

## Lord Morley at Wincaunton, 1820

BY THE EARL OF ILCHESTER, F.S.A.

THE verses printed below, which appear to be unpublished, recently came to light in a bundle of 'Poetical Scraps', evacuated from Holland House, Kensington, when the manuscripts there had to be moved to Dorset.

Two versions were found, varying only slightly in wording. Both are in the handwriting of Henry Richard Vassall, third Lord Holland; and from the alterations in what appears to be the rough copy, it is considered fairly positive that they were written by him, for a number of such impromptu lines can be traced to his pen.

John Parker, Viscount Boringdon (1778-1840) was created Earl of Morley in 1815. His friendship for the Hollands dates from about the time of their marriage in 1797; and they were entertained by him at his Devonshire home, Saltram, near Plymouth, on more than one occasion. After 1800 their paths in politics slightly diverged; but later in life Lord Morley moved much nearer to the Whig Party, and he became a strong adherent of Parliamentary Reform.

### THE WELCOME

(Wincaunton, 15 November 1820)

Here we have wine and beer and rum,  
Brown is our crust and soft our crumb.  
The cloth is laid. *The Clock is dumb.*  
Come in and eat, Lord Morley, come!

Hush'd now is every village hum,  
The inn, the world's beneath thy thumb.  
Thou art obeyed. *The Clock is dumb.*  
Come then and stay, Lord Morley, come!

The Giant cry of Fee Fo Fum  
May childish hearts with fear benumb.  
Thine gladdens ours. *The Clock is dumb.*  
Oh come and sleep, Lord Morley, come!

Some beds are soft and harder some,  
But carriage seat must tire thy ——. *The Clock is dumb.*  
Repose, lie down. *The Clock is dumb.*  
Come then to bed, Lord Morley, come !

Cowards will quake at sound of drum,  
And cats abhor Musician's thrum,  
Thou ticking clock. *But our's is dumb.*  
Then come to rest, Lord Morley, come !

Our bills amount to smallest sum,  
Throughout the night the word is mum.  
No horn is heard. *The Clock is dumb.*  
To rest, to rest, Earl Morley, come !

### THE LAMENT

(15 November)

Through long Wincaunton streets and lanes,  
What sad perverse disorder reigns !  
The farmers bring their samples down  
After the factors leave the town.  
The devotee to Church repairs,  
Just as the Parson closes prayers.  
Bridegroom and bride so long have tarried,  
The Canon says they can't be married.  
The muffin maker taps the door ;  
The tea is swallowed, breakfast o'er.  
The postman's bag is much too late :  
The ticket wrong at Bourton Gate.  
The child condemned to two hours book,  
Casts on the Dame a wistful look.  
In vain : he knows what sounds must win her,  
But hears no clock, and gets no dinner.  
Th' Apothecary called at noon  
On those he bade be stirring soon.  
The cook had scarcely dipped the chine,  
When all the neighbours met to dine.  
The town behaves as never town did ;  
'Tis all ' confusion worse confounded !'  
No bargain's kept, no hour is certain.  
At midnight one undraws the curtain.  
I saw another wake at one,  
And ask about the rising Sun.  
What *does* it mean ? *The Clock is dumb.*  
Earl Morley is about to come.  
The Giant Lord, the Fee Fo Fum !  
Where'er he stops, it is his will ;  
The World should pause and time stand still.



## THE REVIVAL

*(Wincaunton, 16 November)*

Once more Wincaunton's streets look gay,  
 And cheerful order rules the day.  
 The neighbours their engagements keep,  
 They wake at morn, at night they sleep.  
 Labour and rest resume their place,  
 And life runs on its usual pace.  
 The sellers can their goods supply  
 When most the chapmen wish to buy.  
 The listening baker knows the hour  
 To heat his oven, knead his flour.  
 Ere tea one breakfast parlour is in,  
 His cakes are baked, his crust has risen.  
 At shop, at market and at schools,  
 All follow their accustomed rules.  
 All hear in town th' expected sound  
 That regulates the world around.  
 'How great the contrast', many cry,  
 'From when the Earl was passing by.  
 That passage was indeed a shock,  
 Time's anarchy, without a Clock!  
 But sudden turns enhance delight,  
 Lo! joy revived, and all is right;  
 Mirth, business, life, roll smoothly on.  
 And ask you why? The Earl is gone.  
 Yon hand relieved from magic power,  
 Traces the circle, strikes the hour.  
 Its Giant foe is down in Devon.  
 Our Clock goes well; and we're in Heaven.'