

Llewellyn

Port Isaac has a pussy cat
His coat is very shiny
Should be really 'cos each day
He eats fresh fish from the briny.

The RNLI know well as he
Watches all their launches.
Silently watching, saying nought
Resting on his haunches.

A black cat there will always be
Port Isaac's guiding moggy,
Stretched out flat under midsummer sun
Or unable to walk 'gainst a winter's Force Ten
When even cat's wellies get soggy!