

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

WILLIAM NEVILL COBBOLD – POEMS 7

Sept 2013

Ghillie is lost and found,

So after all we've got you home,
Keen hunter, with your snow-white coat,
Last night we feared you'd never come,
We thought you dead, on whom we doat,
At seven o'clock you ran away
And sought the thickets with your friend,
And little leverets were your prey,
Who met a most untimely end.
For many hours you don't return,
As you are caught within a snare,
We seek you long, for you we yearn,
But cannot find you anywhere.
We're tortured sore, with worry mad,
Lest bullet mortal wound should give,
This morning we are bright and glad
To know, tho' trapped, you're still alive.
O loveliest dog, that e'er 's been seen,
And faithful too, our great delight,
My Ghill, restored to me you've been;
I had indeed an awful fright.

