

Jamesie

Jamesie that face that hangs in our place 'Cochese'
I do call him, for his rugged character face
He passed away, after long illness I hear
Without his large bottle, or his old car I fear
I miss being there to fern? him about, to places so dear

A face well worn, by the sun splitting stones
Wrinkles like canyons, a smile for aching bones
A man full of tales, of fancy and woe
Always to be found by any friend, or any foe

He slept where they left him, he lived as he found
Never short of a penny, or even a pound
He owned the first car, a great Consul in green
Only to lose it, never again to be seen

By our river he wandered, as it flowed gently along
Up with the lark, and always in song
Our homestead he parted, before his dying days
Moved in with others, with his peculiar ways

With me and our Denis, many a bell he did sound
He ran with the fox, and chased with the hound
He found favour with many, and to few he was bound
So this is our Jamesie, his face in our place
Only next time I'll visit, I'll find him in peace

My Cochese

My Cochese



Jamesie by David Holahan 1989