

ST ENDELLION

The Spirit of God shall guide thy tread
Where lights of laughing flowers spread.

Fresh interred, old friends lie here

Yet in our minds, they still live dear.

Loved ones, now freed, from earthly care

A widow kneels in soundless prayer.

Young men from near-forgotten wars,

Sailors borne from Cornish shores,

Lichened names with mossy fungus

A century on, still lives among us.

Rich and poor, share on great maker

Death levels all, in God's green acre.

Endelienta's granite shrine

Guards their souls with Love Divine

Whilst I who muse, when life's coil ends

Will join a thousand treasured friends.

Eric Stokes

taken from Port Isaac - Harbour of Love, published 1994