

POL CARR'S

On a street of ancient stone,
By the storied city's throne,
Stood the shop of old Pol Carr,
With its bright red door ajar.

Shout the news about the quay,
Pol's toys are there to see,
Shout the news about the town,
Pol Carr's has not closed down.

At birthday times we did repair,
Mid saintly plaques and pictures there,
With Pol in her cotton blouse,
Beside the Pope and "Bless This House".

Long-saved pennies were soon spent,
On china or plastic cheap ornament,
To be given on blissful days,
In young, shy and awkward ways.

Shout the news about the quay,
Pol's toys are there to see,
Shout the news about the town,
Pol Carr's has not closed down.

But on that fateful winter's night,
A blaze set the street a-light,
The fire brigade tore through the town,
Pol Carr's shop was burning down.

The pictures perished in the glow,
Toys melted in a heap below,
The firemen quenched the flame's roar,
And Pol sadly closed the door.

Shout the news about the quay,
Pol's toys were there to see,
Shout the news about the town,
Pol Carr's shop has burned down.

Shout the news about the quay,
Pol's toys were there to see,
Shout the news to the superstore,
Pol Carr's is now no more.

Frank Hamilton



Pol Carr's, drawn by Ger Lennon.