

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

WILLIAM NEVILL COBBOLD – POEMS 3

May 2013

My Wife's Lament.

Ah! Once we were a happy pair,
But now for me he doesn't care,
He loves his odes, and out they pop:
Each hour I hope that they will stop,
But on he goes from day to day
Without a pause to my dismay;
Nought checks the current of his thought,
(He really has the fever caught).
He'll write his odes, till death him claims,
Unless his hand he badly maims,
And then can write no more: oh drat!
I fear there's little chance of that.

