

**LAYS OF JESMOND  
AND TYNESIDE  
SONGS AND POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649157211

Lays of Jesmond and Tyneside songs and poems by James Horsley

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BY LAWRENCE

*J. Horsley.*

LAYS OF JESMOND  
AND  
TYNESIDE SONGS AND POEMS.

BY THE LATE  
JAMES HORSLEY.

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Newcastle-on-Tyne:  
ANDREW REID, SONS & CO., 50, GREY STREET,  
ALLAN, BOOKSELLER, BLACKETT STREET.

1891.

PR  
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H7877 l

TO

LORD AND LADY ARMSTRONG,

WHO HAVE,

BY THEIR MUNIFICENT GIFTS,

LAID THE

INHABITANTS OF TYNESIDE UNDER A DEEP DEBT OF

GRATITUDE,

THIS VOLUME IS, BY PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

1018624

TO SIR W. G. ARMSTRONG, F.R.S., C.B., &c.

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Sir William! to your genius and your name,  
The praise of men can add but little fame,  
But stout Northumbrian hearts would not be true  
If silence was their only gift to you.

To Lady Armstrong and to you we owe  
More than mere words of gratitude can show;  
Magnificence like yours, so great, so rare,  
Enduring marble should alone declare,

And yet, what marble or what fluent pen  
Could mark your place among our greatest men?  
Your works of genius, enterprise, and skill,  
Themselves are monuments that nations fill.

Born in our midst, it is our boast and pride  
To claim you for ourselves and dear Tyneside;  
And though no native honours may you crown,  
Your name reflects on us its great renown.

How shall we all your deeds of kindness praise?  
For each new gift fresh thoughtfulness displays;  
Man's noblest form of life you seem to live—  
You live to labour and you love to give.

The church, the hospital, the school, our health,  
Have each to own your fostering care and wealth;  
But over all, our hearts most touched have been  
By this—your gift of lovely Jesmond Dene.

Accept, Sir William, the unbounded thanks  
Of every resident on Tyneside's banks;  
May Elswick, Cragside, Jesmond, all proclaim  
Your worth, your enterprise, and world-wide fame.



## PREFACE.

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THE publication of this volume is largely due to the desire, repeatedly expressed by many of Mr. Horsley's friends, that his poetical pieces should be collected and issued in book form. With the exception of a four-page *brochure*, entitled "Lays of Jesmond," which he published in 1880, and again in 1884 on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to Newcastle, Mr. Horsley, for various reasons, did not see his way clear to comply with these requests. Since his death, however, it has been thought advisable to do so, and they are now issued in the hope that they will commend themselves to the admirers of Tyneside Poetry and Song.

Several of his miscellaneous pieces appeared from time to time in the *North of England Advertiser*, the *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily Journal*, and *Newcastle Courant*, and also in other daily and weekly newspapers of the district when the circumstances which gave them birth were the current topics of the day.

No particular order has been observed in their arrangement, with the exception that those referring to Jesmond (Mr. Horsley's favourite theme) have been placed first, then the miscellaneous pieces, and lastly, those in the Tyneside dialect.

It will be noticed that in several of the songs in the local dialect, the mode of spelling the same word differs somewhat. With few exceptions there has been no alteration made in the style adopted by Mr. Horsley; and it has been thought advisable to print them as they were originally written.

Thanks are due and are hereby tendered to Messrs. R. Ward & Sons, Newcastle, for permission to insert the Prize Songs which appeared in the *North of England Almanacs* from 1880 to 1888; to the Editor of the *Weekly Chronicle* for the Prize Poem, "Kindness Everywhere;" to the proprietors of *The Cyclist* for the Song entitled "The Bicycle Bell," which appeared in the Christmas Number of that publication for 1882; to Messrs. Thomas and George Allan, for copies of several broadside songs which were issued by them; and to all others who have assisted in their publication.

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JAMES HORSLEY.

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JAMES HORSLEY (the writer of these Poems and Songs) was the son of James Horsley, farmer, Snipe House, near Alnwick, by his second wife. He was born in 1828, about which time his father removed to Newcastle, and attempted a small business in Percy Street. The venture did not succeed, owing to what cause is not known. In a few years both his father and mother died. He was thus left an orphan at an early age, with little education, with no means, and without a friend. Such are the facts contained in the few lines of autobiography that the author has left on record. How he managed to struggle through those trying years of early life, without home or friends, is, to a large extent, uncertain and problematical.

At one time he was a cabin boy in a coasting vessel, or collier, sailing between the Tyne and London. He has related that one of the crew, with whom he slept, was an inveterate smoker, and would go to bed with his pipe in his mouth, and even when asleep would be drawing away at it long after it had gone out.

At another time he was errand lad with a grocer in Newcastle, and used to practice French on the top of the sugar casks with a piece of chalk.

His precarious mode of living caused him frequently to remove from one situation to another. He would