

Charles Stanley Causley

24th August 1917 - 4th November 2003

Cornish poet, schoolmaster and writer

"He sits at the foot of England
And tickles its toes."

Roger McGough: from Two for Charles



I am the song

*I am the song that sings the bird
I am the leaf that grows the land
I am the tide that moves the moon
I am the stream that halts the sand
I am the cloud that drives the storm
I am the earth that lights the sun
I am the fire that strikes the stone
I am the clay that shapes the hand
I am the word that speaks the man*

*Winded, on this blue stack
Of downward-drifting stone,
The unwashed sky a low-
Slung blanket-thick with rain,
I searched the cold, unclear
Vernacular of clay,
Water and woods and rock:
The primer of my day.*

From: On Launceston Castle



4 Jul 1763 **North Hill** - marriage - Joseph BARTLETT to Grace CLENNICK
--- 21 Jun 1769 **North Hill** - baptism - Joseph, son of Joseph and Grace BARTLETT
----- 27 Mar 1793 **Lewannick** - marriage - Joseph BARTLETT to Mary HANCOCK
----- 17 Nov 1793 **Lewannick** - baptism - Joseph, son of Joseph and Mary BARTLETT
----- 9 Jul 1818 **Lezant** - marriage - Joseph BARTLETT to Ann HOBBS
----- 7 Mar 1826 **Lezant** - baptism - Ann, daughter of Joseph and Ann BARTLETT
----- 4 Mar 1855 **Lezant** - baptism - Richard Daw BARTLETT, bastard son of Ann BARTLETT of Trebullet
----- 14 Jun 1874 **Launceston** - marriage - Richard Dawe BARTLETT to Mary Jane Congdon
----- Spring 1888 **Launceston** - birth - Laura Jane to Richard and Mary Jane BARTLETT
----- Spring 1915 **Launceston** - marriage - Charles S CAUSLEY to Laura J BARTLETT
----- 24 Aug 1917 **Launceston** - birth - Charles S CAUSLEY

'Timothy Winters'

Timothy Winters comes to school
With eyes as wide as a football-pool,
Ears like bombs and teeth like splinters:
A blitz of a boy is Timothy Winters.

His belly is white, his neck is dark,
And his hair is an exclamation-mark.
His clothes are enough to scare a crow
And through his britches the blue winds
blow.

When teacher talks he won't hear a word
And he shoots down dead the arithmetic-bird,
He licks the pattern off his plate
And he's not even heard of the Welfare State.

Timothy Winters has bloody feet
And he lives in a house on Suez Street,
He sleeps in a sack on the kitchen floor
And they say there aren't boys like him
anymore.

Old Man Winters likes his beer
And his missus ran off with a bombardier,
Grandma sits in the grate with a gin
And Timothy's dosed with an aspirin.

The welfare Worker lies awake
But the law's as tricky as a ten-foot snake,
So Timothy Winters drinks his cup
And slowly goes on growing up.

At Morning Prayers the Master helves
for children less fortunate than ourselves,
And the loudest response in the room is when
Timothy Winters roars "Amen!"

So come one angel, come on ten
Timothy Winters says "Amen
Amen amen amen amen."
Timothy Winters, Lord. Amen

Charles Causley

