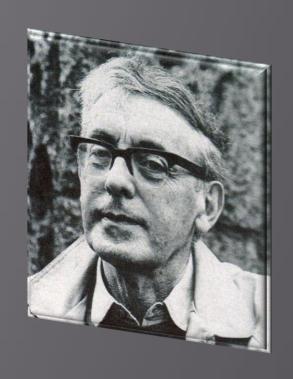
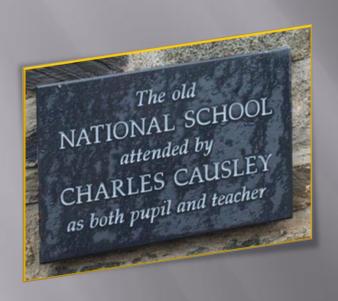
Charles Stanley Causley

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

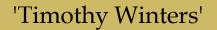
I am the song that sings the bird
I am the leaf that grows the land
I am the tide that moves the moon
I am the stream that halts the sand
I am the cloud that drives the storm
I am the earth that lights the sun
I am the fire that strikes the stone
I am the clay that shapes the hand
I am the word that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

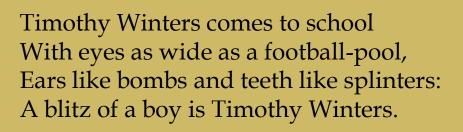
Winded, on this blue stack
Of downward-drifting stone,
The unwashed sky a lowSlung blanket-thick with rain,
I searched the cold, unclear
Vernacular of clay,
Water and woods and rock:
The primer of my day.

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 HOBB
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





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 kithen 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." Timothy Winters, Lord. Amen

Charles Causley



