

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

## **WILLIAM NEVILL COBBOLD – POEMS 11**

**Jan 2014**

Ghillie's Illness.

Alas! Our precious Ghillie's ill,  
And suffering from a dreadful chill;  
I hope it will not prove his death,  
It hurts him much to draw a breath,  
We put him in the cosiest chair,  
But scare a moment he'll be there.  
He creeps into a corner cold,  
But ne'er complains, he's good as gold;  
He always knows what's for him best,  
So there the doggie takes his rest.  
The vet to see him came today,  
A kindly man, whose hair was grey;  
Ghill took his dose without a wail,  
But didn't wag his darling tail;  
Your nose is hot, my dearest Ghill,  
Sure sign that still you're very ill.

