
WILLIAM NEVILL COBBOLD – POEMS 5

Jul 2013

Ghillie

And now I'll try and describe our Ghill,
With a black patch not unsightly;
All owners he'd with envy fill,
A Seelyham young and sprightly.
His coat's as white as driven snow,
The patch only adds to his beauty;
There's nothing that he doesn't know,
He's cute with a sense of duty.
He's always wagging his darling tail,
Of love 'tis his expression,
Tho', when he has his bath in the pail,
His tail goes down with depression.
He came to us, a little stray pup,
Who close by the door was lying;
We fed him at once and nursed him up,
We thought at first he was dying.
He's a wonderful dog, for he sings in tune,
In tune like a man or woman;
We're all quite sure he'll be talking soon,
For he's just like human.
He's a very good dog, tho' once he was bad
And disobeyed his master,
Who as a result an accident had,
And had to be done up in plaster.
A better dog you ne'er could meet,
Tho' once he was ungrateful,
When he left his master lying in the street
And ran away; then he was hateful.
When the National Anthem at Buxton they sang,
He sat up, because he was loyal;

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

With his praises the whole of the Concert Hall rang,
At his love for the Family Royal.
He's a hunter, like Nimrod, mighty and keen
And he loves to pursue the rabbit;
A more sporting doggie has never been seen,
And if he gets near it, he'll grab it.
There's a game that he plays, a game with a ball,
With his teeth a pair of nippers,
But the game, that he loves far best of all,
Is to bite my carpet slippers.
I'm afraid he's a dog that we all of us spoil,
But my wife is the worst offender,
Thro' platefuls of meat she'll make Ghillie toil,
And steak so juicy and tender.
I needn't remark that what I've said
About our doggie's feeding
Was before the war, for he gets no bread
Or meat, that the country's needing.
He has to live on Melox now,
Tho' much he doth detest it,
But it's good enough for a bow-wow-wow,
And he can soon digest it.
Last holidays, when he was terribly ill,
There ne're was a dog so plucky;
In the wide wide world there's only one Ghill,
And to own him we're jolly lucky.

