

The Church Chairs

What have they seen, these everlasting chairs,
Brown patina, in steady rows arranged?
Do they dispel the congregation's cares?
Are they devout, from sinfulness estranged?

Could they but speak, these time worn artefacts,
There silent set in age respected ranks,
They might describe the scent of candle wax,
Recalling blessings, goodly praise and thanks.

Behold them line by line in silent prayer.
A century of service they have known.
Though generations pass, still they are there.
Inseparable bond, St Peter's own.

Their joints are weak, yet stand their dowels proud.
The scourge of woodworm take they in full style.
Their feet are weary, yet with backs unbowed,
In columns firm they line the ample aisle.

Above their heads such mellow words have flown
From sermons countless over pulpit's rim.
Te Deum, Nunc Dimittis they have known.
Each has from A & M a favourite hymn.

Their seats have borne a legion of the just,
For many were they who chose where to sit.
Through fashion's change they kept their sacred trust.
On shelves they held their share of holy writ.

The glorious host of those who loved these chairs
Now rest forever 'neath Endellion's sod.
They were our best, our noblest, our forebears.
They sing with angels and they walk with God.

