

# Ash, Uncle Pat

I sent off this morning  
Down the road along the river  
Which I take but once a year  
My walk will take me by the shore  
Then inland for a mile or more  
From the cold sea spray

A small wood stands upon the hill  
An old house near it lies in ruins  
Forgotten long ago  
And here in a clearing, overgrown with moss and ivy  
Is your lovely grave

A dusk I will make my way  
Along the lanes and through the fields  
To where my cottage is  
But before I step inside for bed  
I'll look up at the stars as we had  
All those years ago

So here's for Uncle Pat