

FOUND VOICES

A POETRY
TRAIL
EXPLORING
LEDBURY'S
HERITAGE

BY SARA-JANE ARBURY





Clockwise from top left:

- Barrett Browning Memorial Institute
- The Butcher Row House Museum
- The Heritage Centre at the Old Grammar School
- Ledbury Market House
- St Katherine's Hospital Chapel and Hall
- The 16th Century Painted Room
- St Michael and All Angels Ledbury Parish Church
- The Master's House



**I THINK THAT
POETRY
SHOULD BE DEFINITE
THOUGHT
AND CLEAR
EXPRESSION,
HOWEVER SUBTLE;
I DON'T THINK THERE
SHOULD BE ANY
VAGUENESS
AT ALL;
BUT A SENSE
OF SOMETHING
HIDDEN
AND FELT
TO BE THERE.**

ISAAC ROSENBERG

FOUND A POET'S VOICES PERSPECTIVE

In early 2018, I was commissioned to write a series of poems inspired by eight heritage sites in Ledbury using words found within the buildings themselves, and from First World War poetry. Writing poetry in this way is like creating a collage of words, in the same way a visual artist might use different materials to create a picture or piece of art. It involves searching for interesting fragments – words, phrases and lines that will fit seamlessly into the flow of each poem. I spent many hours researching local history and absorbing the particular atmosphere of each building, scribbling notes and seeking out fascinating little details and snippets of information to sew into the poems.

I decided early on to assign specific War Poets to each building, but the final choice of poets came down to chance conversations, my feelings about the ‘character’ of each building, and fortunate strokes of serendipity. I knew Woodbine Willie was the poet for St Katherine’s Chapel after The Reverend Bill MacKenzie told me he was his favourite poet; Anna Stenning, a guide who showed me around The Market House, mentioned she had studied Edward Thomas for her PhD.

I linked the Gloucestershire poet and composer Ivor Gurney with The Butcher Row House Museum primarily because of its amazing collection of musical instruments. Isaac Rosenberg attended the Slade School of Art and it felt right he should be the poet paired with the 16th Century Painted Room. I wanted to write a sonnet about St Michael and All Angels Church and Rupert Brooke was the obvious poet to work with here as he had written a series of sonnets entitled *1914*.

The poem for The Heritage Centre at the Old Grammar School contains the voices of women war poets, in part resonating with the untold stories from the children educated there, as well as teaching awareness about the effects of war from a marginalized perspective. Siegfried Sassoon admired the poetry of John Masefield so it was appropriate to place him in The Master’s House where the library contains an archive display of Masefield’s work. Wilfred Owen met Sassoon at Craiglockhart Hospital in Edinburgh during the war and I liked the idea that his words would contribute to the poem about the Barrett Browning Memorial Institute which also once housed the town’s library.

FOUND VOICES CELEBRATES LEDBURY'S HERITAGE AND COMMEMORATES THE CENTENARY OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR.

In my mind, the library was a common thread binding these two poets together, just as Craiglockhart Hospital was a place they shared when alive.

It was a profound revelation to explore the work of the War Poets for these poems. I dug deep and it left me feeling upset, angry, frayed, tearful and haunted. But also enlightened, alongside a barb of sorrow and gratitude that their poems continue to exist with relevance, energy and strength today. I felt a keen sense of responsibility when I was writing my poems. I was aware I was using their words in a context so unimaginably different to the circumstances in which their poems were originally written. In putting these seemingly unrelated subjects together – heritage buildings and war poetry – I wanted my poems to respect their words, but also be free enough to see what interesting and unexpected results would emerge from this fusion.

I am a writer who enjoys puzzles and word play, the tricks and intricacies of language. Two of the poems personify the buildings, letting them speak in their own voices. The Market House talks about its situation and place in the town

centre landscape; the Painted Room addresses the reader in flamboyant tones. You may also detect some cunningly placed references! The first word of each line in The Master's House poem reveals a message painted on a beam in The Great Hall. Look carefully at the poem for the Barrett Browning Memorial Institute and you will find numbers in sequence from one to twelve to reflect the clock tower. But keep this thought to the fore – not all the numbers are spelt in their numerical form!

These poems were not written to be a treasure hunt – though you will find many treasures along the trail. Rather, they were composed to offer a contemplative companion to information guides and leaflets. I hope you enjoy visiting the sites, and discovering how found voices from unusual sources bring attention to Ledbury's heritage buildings in distinctive and surprising ways.

**SARA-JANE
ARBURY**



THE MASTER'S HOUSE

Whoso steps over the threshold into this heritage of heart¹
walketh through a peaceful share of Time,² deep-shadow'd,³
uprightly, unshaken as the steadfast walls.⁴ But what game of ghosts⁵
shall chase us through the centuries? They are gathering round...⁶
Be ready! Masters, servants, gardeners and crafters, characters
saved in the peg-locked architecture of beams, bricks, glass; breathless⁷
but animated still, caught in talking heads and tablet tours. Jim Stafford,
he keeps his beehives in the orchard, Sybil Hall smells picked lavender;
that humankind, proud of nothing more than having good years to spend,⁸
is drifting beside us. A palimpsest of phases and patterns, with nothing
perverse in design: new tracings honour originals, Tudor shows through
in struts and trusses, wattle and daub. Master Cowper kept accounts,
his lists of names, trades, alive while the world's events have rumbled on.⁹
Ways re-read, as we search for books where kitchen cooks flurried. We
shall park our cars on tarmac farmyards, use shiny houses of office,
fall behind the times of cock crow and the candle's guttering gold,¹⁰ dream
at the delights praising John Masefield, this little town's most famous son.
Once a Building At Risk, housing our library, culture, Ledbury's home.

**"WHOSO WALKETH
UPRIGHTLY
SHALL BE SAVED;
BUT HE THAT IS PERVERSE
IN HIS WAYS
SHALL FALL AT ONCE"**

(Proverbs 28:18; painted
in Latin on a beam in
The Great Hall)

ST KATHERINE'S HOSPITAL CHAPEL AND HALL

Plaque inscription
at St Katherine's
Hospital, Chapel
and Hall

FOUNDED BY HUGH
FOLIOT BISHOP
OF HEREFORD FOR
"WAYFARERS AND
THE POOR" 1232.
COMBINED CHAPEL
AT EAST END WITH
GREAT OPEN HALL
FOR MASTER AND
BRETHREN BEYOND.
FINE TIMBER ROOF.

It waits, unassuming, at the side of the road,
a place built on faith, hope, charity and thanks,
the brethren bricks of worship. No timber pillars
or magpie colours – just strong stone, dedicated to God,
blessed Katherine of Alexandria, the saving of souls.
Dedicated to pilgrims like us, travelling through life,
doing our best to avoid potholes, pitfalls, the obstacles
of being human in this world; seeking out rest,
warmth, comfort, the helping hand of simple hospitality.
The spirit¹ to carry on,² when the hope of life is gone.³

The hall catches the eye with its trusses and braces,
collar-beams and curves, a hymn to early engineering.
A common space, once for sleeping and feasting,
now buying and selling, coffee mornings and meetings.
But change tempo – open the door to the east chapel,
humble as grit, small, as a pearl is small. History settles here.
See them coming, coming,⁴ those who have gone afore,⁵
clothed for work, in majesty divine,⁶ a congregation beyond,
never changed yet always changed, like the sea beneath the sun.⁷
Lift up your hearts, the words rumble as they've always done,

louder than lorries of progress, to the upturned ark roof
and onwards, to the rapture of spring in the morning,⁸
winter of war in the evening,⁹ to a pal and a pipe and a garden¹⁰
in the land o' the Kingdom come.¹¹ To those who have known
mud, and blood, and smell,¹² one golden dawn, the splendour
of one star,¹³ the largest and the least of things. This little place,
filled with a triplet of Ledbury light, stills the holy amongst
the hurly-burly. *Lord Jesus Have Mercy*, scribed in medieval tiles
of sunbursts and petals, lies underfoot. Latin lettering withstood.
Looking back and forwards, vow that human life is good.¹⁴

BARRETT BROWNING MEMORIAL INSTITUTE

One man with a pull of will¹ began this building, rising hour by hour,² a memorial to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the Poet Laureate of Hope End. Reading rooms and libraries warming the course of patient³ knowledge with open fireplaces and literature, science, art – three holy glimmers⁴ of enlightenment purposed for the people of Ledbury. Subscriptions paid in pounds and penny pieces, brought into being by fellowships⁵ and friends; this institute was theirs, is ours, will be yours. A common sense of future, from the high five of the Youth Drop-in to the upgathered⁶ potential in patterns of peeled paint, cracks and cobwebs, relaxed floorboards, specks that in the sun-shafts turn⁷ to words, *O Life, Life, let me breathe,*⁸ *let me count the ways I could love this town.* It may seem at sixes and sevens, but sidelong⁹ ideas flock, pause, and renew,¹⁰ circle like swifts around the clock tower, light and clear¹¹ – what shall we do here?

Centre stage, Bye Street widened by eight feet to accommodate, unlocked with a golden key, deep thinking in silentness of duty,¹² the clock dials face the compass, strike the steady running¹³ of hours that fall like ninepins and stand again, from golden east to bronze west.¹⁴ This building shows a slow grand age,¹⁵ a well-mannered mix of timber and stone befitting the almshouses, the flourish¹⁶ of the town. Substantial, full again¹⁷ with expectations of quick¹⁸ municipal activity, a principal amongst the ten a penny coffee shops. Imagine the view from the top of the tower, the crest of roofs, trees, a last hill,¹⁹ your hands resting on the misty panes²⁰ behind the eleventh hour... Barrett Browning, she knew the meaning of a people's building, the cogs, wheels, mechanisms that invigorate, tick it into civic motion, keep it going, keep it going, from larger day to huger night,²¹ before time's careless, carefree break²² at twelve.

BARRETT BROWNING
INSTITUTE, THE HOMEND

COMMEMORATES ELIZABETH
BARRETT BROWNING, POETESS,
WHO SPENT HER CHILDHOOD
IN THE DISTRICT. BUILT ON SITE
OF THE OLD TANNERY. OPENED
BY SIR HENRY RIDER HAGGARD,
1896.

Plaque inscription
at Barrett Browning
Memorial Institute

LEDBURY MARKET HOUSE

Sixteen oaken legs peg me to the ground,
my market town pours around, through and
through,¹ under, below, free flow. I'm still and stiff.²
Centred, elephantine, you will never forget me,

I'm the picture postcard of Ledbury!
Zigzagged black, white brick between,

I formed my time frame after 1617, when I
rose slow from the rumours³ of Shoppe Row.

Forty pounds birthed me at the Corner end,
money well and truly spent, so the talk began –⁴

but later legacies, meant for coats and gowns
for the poor of the town, dressed me instead.

A great treasure-house⁵ for corn storage –
Arise, arise!⁶ Load-bearing building!

Now I pose plainly, in sight of a clear eye,⁷
vital to folk, but remote as if in history,⁸

for it would have been another world⁹
that raised me with trading days and fairs,

horses and voices through the wild air,¹⁰
livestock from many a road and track,¹¹

until turnpikes took their toll, then traffic,
too sharp, too rude¹² for my strong soul...¹³

I may stand above vermin, but I have borne
the harm of woodworm, dry rot, boring wasps:

I carry the markers of repair! I am the house
that hydraulics hovered, knee-high in the air,

to treat my infested feet! Prop me up, Ledbury,
I am the forefront of your town's backdrop,

the chamber at my polished heart still beats
to theatre, meetings, lectures, craft fairs – climb up!

My staircase is an easy tree, my olden beams breathe,
open your eyes to the air¹⁴ of the forest that made me.

MARKET HOUSE, HIGH STREET

BUILT AFTER 1617 AS
MARKET HALL. CORN-
STORAGE CHAMBERS
ADDED SOME 50 YEARS
LATER. WHEN CORN CAME
TO BE SOLD BY SAMPLE
THESE ROOMS WERE LET.
PROCEEDS PROVIDED
COATS AND GOWNS FOR
THE POOR. BUTTER AND
POULTRY MARKET
CONTINUED BELOW.

Plaque inscription at
the Market House

THE 16TH CENTURY PAINTED ROOM

My official address is Number 1, Church Street,
where cobbles follow the way of the lane,
my tree-ringed timbers date me to 1510. I forget
my heritage, a possible Booth Hall, town council,
Court of Pie Powder, with pig-in-a-poke punishments
for dusty-footed vagrants – it all sounds plausible,
even to me. But my walls talk of another story

with dutiful words from reverent sources:

*Better is a dinner with greene hearbs where love is,
than a fat oxe and hatred therwith.*

Come in, friends, and behold my Ledbury fame!

Read my great treasure with all England in your breath,¹
décor uncovered, discovered, restored and won back
to the world again.² My room will hold you hiddenly,³
in a pristine bloom⁴ of Tudor colour: charcoal black,

like a girl's dark hair,⁵ ancient crimson⁶ and yellow ochre,
blood red⁷ lead, artificial copper blue, the sleeping green
between⁸ hues of history. Earth's pigments blended with
boiled glue of hoof, bone, horn, old alchemy of painted art.
No witches' brew, I'm safe from devil harm. My bones are
taper burnt, scratched with eight-petal charms. I am a paradise!
Look how fruits, lain under layers, ripen in my fresco garden!

This Summer land⁹ of Elizabethan outdoors interweaves,
overtwines, criss-crosses into stylised designs, geometric
knots of paths and hedges along my wattle and daub in-fills,
lime-and-hair plaster. I felt the brushes stroke every flower
open, white roses for joy, pinks for poverty, daisy humility.
No flash photography, simply skill undimmed, radiance revived:
I will light with smiles the place we dream we walk alive!¹⁰

THE BUTCHER ROW HOUSE MUSEUM

Plaque
inscription
at Butcher Row
House Museum

BUTCHER ROW HOUSE
- 16TH CENTURY
ORIGINALLY PART OF A
ROW RUNNING DOWN
THE MIDDLE OF HIGH
STREET THAT WAS
DEMOLISHED CIRCA
1830 THE BUILDING WAS
RE-ERECTED THEN IN
A BACK YARD IN HIGH
STREET AND MOVED TO
THIS SITE IN 1979 BY THE
LEDGBURY AND DISTRICT
SOCIETY

*Small town, small museum, hums this little building,
transplanted in a true Elizabethan garden, a trove
of knick-knacks and bric-a-brac, costumes and curios,
objects and artefacts, the ephemera of lives resonating:
they must know we are¹*

Our one-up one-down house once owned a place
in the highway of the High Street, Butcher Row,
a prime cut site for working on the hoof,
buying, killing, selling, gutters flooded with blood,
thick-set² with noisome smell, the labour-sweat³ of custom.

Complaints, Acts of Parliament, demolitions cleared
the pinch-point – except this remnant, whose daily being⁴
served a breeches maker, saddler, hairdresser. Unpegged
instead, moved beam by beam, to Meacham's Chemist
at High Street, No. 14. A backyard store (even for kerosene!)

before another flat-packed move took it to Church Lane,
cobbed and bloomed, the most pictured street in town.
Home now, to a crowded tenderness⁵ of history's tangle,⁶
with an overstock of christening gowns and cannonballs,
a folk collection, song-full of thronged⁷ presences:⁸

Ballard bricks, Clissett's honest chairs, letters to Mr Scattergood,
Sir, the horse you have sold me has turned out very badly
Miss Philpott's silk dress, Absolam Johnson, Bartholomew Green,
the good looking Willie Pritchett, names that sing *think on me too*.⁹
Ledbury's pastorate, from the boot bath washing the poor

from door to door, to the almost unnoticed detail
of a modest casement window. *Feel tiny song stir tremblingly*¹⁰
from enclosed instruments, fife, balaphone, hurdy-gurdy,
the Ledbury Lute in its purpose-built cabinet – *memoried*¹¹
compositions in a small museum, small town, *eternally set*.¹²

THE HERITAGE CENTRE **GRAMMAR** **AT THE OLD SCHOOL**

This faded black-and-white pen-and-ink building
has learnt the lessons of the town, seen changes,
made connections, passed on teaching in its timbers,
from the top of the yawning smoke bay chimney
to the red sandstone, clayed oyster shells, beneath.

Study the old ways of construction: wattle and daub,
peg and joint structures, moulded bressummers,
lines of queen post roof trusses, carpenters' marks.
The jigsaw expression of East Anglian influences,
Herefordshire's down-to-earthiness, traditions high.¹

Come-bye! Wool merchants flock; the trade knits
into the shuttling spin of business, long-haired fleeces
for worsted cloth, lead tokens, yarns swapped and sold,
washing wool clean of sheep in the under watercourse –
but let's linger in a later time, at the old grammar school...

In that still quietness where is space for thought,²
can you see them? Hear them? There they go!³
Mothers' sons,⁴ all knees and knuckles, still at play,⁵
still in the green, like the unseasoned oak beams
holding up the elderly building. Young enough

to bend their place in the world, scratch names
in glass: Thomas Bridge in 1772, we know you!
There's one who means to show his grit,⁶ one who'd rather
wait a bit,⁷ and one who'll stand and bite his thumbs –⁸
Go forth,⁹ boys, seek adventure in some other place,¹⁰

chant your Latin, diligently correct every error,
apply the movements of arm, hand, fingers,
and let your pens bear witness to your successors.
Hold your heads high under the low beams
(a painful lesson for us taller future folk...)

We will story it and glory it and share it all,¹¹
hard survivals, where life knows death¹² and soldiers on.
Stoicism, so commonplace, so dear,¹³ little brothers.¹⁴
Legacies left in leaflets, wisdom schooled by the past –
your time out of mind better learned, by heart.

ST MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS LEDBURY PARISH CHURCH

Built in the easterly print of another, every third hour¹
this minster church sings a daytime hymn to the sleeping,¹
and living town; a mechanical carillon. But real glory power¹
comes in ringing, the hand-pulled peals of bells a-leaping,¹
echoing over and under floor memorials of the once-known:²
bricklayer, ironmonger, pin-maker, plumber, now friended²
in death. Pagan, Norman, Gothic to Victorian, patterns alone²
set in stone chevrons, wheatsheaf motifs, in labours ended,²
remembrances begun. Knees and feet rub ledger letters old;³
lives chronicled in marble monuments, rainbow glass, given⁴
us to have and hold. The organ heralds, voices pipe exalted gold,³
swelling space with depth. Sense the sacred in your own heaven –⁴
light reflects the Crystal Cross, alike shines on your most blest;⁵
the Sundial Window shadows when in peace we all shall rest.⁵

THE MASTER'S HOUSE

WORDS, PHRASES
AND LINES TAKEN
FROM POEMS BY
SIEGFRIED SASSOON

1. Absolution
2. Aftermath
3. The Dug-Out
4. The Death-Bed
5. To One Who Was With Me In The War
6. Concert Party (Egyptian Base Camp)
7. Repression Of War Experience
8. To Any Dead Officer
9. Aftermath
10. The Dug-Out

ST KATHERINE'S HOSPITAL CHAPEL AND HALL

WORDS, PHRASES
AND LINES TAKEN
FROM POEMS BY
**GEOFFREY ANKETELL
STUDDART KENNEDY,**
AFFECTIONATELY
KNOWN AS
'WOODBINE WILLIE'

1. The Spirit
2. The Spirit
3. The Spirit
4. Solomon In All His Glory
5. Well?
6. Solomon In All His Glory
7. Well?
8. Easter
9. Easter
10. What's The Use Of A Cross To 'Im?
11. What's The Use Of A Cross To 'Im?
12. What's The Good?
13. Missing – Believed Killed: On Reading A Mother's Letter
14. Non Angli Sed Angeli

BARRETT BROWNING MEMORIAL INSTITUTE

WORDS, PHRASES
AND LINES TAKEN
FROM POEMS BY
WILFRED OWEN

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Conscious | 11. Apologia Pro Poemate Meo |
| 2. The Sentry | 12. Apologia Pro Poemate Meo |
| 3. Anthem For Doomed Youth | 13. Strange Meeting |
| 4. Anthem For Doomed Youth | 14. The End |
| 5. Apologia Pro Poemate Meo | 15. 1914 |
| 6. The Show | 16. The End |
| 7. A Terre | 17. The End |
| 8. A Terre | 18. A Terre |
| 9. Exposure | 19. Spring Offensive |
| 10. Exposure | 20. Dulce Et Decorum Est |
| | 21. Insensibility |
| | 22. Futility |

FOUND POETRY

REFERENCES

LEDBURY MARKET HOUSE

WORDS, PHRASES
AND LINES TAKEN
FROM POEMS BY
EDWARD THOMAS

1. No One So Much As You
2. Rain
3. Melancholy
4. As The Team's Head Brass
5. And You, Helen
6. The Trumpet
7. And You, Helen
8. Melancholy
9. As The Team's Head Brass
10. Melancholy
11. Lights Out
12. Melancholy
13. There Was A Time
14. The Trumpet

THE 16TH CENTURY PAINTED ROOM

WORDS, PHRASES
AND LINES TAKEN
FROM POEMS BY
ISAAC ROSENBERG

1. The Dying Soldier
2. Soldier: Twentieth Century
3. Girl To Soldier On Leave
4. On Receiving News Of The War
5. Returning, We Hear The Larks
6. On Receiving News Of The War
7. In The Trenches
8. Break Of Day In The Trenches
9. On Receiving News Of The War
10. Home-thoughts From France

THE BUTCHER ROW HOUSE MUSEUM

WORDS, PHRASES
AND LINES TAKEN
FROM POEMS BY
IVOR GURNEY

1. To The Poet Before Battle
2. To His Love
3. Toussaints
4. Strange Service
5. 'My Heart Makes Songs On Lonely Roads'
6. The Target
7. Toussaints
8. Toussaints
9. Strange Service
10. 'When From The Curve Of The Wood's Edge'
11. To His Love
12. The Valley

FOUND POETRY

REFERENCES

THE HERITAGE CENTRE AT THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL

WORDS, PHRASES
AND LINES TAKEN
FROM THESE POEMS

1. The Mother – May Herschel-Clarke
2. The Mother – May Herschel-Clarke
3. Joining The Colours – Katharine Tynan
4. Joining The Colours – Katharine Tynan
5. Pluck – Eva Dobell
6. The Call – Jessie Pope
7. The Call – Jessie Pope
8. The Call – Jessie Pope
9. In Time Of War – Lesbia Thanet
10. The Wind On The Downs – Marian Allen
11. He Went For A Soldier – Ruth Comfort Mitchell
12. In Hospital – Edith Nesbit
13. In Time Of War – Lesbia Thanet
14. The Cenotaph – Charlotte Mew

ST MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS LEDBURY PARISH CHURCH

THE LAST WORD IN
EACH LINE IS TAKEN
FROM A GROUP
OF FIVE SONNETS
CALLED *1914*
WRITTEN BY
RUPERT BROOKE

1. Peace
2. The Dead (IV)
3. The Dead (III)
4. The Soldier
5. Safety

THE FIRST WORLD WAR POETS

RUPERT
BROOKE

SIEGFRIED WOODBINE
SASSOON WILLIE

EDWARD WILFRED IVOR
THOMAS OWEN GURNEY

ISAAC MAY KATHARINE
ROSENBERG HERSCHEL-
CLARKE TYNAN

EVA LESBIA
DOBELL THANET
EDITH POPE CHARLOTTE
NESBIT MEW

RUTH
COMFORT
MITCHELL

MARIAN
ALLEN



1. Siegfried Sassoon, 1866 – 1967

Born in Kent. Educated at Clare College, Cambridge. He was decorated for bravery during action, but became increasingly critical of the nature of war. He survived the conflict and continued a successful literary career.

2. Geoffrey Anketell Studdart Kennedy (Woodbine Willie), 1883–1929

Born in Leeds. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1914, he became the vicar of St Paul's Church, Worcester. He earned his nickname for giving out Woodbine cigarettes, along with spiritual aid, to injured and dying soldiers, winning the Military Cross for bravery.

3. Wilfred Owen, 1893 – 1918

Born in Oswestry, Shropshire. Enlisted in 1915. He was diagnosed with shell-shock in 1917 and sent to Craiglockhart War Hospital in Edinburgh, where he met Siegfried Sassoon. He won the Military Cross in October 1918 and was killed in action on 4th November. The news of his death reached his parents a week later, on Armistice Day.

4. Edward Thomas, 1878 – 1917

Born in London. One of the group known as the Dymock Poets, he was encouraged to write poetry by his friend, the

American poet Robert Frost. He enlisted in 1915 and was killed two years later in the Battle of Arras. The Gloucester composer Ivor Gurney set several of his poems to music.

5. Isaac Rosenberg, 1890 – 1918

Born in Bristol. Educated in London's East End and the Slade School of Art. Though unfit for military service, he enlisted in 1915 and fought in the trenches on the Western Front. He was killed in action on 1st April 1918.

6. Ivor Gurney, 1890 – 1937

Born in Gloucester. Attended the Royal College of Music. Saw active service from 1916, but was invalided home after being gassed during the Passchendaele offensive in 1917. After the war he resumed his music studies, but from 1922 onwards he was a patient in mental hospitals. He died of tuberculosis on 26th December 1937.

7. May Herschel-Clarke, 1850 – 1950

English poet, chiefly known for her anti-war poems. Her poem *The Mother* was published in 1917 as a response to Rupert Brooke's poem *The Soldier*.

8. Katharine Tynan, 1861 – 1931

Born in Clondalkin, County Dublin. Her poetry was first published in 1878.



During the war she had a son serving in Palestine and another in France.

9. Eva Dobell, 1876 – 1963

Born in Charlton Kings, Gloucestershire. Volunteered to join the Voluntary Aid Detachment (VAD) as a nurse. The experience prompted her to write poetry describing the effects of war and the prospects for wounded soldiers.

10. Jessie Pope, 1868 – 1941

Born in Leicester. A prolific writer of poetry and prose. Regular contributor to *Punch*, *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Express*. Owen ironically dedicated his poem *Dulce Et Decorum Est* to her.

11. Lesbia Thanet, dates unknown

American poet. Her poem *In Time Of War* was published in *The Bookman* magazine and the anthology *War Verse* edited by Frank Foxcroft in 1918. Little information is available about her.

12. Marian Allen, 1892 – 1953

Born in Sydney, Australia. Moved to Oxford as a teenager. Her fiancé, Arthur Tylston Greg, was killed in a bombing raid in 1917. Her poem *The Wind On The Downs* was published in a volume of poetry bearing the same title in 1918.

13. Ruth Comfort Mitchell, 1882 – 1954

Born in San Francisco. Her first poem was published at the age of fourteen. She had a long and successful career as a writer, producing numerous novels, poems, short stories and plays.

14. Edith Nesbit, 1858 – 1924

Born in London. A prolific author, novelist and poet, who specialised in writing children's literature. She co-founded the Fabian Society, a socialist organization, in 1884.

15. Charlotte Mew, 1869 – 1928

Born in London. Although a writer of short stories, it was her poetry that established her literary reputation. After the death of her sister Anne, she entered a nursing home in London and committed suicide in 1928.

16. Rupert Brooke, 1887 – 1915

Born in Rugby. Educated at King's College, Cambridge. Enlisted in 1914 and saw action at Antwerp. Following an insect bite, he died of acute blood poisoning en route to Gallipoli in 1915. He was buried on the Greek island of Skyros.

FOUND VOICES

WITH LEDBURY PRIMARY SCHOOL

Over sixty Year 3 pupils at Ledbury Primary School were involved in **Found Voices**. They wrote group poems based on their observations of six heritage buildings with Sara-Jane Arbury, and then created films of their poems with Mark Sanderson (Herefordshire Computer Support).

You can view their work online here
<https://ledburyfoundvoices.wordpress.com/>
or through these QR codes!



www.ledbury.hereford.sch.uk

THE MASTER'S HOUSE



ST KATHERINE'S HOSPITAL CHAPEL AND HALL



LEDBURY MARKET HOUSE



THE 16TH PAINTED CENTURY ROOM



BUTCHER HOUSE ROW MUSEUM



THE HERITAGE CENTRE AT THE OLD SCHOOL



SARA-JANE ARBURY



Sara-Jane Arbury works with words. A writer, performer and workshop facilitator, she has been involved in the production and promotion of creative writing and live literature since 1993. She has enjoyed fruitful collaborations with organizations such as Arts Council England, BBC, Oxford University Press, the Department for Education, NAWÉ, The Poetry Society, Apples & Snakes, Writing West Midlands and Bloodaxe Books. She was Voices Off Director at Cheltenham Literature Festival.

Sara-Jane has undertaken residences for civic projects with borough, city and county councils and was appointed Writer-in-Residence for Herefordshire; more unusual residencies include Leopardstown Horse Races for RTÉ, The Galleries shopping mall in Bristol and a bard on board Oxford Bus Company. She has performed her poetry on television and radio, and in countless schools and festivals like Glastonbury, Hay-on-Wye, Port Eliot and Edinburgh. She regularly writes and stages bespoke events, such as interactive murder mysteries and touring poetry-theatre shows for children and adults. Her poems have appeared in pamphlets and anthologies.

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LEDBURY'S HERITAGE

1

Barrett Browning
Memorial Institute

2

Butcher Row House Museum

3

Old Grammar School

4

Market House

5

The Master's House

6

16th Century Painted Room

7

St Katherine's Hospital

8

St Michael's Church



Friends of the
Master's House

Ledbury & District
Civic Society



Pippin Trust