

Patron: Lord Cobbold DL
Ivry, Lady Freyberg
Nicholas Cobbold OBE

WILLIAM NEVILL COBBOLD – POEMS 2

Apr 2013

Always the same

I ne'er find fault with you, my wife,
Yet your remarks cut like a knife;
You always say "Tis you're unkind,
What I have lost, you ne'er can find;
My pen is gone, my specs are lost;
The fault is yours, a lot they cost;
Now, Nevill, search for them, I say,
Without a stop both night and day"!
Thus I am forced to spend my time
In hunting round (I speak in rhyme)
For what I've never moved at all,
I'm always at your beck and call.
I search in vain and wander round,
Where'er they're likely to be found,
Yet still your bidding's just the same,
"Go, search again, for you're to blame"!

