

The Old School

Built of granite and slate, when Britain was great,
1875, so I'm told,
Serving its duty, In Victorian beauty,
A cathedral of learning, so bold.

It stands there still, on Port Isaac's hill,
Its mass overshadows the port,
With its oiled wood floors, and pitch pine doors,
Where the kids of the village were taught.

Its bell summoned lasses, and boys to their classes,
Moulding each generation in turn,
Some went to college, gaining more knowledge,
Helping the torch still to burn.

They learned how to spell, maths, grammar as well,
Daydreaming as kids always will,
Some dreamed of fame, but many a name,
Is carved on a cross on the hill.

Girls with long tresses, and pinafore dresses,
Were to wed these young lads through the years,
Making homes for their men, mostly fisherfolk then,
A lifetime of love joy and tears.

Now silent the bell, at the Old School Hotel,
Ghostly echoes are still heard today,
Many now old, some in God's fold,
Some in lands far, far away.

These boys and girls grew, and grandchildren too,
Now live in a life with more stresses,
But they'll prosper it seems, like the boys with their dreams,
And the girls in their pinafore dresses.

Eric Stokes