Creation ' they,
 O'er glorious rivers hold despotic sway.
 If, for ' permission ' craving you should write,
 ' My lord and friends,' your answer, luckless wight !
 The rich, you see, have always friends at Court—
 The poor man stays at home and dreams of sport.
 Still, I rejoice that anglers do abound,
 That fishing clubs o'er all the land are found ;
 The spirit of the past doth still abide,
 Flowing its course as ceaseless as the tide.
 In spite of boards, restrictions, bailiffs, laws,
 Our brethren number thousands in the cause."

* * * * *

The old man's voice now husky seemed to get ;
 I, angler-like, suggested something " wet."
 " Thanks, kindly friend," said he ; " I have a mind
 To try some liquor of a modern kind.

I'll try some 'Irish,' and, if it please you, hot,
 For things I'm told are warm in that green spot.
 In days of yore 'twas barley wine and ale
 That moved the 'merrie song and angling tale.'
 Alas! alas! I grieve I cannot praise
 The modern angler and his modern ways.
 The angler of the past was modest, mild,
 Calm in his spirit, peaceful as a child;
 Bore in his bosom oft a holy book,
 And prayers oft said, when by the babbling brook;
 Truth in his heart and lips were ever found,
 While godly quiet did his soul surround.
 The modern angler, strangely, cannot tell
 The difference 'tween *six inches and an ell*.
 Each fish he catches daily larger grows,
 And those that always 'break' him (Heaven but knows)!
 I grieve, indeed, the unwholesome truth to state
 He is sadly given to—well, *exaggerate*.
 Seldom his mind is filled with thoughts divine,
 For should he lose a fish or break a line,
 Or get 'hung up'—ah, me! instead of prayers,
 He sits him down upon the brink and swears.
 Nor can his vexed spirit calmly rest
 Till pipe and bottle soothe his ruffled breast.

* * * *

Yet, spite of all their patent baits and flies,
 The wary trout will oft refuse to rise.
 The tempting bait, on line like maiden's hair,
 Won't rouse the cunning carp from out his lair.
 Suspecting modern lures, the cautious bream
 Prefers the honest pastures of the stream.
 The grayling often laughs all arts to scorn,
 And leaves the angler on the bank forlorn.
 The royal salmon, too, becoming sage,
 Hath caught somewhat the cuteness of the age.

* * * *

But hours speed on apace, and I must go
 To meet Frank Buckland and the lot below.
 Let's drink a bumper ere I say adieu—
 I scarce should say farewell, my friend, to you.
 The angler's millenium will soon be here,
 We'll meet and fish then in a better sphere.
 The streams will always then in order be,
 And, as of old, all fishing will be free.
 Then shall the fish be ever on the feed,
 No mundane spirits shall the angler need,

No notice board shall warn us from the ground,
 For bailiffs as 'water-ouzel' shall be found,
 No sewers then shall taint the crystal flow,
 No rods shall break, or anglers ever know
 Cause for strong epithets, nor ever feel
 The heavy sorrow of an empty creel!
 Never to get 'hung up' or lose a line,
 The sport will then indeed be sport divine.
 The 'old smolt question' then we'll all agree;
 The eyed-hook shall all its weakness see."
 Great Heavens! what's that? I hear a dreadful din.
 Izaak dissolves! the walls seem falling in!
 I'm going too, and paralysed with fear,
 When lo! a voice (my wife's) falls on my ear.
 "Why, John, you stupid man, I do declare
 You've been asleep and fallen from your chair,
 Broken your pipe, and let the fire go out;
 Whatever have you been, my dear, dreaming about?
 If from this fishing you will not refrain,
 You'll get both fish and water on the brain."
 The truth now on my vision thus flashed forth—
 A "fresh" must have come down.

"STREAMS OF THE NORTH."



THE ANGLER'S HAUNT.

I know a spot where the river bends,
 And the stream runs swift and clear and strong,
 Where boulders rise in the crested flood,
 And the eddies curl as they sweep along.

I know a spot where the green moss clings,
 And the breckans wave in the rock-strewn side,
 And the ouzels sport in the gleaming foam,
 O'er the fretted haunts where the beauties hide.

There's a time-worn rock, where a cascade pours,
 And a bright fern bank, where violets gleam.
 'Neath the alder's shade, in the quiet pool
 The golden lilies float and dream.

But ho! my lads! when the sun sinks low,
 And reddening glows o'er the meadows steal.
 Then is the hour for the Angler's Haunt,
 The speckled game, and the heavy creel.

EPITAPH.

TO A DEAD CROW.

Poor Bird! now silent is thy note.
 No more shalt thou with lusty throat,
 The woodlands waken o'er;
 Thy *caw* is ended now for aye,
 For thou art *cauld* as any clay,
 Thou'lt rook the fields no more.
 If Nature's tears o'er thee are shed,
 We cannot weep since thou art dead.
 Thy memory be forgot.
 Old Nick is black, thou art the same,
 And legion everywhere's thy name,
 Then lie thou still and rot!

When the author was rook shooting with a friend, being challenged to write an impromptu epitaph on a dead crow, the above epitaph won the wager.



ANGLING SONGS.

"If Life be like a day in June,
As we hae choice o' England wide,
Wha wadna spend the afternoon,
And gloamin', too, by Coquetside?"

R. WHITE, 1864.



NORTH COUNTRY "ANGLERS' SONG."

TUNE : " *The Boatie Rows.* "

I'll sing to ye an auld sweet sang
 The fisher kens fu' weel,
 And it shall be o' streams we lo'e,
 O' rod and line and creel !

Then here's to every fisher lad
 Wha flings a right guid line,
 And may the hours we yet shall spend
 Be sweet as Auld Lang Syne !

We aft hae trod our native hills,
 The Cheviots wild and grand,
 And heard the birds sing o'er the braes
 O' our fair Borderland.

Then here's, &c.

Sae aften we hae wiled the trout
 Doon by sweet Coquetside,
 And dragged frae bonny Tyne and Reed
 The saumon frae the tide.

Then here's, &c.

And as we wander doon life's stream,
 Tho' rough may be our way,
 We aye will mind the best filled creel's—
 Aft' on a stormy day !

Then here's, &c.

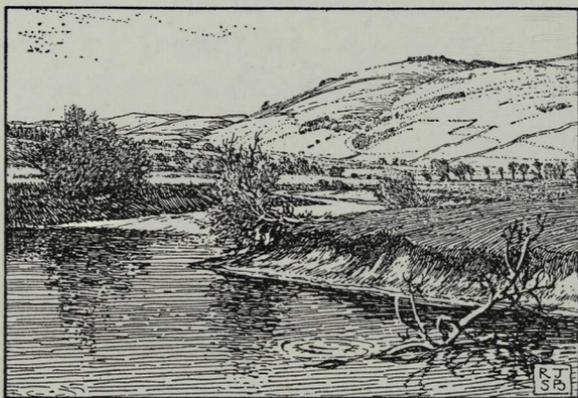
Tho' sorrow's chilling dews may fa',
 And fortune lose her smile,
 We lightsome yet shall fling the flee,
 And cares awa' beguile !

Then here's, &c.

Nor shall the running reel o' time
 E'er break auld friendship's line ;
 A fisher's knot binds fast the links
 That fishers' hearts entwine.

Then here's, &c.

When feeble grown wi' frosty pow,
 The auld rod still we'll bend ;
 Tho' airm be weak, wi' keener heart
 We'll fish, aye, to the end !
 Then here's, &c.



PEEL FELL, NORTH TYNE.

SANGS FRAE THE "NORTH COUNTRIE."—THE
 COQUET.

TUNE : "O a' the Airts."

The wind blaws saftly fra the west, the dew hings on the lea,
 The speckled lark aboon my head sings a' its sangs to me ;
 The glint o' Coquet's lovely charms, my heart can ne'er withstand,
 So with my trusty rod ance mair I'll try my eager hand.

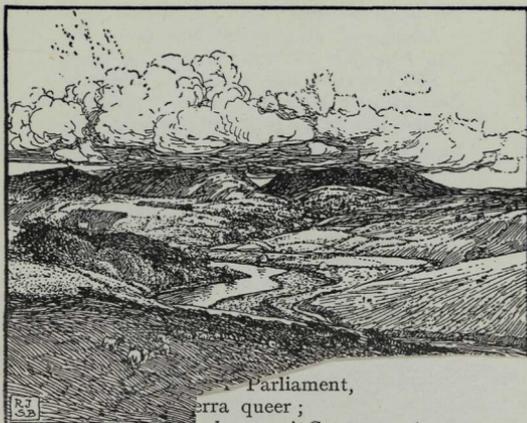
The morning cloud is lifting fast aboon wild Cheviot's brow,
 The bleater's plaint is sounding sweet frae ilka grassy knowe ;
 The thrush upon the hawthorn spray pours forth his sweetest
 strain,
 The joys that burst from Nature's breast but waken a' my ain.

I'll wander then by Coquet's brink, adoon her flow'ry vale,
 And freedom breathe, my native air, the scented heather gale,
 And lightly fling my heckle flee across the foaming gleam,
 Where mony a bonnie dimpled trout lies waiting in the stream.

The music o' thy waters clear an angler's heart shall fill,
 Thy crystal deeps shall hide for me a store o' pleasure still ;
 And glorious memories linger round, e'en as thy mosses cling,
 Nae ither stream in East or West the same sweet sangs can sing.

Aft' weary o' the sin sick toon, and far ayont the din,
 My fancy sees thy waters clear, that loup and laugh and rin ;
 And voices far across thy braes, frae haugh and hill and glen,
 Owre breckan green and yellow broom, a' ca' me back again !

Thou' little leisure is my lot, and mony cares oppress,
 If parted aften frae thy side I lo'e thee nane the less ;
 And when life's slender line shall break, this blessing I shall crave
 To hear the murmur o' thy stream and sleep beside thy wave !



Upper Coquetdale
 Parliament,
 erra queer ;
 change o' Government,
 r year.
 pass what laws they like,
 e sorrow shall we feel,
 inna hinder by their laws
 in' o' the creel.

COQUETSIDE.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Tho' drear the scene an' keen the blast
 Owre Coquet's bonny breast that blaws,
 An' a' the spots to us sae dear
 Will soon be mantled ower wi' snaws,
 They canna' chill a fisher's glow,
 Nor mak' the leaf o' friendship wither ;
 Lang be ye spared to fling the flee
 An' clink a glass for luck thegither.
 Our lives are like our fishin' days,
 Sae swift the streams o' life rin doon,
 An' Fortune in Time's rocky vales
 Hae gien us baith her smile and frown ;
 But fisher-like we'll no repine,
 Sae cheery yet the line we'll fling,
 For pleasures sleep on Coquetside,
 To wake wi' a' the flowers o' Spring.
 Sae like our days, thy bonny stream,
 By weary scaurs aft winds an' frets.
 An' pools sae clear at glint o' morn
 Are drumlie aft ere gloamin' sets ;
 Tho' whusslin' winds sweep owre the brae
 Still beats the fisher's heart fu' strang,
 And mony a hope dashed owre the linn
 Shall rise wi' lavrock wing to sang.
 Lang may ye bend your guid auld rod,
 And mony a saumon may ye kill ;
 Wi' lightsome fit and lightsome heart
 Fu' mony a creel wi' trouties fill.
 Then here's my hand, auld fishin' friend,
 Warm be the joys at your fireside ;
 A fisher's knot binds to my heart
 The wishes o' this Christmas tide.

The speckled mark aboon
 The glint o' Coquet's lovely charms,
 So with my trusty rod ance mair I'll

The morning cloud is lifting fast aboon
 The bleater's plaint is sounding swee
 The thrush upon the hawthorn spray
 strain,
 The joys that burst from Nature's bre



THE FILLIN' O' THE CREEL.

TUNE : "*When the Kye come Hame.*"

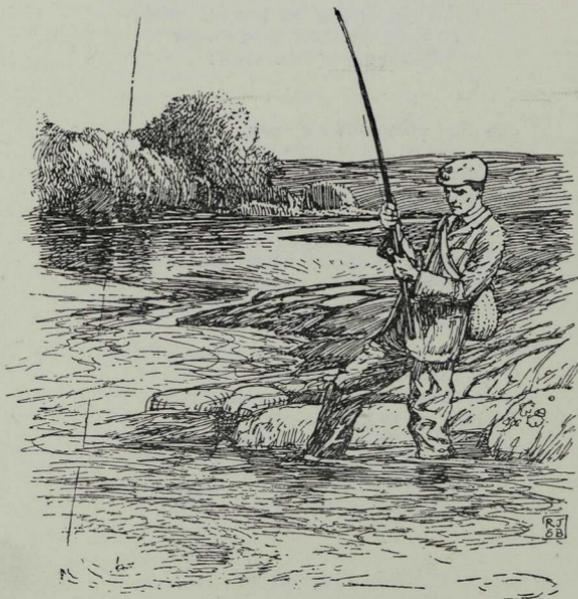
Come, a' ye men o' business,
 Tho' trade is bad in toon,
 I ken a thing to charm awa'
 The wrinkle and the froom.
 Just tak' your rod and aff
 To the stream ye lo'e sae weel ;
 And your troubles ye'll forget
 When fillin' o' the creel !

I ken that competition's keen,
 And strikes are muckle ill ;
 And what if prices winna rise,
 Be sure that troutie will.
 So tak' your rod and aff,
 Fling your ledger to the deil .
 For we've gotten other fish te fry
 When fillin' o' the creel !

Folks say we're ga'an te hev a war,
 Ower Europe verra seun,
 And mebbies fearfu' earthquakes
 To blaw us to the meun ;
 But we trust they'll gie us time
 To wind anither reel,
 And hae anither bout, my lads,
 At fillin' o' the creel !

I hear that things i' Parliament,
 Are looking verra queer ;
 And we'll hae a change o' Government,
 Just in anither year.
 Let them pass what laws they like,
 And nae sorrow shall we feel,
 If they dinna hinder by their laws
 The fillin' o' the creel.

Then pass the jorum round, my boys,
We'll hae anither drain;
And speed the hours when we shall meet
And fish the streams again.
So tak your rods and aff
To the streams I needna' name,
Where mony pleasures wait us
When the creel gets hame.



THE ANGLER'S CALL TO HIS AULD FISHIN' FRIEND.

TUNE: *Old Scottish Air.*

Come awa', my lad, come, for the mornin' breaks fairly,
 Come, rouse frae your sleepin', the sun's on the lea;
 There's a fine lipper breeze that will stir the trout rarely—
 Tak' your rod and awa' ower the mosses wi' me!

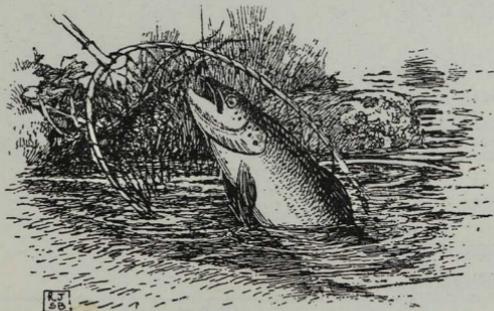
Last e'enin' the night dew's doon heavy were dreepin',
 An' Nature seemed sad when I took my last thraw;
 While the dew-drops that hung seemed the tears o' her weepin'—
 Now the smile o' this mornin' hath kissed them awa'.

There's a tryst we maun keep, lad, we daurna be laggard—
 So on wi' your heckles and auld fishin' creel;
 For ne'er a true wooer was ever found sluggard,
 Or a fisher wha gans to the stream he lo'es weel.

Sae sweet are the sangs that wild Coquet is singin'
 As we fish a' the spots where the "yellow fins" hide,
 And the hours flit as light as the line we are flingin',
 While cares float awa' like the foam o' the tide.

Then hame through the breckans, when the gloamin' steals o'er us,
 Wi' a heart that is light and a rare heavy creel!
 While the birdies sweet notes frae the woods makin' chorus
 But faintly express a' the joys that we feel.

Then I'll fill thee a bumper, mi' auld fishin' brither—
 May your heart for the fishin' be aye as fu' fain;
 And we'll pledge the glad hours we hae baith spent thegither,
 Till the breath o' the heather we breathe ance again.



THE AULD FISHER.

TUNE : " *The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.*"

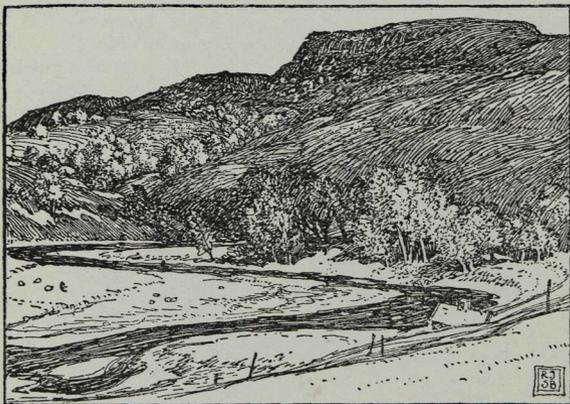
'Tis well-night four score years, my lad, that silvers o'er my hair—
 Since first I threw the line, my lad, 'tis sixty year an' mair ;
 Aye ! sixty year and mair, an' yet like yesterday it seems
 Since my young heart was first beguiled wi' music frae the streams.

They say I'm frail and no sae strang the taper line to fling—
 I ken it's true, yet my auld heart is living still in spring ;
 Wi' me its flowers are blooming yet, and still its joys remain,
 The thoughts o' a' the pleasant past but mak' me young again.

An' yet there creeps into my e'e the saut tear noo an' then,
 When forms and voices o' lang syne come to my mind again ;
 On yonder shore I'll meet them yet, those gallant hearts and keen ;
 My stream o' life is sair rin doon, there's but a cast between !

The river aye is dear to me in a' her crystal tide,
 I ken each stane, each pool and stream where a' the beauties hide ;
 Gin ye gan' wi' me to the brink, ye'll hear me birl the reel,
 An' view the maister hand at work a-fillin' o' the creel.

To my auld heart the same sweet sangs yon stream is singing still,
 An' gleamin' frae her breast are joys my waning eyes to fill ;
 Sae, guid wife, gie me my auld rod—I'll hae anither cast,
 An' hirple doon the brae an' fish, e'en should it be the last !



HAREHAUGH ON THE COQUET.

ANGLER'S SONG.

TUNE : "*'Twas Merry in the Hall.*"

Away with those who scorn the art
 Of angling and its ways,
 For healthy sport who have no heart,
 Who sleep away their days ;
 But let them laugh and enjoy their chaff
 While we sing the old refrain.

CHORUS—

Oh ! the pleasures of the sport,
 By the river that we court,
 As we bend the old rod again ;
 As we bend the old rod again.

Our sires of old were huntsmen bold,
 Their hardy sons are we ;
 We love the race and toilsome chase
 And river rolling free.
 With morn's early beam we're off to Coquet's stream,
 While we sing the old refrain.

CHORUS.

The love of forest, field and stream
 In northern hearts prevails,
 Come raise to-night the good old songs,
 And tell the oft told tales.
 For of dull care we've had our share,
 But we'll sing the old refrain.

CHORUS.

Now fill the cup of friendship high,
 And brim it o'er with wine ;
 Northumbrian's sons shall foremost be
 To wield the rod and line.
 And yet shall fame enwreath our name,
 So sing the old refrain.

CHORUS.

And when we've waded o'er life's stream,
 And reached the further shore,
 We'll only hope that we may fish
 As we have oft before ;
 But while we're here it will us cheer
 To sing the old refrain.

CHORUS AND REPEAT.

ANGLING SONG.

TUNE : " *Nancy Lee.*"

Of all the sports as ere you know, Ye ho, lads, ho ; Ye ho, lads, ho ;
 There's none like angling that I trow, Ye ho, &c.
 At break of day, to the hills away, we cheerily start,
 Where the rolling stream in the morning gleams
 And swift trout dart.

We cast the fly with watchful eye and eager heart, Ye ho, &c.

Oh ! an angler's life, an angler's life for me,

Ye ho, we go so merrily !

Oh ! an angler's life, an angler's life for me,

An angler's jovial life for me !

Away where silver Coquet gleams, Ye ho, &c.

Or by the North Tyne's rushing streams, Ye ho, &c.

When spring returns our bosom burns

For rod and line,

For mountain air and scenes so fair,

And sport divine.

O'er moor and fell I can scarce tell, such pleasure mine, Ye ho, &c.

Oh ! an angler's life, &c.

When to the hook the salmon springs, Ye ho, &c.

And the line is whistling through the rings, Ye ho, &c.

What joy we feel, swift runs the reel in steady hand.

See how he leaps across the deeps,

The sport is grand ;

Now see him dash, with plunge and splash, till safe on land, Ye
 ho, &c.

Oh ! an angler's life, &c.

Come anglers true, a bumper fill, Ye ho, &c.
Drink to the sport with right good will, Ye ho, &c.
Be it our lot, in every spot, a right good dish
To rod and reel and line and creel.
Good luck we wish,
And health attend us to the end, with plenty fish, Ye ho, &c.
Oh! an angler's life, &c.



ANGLING SONG.

THE NORTH COUNTREE.

TUNE: "*Kelvin Grove.*"

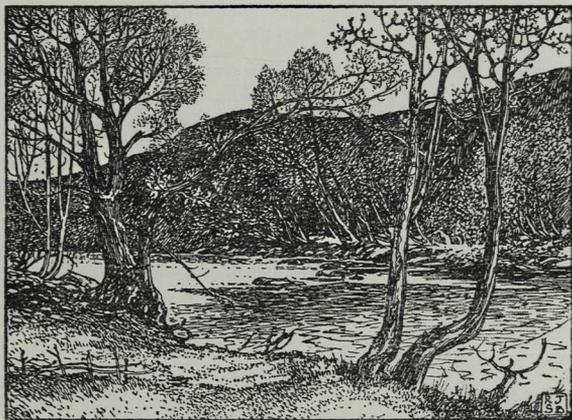
The northern blast is chill
 In the North Countree,
 For the winter lingers still
 In the North Countree.
 Deep the snowy wreath abides
 Down the vale where Coquet glides,
 White and drear are Cheviot's sides,
 In the North Countree.

We long to greet the spring
 In the North Countree,
 And to hear the lavrock sing
 In the North Countree.
 Sweet shall be Nature's strain
 When she parts this icy chain,
 And all things wake again,
 In the North Countree.

Our borderland is fair
 In the North Countree,
 And bracing is the air
 In the North Countree.
 And frae Northumbria's hills
 Rush a thousand sparkling rills,
 Joy the angler's bosom fills,
 In the North Countree.

When the primrose decks the vale
 In the North Countree,
 And soft the western gale
 In the North Countree.
 Then with a steady hand
 We'll lead the trout to land,
 For sure the sport is grand
 In the North Countree.

Of streams we have the Queen
 In the North Countree,
 And true-hearted anglers keen
 In the North Countree.
 Then by Nature's bounties blest
 With lasses of the best,
 The world may tak' the rest,
 For the North Countree.



The Coquet near Pauperhaugh.

ANGLING SONG.

Oh! merry are the hours when the reel runs round,
 For the angler ne'er is weary O!
 Tho' it isn't always "luck" by the streamlet found,
 And sport sometimes looks dreary O!
 We'll pluck the beard of grim old Care!
 And laugh till his wrinkled face shines fair.
 And cast the line so cheery O!

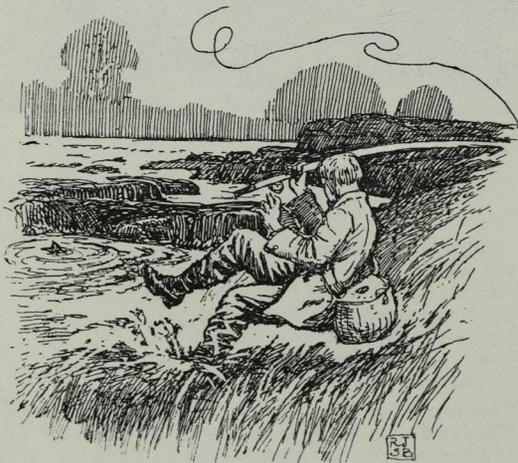
Then an angling we will go, my lads! an angling we will go,
 With artful fly and right good will,
 Our best we'll try the creel to fill,
 And still again we'll go!

And merry are the birds that always greet
 By yonder river gliding O!
 While every stream hath a song so sweet
 In anglers' hearts abiding O!
 Let scorners jest much as they wish,
 Some day we'll let them taste our fish
 And smile at their deriding O!

Then an angling we will go, my lads! an angling we will go,
 If fish won't take our baits or flies
 Our hearts won't break, with hope lit eyes
 Still, still again we'll go.

And merry was the trout that bade us *adieu!*
 With a cast of flies he'd borrowed O!
 And only the wag of his tail to view,
 We felt a moment's sorrow O!
 But we bravely fish, though light the creel,
 For patience turns Dame Fortune's wheel,
 And we'll catch him on the morrow O!

Then an angling we will go, my lads! an angling we will go,
 With bait or fly and right good will
 Our best will try the creel to fill,
 Still, still again we'll go!



"ADIEU!"

THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED ANGLERS.

TUNE : " *The fine old English Gentleman.*"

I'll sing you a good old song, 'tis all in honest praise
 Of the good old genial anglers who, in the ancient days,
 Could always fill their ancient creels, but not in doubtful ways ;
 Whose rum old rods and fishing gear would set us all to gaze !

CHORUS—

Oh ! the good old-fashioned anglers !
 All of the olden time.

Now, in these jolly days of old, the trout would always rise ;
 And though their gut was thick and brown, they got 'em " such a
 size !"
 And never went home to their wives and told such awful lies
 About the big uns that they lost, and make 'em roll their eyes !

CHORUS—

Then, the good old truthful anglers were always meek and mild ;
 They said their " paternosters " oft, as guileless as a child ;
 And when they lost a monster trout, they never once got riled,
 Nor gave their pent-up feelings vent in words both short and wild !

CHORUS—

They never thought of patent baits, their worms did never fail ;
 And on the lea they kissed the maids that bore the milking pail ;
 And pledged them round the board at night with barley, wine
 and ale ;
 And made the old oak rafters ring with song and jocund tale.

CHORUS—

They never saw a notice board to fright 'em far away,
 Nor beg the earl upon their knees to grant them just a day !
 And could they see the modern bills that modern anglers pay,
 'Twould fairly make their flowing locks turn all at once to grey !

CHORUS—

They never carried whiskey flasks, but only prayer books then ;
 They rose when sun dawn lit the stream, for they went to bed at
 ten ;
 And never sat till three at " nap," like some young foolish men ;
 I'm thinking that we'll never see the likes o' them again !

CHORUS—

Now, if old Izaak could come back, we'd make him join our crew ;
 Folk say the kind old chap would have to learn a thing or two !
 I sadly fear our modern style would give him such a turn !
 " He'd tyek te drink or droon hissel doon by the Skinner Burn ! "

CHORUS—

The wheel of time quick as our reels goes swift revolving round ;
 We'll pledge our brother anglers wherever they are found ;
 And tho' upon life's brawling stream some passing shadows fall,
 May future years bring angling joys and " tight lines " for us all.

CHORUS—



" ON THE LEA."

THE COQUET.

Flow gently, flow softly thou clear winding Coquet,
 Go, murmur thy music sweet down to the sea,
 Ah ! many the memories borne on thy bosom.
 Flow softly, thou silver stream pleasant to me.

Born 'mid thy Cheviots blue, forth thou are brimming,
 Leaping in wild cascade o'er mountain side,
 Down the wild rocky glen fairy-like stealing,
 Now o'er the green valley, thou singing dost glide.

Fair are the bonny banks, kissed by thy waters,
 In thy pearly pools gleaming, the leaping trout play,
 While on thy bright bosom the sunbeams are glancing,
 As fast to the lowlands thou'rt hastening away.

By thy side oft I've wandered, and sweet were the moments
 While musing thy beauties, and blest by thy smile,
 Care took her flight away, daring no more to stay,
 Thy lips breathing health to me, softly the while.

Flow on gentle Coquet, and blessings go with thee,
 And blest be the hearts in thy hamlets that dwell,
 Tho' for a while I reluctantly leave thee,
 I trust not for ever ; fare thee well, fare thee well.

ROTHBURY—SEPTEMBER, 1869.

By JOSEPH WATSON.

The peewits are mustering on Bickerton haugh,
 And the swallows are racing round Hepple's dark tower ;
 They're trying their wings, for they sune maun be aff
 To the sunny south land where nae winter clouds lower.

An' brown is the heather on dark Simonside ;
 And yellow the brackens on stony Cragend ;
 And red are the woods which the auld Abbey hide,
 Where the Coquet round Brinkburn doth bonnily bend.

And the river is crooning a low, plaintive sang
 To the banks and the braes it may ne'er see again ;
 And gently it glides or goes rushing along,
 From its source mang the hills till it's lost in the main.

And the white-haired auld fisherman winds up his line,
 Taks doon his lang rod, and then shoulders his creel ;
 He hirples awa', an' wi' thoughts o' lang syne,
 An' a tear in his e'e, bids the loved stream fareweel.

An' soon o'er the land will the winter winds blaw,
 An' the black, leafless trees groan an' bend i' the blast ;
 An' the hills an' the hollows be whitened with snaw,
 An' the ice wi' firm grasp bind the cauld waters fast.

But spring will return full o' sunshine an' glee,
 And the swallows again flee round Hepple's dark tow'r,
 An' the peewits come back frae their home 'yont the sea,
 Gae struttin' an' noddin' owre haugh, fell, and moor.

An' green, then, the heather on bright Simonside ;
 An' greener the bracken on stony Cragend ;
 An' closer the woods will the auld Abbey hide,
 Where the Coquet round Brinkburn doth bonnily bend.

An' merrily then will the glad river sing,
 An' play wi' the pebbles, an' dance wi' the sun ;
 An' merry the trout frae its bosom will spring,
 Like the lambs i' the meadows a' frolic and fun.

But where's the auld fisher, sae bent an' sae lame,
 Wha cam' ilka spring wi' his rod an' his creel ?
 Death's ca'd him awa to his lang, latest hame,
 An' he'll wander nae mair by the streams he lo'ed weel.

May his soul dwell in peace in that happier land,
 Where summer and winter alike are unknown ;
 Where wi' leaves never fading the trees o' life stand
 By the stream clear as crystal, that flows from the throne.



THRUM MILL, ROTHBURY

COQUET'S STREAM.

By Dr. H. E. ARMSTRONG.

TUNE : *Love's Young Dream.*

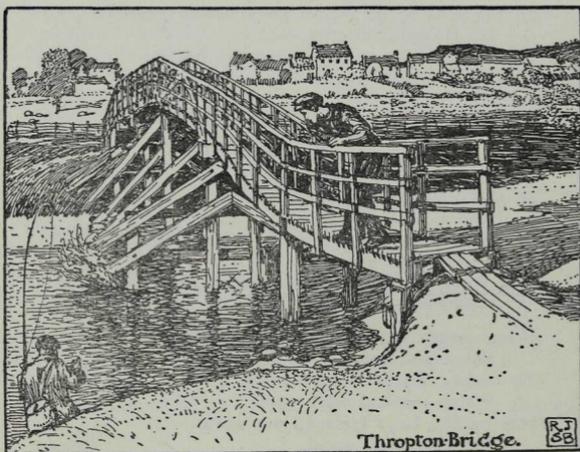
Oh! the summer days have taken flight,
 Despite the wish
 Of those who in their hearts delight
 To fish, still fish :
 But tho' the gloom of winter's come,
 We've yet a joy supreme,
 In the mem'ry of bright hours we've passed
 By Coquet's stream.
 Ah! the mem'ry of those happy hours
 By Coquet's stream!

How oft have we surprised the dawn
 With eager feet ;
 And brush'd the dewdrops from the lawn
 Her pools to greet !
 In soft twilight and silent night,
 And by the moon's pale beam,
 We have linger'd by her waves and watch'd
 Their silver gleam,
 And thought the loveliest sight in life
 Was Coquet's stream.

From source remote mid' grassy hills
 Silent and lone,
 To woody Warkworth's tuneful dells
 We've marked each stone ;
 Her pebbly bays beneath our gaze,
 Familiar faces seem,
 And the glories of her deeps have been
 Our frequent theme,
 Where monarchs rule their liquid realms
 In Coquet's stream.

The Angler rambles east and west,
 His skill to try,
 And puts each water to the test,
 With bait or fly :
 But tho' he roam far from his home,
 E'en to the world's extreme,
 He'll seek the river of his choice
 In many a dream,
 And fill his basket o'er and o'er,
 By Coquet's stream.

Long may her waters sparkling flow
 Her banks between,
 Sweet music making as they go
 In course serene!
 And as to-day, long, long may they
 With scaly people teem,
 To take the lure the angler holds
 In high esteem,
 And bend, averse, the pliant rod,
 O'er Coquet's stream.



Thropton-Bridge.

R.J.
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LET US GO TO COQUET-SIDE.

By F. W. DENDY.

TUNE: *Kelvin Grove.*

Let us go to Coquet-side,
 Brother fishers all;
 Where the brown-tinged waters glide,
 Brother fishers all;
 When the line clicks through the reel,
 And the fishes fill the creel,
 We will smile at Fortune's wheel,
 Brother fishers all.

CHORUS—When the line, &c.

There is trouble in the town,
 Brother fishers all—
 And the prices all are down,
 Brother fishers all ;
 But freshly blows the wind,
 And our cares we'll leave behind,
 For the face of heaven is kind,
 Brother fishers all.

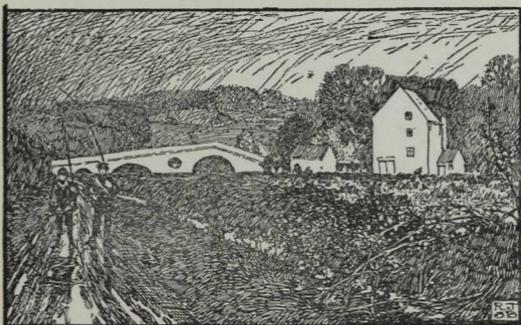
CHORUS—When the line, &c.

The hare upon the haugh,
 Brother fishers all,
 Shall be startled by our laugh,
 Brother fishers all ;
 And the lapwing's wheeling flight,
 And the pebbles shining bright,
 Shall add to our delight,
 Brother fishers all.

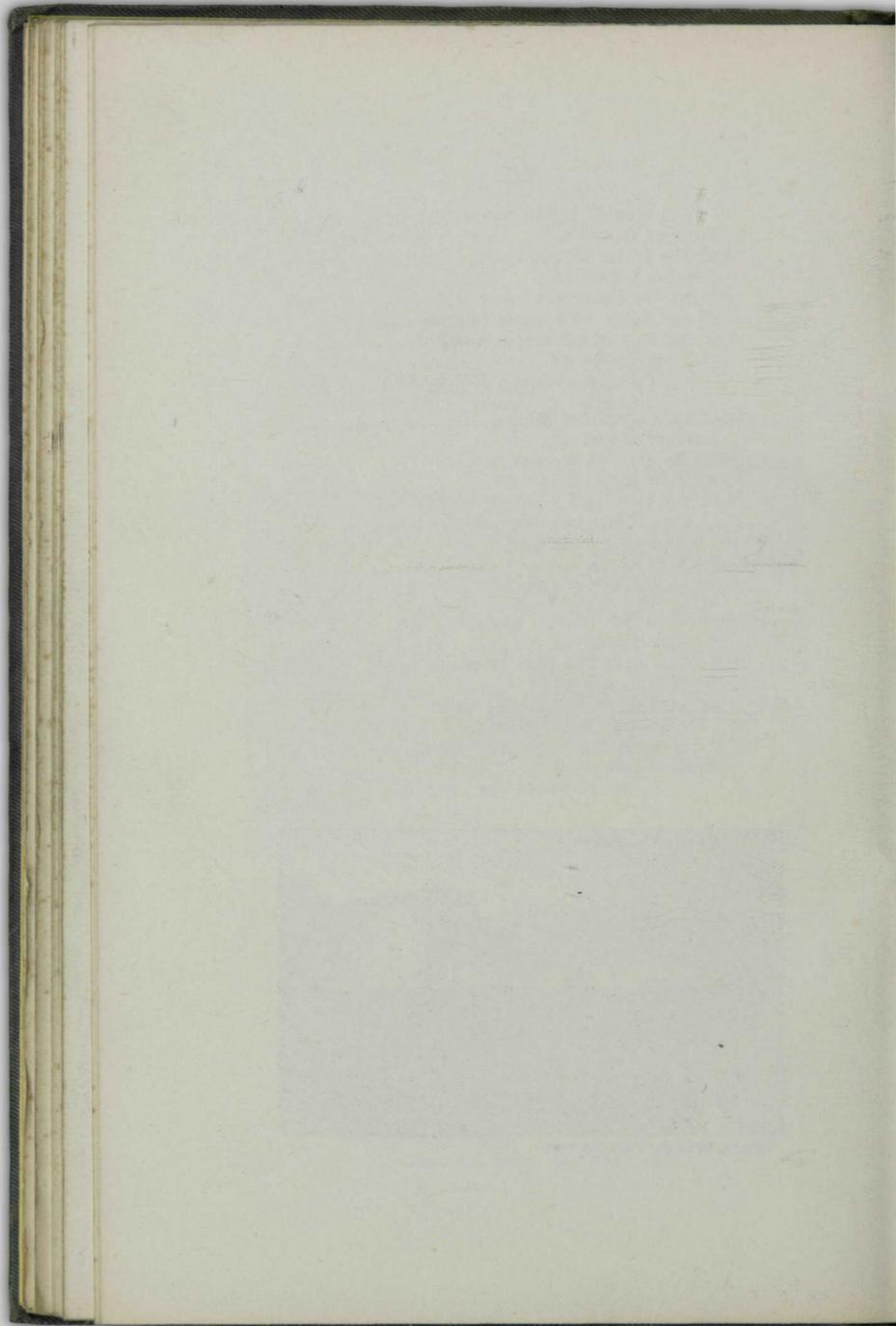
CHORUS—When the line, &c.

And when our labours cease,
 Brother fishers all,
 We will smoke the pipe of peace,
 Brother fishers all ;
 And we'll fill our cups and sing
 To the joy our fishings bring,
 Till the hawthorn buds next spring,
 Brother fishers all.

CHORUS—When the line, &c.

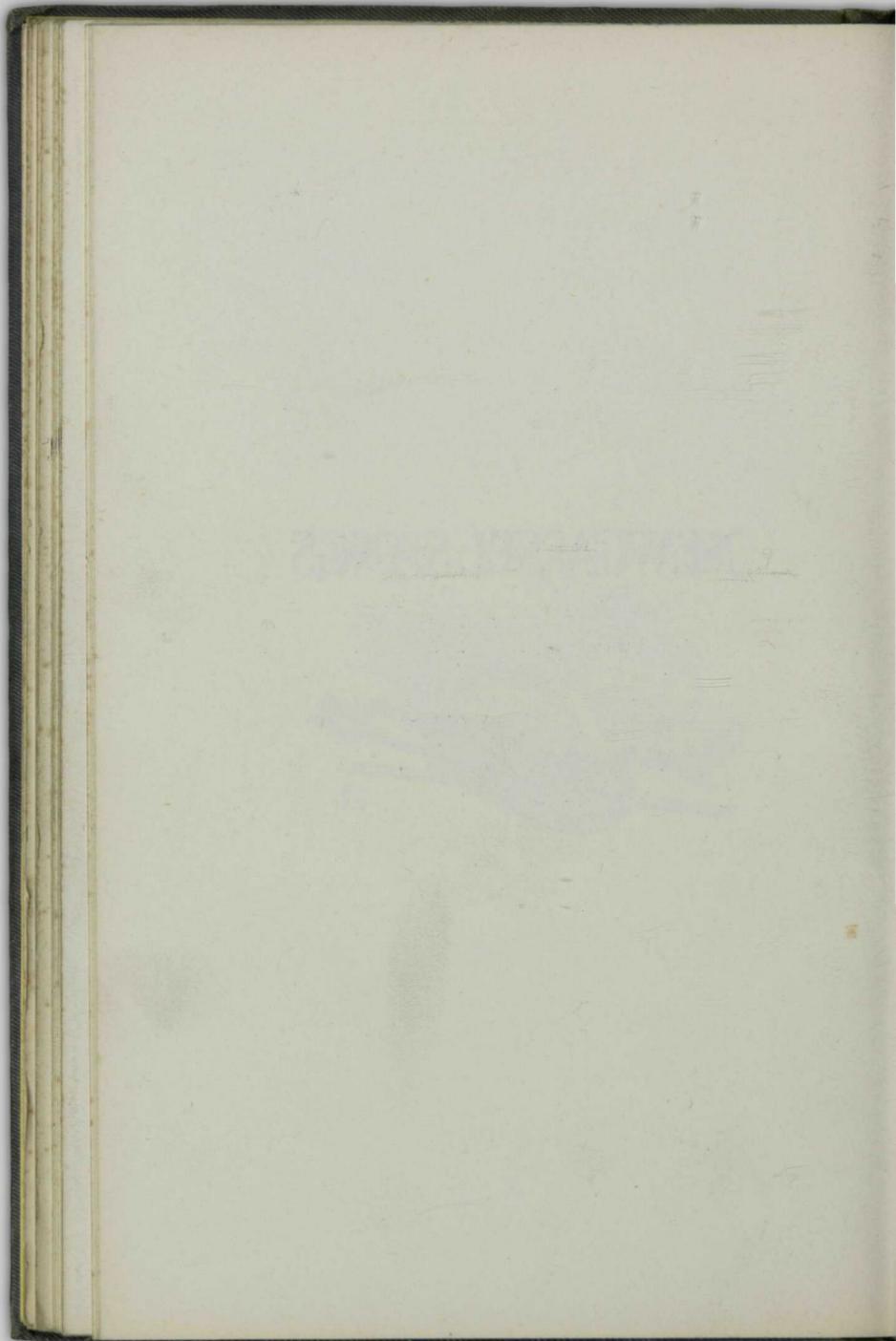


Weldon Bridge: from the west.



NEWCASSEL SANGS





TO TOMMY ON THE BRIDGE.

Ah! Tommy, on the Bridge o' Tyne
Ye've ta'en yer stand this mony a year,
And born so brave thy sightless hoors
That I'll *forgi'e ye mony a sweer!*
Beneath ye rins auld drumlie Tyne,
An' like her streams the world seems cawd,
The deeth wind fra the east the blaws,
Is keener now yer gotten awd.
What wish o' mine wad be the best
As Life's rough road ye dother doon?
The coin that jinks wi' words o' love
Wad mebbies smooth thy furrowed froom.
Or as ye cross the Bridge o' Time,
Some kind warm hand to lead ye on,
Until ye tak' yer stand and view
Yon river rolling by the throne.



A SANG O' BROON TWIST.

It is not generally known that "canny Newcassel" is not only noted as the birthplace of George Stephenson and for its coals and grindstones, but is also the birthplace of the famous "thick Broom," now known all the world over.

When aa sit doon an' think o' the fame o' the Tyne,
 It myeks us feel cocky an' cracky ;
 While we brag o' wor cannons, wor ships, an' wor coals,
 We can brag tee o' Newcassel Baccy !
 'Twas here that the famous Broom Twist foond its birth,
 The delight o' wor Army an' Navy ;
 Ma sangs ! but the nation wad cum tiv a stop,
 If owt happened te HARVEY & DAVY !!

For the sun nivvor sets on a land or a sea,
 But a bit o' Broom Twist hes been there ;
 An' Nansen, ye knaw, when he tried for the pole,
 Foond the scent o' Thick Broom in the air.
 When we licked aal the Frenchies at grand Trafalgar,
 The reeson wis not far te seek,
 Why ABACKA each gun there stood a brave tar,
 Wi' a plug o' Thick Broom iv his cheek !

An' what did the Duke say at famed Waterloo ?
 (Of its truth aa will myek "affidavey") ;
 "Let each lad fra the Tyne hev two spits an' a draa,
 An' sarve oot the HARVEY & DAVY !"
 Then they soounded the "charge" wiv a wild ringin' cheer,
 As they swept on the foe like Tyne's river ;
 'Twas Haak's brave lads, wiv a chow in their gobs,
 That sattled the Froggies for ivvor !

When Adam was tordn oot the garden wi' Eve,
 Sum say that he badly did sweer ;
 An' sum, that aw knaa, that ti chorch nivvor gan,
 Say the poor chep *went off on the beer !*
 But they're aal wrang tegithor, for he ne'er said a word,
 An' didn't, like sum, *lick his mate !*
 But he cheered up his sowl wi' a blast o' Thick Broom,
 Sattled doon tiv his *wark an' his fate !*

The syem thing when Jonah cam oot o' the whale,
 ('Twas a caation that ancient sea trippy),
 Nee doot the aad prophet was mucky an' caad,
 But bein' T. T. *darsint nippy!*!

Three neets in a whale, is a *crampor*, ye see,
 His inside was *wamly*, bein' "hoyed" up an' doon ;
 But the *forst thing* he said, when he cum tiv hissell,
 Was, "Let's hev me pipe an' a blast o' *Thick Broom!*"

Aal the lang bearded ancients, what wad *they* hev deun ?
 Wi' the torments an' worries o' three score o' wives,
 Wi' their hunnerds o' kids, flocks, lands, an' men,
 If they hadn't wor baccy to smoothen their lives.
 An' the syem thing is true in these fast modern days,
 That smokers are thinkers, aa's sure mun be clear ;
 So aa'll gie ye a *twister*, ye can take it frae me—
 'Twas Newcassel Twist that myed Billy Shakespeare !

'Twas wor grandfeythers' pride in their prime and their age
 An' grannies greet cumfort in days o' lang syne ;
 The joy o' wor toilers, the young, an' the sage,
 Wor grimy feyced heroes that build up wor Tyne.
 On the battle-swept plain in Sooth Africa's land,
 Wor brave lads hev lain when nee succour was near,
 An' hev pulled through at last, leukin' Deeth in the feyce,
 Wi' nobbut a bit o' twist baccy te cheer.

Then here's to the firm that invented Broom Twist,
 An' each smoker the whole world aroond—
 East, west, north, or sooth, where'er yor feet gan,
 If the "*Burr's*" *there* ye bet 'twill be foond.
 Aa hear that wor King has ordered *ten ton!*!

For hissell and the nobbs in high station ;
 For it's Newcassel Twist in special lang clays,
 They'll smoke at the *grand Coronation!*

THE NEWCASSEL TWANG.

TUNE: "*Wearin' o' the Green.*"

Noo cum maa bonny lads, let's sing anuther Tyneside sang—
 The langwidge of each Tyneside heart, wor aad Newcassel Twang.
 Nee doot it's strange ti stuck-up folk, and soonds byeth rough
 and queer,
 But nivvor mind, it's music sweet untiv a Tyneside ear.

CHORUS—Untiv a Tyneside ear,
 Untiv a Tyneside ear,
 But nivvor mind, &c.

Wey, bless yor heart, there's ivvorything a Tyneside chep can
boast,
Wor Tyneside tongue is spoke and sung on ivvory foreign coast,
On sea or lan', where'er ye gan, when Armstrong's cannons roar,
It is the voice o' Tyne that's haard resoondin irae her shore.

CHORUS—Resoondin' frae her shore, &c.

Wor genius, energy and skill are knaan the world aroond,
Thor's not a place ye like ti nyem, wor grindstones are not foond ;
An' if it's pluck ye want, wehy then, aa's tellin' nothin' new—
'Twas fifteen Hawk's daring lads that conquered Waterloo!!

CHORUS—That conquered Waterloo, &c.

Folk say ti taak in French is fine, and 'Talian's best of aall !
But aa once went ti the opera and haard the beggor's squaal !
Ah cuddent myek it oot a bit, tho' sum said 'twas a treat !
It minded me o' wor Bessy's cat upon the tiles at neet !!

CHORUS—Upon the tiles at neet, &c.

Aa hear them say that Garman is a noble langwidge tee.
Aa had sum Garman sassidge once, but nivvor mair for me !
Aa gat the belly-wark a week, so ye can understand
That larnin' Garman is a thing aa'll nivvor tyek in hand !

CHORUS—Aa'll nivvor tyek in hand, &c.

The ancient langwidge o' the Tyne hes sayin's aaful queer ;
They say Aad Nick torns pale as deeth when real Tynesiders
swear !

An' Adam spoke in Tyneside tee when he cried ti Mistress Eye—
“ A bonny mess ye've myed on't noo ; begox, we'll hev ti leave !! ”

CHORUS—Begox, we'll hev ti leave, &c.

An' when a muther scolds hor bairn she'll shake her fist and froom,
“ Noo! had yor jaw, ” “ aa'll skelp yor lug ” or sum place lower
doon !

But if she's in the humour fine, it's “ Cum, noo, hinny, cum ! ”
An' if ye want ti hear the burr, wey “ mine's a half o' rum ! ”

CHORUS—Wey, mine's a half o' rum, &c.

An' when a chep's sweethartin' like, it's “ Cum, lass, gie's a
cuddle ! ”

Or when a man is drinkin' sair, it's “ Tommy's on the fuddle ! ”
The bairn that cries is “ raimin on, ” things pawned, they say 's
“ in pop, ”

An' then a feythor says, wi pride, “ the bairn's peart as a lop ! ”

CHORUS—The bairn's peart as a lop, &c.

An ear's "a lug," a mouth's "a gob," and then a hand's "a paaw ;"
 Ti hev a smoke, it's " here's a lowe, sit doon and hev a blaaw."
 It's " howay here," or " haad on there," " what cheer, me lad ?"
 they'll say,
 It's " kittle wark," " what fettle noo ? " " it's dowly like the day ! "

CHORUS—It's dowly like the day, &c.

Noo aa might crood a thoosand things inti this Tyneside Sang ;
 But sum will say, " Hi ! haad yor hand, yor myekin't ower lang."
 Aa've said enough, aa'll leet ma pipe, me rhymin' pen lay doon,
 An' pray wor speech may ne'er depart frae wor aad canny toon !

CHORUS—Frae wor aad canny toon, &c.

SPRING CLEANIN'.

BY " WOR JACK."

They turned us oot o' bed one morn, the clock hed scairsh struck
 fower,
 When Nancy cries " Cum ! get up, Jack, the sweeps are at the door ! "
 Aa grummelt sair, pulled on ma breeks, " It *must* be deun," says
 Nan !
 Wor cleanin' fairly hes begun, " Cum ! horry, there's a man."
 The sweeps seun cleaned the chimla doon, and teuk away their
 sticks,
 They hed anuther hoose to dee afore the hoor o' six.
 When they hed " teyn their heuk," thinks aa, " noo things are
 all serene ! "
 But no ! my lads, the *chairin'* wife *was next* upon the scene !
 The wife and her seun set ti wark, byeth kilted to the knee,
 An' for ma brikkfast then aa gat a *crust* and *sup* o' tee !
 Then pails and tubs, wet cloots and things were scattered ower
 the place,
 The air smelt strang o' suds, while Nan had *danger in her face* !
 She myed us tyek the pictors doon and pull the carputs up,
 Aa worked for hoors 'maist like a slave, wiv scairsh a bite or sup
 Aa filled the passige full o' chairs, thinks aa what's comin' next !
 Aa hears a jinglin' at the sneck, twas nee use gettin' vext,
 For there the paper-hangers stood, wi' pails and ladders tee,
 Aa felt that mad, aa vowed aa wad gan off upon the spree.
 " She's sent the bairn ti Grannie's hoose, they've tyen the *cat*
 an' aal,
 Aa slipt upon a bit o' soap an' gat an aafal faal.

When ower a scuttle in the dark aa fairly barked mi shins,
 Ma cumfort was " It's punishment for *yor temper and yor sins !!*"
 Fra morn till neet, for ower a week, this thing's been gannin' on,
 Aa've lost ma dog ! the bird's i' moot, my sperrits aal are gone ;
 Aa waddent mind, but when it's deun, and things are sattled doon,
 Ye scairsh dare sit, or cough, or sneeze, wivoot a word or froon !
 " Keep oot o' this," " Ye'll dorty that," " Ye hev'n't wiped
 yor feet ! "

" Ye nasty man, put oot yor pipe, or gan inti the street."
 I ken a Bobby on wor beat, so his advice aa'l seek,
 Aa'l mebbies get some *cumfort in the "lock up"* for a week !!
 They say that Spring's a plissant time, when daisies deck the green,
 Nee doot it's reet for *lambs and flowers* that never need ti clean !!



A NEWCASSEL SANG.

A HUNDRED YEARS FRA' NOO!

What a wonderful place Newcassel 'll be

A hundred years fra noo!

Aa's sorry aa'll not be there ta see

A hundred years fra noo!

What a grand Toon Hall the eye'll greet,

And aall ower the place the 'lectric leet,

Wi' fountains and trees in ivory street

A hundred years fra noo!

And wor dirty streets 'll nivvor disgrace

A hundred years fra noo!

And nee sewer smells aboot the place

A hundred years fra noo!

The High Level then 'll mebbies be free,

We'll brag, nee doot, of another M.P.,

And canny Newcassel still Radical be

A hundred years fra noo!

The death-rate then 'll be doon te nowt

A hundred years fra noo!

For the only disease 'll be the gout

A hundred years fra noo!

A fittor fra Armstrong's 'll be the Mayor,

And a rivettor chap in the Skeul Board chair,

And heavy rates they'll pay nee mair

A hundred years fra noo!

And tarrible wise the kids 'll be

A hundred years fra noo!

They'll aall write shorthand when they're three

A hundred years fra noo!

And college degrees they'll tyek at ten,

And wear blue specs, just like aad men!

And we'll be caall'd aad fossils then!!—

A hundred years fra noo!

Aa hev nee doot they'll aall think shem

A hundred years fra noo!

That we've deun se little for Stephenson's nyem

A hundred years fra noo!

Wor shabby bit monument they'll pull doon,

And a worthier thing his fame 'll croon,

And a Stephenson Institute honour the toon,

A hundred years fra noo!

On the banks o' the Tyne, with a lusty cheer,
 A hundred years fra noo!
 A champion sculler 'll surely appear
 A hundred years fra noo!
 And the champion days they'll see once more,
 When a Tyneside lad hes a grip o' the oar,
 And his sculls flash oot reet away to the fore,
 A hundred years fra noo!

And Stephens says they'll nivvor be dry
 A hundred years fra noo!
 The bench 'll hev ne mair "drunks" te try
 A hundred years fra noo!
 They'll sport white kids 'maist aall the year,
 And aall get fat on ginger beer,
 And even the bobbies blue ribbons wear
 A hundred years fra noo!

Wor chemical trade 'll nivvor be slack
 A hundred years fra noo!
 And German clerks 'll aall gan back
 A hundred years fra noo!
 And Palmer's works 'll be sure te pay,
 And pit lads 'll work eight hours a day,
 And sweaters ne mair get aall their way
 A hundred years fra noo!

The railway rates 'll then come doon,
 A hundred years fra noo!
 And the Midland Company pass wor toon
 The engineers 'll strike nee mair,
 The Quarter Sessions 'll dee what's fair,
 And the Workhouse bairns get change of air,
 A hundred years fra noo!

Aall ower the banks o' canny Tyen,
 A hundred years fra noo!
 The fires o' progress yet 'll shine,
 A hundred years fra noo!
 Newcassel 'll yield her men o' worth,
 And a place o' power 'll be the North,
 And mair like Tommy Burt bring forth,
 A hundred years fra noo!

THE TYNESIDE LOKIL ANGLOR'S KAREER.

TEUYN: "*Cappy's the Dog.*"

Oh! the lads iv the North, they are aal fond o' sport,
Whether rowin' or runnen', or owt o' that sort;
Some likes the coursin' and some fancies a shot—
But ti ma mind the fishin's the best o' the lot.

KORIS:—

Oh! aas fond o' the fishing,
That *hittle* sport fishin';
It's a queor thing is fishin',
The best sport iv aal!

When nobbut a wee bairn that scairshly cud *walk*,
Aw cried for a "rod," tho' a hardlies cud *taalk*!
An' ma aad canny feythor, oh! he wes aaful kind,
He gov us a rod thet aw FELT SAIR BEHIND!

KORIS.

But that didn't stop us, of the fishin' still fond,
Aw used ti katch mennims iv Haaks's aad pond,
Detarmined ti larn wiv a *stick, pin, and threed*.
Till at last aw fell in, and wes browt hyem for deed!

KORIS.

Then when aw gat *britched*, bettor teckle aw got;
Ma reel wes a *bobbin*, an' ma creel a tin pot;
Of eels at the Hassocks aw hev copped mony a dish,
An' the lads used ti vex us, cryin', "Aw think aw smell fish!"

KORIS.

But noo aw've grown wisor, an' kens whaat ti dee.
An' aw ken aal the airts o' worm, mennim, an' flee;
Tho' aw's sure aw's mair skilful, yet still ma friends scoff,
For somehoo the big uns they elwis get off!

KORIS.

Tho' aw've joined a grand klub, where the chaps are si clivvor,
Its a queor thing ti say, aw catch less fish nor ivvor!
If aw dee get a few, then aw's sure ti heor tell—
Folks dinna believe that aw *katched them mesel*!

KORIS.

Last season, detarmined ti open folks eyes,
 Aw went in for the sammon ti gie aal a *surprise!*
 So aw caught a greet big un in the streams o' North Tyne—
 Aw *wes prood*, for the sammon frae these pairts *are fine (?)!!*

KORIS.

An' when aw gat hyem, aw sent the tale roond,
 An' ti aal ma relations aw promised a poond ;
 When aw torned oot my sammon they aal laughed si strange,
 Crying oot, "*Its pot-bellied an' gettin' the mange!!*"*

KORIS.

So its *QUITE DISAPPOINTIN'* as far as aw've gone,
 Yet some hoo or other aw keep still fishin' on ;
 "Parsevere" is ma watchword, se in spite o' the past,
 Success aw feel sartin will croon us at last.

KORIS.

* This alludes to the frequently wretched condition of the salmon caught in the autumn fishing in North Tyne.



“NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE” YEAR
BOOK SANGS.

1899.

CANNY NEWCASSEL.

Cum leet your pipes, an' cock yor lugs an' aa'll sing a bran new
ditty,

Aal about the gannins on in wor Newcassel city.

The weather clerk has turned T.T., so the summer hes been fine,
An' we'll mebbies get a new Town Hall in nineteen ninety-nine!

CHORUS—We'll mebbies get, &c.

Wor deeth rate's keepin' ower high, aa's sorry for te heor,
An' sum folks blame the sewers, an' sum folk blame the beer,
Dr. Armstrong says it's "boiley" kills the bairns of aall the poor,
But Stephens sweers it's whiskey kills the "aad uns," that he's
sure.

CHORUS—But Stephens sweers, &c.

About the 'lectric trams, ma sangs! what windy taak there's been,
But the trolley system i' wor streets at wark will seun be seen,
Wor aad wife hopes the posts and wires 'll pass along wor way,
For they'll cum in handy—dryin' claes—upon her washin' day.

CHORUS—For they'll cum in handy, &c.

Aal honour ti the name of Hall, for his hundred thoosand pund,*
An' a thoosand cheers for Riley Lord, an' his grand Infirmary
Fund,

He was a bit doon hearted like, aa haard the other neet,
But that fizzin' dose fra Eno fairly set him on his feet.†

CHORUS—That fizzin' dose, &c.

*Alluding to the late John Hall's munificent gift to the new Infirmary.

† Alluding to the handsome donation Sir Riley Lord received to the
Infirmary Fund from Mr. J. C. Eno, of Fruit Salt fame.

They say wor ancient rivvor is the emblem ov the free
 As she rolls along her noble course fra moorland to the sea,
 But not a bridge ti' span her tide, without a toll to pay,
 Let's hope they'll build the free bridge seun, an' sweep the tolls
 away!

CHORUS—Let's hope, &c.

Aa dreamt a dream the other neet—aa thowt the bridge was done,
 An' poor blind Tommy tee was there, nippin' coppers just like fun,
 While motors an' electric trams flew ower to Gateshead side,
 An' fra the monniment, aall ower 'twas but a ha'penny ride!

CHORUS—An' fra the monniment, &c.

We've a monniment to Geordie—wor Stephenson ov fame,
 But we might hev had a better thing, mair worthy of that name,
 For ivvory time that aa gan by, he seems to frown an' say,
 "Cum, paint the rails, put floors about, an' make the place leuk
 gay."

CHORUS—Cum paint, &c.

Noo trade's improvin' verra fast, aa divvent want to hear
 The taak about lockoots an' strikes ti spoil a prosperous year,
 Let's keep the trade on wor doorstep, cry—"Tyneside ti the fore,"
 Keepin' Germans, French, an' Yankees, sneakin' in at wor back
 door.

CHORUS—Keepin' Germans, &c.

Nee doobt there's lots o' progress, since aa was a bit lad,
 But still wor gas is awful blue, wor sewers still are bad,
 An' we want a pictur' gallery sair, wi' more electric leets,
 An' some better city pavin' tee, an' sweepin' o' wor streets.

CHORUS—An some better, &c.

Aa've a lot mair things upon my mind, but time is flitting by,
 An' when a sang gets ower lang, we verra seun get dry.
 Then here's a toast—"The Lads o' Tyne," wherever they are
 foond,
 Lang may the fame o' bonny Tyne be spread the world aroond.

CHORUS—Lang may, &c.

1900.

A NEWCASSEL SANG.

Ma sangs! but this year's been a mazor!
 Aa's sure when aa sit mysel' doon,
 An' think o' the queer things that's happent,
 Mi aad heed gans fair bizzin' roun';
 For a year we've been hidin' the Boers,
 It's a ticklor, and scairse sattled yit,
 But they're just nigh the end o' their tethor,
 For Kruger is deein' a flit. (Oct. 21).

Thank God! lads, the aad flag is wavin'
 O'er the plains where wor hero boys sleep;
 Stained and bought wi' the blood o' wor bravest,
 That land, for their sakes, we will keep!
 We shall keep it for England an' Freedom,
 For the sake o' the Boer beaten slave,
 It is wors, for wor sons, that the tyrant
 May not tread on a Britisher's grave!

Aal Europe smells fearfu' o' sulphur,
 The Czar's cryin' "peace" wiv his guns!
 While the Kaiser prays—"gie's a big navy,"
 And France makes her pooder bi tons!
 America's still bleezin' cannon,
 An' the bloodthirsty Johnny Chinee
 Hes been at his aad murdorin' capors,
 And brewed us a "het cup o' tea!"

What wi' hurricanes, fires, an' exploshuns,
 An' murdorin' Kings—for a change,
 Some say the "Milenny is comin',"
 The warld seems se dotty an' strange.
 The plague's killed her thoosans in Ingy,
 There's thoosans been lost on the seas,
 Ti ma mind, it's clear that Aad Nickie
 Hes gettin' a touch o' D.T.'s!!

Aal this year, man! wor City's been hummin',
 We've had visits fra grand Royaltee,
 An' honours, like bumlers, are bummin',
 Newcassel's as cocky's can be.
 We've gettin' Sir William at Throckley,
 An' aa's sure we're prood o' his name;
 Sir Riley's as croose as a banty,
 *Wi' Sir George, o' great physicky fame!

* Sir W. H. Stephenson, Sir Riley Lord, Sir George Hare Philipson.

What "a gan on" we had at the 'Lections!
 When the Poll was declared—what a cheer!
 "We're beaten ti blazes,"—cries Heddy;*
 "How-ay, Sammy, let's gan on the beer!"
 But Sammy went off ti the Border,
 That neet he tyeuk pills tiv his tea—
 While Heddy went gaily hyem, whistlin'
 "Oh! the bonnie pit lassie for me!"

Aa heer that when passin' aad Painshaw,
 The "Worm" shoved his heed out fra the hill;
 On Heddy he set his tongue waggin'—
 Ma sangs! but he gov' 'im his fill!
 An' afore he was deun, made him promise,
 Time cumin', bettor comp'ny ti keep,
 And te try nee mair Parliament capors—
 Then turned in for a hunnerd years' sleep!!

We're prood o' byeth Plummer and Renwick;
 That we've gettin' a Plumber, it's plain,
 When the Radical Gas wes aal bleezin',
 He seun torned it off at the main.
 An' a few o' the aad fashund clockers
 Hev been varry nigh torned oot their nest,
 For wor Colonies, Hyem, and the Empire!
 The lads o' the Tyne's deun their best!

Nee doot, when they gan up ti Lunnon,
 The Parliament Hoose they will mense;
 For Plummer hes brains best ov onny,
 Geordie Renwick's bung-full o' good sense.
 Aa's sure when the Hoose is debatin',
 And argy thorsels into fog,
 Wor Geordie 'll gi'e them a gliffor,
 When he starts singin' "Cappy's the Dog!!"

Aal's ower! let's shak' hands, like bruthers;
 Lang may wor prosperity reign!
 An' may each honest toiler and thinker
 The pride o' wor Empire maintain.
 On the Tyne, may the clink o' the hammer,
 An' the glare o' the furnace ne'er cease!
 An' the years wi' their changes fast flittin',
 Bring us good luck, but maist of aal—PEACE!

* Alluding to the defeat of Messrs. Storey & Lambton, Liberals, by Messrs. Plummer & Renwick.

“HOLEY” NEWCASSEL IN 1901.

Hoo the years gan flit flittin', it's a caation to me,
 Why, a pigeon's not in't, man, the way that they flee;
 Wiv a hop like a lop, number one's ower the stile,
 When in waaks number two, wiv a wink an' a smile—

Cryin'—"Here's to Newcassel!
 Aal the folks i' Newcassel!
 The kind hearts that dwell
 On the banks o' the Tyne!"

Sin aa wis a bairn, things hev changed aawful sair,
 The aad toon is gyen, an' they've scairsh left a "chare!"
 What wi' parks and fine shops, an' monster hotels,
 We're gettin' blaen oot wi' conceit o' worsels.

It's a fine place, Newcassel,
 A grand place Newcassel,
 We'll brag o' Newcassel
 Till the day that we dee!

They've improved aad Newcassel till nowt's left but what's new,
 'Cept the 'Thedral and Castle, wiv an aad waal or two;
 Wey, if aad Ralphy Dodds could come up fra his place,
 He'd 'maist take a fit, an' turn black in the face.

At the seets o' Newcassel,
 Wor modern Newcassel;
 Still "Canny Newcassel,"
 Is the pride ov us aal.

Noo it's aal push an' drive, aal commotion an' stir,
 An' it's not the thing noo, mind, te taak wi' the "burr."
 On the Swing Bridge aad Tommy still dothers an' sweers,
 An says he'll not dee yet for two score o' years!

It's a queer place, Newcassel,
 It's a crampor's Newcassel;
 But "Canny Newcassel"
 Keeps still to the fore.

What wi' mud, holes, an' poles, noo we're earnin' greet fame
 The grand "Holey City" is noo wor nickname.
 Aal the papers hev barked at the Cooncil's tram sins,
 But the warst that's been deun is the "barkin' o' shins."

Ower the trams o' Newcassel,
 The grand trams o' Newcassel,
 Lang may they skeet through
 The streets o' wor toon.

What a gan on there'll be when they're set away fair,
 Ower the Moor then our Council 'll tyek change of air ;
 Te Jesmond wor sweethearts 'll crood to the park,
 An' a hap'ny 'll tyek aal the men te their wark.

On the trams o' Newcassel,
 In busy Newcassel,
 What a braggin' there'll be
 When they flit through the toon.

Maa sangs ! what a gliff we'll aal get some fine day,
 When Sir William presents the fine bill that's to pay,
 Some seats 'll be lost, then we'll put others there
 That'll dee a deal warse, an' spend a lot mair.

That's canny Newcassel,
 Wor style i' Newcassel,
 We've gettin queer ways
 I' wor canny aad toon.

When we've settled the trams, then " Hoosin' the Poor "
 'll be the next job for a few thoosands more,
 Becrike ! if the pooers divvent alter their ways,
 It'll be the " Big House " for the rest o' wor days.

Still, we crack o' Newcassel,
 We're prood o' Newcassel,
 We'll aal taak Newcassel
 For the sake o' lang syne.

Hoo big Byker's gettin, an' improvin' still fast,
 Wey it's not mony years sin' her bairn's claes she cast,
 When she's wedded to Waalker she'll verra seun seek,
 For a mayor an' an M.P. all tiv her aan cheek ?

For a second Newcassel,
 A progressive Newcassel,
 A big thrivin' huzzy
 She's shapin' ti be !

As Time rolls along, hoo often we feel
 There's many regrets in the track o' her wheel !
 When we think o' Lord Armstrong, an oor weel beloved Queen,
 We shall raise up the marble, but their names are aye green

In the hearts o' Newcassel,
 True and loyal Newcassel,
 Wi' the toilers that dwell
 On the banks of the Tyne.

1902.

WOR NEWCASSEL SANG.

When a chep's nobbut dowley, an' his pipe winna draa,
 An' the muse he's been courtin', 'steed o' singing, just croaks,
 Then he feels like poor Geordie that's barried his dog ;
 He'd better start prayin', 'steed o' makin' bad jokes—
 About things gannin' on i' Newcassel !

In the year that is gyen, mony trusted and canny,
 Mony brave "men o' mark," aye! an' stalwarts i' trade,
 Have bent ti' the caad blast stern fate has been sendin',
 An' they rest fra their toilin's, in deeth lowly laid!
 There's been sorrow in canny Newcassel !

Noo the trams are aal finished, an' reet weel they're shapin',
 An' flittin' like linties, east, west, north an' sooth ;
 While a lot o' the growlers an' bad weather prophets
 Find their tongues hev been waggin' ower lang i' their mooth—
 When they see the fine trams i' Newcassel !

When aa was a bairn, 'twas "Shanks's aad neggy"
 Fetched wor feythors an' mothers ti market an' toon ;
 But it's noo "In ye get!" an' ye dab doon a copper,
 An' smash man! ye're *there*, 'fore ye scairsh hev sat doon!
 They're 'mazors—the trams i' Newcastle!

Varra seun, doon ti Waaker an' Waalsend they'll be flecin',
 In just enough time for "two spits an' a draa,"
 An' if wor grandaddies could come up ti see it,
 They'd 'maist tyek a fit, or gan strite back belaa—
 Sic a gliff they wad get i' Newcassel !

Aal this year, man, wor city's been stir an' commotion,
 Wi' grief, joy, an' laughter, we joined hand in hand,
 While we emptied baith pocket an' heart for wor Teddy,
 Wor city was up wi' the best o' the land!
 For wor loyalty's trig i' Newcassel !

The Infirmary scheme, like poor "Tatie Jim's" cuddy,
 Hes taken the reist, an' it seems clear ti me,
 We'll be aal i' the churchyard, an' a stone for Sir Riley
 'll be all the *stones* the subscribers will see!
 O, we divvent like push i' Newcassel !

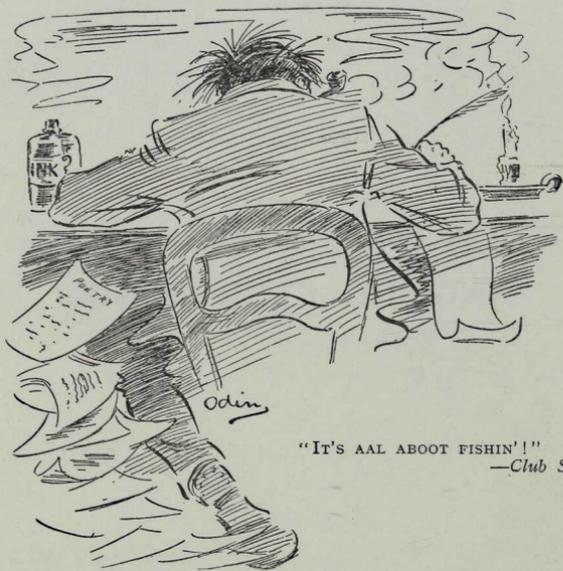
Wor Council this year, man, 'll dee the thing proper !
 For " Sir William the Mighty " agyen's to be Mayor !
 An' he'll noo mebbies stagger, byeth the Coouncil an' nation,
 Bi presentin' the City wi' a *solid gold chair*—
 For the Mayors ti sit in, i' Newcassel !

'Boot the Quayside Extension—some wafflin' cheap Johnnies
 Wad gan in for "*patchin*," just ti sarve their aan days !
 But we want *City* builders, not tinkers and tailors—
 To build for the ages—it's the *best* work that pay's !
 For the trade an' the fame o' Newcassel !

Just look at the work o' wor River Commission,
 Why! the wide world aroond, there's nowt like 't ti be seen !
 While they empty their hoppers they are fillin' our coffers ;
 An' there's men-o'-war *floatin'* where *islands* hev been !
 Aal the world kens there's brains i' Newcassel !

March on ! then, brave City ; for that aa mun caal ye,
 Tho' ye're nee mair the *Toon* o' wor feythor's aad days ;
 An' sair changed wi' the years, yit ti me ye're still "*Canny*,"
 For warm beats the heart 'neath yor new-fashioned claes !
 Oh ! there's nee place can marra Newcassel !

NORTHUMBERLAND
ANGLING CLUB SONGS.



"IT'S AAL ABOUT FISHIN'!"
—Club Song.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND ANGLING CLUB.

THIS club, which for nearly a quarter of a century has been an influence in the North in connection with things piscatorial, was founded in the year 1881 by a few quayside anglers; foremost among these were Mr. W. S. Vaughan, the late Mr. W. Menzies, J.P., Mr. J. S. Rea, the author, and others. The club's first president was Mr. Vaughan, and which honourable position he held for 20 years, having now resigned in favour of Mr. W. G. Reynolds. The vice-presidency was filled by Mr. Menzies until his lamented death in 1898. The author acted as first secretary, resigning in favour of Mr. J. S. Rea, who, as treasurer and secretary for over 18 years, has largely contributed to the success of the club during this long period. Mr. Bernard Pumphrey now acts in this capacity.

For many years the club rented waters on the Coquet and Tyne, but owing to ownership changes and other reasons, these are no longer available and the club is now conducted as a social institution, on similar lines to the Scottish and London fly fisher's clubs.

During its history the club has numbered amongst its members numerous professional and commercial gentlemen of the city, most ardent anglers, some of whom have crossed "life's river," and many now living, who, in spite of the "creep of age," still wield the rod with all the enthusiasm of youth. The club has been foremost in the promotion of the best interests of angling in the county and generally. Many of its members being members also of Conservancy and Sea Fishery Boards, and of the Northumbrian Anglers' Federation, an institution which has done a useful work for anglers and angling in the north.

The Northumberland Angling Club is a member of the National Angling Clubs' Association, which holds an annual competition on Loch Leven. This association consists of the best fly fishing clubs in Scotland and England, each club being entitled to send a representative to fish in the annual competition. Members of the "Northumberland" have frequently taken part in these contests, and considering that as many as 40 clubs were then represented it was creditable for some members to get within a very few pounds of taking a place amongst the prize winners in the contests. A few years ago one of its members (Mr. T. Y. Bramwell) won the "championship of Loch Leven."

Many of these competitions were also held on the Coquet and Tyne in the earlier days, and the friendly rivalry on these occasions, needless to state, always evoked the greatest fun

with the additional interest of, if possible, having your name to appear on the President's challenge cup for that year. For the annual social gathering and dinner of the club a song was always provided along with a "menu" artistically illustrated by the president. The songs, written in the local dialect and sung for the most part by the genial secretary, who generally selected the tune, and whose ability in interpreting what the late Dr. Bruce has termed "our manly Doric" is seldom equalled, thus hit off in a humorous vein the events of the angling year, the adventures of particular members, and funny incidents, of course slightly exaggerated, of the competition days. To the jollity and happiness of these anglers' evenings the members and friends far and near can testify, and their pleasant memories will remain with us when old and feeble grown. The author was at first somewhat diffident about adding these club songs to the present collection, feeling that on account of their particular and personal character they would possess little or no general interest. As, however, a large number of angling friends of the club had already become subscribers to the publication, it was thought opportune to place the numerous songs on record, instead of allowing them to die with the evening of their celebration, they are therefore thrown in with the rest into the basket, being assured that although the general public may not fully understand the pith of the songs, they will be left with the feeling that a good deal more pleasure and fun can be got out of angling and its associations than the mere "casting o' a line."

To complete this collection of Club Songs, I am pleased to be able to include reproductions of snap-shot photographs of the founders of the Club, whose warm friendship I have enjoyed for over a quarter of a century.

Our first President, Mr. W. S. Vaughan, is recognised in the North as the prince of fly-fishers, an artist of no mean order, and well known in his business as an able engineer. His physique betokens the outdoor man. He is a keen yachtsman and a most agreeable companion. There are few points in angling he does not know. Like all true sportsmen he is of the most generous disposition, and his friends are legion.

Of Mr. W. G. Reynolds, now President, I can but speak of him as one of Scotland's best sons, and who by his sympathetic and genial temperament has endeared himself to all. A sportsman to the backbone, and as a fly-fisher one of the best in the county. In the Club competitions "Rob Roy" could always be relied upon as being "near the top." Brimful of good nature, no better companion can be found at the water side than our stalwart friend.

With the late Hon. Secretary I have been more intimately associated, and count him one of the keenest of our North country anglers. Like the first-named gentlemen, he has on several occasions been the winner of the Club Cup, and ably represented the Club at the Loch Leven competitions. In 1887 he was elected President of the Scottish National Angling Association, and holds the record of a good sportsman, and in things piscatorial has all his lifetime taken an enthusiastic interest. A member of the Tyne Salmon Conservancy and Northumberland Sea Fisheries Boards. Of a cultured and genial turn, and a raconteur of the first water, his fund of humour is as flowing as the streams he loves so well.

Through the kindness of the family of the late Mr. W. Menzies, J.P., I am pleased to include also a reproduction of a photo. taken by a friend when on a visit to "The Nest," on the River Tweed, the headquarters of the Edinburgh Angling Club, of which he was a prominent member, and which I trust will assist to keep green the memory of a sterling sportsman and friend.

J. H.

ANGLING POEM.

Dedicated to the respected Presidents of the Newcastle and Northumberland Angling Clubs, and read at a Social Gathering of the members, March, 1886.

Come! let us now the festal hours beguile
With sparkling humour and the cordial smile ;
Hail ! jovial spirits, let our genial flow—
This night be such as only anglers know !
Let kindly feeling yield her sweetest song,
E'en as the streams we love roll soft along ;
Pass round the goblet, let our joyous themes
Breathe of the mountain and the flowing streams.
In angling hearts a brotherhood there lives,
Born of the love of all that Nature gives ;
One worship ours, when o'er the crystal shrine
We wave the magic rod and taper line.
All learners in the school of Walton's fame,
Let us perpetuate his honoured name ;
Tho' bards have sung the pleasures of the chase,
Fierce baying hounds, the terror-stricken race,
The breaking heart, the wild and struggling breath,
The mangled victim and the bloody death—
Unlike the peaceful art we hold so dear,
These only speak of tumult and of fear.
Our life below, 'tis said, is but a dream,
But *we shall say*, 'tis like our silver stream—
So swift or slow, yet surely on its tide
It bears us onward to an ocean wide ;
Or, like our earthly path, oft boulder strewn,
The rough wild torrent, we have each one known ;
And yet the lovely lilies calmly rest
Upon the gentle river's placid breast ;
Changeful and restless, too, our path below,
Oft like the mazy wanderings of its flow.
Be it our lot beside the stream to dwell,
To learn the secret of its magic spell,
The thoughts that live in sunshine and in shade,
The flower-decked meadow and the leafy glade,
When bright eyed Spring comes with her smile so sweet,
And bids the daisy kiss the angler's feet ;
When marriage bells ring out from tree to tree,
The tinted stream the angler's bride shall be !
His gladdened ears shall catch the sweet refrain,
Kind Nature's welcome to her arms again.
Now comes the Summer, with her glowing beams
To gleaming crystal turns the turbid streams ;
When perfumed sweets blow from the new mown hay,
His pleasures lengthen with the lengthening day,

And varied mantling charms he fondly views,
 Such sights and sounds as all his youth renews.
 The trout, now lusty grown, his dappled side
 Deep in the bosom of the foam doth hide ;
 And there, within his caverned haunt secure,
 Distrusts the cautious angler's gaudy lure.
 The nut-brown Autumn, too, fresh joys shall yield,
 A boundless store, e'en as the burdened field.
 Now blooms the purple on the heather brae,
 And rainbow sunsets close the angler's day.
 And of the harvest of the creel we speak,
 While healthful breezes tint the angler's cheek.
 Now when dark Winter spreads her mantle chill,
 And hushed the music of the mountain rill,
 Still by the stream shall his affections cling,
 And with the violets sleep, till wakes the Spring ;
 Then when they bloom by yonder pebbled shore,
 With rod in hand, he'll woo the stream once more.
 Come, pledge we then the sport in sparkling wine
 The streams we love, the Coquet and the Tyne ;
 Northumbria's vales, our Cheviots wild and grand,
 The dear old hills of our fair borderland.
 The pleasures that are past we'll ne'er forget,
 So let us drink to joys that shall be yet ;
 This night both clubs shall join both heart and hand—
 Canny " Newcastle " and " Northumberland " ;
 And thro' the changing years, whate'er betide,
 Let Vaughans and Dendys still o'er us preside.
 Health to these brethren, both of genial soul,
 To-night we'll pledge them in a brimming bowl !
 For them the future draws one wish from me,
 As kind as " auld lang syne " so may it be ;
 And to my brethren all of rod and line,
 Wherever found, one earnest prayer is mine :
 May winds blow ever in the west or south ;
 May every worm drop in a fish's mouth ;
 May every fly soft as the snowflake fall,
 And *heavy creels* through life attend ye all.



1883.

THE FISHIN' CLUB.

BY AN AAD FASHUN'D FISHOR, WHE WISHES SUCCESS TO TH'
"NORTHUMBERLAND FISHIN' CLUB."

TEUYN : "*Cappy's the Dog.*"

On this speshul occashun aw'l sing ye a ditty,
About a grand club, iv wor Newcassel city ;
They gan in for Art *Piscatooral*, thay caal,
An' a chep thay caal Vaaghan's at the heed o' them aal.

KORIS—Oh ! it's aal for the fishin',
Oh ! it's aal for the fishin', &c.
Too ral loo, too ral, &c.

They say thor greet swells, an' they gettin' a rivvor,
For what thay caal *anglin'*, *not fishin'*—that's clivvor !
Yit aw've haard thay katch *nowt*, tho' thay brag an' thay *boonce* !
If thay *dee*, what thay *get*, *costs them five pund* an ounce !—KORIS.

In the awd fashun'd days, wi nivvor had *kreeels* !
Patent Bumlers and Mennims, *patent rods* an' *hlick* reels !
Wi had nee *flees* i' *them* days, an' as for a *line*,
Wi elwis myed that wi' a bit *grosser's* twine !—KORIS.

I' th' Ouseborn i' maw time aw've kopped heaps o' fish,
Byeth eels an' sand dabbers, aye ! an' *Troots*, *mony* a dish,
Wiv' a gud *midden* maggit, aw see yor amused,
But a fine *smellin'* *worrim* wiz th' *bayte* aw maist used.—KORIS.

O ! things hev changed aaful sin' aw wiz a lad !
When aw fished fra' th' keel wiv a stick for a *gad* !
Noo ye taak o' *gut* casts, tho' kweer it ma' seem,
Aal th' "*Gut*" that aw knaw'd on wiz th' "*gut*" ca'ad th'
"*Team* !" —KORIS.

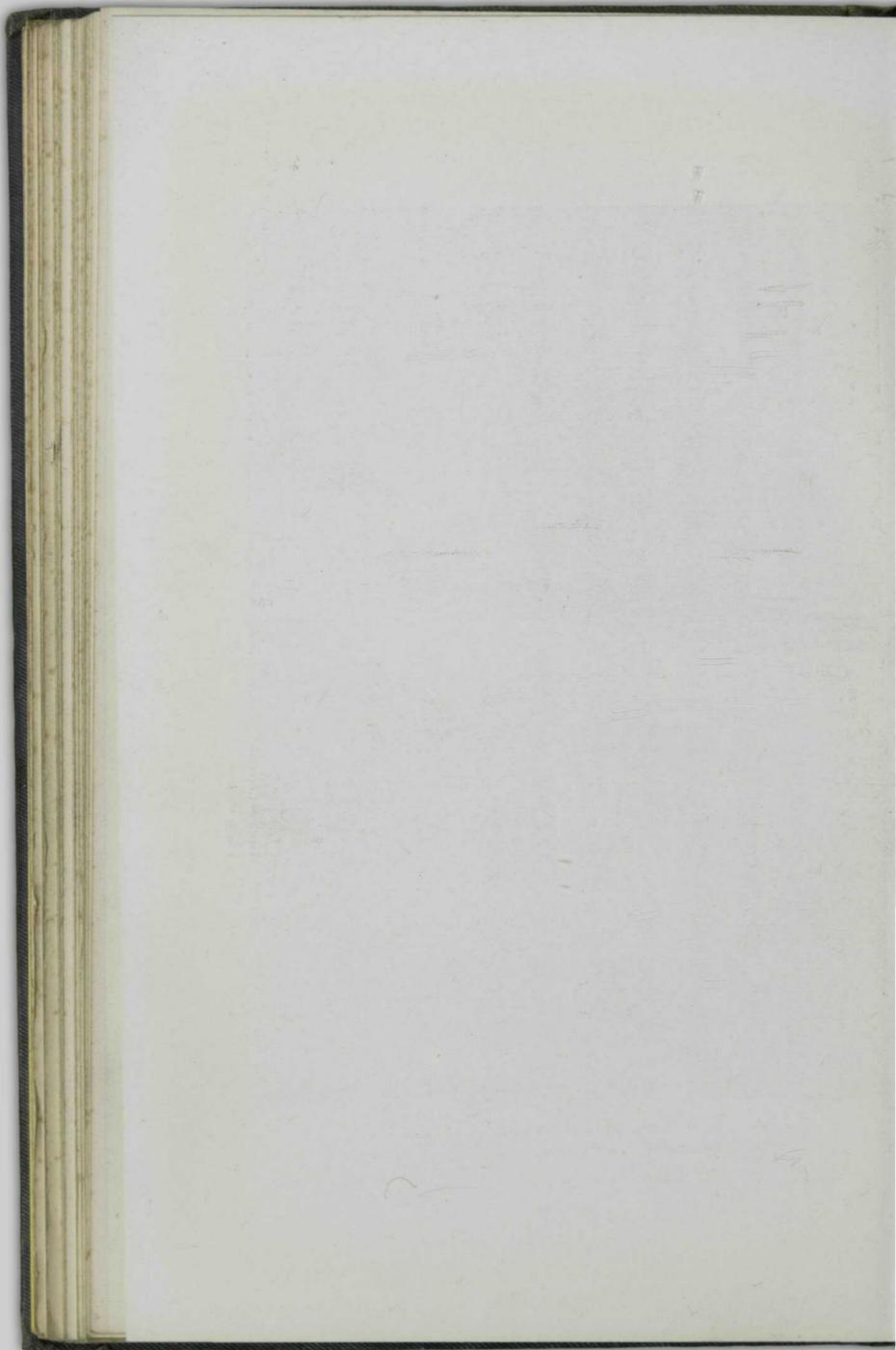
A've haard that thay've offor'd th' *Rivor Kommisshun*
Ti buy th' *hyel* Tyne, ti *persarve* it for *fishin'* !
An' ti stop up th' *Sewors* aal th' way ti th' sea !
Then start ti *breed troots doon* bi th' *Bill Kee* !—KORIS.

Then th'll rent th' fish markit, an' beild a *greet pub*,
Sell bi aukshon th' fish that is katsh'd bi th' club,
Begox th' fish trade then will lyeuk awful kweer !
When sammon an' troot's sellin' *cheepor* nor *beer* ! —KORIS.



Mr. W. S. VAUGHAN.

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND ANGLING CLUB.



Then ti please aal th' publik, th're sartin ti tyek
 An' breed eels bi th' millyon in *awd Jarrow Sleyk* ;
 An' feed Tyneside *free* for a *munth* on eel pies,
 Till thay praise th' nyem *Vaaghan* reet up ti th' skies.—KORIS.

When th' thing gets ower big, thay'll myek it *L. D!*
 Wi' a bord o' *Direktors*, an' a chareman M.P. !
 Wi' an offis i' *Lunnon*, wiv a speshul commisshun,
 Ti see thay dee nowt, ti stop us fra fishin'.—KORIS.

Ti Parlament then, wor leedor mun *go!*
 Representin' wor club alangside i' wor *Joe!**
 An' if they dee wrang, an' myek bad fishin' laws,
 Then he'll myek them "sit up," an' lyeuk effor wor caase.

KORIS—Then heer's ti th' fishin',
 Then heer's ti th' fishin',
 For wee'l drink ti th' fishin',
 With a hip, hip, hooray.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

THE FISHIN' CLUB.

ANUTHOR SANG, BIV AN AAD-FASHUN'D FISHOR ; DEDIKATED
 TI THE CANNY PRESIDENT O' WOR CLUB.

TEUYN—" *There's nee Luck,*" &c.

A'as sure we're glad te meet agyen, so aw's made anuthor rhyme,
 Aboot wor awn bit canny club, an' the sports wi ca'all sublime.
 Tho' *feuls* an' *feulish* are the words that manny folks us ca'all,
 Yit wi mun say for "*sport o' sports,*" that fishin' *bangs them aal.*

KORIS—There's nothin' like the fishin', oh ! the fishin' oh !
 There's nothin' like the fishin' oh !
 For fishin' *bangs them aal.*

Noo the members aal in wor bit club are a reet gud harty set,
 An' as a decent gud-natored lot as ivvor a' hev met ;
 Tho' some like mennims, some like worms, an' some stick ti th'
 flee !
 That aal stick ti thor "little drop," aa's sure we must agree !

KORIS.

* The late Jos. Cowen, Esq., M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Kind Vaaghan, wor chief, *forst i' th' North*, the *fishin' Deils* his
nyame,

An' Menzies, wor reet noble vice, of *Tweedside sammon* fame !
Then *persevering* R—y, tho' I mun tell nee lees,
Mesel' aw've seen, ye'll think it queer, a *catchin' troots on trees* !

KORIS.

An' there's anuther harty chep—like Mistor B—l there's none,
Wiv jokes, and smokes, and sangs and tales, and innocent bit fun ;
There's A—n hails frae the West, and R—a frae bi th' sea,
Baith awfull keen, an' " nippin " hands wiv worm as weel as flee.

KORIS.

Then honest W—h whe won th' " Cup," altho' he's *nobbut sma'!*
An' B—m, *deeth on troot wi' worms* ; canny B—t ye aal knaw ;
It's queer thit G—w, whe likes th' sport, si seldum tries his hand,
Th' leed trade's bad, he says he's awd, and th' caad he canna
stand !

KORIS.

There's H—n wi *deals i' deals*, an' a *Deil* he is for size !
An' that queer dog called C—r whe *drop mennim* elwis tries.
To pashent Mistor D—n, much mair success we wish,
Tho' he's sure ti turn up smilin' if he disn't get much fish.

KORIS.

An' here's yor humble servant whe elwis des his best
In reporting wind an' weathor, when it's raining i' the West !
Then Mistor C—k, wor " *latest*," whom ye've haard I hev nee doot,
He's a *patent winch*, ti gan bi steam, for pullin' sammon oot !!

KORIS.

So then fill up an' drink a hilt to streams o' bonny Tyne,
An' ti ivery canny fishor chep whi' flings a reet gud line ;
Ti silver Coquet te we'll drink, as she winds ti th' sea,
By moor, and dell, and grassy fell, an' mony a bonny brae.

KORIS.

MARCH, 1885.

THE FISHIN' CLUB.

TEUYN—" *The Deed March in Saal.*"

The canny chaps iv wor bit club, in the art hev grown see clivvor,
That there's not a blissid fish I hear left iv wor North Tyne rivvor ;
Rea, R—s, W—h, went to the W—t, wor chief, B—t,
and Bell,
And there was aaful bloody wark as seun ma sang shall tell.

October floods cum hivvy doon, and streams in fettil grand,
 When wor six champions sallied forth—wor Chief led on the band ;
 They kill'd a salmon ivory cast : aye ! man, the sport wes fine,
 And seun the slain b' thousands lay 'pon the banks o' Tyne.

Three solid days of *slawter* then, ye scairsh cud call it *fun* ;
 Frae morn till neet awd Brodie's mare we scartin' b' the *ton* !
 The rivvor seun was dyed wi blud, frae Tarsset ti the *sea*,
 And folk's aall said a *fishy smell* wes strang upon the *Kee*.

R—a hed an aaful big un on, frev dayleet until dark,
 He cudn't haal the beggor oot, so tallegraffed for C—c ;
 Whe sent his patent winch at once with aall his tackle grand,
 And varry seun amang the lot they browt the beest ti land.

But bliss yor haart, the tothers said, when they gat the thing
 ashore,

Iv aall thor lives they nivvor saa sic an aaful fish before ;
 'Twes like a plank with dreedful fins, and a kind o' yalla green,
 A cross 'tween cod and sammon—the queerest ivvor seun.

Blind iv won eye, the tother squint, its back wes like a *saw* !
 A twenty pund Methooselah, wiv nee teeth iv its jaw :
 This aaful curiositee, if aall they say is true,
 In wor Museum varry seun will be exposed to view.

They browt the fish in trucks ti Forth, and haaked thim roond
 the toon,

Sic a roarin' trade the fishwives did the price o' meet cum doon ;
 The butcher market clean shut up, the tripe wes scairsh and deer,
 For sammon, as wor sang declares, selt cheapor than the beor !!

The brokers quoted fish on "'Change," as Chiminals wor slack,
 A pund a penny farden seun clear'd aall oot iv a crack !
 The papors teuk the mattor up, and praised wor club sky high,
 A blissin' to the poor, they said, wor names wad nivvor die !

Noo efter aall these dowty deeds, we're surely earnin' fame,
 This neet we'll drink this toast—"Wor Club"—alang with Isaac's
 name ;

His memory we aall respect, a proppor gud awd sort,
 We'll not forget the ancient chep, the feythor of the sport.

If he could nobbut cum ti life, ma sangs he'd rowl his eyes,
 Could he but view wor modern rods, and reels, and creels, and flies ;
 But if he heerd sum on us brag, and saw the "line we thraw,"
 He'd give a sweer, and then I fear he'd gan straight back below !

But noo ma muse says haad yor hand, so I mun close ma rhyme,
 May ivory season bring mare luck as rolls the wheel o' time,
 Lang may wor bit club prosper, and feelings kind remain,
 And joys repeat as on this neet, till spared to meet again.

DECEMBER, 1886.

THE FISHIN' CLUB SANG.

TUNE : " *As Usual.*"

Yence mair aw tyeuk ma rhymin' pen, and waited on the Muse—
 Aw grieve ti say, the flighty thing, ti sing wad maist refuse ;
 At first aw scairsh cud get hor yence a single note ti blaw,
 For the fishin' hes been *aaful bad* this season, as ye knaa.

Aw's sure ti's hard to write sweet sangs when yor heed is hingin
 doon ;
 It's hard ti smile when aal things seem ti weor an angry froon ;
 It's hard to tell *an anglor's lee*, or *stritch* as ye wad wish,
 When ye ken varry well yor creel hes NIVVOR SMELT A FISH !

Last yeor the members o' wor club bi *tons* the sammon slew,
 This yeor aw heor the total catch is nobbut *yen or two* ;
 They blamed the weathor, wettor, flees, and then they blamed
 the rain,
 They corsed the fish—but ma sad muse the *secrit will explain*.

For ivory dog mun hev his day, so *the fish mun git their torn*,
 An' a greet fish meetin' hes been held just off the Skinnor Burn ;
 Bi *thoosans* they cam swimmin' up, byeth *troot* and grilse there,
 An' the monster sammon R——a hed on wes voted ti the chair.

He made a reet gud rattlin' speech, and winded up reet hot,
 An' said the Tyne Conservators wor a puddin'-heeded lot ;
 They're nowt but *fish destructors*—protection we can't get,
 For they give us poisoned *wettor forst*, and efor that the net.

An' when we've struggled on ti ritch the stream o' Reed or Tyne,
 These aaful club cheps frae the toon are theor wi rod and line ;
 Aye, ivory flood they're waitin' theor, *like tigers for their prey*,
 An' keep on threshin' aal the streams iv a *dreedful* sort o' way.

Noo, aw propose, ma freends, said he, *ti stop theor boast an' brag*,
 An' at the nyem o' *V——n* wi' rage a *thoosund tails* did wag ;
 A vote wes taken theor an' then, an' aal did fair agree,
 Except an *eel*, whe wadn't sign the meetin's greet decree.

The laa wes passed that ivory fish must neither bite nor sup,
 Nor touch a single worm or fleec ti show them fishors up ;
 An' speshul messengers were sent ti Coquet an' ti Tyne
 Ti watch the cheps thit frae the Kee should come wi rod an' line.

Se this explains why wor great chief and five o' his best men
Went off on a grand fishin' trip, and SEUN CUM BACK AGYEAN ;
Ti gie the fish a 'lectric shock V—n's rod wes lined wi steel,
Six feet by two wes just the size o' *Mistor B—l's* *smaal creel!*

The fish wor loupin' aal about, but theor skill wes aal ne use—
The wator wes in *fettil grand*, se that nyen cud mak excuse ;
Tho' ivvory cunnin' art they tried, not a singel fish they got,
An' mad they wor, for they knew weel at hyem they'd get it hot.

Disgusted then wor Champions aal teuk forst train ti the toon—
Fish they mun hev bi heuk or creuk, *so they rushed ti Mr. Broon ; **
They haard his words faal on their eors, wi senses maist bereft—
" I've nobbut got a *slice o' cod and a FEW AAD KIPPORS LEFT* " !!—!

So ends ma rhyme, but sad ti tell *wor fishors CAN'T BE FOOND ;*
Sum say for shyem the canny cheps thorsels hev gyen and droond ;
The last aw haard wes that a rod marked wi the nyem o' V—n,
A creel marked B—l, *and other five, hev aal BEEN FUND I' PAAN !*



* AT BROWN'S!

1887.

THE FISHIN' CLUB GREET COMPETISHUN.

JUBILEE SONG BY THE AWD-FASHUND FISHOR.

TUNE: "As usual."

Aa felt se sair doon-harted when aw teuk up ma pen,
That aw verra nigh myed up ma mind te lay it doon agyen,
For the season hes se droothy been, this year o' Jewbillee,
That *sport, like trade's been bad eneugh* te set us on the spree.

At forst things opened middlin' fair, as some o' ye knaas weel,
The forst iv April heor and theor brout noo an' then a kreel,
But efter that things teuk a turn, iv a back-cast kind o' way,
Until wor greet club's *grand event* "The *Competishun Day*."

'Twas May, ma lads, that smilin' munth, the merriest munth o' awl,
That munth we's charms we awl will awn, doth anglors' harts
enthrall ;

When bords an' sheep are kittlin', an' the bonny vilets hide
Waar the daisy an' the primrose springs on dear awd Coquet side.

'Twas on the fifth eyght warriors met, awl eagor for the fray,
For each one had myed up his mind te bear the prize away ;
Armed te the teeth, it was a sight—eyght gallant harts an' keen,—
A finer band in fotograff aa's sure wis nivvor seen.

Oh ! it was grand te see wor Chief, the fire was in his ee,
He swore he'd get the hevviest kreel wiv nobbut a sma' flee ;
While R—y had a brandlin' smell, an' said the thing was worm,
An' if the troots war on the feed he'd show us fishing form.

The Poet te see hopeful like did nowt but laff an' joke,
He sed he'd got some Smittle flees and talked about a *poke*,
An' telt sum awful fishing tales, an' as we went along
Vowed if he didn't win the Cup he'd write another sang.

'Twas cleer that W—h was on the job, an' manfully wad strive,
For ivory mortal bait he had, and minnums awl alive ;
An' B—t, tee, that canny chep, wad dee his best ne doot,
He'd *half-a-stone iv docken grub that fairly stunk us oot*.

When Mistor B—s cum on the scene he smiled a smile se sly,
But, *lawyer-like*, he wadn't say the bait he ment te try ;
Sø we wished him once agyen good luck, an' not omit te state
That he spent that day in worms and flees exactly *six an' eyght*.

But R—d's brow wis dark an' stern, *we saw he ment te kill*,
He leuked just like a Hielan' Chief upon his native hille,
Whe draws his broad claymore in blood upon the battlefield ;
He'll win the Cup or droon hissels afore a fut he'll yield.

An' noo by Coquet's bonny stream the deedly work's begun,
 But the troots, aw think, *hed gotten wind iv what wis te be deun* ;
 The fire died oot iv wor Chief's eye, his skill wis flee wis gyen,
 An' R—y's brandlings were se strang the troots let them alien.

The weighin' in at neet, aw sure, gave awl on us greet fun,
 But, as there *wasn't much te weigh*, it verry seun was deun,
 Until wor Hielandman appeared, like Rob Roy, from the fray,
 Awl *covered ower wi blood an' scales* wi slayin' troots that day.
 Ye may be sure *his flask wis dry*, but his k reel weighed doon the
 rest,

An' mony words iv praise an' cheer each one to him address ;
 An' when wi awl sat doon te dine, wi joy aw needn't name,
 Wi drank his helth wi three times three, the victor to proclaim.

His nyem noo figgers on the Cup, and lang may it abide
 Te mind us iv such pleasant times doon by Coquet side ;
 An' like the season that is past, if Fortune on us froons,
 We'll not forget that anglors' lives are mixed wi ups and doons.

So ends ma sang ; should future years be mony or be few,
 Oh ! may the grip iv frindship's hand be alwis firm an' true ;
 Tho' Father Time se swift runs off the line from ivvory reel,
 Lang may Success attend wor Club an' ivvory member's k reel.



1888.

FISHER'S SANG.

TEUN—"Green grow the rashes O!"

The year that's gane has fled gye swift,
 And louped the stile surprisin' O!
 Tho' prices a' hev teyn the turn,
 The troots hev ne'er been rising O!

Oh! merry is the fishin' O!
 It's kittle wark is fishin' O!
 Tho' things are ne'er just what we want,
 There's pleasure in the wishin' O!

Oh! fishin's just like wardly life,
 Fine days and hours sae cheery O!
Grand creels and flees and drink and lees,
 Mixed up wi' days sae dreery O!

CHORUS.

Three members o' oor canny club
 Went ower the border fishin' O!
The troots in Tay they couldna' slay,
 Things werena' to their wishin' O!

CHORUS.

Folk say the past should silence keep,
 But sadly I'se a thinkin' O!
 The fish were few, their noses too,
 Spak' maistly o' the *drinkin'* O!

CHORUS.

But Hope, ye ken, that smilin' jade,
 The fisher keeps frae sorrow O!
 And whispers soft when hours are drear,
 Ye'll catch them on the morrow O!

CHORUS.

Oh! fishin's awfu' kittle wark,
 The poet nee mair boonces O!
 He hings his heed and haads his tongue
 When Cups are won bi *oonces* O!

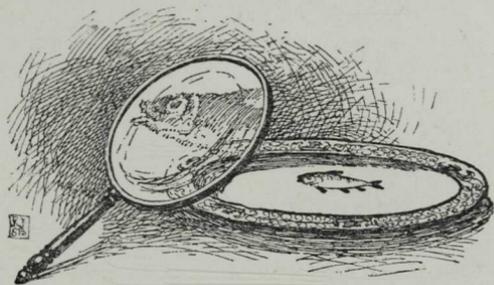
CHORUS.

When tellin' tales o' *big uns lost,*
 I fear it sair would try us O!
 If we could see friends wink their ee',
 And talk o' Ananias O!

CHORUS.

Let those who like both fight and sweer
 About things politicky O!
 If we may fish oor days in peace,
 The rest we'll gie auld Nickie O!

CHORUS.



1889.

THE FISHIN' CLUB.

TEUN—"D'ye ken John Peel?"

D'ye ken wor Chief wiv his ee sae keen?
 The best at th' fishin' i' th' North that's been,
 An' we caal him "The Dredger," for *thor's nowt ti bi seen,*
 But his *heed iv the stream iv a mornin'!*

CHORUS—Then here's t' the sport that we love sae weel,
 Here's luck ti the rod, ti the line an' creel,
 Lang as life shall last may we alwis feel
 The joys by the stream i' th' mornin'!

Noo there's big "Tweedside" thinks the North Tyne's queer!
 So it's alwis *ower the Border* that he gans ivory year,
 When his neym's on the cup—Ma sangs! *but we'll cheer!*
 Fit ti waken the deed i' th' mornin'.—CHORUS.

Aye! we ken canny R—a, the *bosun' o' wor crew!*
 The winner o' the Cup, man! he knaas a thing or two!
 But the sammon *winked thor ee,* an' *the trick waddent do,*
 When he left us all *abed of a mornin'!*—CHORUS.

Yis, aa ken North Tyne, an' the Moorcock there !
 For aa've fished aal the streams in storm and fair,
 But Rob Roy MacGregor says *the fine heather air*
 Myeks wor heed *aa'fu 'bad iv a mornin'!*—CHORUS.

An' there's Mistor W—h flings a verra gud line,
 But aa hear the Tyne Conservators are all gannin' ti resign,
 For they canna find a sammon ti breed off i' the Tyne
 Since he slew a' yon lot i' the mornin'.—CHORUS.

There's a *ten pund troot* at Morricks Mill Dam,
 The biggest i' the Coquet, folk say, that ivvor swam,
 The *poet got him on!* but *he went* as he *cam!*
 And his sang was verra short i' th' mornin'.—CHORUS.

Noo wor hearts are keen for the munth of May—
 An' we'll aal dee wor best on the competition day—
 To get hissel i' fettle, aa've heard M—r say
 He'll tyek a pill early i' the mornin'.—CHORUS.

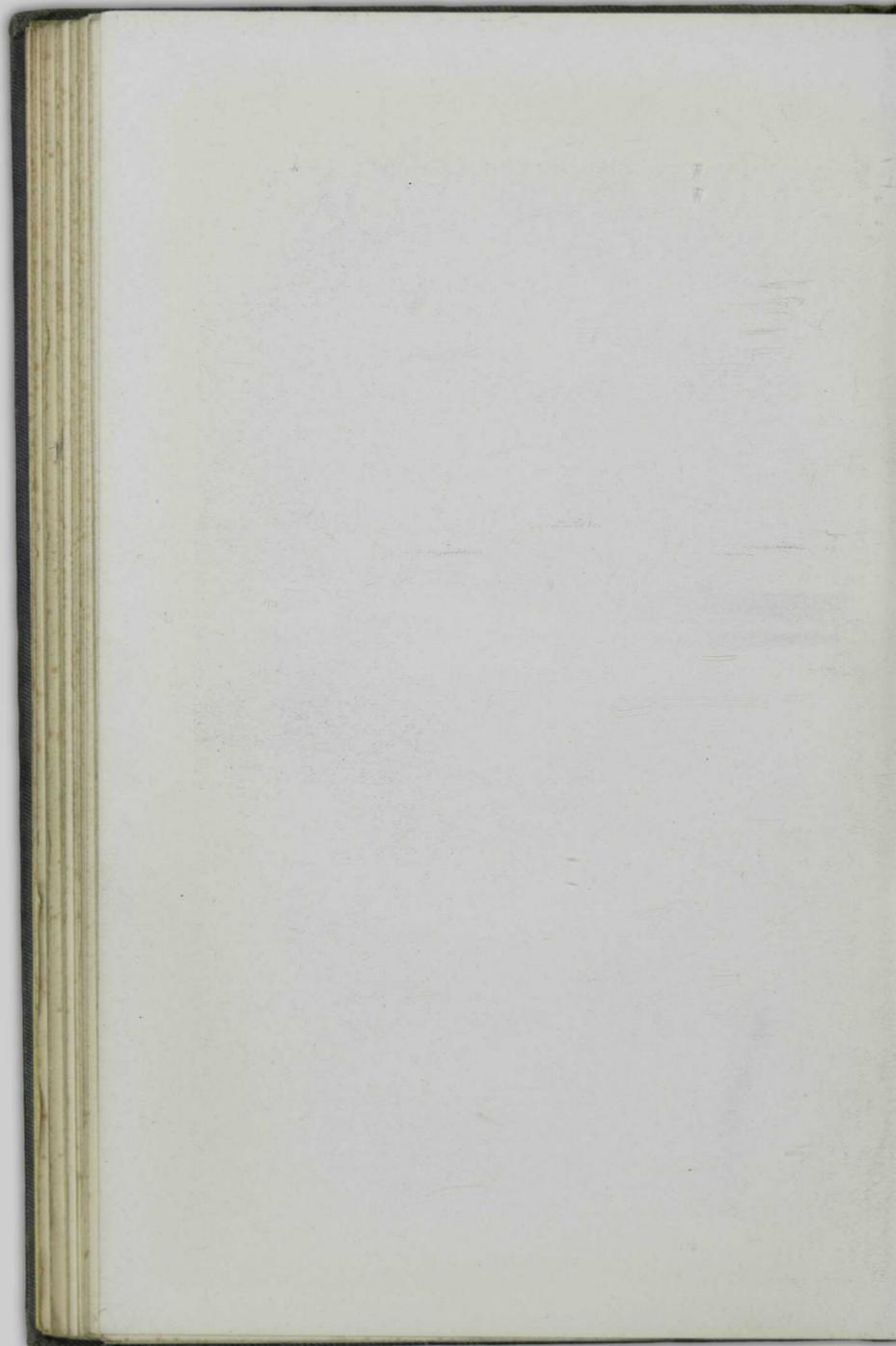
Sas here's ti wor club, may we always agree,
 An' here's ti the members that we *verra seldom see!*
 But aa hope that we'll meet them afore we aal dee,
 And aal cast a line i' th' mornin'.—CHORUS.





Mr. J. S. REA.

To face page 90.



AN ADDRESS TO THE WINNER OF THE
NORTHUMBERLAND ANGLING CLUB CHALLENGE

CUP (MR. J. S. REA), MAY, 1889.

Won it at last! my good old angling friend;
With pleasure now this royal Cup I send.
Rea-ly, 'tis yours—the ancient *minnow's done it!*
You've fought for honour and right nobly won it.
Talk of the heroes of the days of old,
Our gallant soldiers and our sailors bold;
Why, hang it all, if folks but only knew it,
Wellington and Waterloo is nothing to it!
Here is a man who takes the earliest train,
To fish the *streams in thunder, lightning, rain* ;*
All for the *glory of an angler's fame*,
Upon the noble Cup to view his name.
The gentle rod his *weapon* for the task,
The *powder* the *Glenlivet* in his *flask*.
His deadly bullets—simple *flies and baits*—
The *enemy*—the *fish*—who cunning waits.
No wild huzza, no comrades hearty cheers,
Here nerve him on or chase away his fears.
He fights, stern and alone, and cheerful yet,
Tho' waders leak and pants are very wet!
He runs the risk of *rheumatiz* for *life*,
The laugh of friends, or scolding from *his wife*.
These are the men who heed not fortune's frown;
Who still can smile tho' *floods come roaring down*.
Or when the streams run dry and *dodges fail*,
Can smoke, and drink, and tell a *joyial tale*;
And crack a joke returning home at night,
With hearts as merry as their *creels are light*.
These are my friends; what better can I say,
Than *dub thee Hero* of the first of *May*.

*The competition above recorded was fished in a deluge of rain, with thunder and lightning part of the day.

1891.

THE FISHIN' CLUB SANG.

TUNE: "White Wings."

Come, lads, let's aal be merry,
 For fishors are alwis ti pleasure inclined,
 Dull care we'll hoy tiv Aad Harry,
 It troots winna rise, why we'll nivvor *resign*.

Cheer, then, for rod, *flask*, and 'baccy,
 Docken grub, March broon, and brandlin' se fine.
 Hurrah! lads for the deedly *drop* menna,
 Lang live the fishors o' Coquet and Tyne.

Last year wes a bad un, nee doot, lads,
 A warse un, aa's sartin, there nivvor could be.
Sad news! wor Chief's paaned his rods, lads,
 And stated a *trawlin'* for cods oot at sea!!

CHORUS.

At North Tyne a fifty-pund Sammon
 Towed W—h and the Poet for miles doon belaa.
 True, lads. Begox aas *not gammin!*
 He's got *half the flees o' the Club in his jaw!!*

CHORUS.

I've oft thowt the thing's verra wrang, lads,
 For folk, when tale tellin', to rowl up their eyes,
 And say *lees* and *flees* rhyme in sang, lads.
 Let them blink, let them wink, but we'll *stick to the size!*

CHORUS.

Some say it's just the same beggor
 That's haanted the Club since the year eighty-five,
 And *Rob Roy* hes sworn by *Macgregor*,
 To slay him—or else he'll not come hyem alive.

CHORUS.

Twice R—a has won wor bit Cup, lads,
 An' wor champion fisher he's shapin' to be.
 The time's come, we'll hev te leuk up, lads,
 Or the Cup will get lodgin's doon by the blue sea.

CHORUS.

Noo H——g's a famous beginner,
 Frae morn te neet "sloggin'," he'll still persevere,
 I hope seun he'll be wor cup winner,
 Then, the gud natored chep, we'll all lustity cheer.

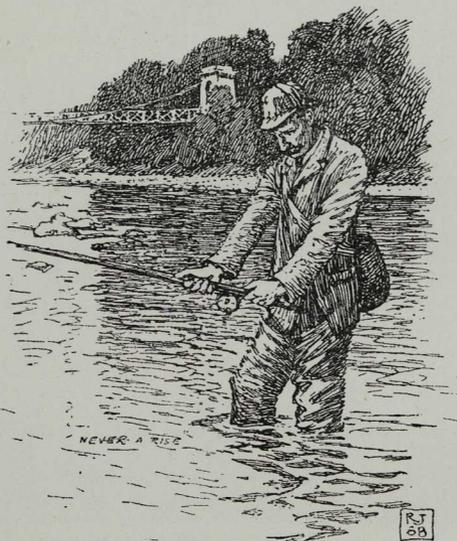
CHORUS.

An' one word tiv each canny *new member*.
 May they all dee their best byeth to fish and to please.
 But one thing I hope they'll remember—
 They'll get the *seck, savtin*, if they "stretch" or tell lees.

CHORUS.

Come lads, then fill up yor glasses,
 An' drink te the sport that we sweer is the best ;
 Te reels, creels, wives, and sweet lasses,
 The river we love, lads, then de'il tak' the rest.

CHORUS.



1892.

THE FISHIN' CLUB SANG.

TEUN : "Come Lasses and Lads."

Come, Anglors all ! noo lissen te me, wor usual sang aa'l sing.
 Wor Annual Dinnor *withoot the sang*, it nivvor *wad be the thing !*
 For mony a neet we've had, wor President in the Chair,
 An' ivory lad aa's sure is glad te see him smilin' there !
 An' ivory lad aa's sure, &c.

Noo if ye divvent ye owt to knaa, he's been tiv a foreign shore !
 Them Iceland troot, *wivoot a doot, weigh fourteen pund or more ;*
 He's torned see *awfu prood*, nee mair he'll cast his *line*,
 Te *catch th' bits o' things we dee in th' Coquet and th' Tyne !*
 To catch, &c.

He's kindly promised to fix a ship, and tyek the Club—*what fun !*
 Te catch them greet big Iceland troots, bi mony a *hundred ton !*
 And fetch a *cargo back—what an awful smell there'll be ! !*
 When *we sell the lot by auction, lads, doon at the North Shields quay !*
 When we sell, &c.

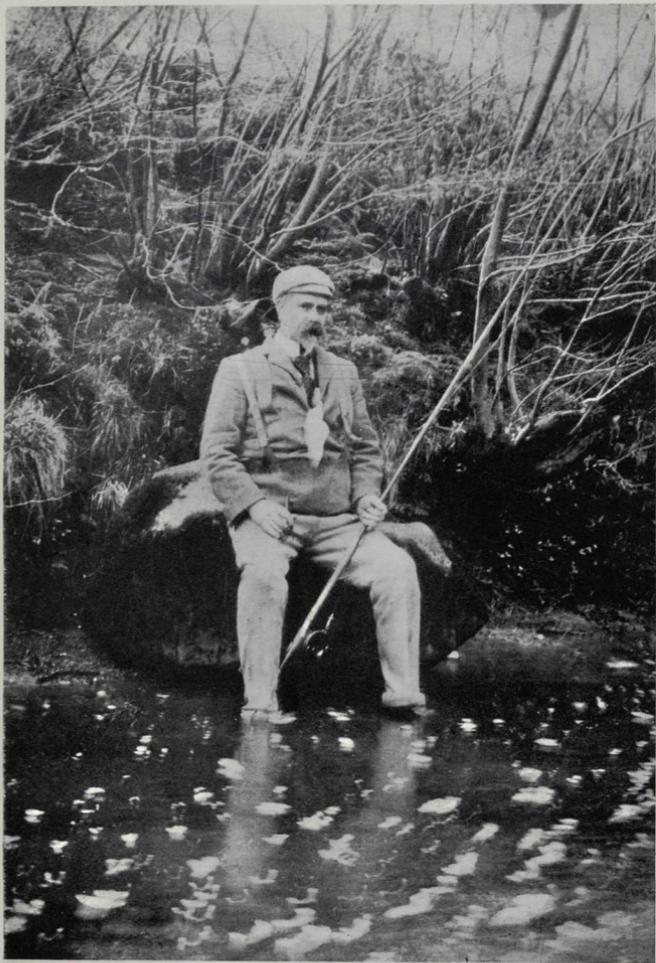
Rob Roy agyen hes won the Cup, so give him a grand "Hurrah !"
 He saved us aal fra hevin te say te wor bit cup *Ta ! Ta !*
 For R—a was close behind, tho' he couldna fill his creel ;
 All honour is due to No. 2, se give him a cheer as weel !
 All honour is due, &c.

He tells a tale and a queer un' tee, when he was at Loch Tay ;
 He heuked a *roe deer* fair behint, while fishin there one day.
 He caught it in a fog, and swears the tale is true,
 So ye needn't cough or laugh and scoff and talk about "Mountain
 Dew."

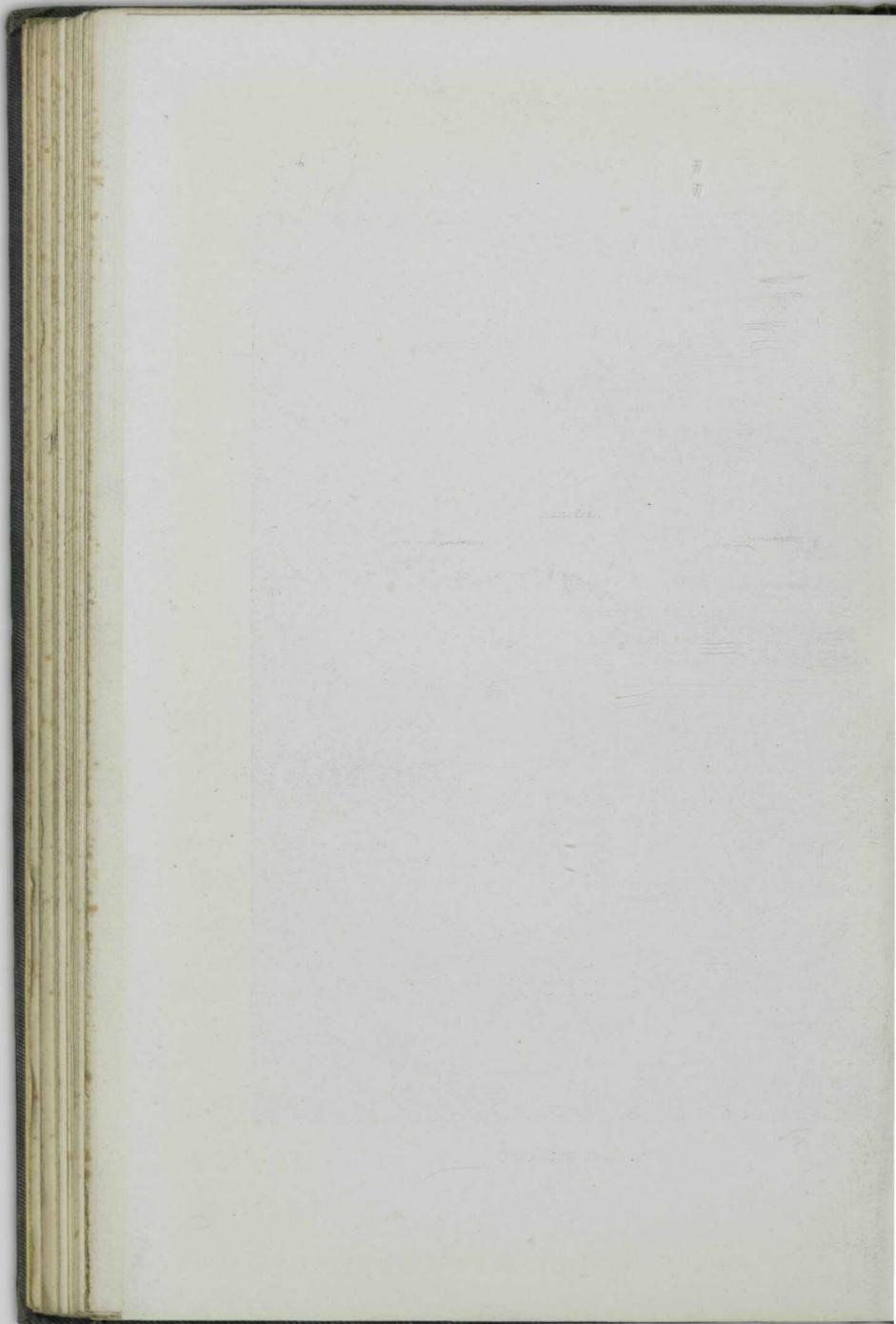
So ye needn't, &c.

The poet has had some *awful luck*, he alwis says its "queer ;"
 He got a forty-punder on, *he hes one ivory year !*
 He's haantin the rivvor yit, he's been seen i' the Tyne,
Winkin his ee wiv a Jack Scott flee and forty yards o' line !
 Winkin his ee, &c.

Noo B—y and W—h are Champion hands, at sammon they're
 aaful keen ;
 The North Tyne banks at last back end war a terrible bloody scene.
 They *slew a Cuddy load*, and as for them they lost,
 An' *fine gut casts and splendid flees*, we nivvor will knaa the cost.
 And fine gut casts, &c.



Mr. W. G. REYNOLDS.



Noo some are loosin their *ancient* fire, if all is true aa hear !
 For Mr. M—s has *nivvor wet* his *wadors* once last year !
 But I *canna* believe myself, that his aad Scotch pluck is gone,
 But seun we'll *see him wadin' deep*, and getting *the big uns on* !
 But seun, &c.

We're gannin te make wor Club *L.D.*, for a license we'll seun
 apply ;
 For the *grand Club Hoose* we're *gaan te build*, *te gan tee* when we're
dry !
 We'll breed baith sammon and trout, and make it *pay for fairs* !
 So *dinna delay*, but *hurry away*, and *all apply for Shares*.
 So dinna delay, &c.

Noo seun the lintie's sang we'll hear amang the green woods fair,
 And ower the streams o' Coquet, lads, we'll cast the flee ance mair.
 So here's te the menna and worm, the grub and the March broon
 fine,
 And clink a glass for luck, ma lads, wherivvor we throw the line.
 And clink, &c.

1893.

THE FISHIN' CLUB SANG.

TEUN—“*The Wearin' o' th' Green.*”

Noo, anglers aal, an' hev ye haard th' news se aaful sad ?
 Wor ancient sport, aa grieve te say, hes gyen aal te th' bad ;
 Nee mair we'll bend th' lissome rod, nor gently cast th' flee,
 For mony a year we'll softly sweer at eighteen ninety-three.
 Aa met wor noble Chief won day, in tears he grasped me hand,
 Says he, “ It's time te immigrate intiv a foreign land,
 For aa've getten word frae Mistor Smith te say he'll not supply
 Ony wettor for wor whiskey noo, for Whittle Dene's run dry ! ”

Ony wettor for, &c.

Thor's nowt but wailin' soonds been haard where'er a line's been
 cast,
 An' mony a fishor hes declared this year wad be his last ;
 Thor's sum folks liver's elwis wrang, it myeks them growl an'
 fret,
 It's myestly them whe cannit fish that easy tyek th' pet.

But cheps like Fisher A—t, noo, that's a man te meet,
 Like th' parseveerin' sparra, he nivvor wad be beat ;
 In spite o' disappointments he pegged away se game,
 An' as wor " Salmon Champion " he hes fairly earned his name.
 An' as wor, &c.

We're glad to see Rob Roy in hilth, still smilin' te th' fore,
 An' just as lang, an' tough an' strang, as he hes been before.
 Wor greet Cup winnor says hissell " He'll gie th' De'il his due,
 If he hadna been a fishor keen he waddint hev pulled throo."
 Besides," he says (noo divvint laugh), " Aad Harry's myed a laa,
 He winnit hev a singil chep frae wor Club doon belaa ;
 He'd haard sic aaful fishin' tales, he thowt it wad be best
 Te keep them oot for feer their lees wad corrupt aal the rest."
 Te keep them oot, &c.

Wor poet, tee, aa see is here, an' weel an' strang agyen,
 Te Afric's sunny shores he's been, far ower the rowlin' main ;
 What seets he's seen—what tales he tells—aboot yon plissint land,
 Where troots can get nee wettor, why ! they just swim in th' sand.
 What splendid baccy he got there, cost but a meg a pund ;
 An' diamunds stickin' tiv his shoes when waakin' ower th' grund ;
 An' monstor nuggets, thick as flees, aal rowlin' ower the pleyce,
 An' Zulu like, wore bathin' draaors, an' painted aal his feyce.
 An' Zulu like, &c.

A few keen hands (noo keep it dark, what aa's aboot te tell !)
 Teuk yon fine streams near Hexham toon intent te hev a spell ;
 They bang'd th' peuls byeth seun an' late, an' swore th' fish te
 slay,
 An' th' swishin' o' thor lines was haard aboot a mile away.
 Th' fish gat sic a gliff, aa hear, when M—s waded doon,
 They louped wi' fright, an' fairly flew bi Hexham bridge an' toon ;
 Thor aaful fear'd o' cheps fra Tweed, an' knew th' Club was ment,
 Te kill aal without marcy te pay th' mighty rent.
 Te kill all, &c.

Aa met wor Secretary doon by th' wettor side,
 Says aa, " What sport ? " Says he, quite fierce, " It's drink or
 suicide !
 Aa've flogged away a blissed munth in this confoonded pleyce,
 Aa'll hev te pitch this fishin' up, it's ruin an' disgrace !"
 An' then he hoarsely whispord—" Noo, this secret divvint blab,
 Aa positively dreed te meet th' chep that drives the cab ;
 For ivory time he asks ' What sport ? ' just fancy what aa feel
 Te hev te say, ' Ne fish agyen, ' aa'd reythor meet th' De'il !"
 To hev to say, &c.

There's cannie Matha Ridley, th' chairman o' th' Bord,
 He's the pride o' wor Conservators, an' sends a cheerin' word ;
 An' bids wot Club teyk heart a bit, he's deun us a gud turn,
 An' killed about five tons o' eels away at Thorneyburn !
 Aad northern blud runs in his veins, he luv'es th' sport reet weel,
 An' elwis dis his level best te help th' rod an' creel.
 But " extension for the nets " was what he nivvor cud abide,
 So aal th' wives i' Cullercoats hev sworn te tan his hide.

So aal th' wives, &c.

Let's hope th' Wettor Company an' Tyne Board may agree
 Ti bring aboot th' greet reforms we fishor's fain wad see,
 An' buy up aal th' rivvor nets, an' gie th' rod fair play ;
 Appoint mair watchors, clear th' dams, an' set th' fish away ;
 An' if th' Wettor Company 'd myek the Rede Lake taaked aboot,
 An' stock it like Lock Leven wi' a hundred thoosand troot,
 They wad git each fishor's blessin', and thor praises wad be sung,
 An' we'd catch th' big six punders as we did when we war yung.

An' we'd catch, &c.

Wor noble Club still florishes—a mixty, maxty crew,
 We've serious cheps, an' jovial cheps, an' big uns not a few !
 An' steel an' iron, coals an' coke, shipbuilders tee, we boast,
 Wiv engineers—the best aa's sure that's fund upon wor coast ;
 Oil marchants, brokers, arkitechts, and doctors tee we've got,
 But not a dry teetotaler amang the blissid lot.
 Then drink this toast, " Lang live wor Club, an' may we nivvor see
 A brother angler's throat as dry as 1893."

A brother angler's, &c.



1895.

THE FISHIN' CLUB SANG.

TUNE—"Trifles light as air."

Like swallows on th' wing th' yeers flit aal too swiftly by,
 An' mony disappointments bring each fisher's heart to try ;
 Aa often sit an' dreem about th' plissint 'oors that's gyen,
 An' wunder if those gud aad days 'll ivvor cum ayen.

CHORUS—Then we'll nivvor be doon-harted, an' nivvor sigh an'
 fret,
 Doon by the stream there waits for aal a store o' pleasure
 yet.

What genial days sum of us spent when " summer suns were fine,"
 An' wandor'd oft owre Tarset's braes, an' fished the bonny Tyne ;
 When sport was bad what marry neets th' Moorcock Inn weel knew,
 When joke an' sang wad stir th' harts of aal th' fisher crew.

CHORUS.

There's mony members o' wor Club whe's heeds are tornin' grey,
 Are just as game as young 'uns yet, an' just as blyth an' gay ;
 But there's just two or three good cheps aa think aa winnit name,
 Whe owt te show thorsels a bit, an' stir th' fishers' flame.

CHORUS.

Aa mind we had a gud aad time in eighteen eighty-three—
 What an aaful lot o' clivvor things we aal were gaan te de ;
 But th' Poet's steem-tug Sammon, an' th' ten pund Morricks troot,
 An' aal th' big 'uns bragg'd on once are swimmin' still aboot.

CHORUS.

But what a time it was for fish in eighteen eighty-five,
 When R—a th' razor back'd 'un slew—th' streems were *fair alive* !
 We killed th' sammin reet an' left, that greet October flood,
 An' doon fra Tarset's bonny stream the Tyne was dyen *wi' blud*.

CHORUS.

Th' toon smelt aaful strang o' fish, th' butchors nigh went mad,
 Wi' eatin sammin aal th' week sum fishers torned quite bad ;
 An', for the forst time in wor lives, th' price o' beef cam doon,
 An' there was nee tripe on Friday te be had in aal th' toon !

CHORUS.

V—n lost a clivvor chance that yeer o' bein' made M.P.,
 The fishers' votes wad put him in aa's certain as can be ;
 But since that trip te Iceland he has nivvor been *hissel* '
 His best cane rod *is still in paan* as far as aa heer tell.

CHORUS.

What's rang wi' Mr. M—s, aa's sure aa hardlees knaa,
 He's not that aad, or ower fat, a gud troot fine te thra ;
 But at wor compitishun next aa hope that he'll torn up,
 An', like th' yung 'uns, de his best te figgor on th' Cup.

CHORUS.

At compitishuns in th' past what lots o' fun we had,
 An' at wor Jubilee aa laafed till aa was fairly bad ;
 About th' one we had last yeer aa bettor haad me tung,
 Aa hope te tell a bettor tale when next yeer's sang is sung !

CHORUS.

In wor Tyneside Federashun there's hope for fishers still,
 Te de their best for honest sport they're workin' wi' a will ;
 For we need fish in wor bonny streems, an' bettor fishin' laas,
 Let ivvory fisher lend a hand, an' help a nobil caase !

CHORUS.

This neet aa miss sum feyces, gud genial harts, an' kind—
 An' sum hev waded ower life's stream—an' sum hev noo resigned ;
 But as lang as wor bit Club shall last, aa've nobbit got one wish—
Prosperity an' peace an' hilth for aal, wi' plenty risin' fish.

CHORUS.

1896.

THE FISHIN' CLUB SANG.

TUNE : " *Pat O'Mullingar.* "

Once mair we jovial fishors meet,
 A social 'oor te spend,
 An' hearts that stamp the " fishor's craft,"
 In fellowship will blend.
 Te-neet we'll smoothe the wrinkles oot
 Wi' sang an' tale an' joke,
 An' myek dull care tyek upward wing
 In curls o' baccy smoke.

CHORUS :—

Then here's a toast—" The Fishor's Craft ! "
 A glorious craft say we ;
 An' here's te brothers o' the rod
 Wherivvor they may be.

Aa grieve aa cannit sing te-neet
 The doughty deeds iv aad ;
 Wi' some gude members o' wor club
 The " fishor's fire " is caad.
 Aa've bragged se much in other sangs
 'Boot what wi did when young ;
 Wor fishin' tales are " gettin' stale,"
 Aa better haad mee tongue.—CHORUS.

Noo parseverin' R—a hes won
 Anuthor year wor " Cup " ;
 Te Sheffield it hes been a trip
 An' gettin polished up.
 So there it stands aal shinin' bright,
 An' seems te smile an' say,
 " Noo cum ! let's hev a gude beat up
 On competition day."—CHORUS.

Noo combination's aal the go
 In these queer modern days,
 An' the Anglers' Federation
 Desarves a word o' praise.
 Te stock wor needy streams they mean
 Te breed fish bi the ton,
 An' honest fishors aal will bliss
 The work that they hev deun.—CHORUS.

Some members seun, on " Scotland's Loch,"
 Are gaan te cast th' flee,
 An' try what " aad Northumberland "
 'Gainst " canny Scots " can dee.
 Wi' V——n an' R——s leadin' on
 They'll make the fishors stare,
 An' surely will bring honour back
 Wi' change o' drink an' air !—CHORUS.

The sangs o' Spring are haard once mair
 Ower streams an' hills an' woods ;
 Then let each member, young an' aad,
 Put on their fishin' duds,
 Take rod an' line, an' heckle flee,
 Fling ledgers te the de'il,
 An' try te " fry some other fish "
 When fillin' o' the creel.—CHORUS.

1897.

THE FISHER'S CLUB SANG.

'TUNE: "Our Jack's come home to-day."

Aad Daddy Time keeps toddlin' on, an' nivvor heeds his way,
 An' fishers, just like other folk, get aad, an' bald, an' grey ;
 But still within the fisher's heart the fire burns warm an' bright,
 An' sure—as last year, when we met—we'll spend a plissant night.
 An angler's life for me,
 An angler's life for me ;
 Where pleasures gleam, doon by the stream,
 An angler's life for me.

Wor canny Parson's won the cup, we'll give him ivory praise ;
 We knaa *he's dyun his level best i' mend wor leein' ways !!*
 He's had sair wark wi' one or two, he verry nigh lost heart ;
 So drink his hilt, ma canny lads, he's nobly dyun his part.
 Then give him hip, hooray !
 Then give him hip, hooray !
 Wi' heart se firm, *he tried the worm,*
 Then give him hip, hooray !

For honour's sake, on Leven's Loch wor Club did nobly try,
We cam back licked, but *nearly* wiped the canny Scotsman's eye ;
 A generous, jovial-hearted lot, whe fished the contest fair,
 An' *why* we lost, *they* say it waas "*the change of drink and air*" !!
 An' we are modest men,
 Ai, verry modest men,
 But ye will see what we can dee,
 When we gan back agyen !!

Noo, genial R—a wis topmist man, an' fairly banged us aa',
 Iv aal wor crew upon that day, he fairly had the craa ;
 The Poet sair wis tyeken doon, and swaired a bit in rhyme,
 Let's hope that M—s hes mair luck when we gan back next time ;
 An' V——n will lead us on,
 An' V——n will lead us on,
 Wi' R——s, too, a stalwart crew,
 An' V——n will lead us on.

One canny member iv wor Club, se fond iv jokes an' larks,
 Got tired iv catchin' troots at hyem, thowt *he'd* gan in for *sharks*,
 An' on the coast iv Florida he's had sum royal fun ;
 Aa hope he'll tell us aal th'-neet, the slaater he hes dyun.
 We still keep fishin' on ;
 Oh yes, still fishin' on ;
 Stream, loch, or sea, where'er we be,
 We still keep fishin' on.

Noo things are surely lookin' up ; the Hatchery's away,
 The Federation's thrivin' weel, and straanger ivory day,
 The fisher's cause she nobly pleads, her motto : " Heart and
 hand,"

And now her power for good is felt ower aal Northumberland.
 And lang as streams shall run,
 As lang as streams shall run,
 Hope shall sustain, and joys remain
 As lang as streams shall run.

Let's pray we'll hev a " Jubilee," 'langside wor noble Queen,
 An' that this year 'ill be the best that ivvor we hev seen,
 An' gaily may the big troots rise, the way they used t' dee,
 An' gallant sammin neer refuse each honest fisher's flee.

An' creels be full agyen,
 An' creels be full agyen ;
 Where'er we cast, *as in the past*,
 May creel's be full agyen!!

1898.

THE FISHIN' CLUB SANG.

TUNE : " *The Howling Swell.*"

Another year hes " louped the stile," and glad we are to meet
 Aroond this jovial fisher's board, as we hev mony a neet.
 Agyen we'll sing wor fishin' sangs and crack wor jokes si fine,
 And brag of aal we *might hev deun* on Coquet or the Tyne !

Happy is the fisher's lot,
 Let the creel be full or not,
 It matters scarce a jot,
 While the flask holds out ;
 From nature he can borrow
 A potent charm for sorrow,
 And, hopeful, wait the morrow
If he does catch nowt !

CHORUS :—

Fish ! Fish ! hear the waters call,
 Pleasures still await us,
 Tho' the dish be small.

The season past, of real bad luck we had an *awful spell* ;
 Its been the same for mony a year as ivvor aa hear tell ;
 What wi' blank days, lost fish and flees, sic' swearin' hes there
 been,

There's *scarce a member o' wor Club in church that dare be seen.*

Jolly anglers aal are we,
 Good at mennim, worm, or flee,
 And wor parson strict T-T.,
 We are a funny crew ;
 Every age, and weight, and shade,
 Representin' every trade,
 Even "*Coffee*"—*best that's made!*
 Truthful fishers, too.

CHORUS :—

Fish! Fish! with a hearty will,
 Grub or mennim, worm or flee,
 Thus the creel to fill.

The strike amang the engineers maist awful harm hes deun,
 The *salmon sided with the men*, and spoilt wor autumn fun ;
 The aal gat wind the strike was on when far away at sea,
 And 'fore they crossed the bar they swore *they'd nivvor touch a flee.*

When the yellow troots heard tell,
 Confoond! *they struck as well*,
 And we had an awful spell
 O' dreary, weary days.
 Noo the strike's come tiv an end
 They'll mevvies myek a fend
 Their *sulky ways to mend*,
 And tyek to risin' ways.

CHORUS :—

Fish! Fish! nivvor once say die ;
 Think of forty-punders !!
 When the floods roll by.

Noo, R—n, the canny chap, the youngest i' wor crew,
 He's nobly won wor ancient cup, and proved the proverb true,
 "*There's nowt like leather*", dinna laugh, aa'l tell ye mair besides,
 He's "*dressed*" th' other fishers doon, and fairly "*tanned their
 hides.*"

Jovial fellow, that's his name,
 Drink tiv his health and fame ;
 Keen as mustard, always game,
 Always bright and gay.

He's a sportsman born, ne doot,
 Good at salmon, *char*, or trout,
 In fact, at *sharks* or *owt* ;
 Mair I canna say.

CHORUS :—

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! give a hearty cheer ;
 But he'll hev te mind his eye,
 When he tries this year.

Noo, once agyen on Leven's Lock, we fought the Scottish clan,
 Not with claymores, but trusty rods, we fought them man to man.
 This time we fairly had " the craa," and prood we are to say
 We licked them on their native heath, and bore the palm away.

The contest was a treet ;
 Let us drink their hilt to-neet,
 They are honest chaps to meet,
 Jovial, kind, and free.
 We cam back fresh and frisky
 Wi' the heather, air, an' whisky—
 To say *mair wad be risky*,
 So gie the Scots a cheer.

CHORUS :—

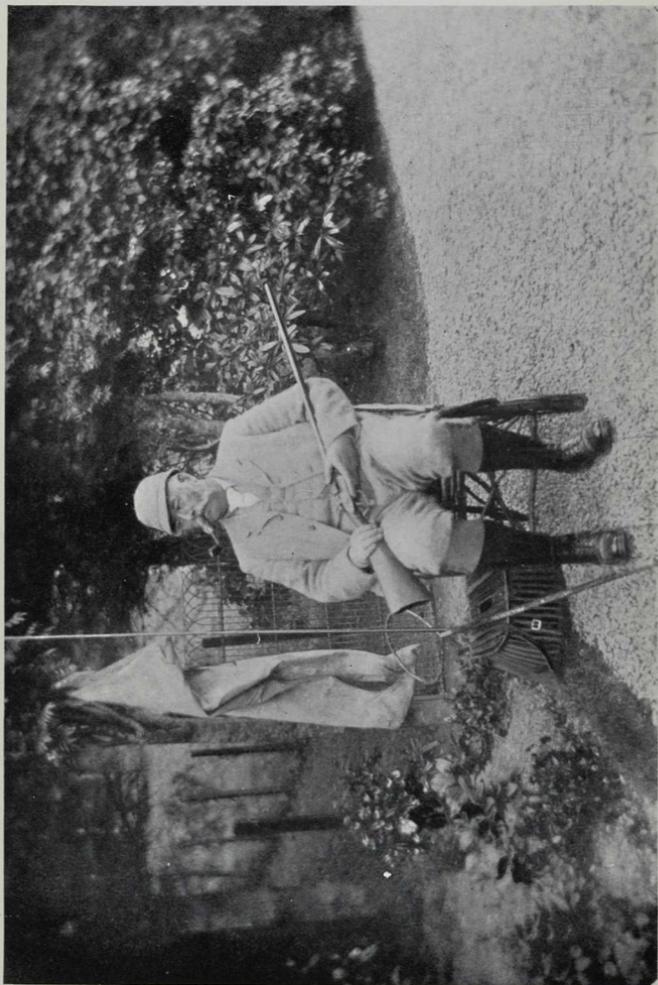
Clink, clink, aal yor glasses drain ;
 There will be some slaaghter
 When we meet again.

In the contest at the National wor Noble Chief maintained
 Th' honour o' wor ancient Club, and victory nigh gained ;
 Noo, if his trusty airm but wins when he gans back agyen,
 We'll shut up 'Change, set fireworks up, and droon him in cham-
 pagne.

And what a time there'll be,
 All the city on the spree,
 " Sir William " he will be
 When the Queen sends word ;
 All the churches in the toon
 Will ring a merry tune,
 Sic a sang his fame will croon,
 The end will ne'er be heard.

CHORUS :—

Fish ! Fish ! hear the trumpets blaan.
Ivory fish is shiverin'
At the nyem o' Vaaghan !



The late W. MENZIES, J.P.
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND ANGLING CLUB.

We've stocked the Coquet with fine fish, so none o' ye despair ;
 Put on your fishin' duds, my lads, and fish the streams once mair,
 And tyek an honest fisher's wish, as lang as life shall last,
 " May luck attend ye to the end," where'er ye myek the cast.

Happy is the fishers' lot,
 Let the creel be full or not,
 It matters scarce a jot.

While we cast our flies
 From nature we will borrow
 A potent charm for sorrow,
 And, hopeful, wait the morrow
 Till the big troots rise.

CHORUS :—

Fish ! Fish ! no matter what betide ;
 Time is never weary,
 By the watterside.

1899.

THE CLUB SANG.

TUNE : " *Trifles light as air.*"

Sae swift and saft the tread o' Time, his footfa' scairce we hear,
 An' often watch life's sinkin' sands with noo and then a tear ;
 But *sure*, to-night, in friendship's cup *that* tear will surely fa',
 An' silent pledge the memory of a brother passed awa' !

CHORUS :—

The memory of a brave leal heart, an' fishor to the end,
 An' sair we miss that brother's hand—an honest *man* an' friend !

What darksome shadows we hae seen flit ower the bonny streams,
 And mists and storms hae often chilled the hopes o' youthful
 dreams ;

But here we're met, this fishor's night, the dark hoors to forget,
 So let this night be one o' joy, as in the past we've met.

Let hand join hand, my brothers all, a brimming bumper fill—
 There's *streams* in broad *Northumberland* to yield us pleasures
 still.

Aw's kind o' sair, te think ne mair, on Morwick's streems we'll fish,
 The Coffee House, an' Island Stream, where we've had mony a dish ;
 Ne mair in Spring the *lowsy helts* we'll slay at awd Walk Mill,
 Nor try the menna' on the deeps, that ten pund troot te kill.

But Coquet has a thousand streams where we may hev a cast,
 An' birl the reel, an' fill a creel, as lang as life shall last.

At the contest on Lock Leven, oor Scotch freends licked us fair,
 We've got enough te stop oor brag for twenty year or mair ;
 The Poet's nivvor been hissell—V——n gat an' awfu' turn—
 Oor Secretary said that day, " T'was waur not Bannockburn ! "

So take the lickin', fishor like, it's ne use gettin' vex't,
 For ivory dog mun hev his day, an' oor's may be the next !

Tho', at the Scottish National we scored nee doughty deed,
 We sent as brave a fisherman ere found 'twixt Tyne and Tweed.
 " *A chep frae Tyne is on the lake !* " the troots seun gat the news,
 They louped and sneezed at R——s' flees, then fled like " *frechted
 doos !* "

Still we will laugh, and smoke and chaff, while hope beams out
 anew,
 And we will drink an ancient toast—" *Remember Waterloo !* "

Oor awn bit cup's been nobly won by R——n once mair,
 It seems to me the young 'uns noo can beat the awd 'uns fair.
 But young or awd, we'll dee oor best, next competition day,
 Or else oor cup will find a home sumwhere up Elswick way.

" There's nowt like leather ! " was oor sang, when we all met
 last year ;
 " There's nowt like leather ! " still we sing, so drink his health
 and cheer.

The sammin fishors in oor Club are lookin' varra blue,
 And mair nor one's *not killed a fish* the droughty season through ;
 I see the *Budget Whisky Bill* is maist alarmin' high,
 The caase, nee doot, was, *like the streams*, the fishors were se dry.

But Heaven will hear the fishor's prayer, so keep yor spirits up,
 " *May ivory drop o' watter find a dew-drop* in the cup ! "

Now seun o'er green hill, moor, and brae, we'll hear the lavrock
 sing,
 And seun o'er aa' the glintin' streems the glesome line we'll fling ;
 The streems that laugh, and rin, and sing, sae gaily on their way,
 And view the blythesum troots that leap, like bonny bairns at play.

Sae here's the sport, and here's oor Club, bring fortune what it
 will—
 While heart shall beat, an' troots shall rise, *we'll aal be fishors
 still !*

1900.

THE FISHIN' CLUB SANG.

TUNE: "Old Scottish Air."

The snaws have gyen frae Cheviot's hill,
 The Westlin' wind blows softer by,
 And in the toon, 'mid cark and care,
 The langin' fishers often sigh.
 The lark sings sweet ower Coquet's braes,
 To waken us fra Winter's dreams,
 And bids us syeun, wi' rod and line,
 To wade once mair the bonny streams.

Tho' friends and years like shadows fit,
 And heeds are tornin' grey a bit,
 Wi' hope-lit eye and eager fit,
 We'll welcome the comin' o' the Spring.

Noo, since the leaves of Autumn fell,
 There's mony sad things "happened on,"
 And thousands o' wor soldier lads
 To Afric's shores have bravely gone.
 And mony a sturdy Northern heart
 Lies still beneath the battle plain;
 Strong sons o' freedom, ne'er to see
 Northumbria's hills and dales again.

Aye foremost in the gallant fight,
 When charging home for Queen and right,
 To teach our foes Old England's might—
 The boys of old Northumberland.

Wor Club hes had its ups and doons,
 And still we to the fishin' cling,
 Altho' the season that hes passed
 Wad myek us weep instead o' sing!
 Nee doot the best thing some could dee
 Wad be to "tyek the bob" and list;
 For catching fish some folks will say—
 That "de'il a one will e'er be missed!"

Sae let bad luck gan limp in by.
 We'll keep a drop to wet wor eye;
 Like Britons keep wor pooder dry,
 And welcome the fishin' in the Spring

It wadn't be a bad idee
 If to the front wor Club wad gan,
 Asteed o' Kharki we wad wear
 Wor Salmon wader ivory man ;
 Wi' twenty Salmon rods at wark
 Each Boer wi' fright wad drop his gun,
 We'd heuk the beggors fair behint,
 And take them prisoners ivory one.

And when we came back ower the sea,
 The "Fightin' Fishers" then we'd be,
 And proodly sport a grand V.C.—
 Oh! what a chance o' braggin' then!

Wor Club for mony years hes knaan
 The clouds o' Fortune's dowly ways ;
 But noo and then lucks gi'en a torn
 And smiled on Competition days!
 For V——n hes won wor ancient cup,
 And B——l comes weel to the fore ;
 R——a nobly earned his foorst prize, tee,
 The heaviest troot as weel he bore!

Come, fill a bumper then this neet,
 These victors all we're glad to greet,
 And may they never know defeat,
 Whene'er they cast the gleesome line.

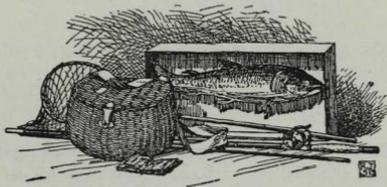
When May comes in wi' blossom clad,
 We'll quit the toon for change o' air,
 And bend wor rods 'gainst gallant Scots
 On Leven's crystal Loch once mair.
 If licked, we'll neither drink nor swear,
 With honest foes we've had the fun ;
 While kind, good humour haads her sway,
 Let's hev nee boastin' till its deun!

The contest ower, then ye will see
 Why mony members tord T-T.,
 And practised casting wi' the flee—
 And there'll be bonny gannins on!

Afore we close this jovial hour,
 There's one thing hingin' on mi mind :
 To drink success, lang life and health,
 To some gud members noo resigned!

As for the young uns comin' on,
 Aa hope they'll listen to mi wish—
 To put back *kelts* and likewise *smelts*,
 And tyek nowt less than siven-inch fish !

Tho' friends and years like shadows flit,
 And heeds are tornin' grey a bit,
 Wi' hope-lit eye and eagor fit,
 We'll welcome the comin' o' the Spring.



1901.

THE FISHIN' CLUB SANG.

TUNE : "*The Waters are Calling.*"

Now, come all ye fishers, fling care to the winds,
 Let the sun o' good humour shed on us his beam ;
 For its just once a year that we circle this board,
 And "come on the feed" like the troots in the stream.

CHORUS :—

Let the laugh o' the stream in our midst then be heard,
 The splash o' the troot and the sang o' the bird,
 That call to the fishin' again—
 To the loch and the river again.

In the streams of old friendship awhile let us wade :

To-night we will droon the regrets of the past,
 And just tie wor knots a bit better next time,
 Then luck will attend us when "makkin' the cast."

CHORUS :—

Oh ! the green braes are waiting our glad eyes to greet,
 And the primrose is peeping to welcome our feet,
 On the banks of the river again—
 To the Tyne and the Coquet again.

Last season was fickle as fair lassies' love !
 We prayed lang for rain and we got it " galore !"
 But the floods fairly washed hopes and tackle awa' !
 And creels were as empty as they were before.

CHORUS :—

But the green bud is bursting, the snaw's off the hill,
 And we'll seun dee wor best the aad creel to fill,
 For the waters are calling again,
 And loosing some " big uns " again.

On the world famous Leven, we renewed the old feud,
 Nee doot at the judgment we'll know hoo 'twas deun !!
 We got the *worst lickin'* maist ivvor we had !! *
 The Scots took wor whisky, wor coin, and the fun !!

CHORUS :—

But the waves that are falling on Leven's fair shore,
 And the big troots that leap o'er the drifts as of yore,
 Are calling to battle again,
 And mebbies a lickin' again !

Nee doot ye've aal heard 'bout wor man in the law,
 Wor champion fisher that's won wor bit Cup ;
 We're prood o' wor friend, and wor President sweers,
 That he'll verra seun make aal the Scotties " sit up !"

CHORUS :—

He's a " queer Chep " is B——ll, as ivvory one knaws,
 He's as good in his wig as the troot line he thraws ;
 Efter this he'll be made a K.C.,
 And mebbies wag hands with the King !

Like the things o' this life, our sport hes its change,
 And the streams we oft' fished, in the days o' lang syne,
 May soon be denied in the " creep " of old age,
 And ne'er again yield us the " kiss o' the line."

CHORUS :—

Then hand all together, our fortunes maintain,
 Or its clink o' good gold and far travel again !
 And fishin' for Puddlers at sea—
 And fishin' for Codlings at sea !!

Come pledge then each fisher, the honest and true,
May good luck go with them where'er the line's cast ;
But for some they call fishers, who ne'er do the right,
May they "*hing on a line*" at the last.

CHORUS :—

Stand up, clink your glasses, its wassail to-night,
To the sport of all sports, the bold fisher's delight,
There's a trout in each bottle of wine—
There's a trout in each bottle of wine !



* LICKED.

THE FISHIN' CLUB SANG.

TUNE : " *A Starry Night.*"

The candrife days are over, and fidgin' we are sair
 To see the wild streams rushin' and grip the rod ance mair ;
 To watch the blithesome trouties leap, like bairns let loose fra
 school,
 And catch the heather gales that blaw o'er linn and stream and
 pool.

For troubles syeun will be forgot where'er the daisy springs,
 The *De'il may tak' the Coal Tax* whene'er the lavrock sings.

But shadows aye will flit across our lives as o'er the streams,
 While sorrow's chilling mists oft' fa' to blighten life's best dreams ;
 But stern-faced fate, kens nae await ; grim death he heuks us a' ;
 And noo a North Tyne friend we grieve, Tom Brodie's passed awa'.

A warm heart beat in Brodie's breast, and aye a sportsman keen:
 Sleeping by his moorland home, grave and mem'ry green.

Now seun we'll tread the bonny braes and greet the grey-eyed
 morn.

And sweet shall be the linties' sang upon the budding thorn ;
 Sae far among the wild grey craigs, amid the breckens broon,
 The stream shall kiss our eager feet, where Coquet wanders doon.

Then fill up, jolly anglers, and tak' frae me a wish,
 Seun may they get that rogue De Wet, *as sure as we get fish.*

At the Coronation Banquet, we'll dee a noble thing,
 And send a dish o' bonny trout, special for the King,
 All by wor clivvor members catched, to grace the *grand menu !*
 Begox we'll let the Cockneys know that we are sportsmen true.

When the King gets wind on't' sure as deeth ye'll see
 V——n *will gan ti Windsor* and cum hyem V.C.!!*

An' mebbies for each member, King's medals he will send,
 To R——'s, tee, a *flask, aal gould, filled wi' his special blend !!*
 While Canny R—a will get a badge in gold and blue to wear
 In honour o' wor noble Club, when in the Scottish chair.†

He'll not forget wor Poet tee, ma sangs ! *the thout's sublime,*
He's sure to get a pension when he's ower aad ti rhyme !!

* Alluding to the Competition Cup having been won by Mr. Vaughan.

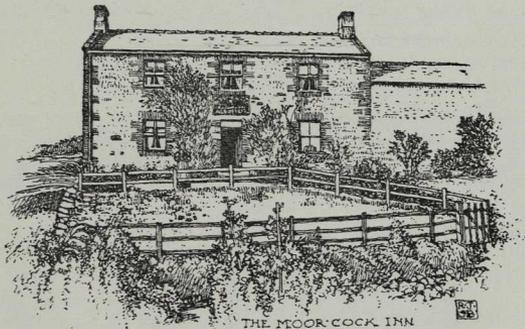
† The Secretary of our Club, having been elected to the honourable position of President of the Scottish National Angling Association for this year.

Once mair our Bridge of Allen foes, we met on Leven's Lake,
 Wi' *twice the weight o' troots* this time we fairly took the *Cake!*
 Next time each chep must *fish in kilts!* they'll *not dee things* by
half!!

So we'll send none but *heavy weights*, wi' *plenty kite and calf!*
 And what a contest there will be, if *nee fish*, *there'll be fun!*
A heeps o' ten-pund lees be telled afore that day is done!!

Aa want to cheer this merry neet, but still ma muse is queer,
 Te *meyh sangs oot o' nowt*, aa's sure a caution, *ivvory year!*
 And the season past was just as dry as noo ma rhyming pen,
 So ne'er a fisher wants to see the like o' such again. ‡

Pray fortune turn again hor wheel with better days in store,
 Wi' plenty floods and salmon runs and rising trout galore.



1903.

THE FISHIN' CLUB SANG.

TUNE: "The Good Time Coming."

Oh, pleasant is the hour, lads, round the board again,
 'Spite of a' the rolling years, jolly fishermen;
 A fig for creeping wrinkles, scanty locks or grey,
 Still the heart is young, lads, spirits light and gay;
 Still the curlew's calling o'er the moors so brown,
 Still the streams are singing all the vales adown;
 So clink we all our glasses, merry let us sing,
 Fishing joys are wakening, wakening with the spring!

‡ The season of 1901 being one of the worst for many years.

CHORUS :—

Here's to the rod, lads, long may it bend,
 Here's to the line, lads, and flies at the end ;
 March Browns and Spinners red, wily may they fa',
 Blaes and Duns and Greenwells, softly as the snaw.

Tho' our Club has got no water, we nivvor will despair,
 We'll find a clay-hole or a pond where we can fish somewhere !
 And if sarcastic friends will scoff, we'll let them wag their tongue,
 For we still can catch sand dabbers, as we did when we were young;
 And we nivvor will be licked, for there's the ocean wide,
 Wi' poodlers and haddocks fine, wi' every flowing tide.
 And wor canny genial President has got a grand idee,
 He's gaan te buy a *trawler fine for catchin' cods at sea!*

CHORUS :—

Here's to the rod, lads, long may it bend,
 Here's to the line, lads, and worms at the end ;
 Red worms, blue worms, and Brandlin's *smellin'* fine,
 And every jolly fisher lad on Coquet or on Tyne.

Now fishers are like other folks, and when they're gettin' aad,
 They like to talk about the past and fishin' trips they've had,
 And roll their eyes, and look so wise, and brag of catches grand,
 And mighty fish they *hooked*, of course, but *never brought to land!*
 But in the good time coming soon, ma sangs, 'twill be a treat,
 We'll hev 'lectric rods and reels and lines, and fish by 'lectric leet !
 And fishers ne'er come down On 'Change wi' tales a *kind o' rum*,
 For they *really will catch fish*, ye see, *in the good time to come!*

CHORUS :—

Here's to the rod, lads, long may it bend,
 Here's to the line, lads, and minnow at the end ;
 Flashing through the brown flood, *wily may it spin*,
 Taking monny big uns *out* by taking monny in !

In another hundred years, sure, they'll dee away wi' steam,
 And fishers all hev motor-cars te gan and fish the stream !
 The limit then will be a *foot*, for less would be a sin,
 They'll filter aal the coaly Tyne, till it's as clear as gin ;
 And millions on millions o' trouties they will hatch,
 Tho' I'm inclined to make a bet, they'll be as hard to catch,
 And the fisher takin' lanky kelts frae Coquet or the Tyne
 They'll clap in *quod for fourteen days with nee chance of a fine!*

CHORUS :—

Then here's to the rod, lads, long may it bend—
 Here's to the line, boys, wi' Jock Scott at the end ;
 An' a' the courtly company, in silver, red, and gold,
 To drag the gallant salmon gleaming frae his hold !

Our canny Secretary, he's retired from his work,
 For many years, in storm and shine, his duty ne'er he'd shirk—
 He's just as keen as ever yet, and swears that verra seun
 He'll kill a *forty punder* on the Eden 'fore he's deun !
 And our tough and stalwart "*Dredger*," why he's *just as good as*
gold—

His flowing beard and March Brown locks are shaggy as of old ;
 And there's "*Rob Roy*," wor canny Vice, he says he's gettin' aad,
 But he nivvor *weers his kills noo, for he canna stand the caad.*

CHORUS :—

Here's to the Club, lads, lang may it last,
 With a' its pleasant memories that golden o'er the past ;
 May the hours o' the future just as happy be,
 And the purse and the creel, lads, nivvor empty be !



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