

A Visit to Bryn Madoc

Hagar the Black

'Twas a month before Twelfth Night, and all through the land,
Were dreams most exciting of what they had planned.

The gentles were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of merriment danced in their heads.

But come the next morn, we remembered our plight,
Which dashed any hopes of a festive Twelfth Night.

For our Kingdom's Twelfth Night was so far away,
That no one could reach it in less than a day,

Over roads often covered with ice, and with sleet.
Survival would be a remarkable feat.

It seemed that our Yuletide would have a great hole,
Since St. Nick filled our stockings with this lump of coal.

Then a slim ray of hope pierced the gloom in my mind,
And I sprang to my desk to see what I might find.

Then what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a welcome alternative, not far from here.

I stabbed at my keyboard, I worried my mouse,
My cackles of glee, soon alarming my spouse!

"Aha!" I then cried, "We shall have Twelfth Night yet,
For our neighbors, Bryn Madoc are having a fete!"

So I gathered the details, each tittle and jot,
The date, and the time, and the place and whatnot.

Then I told the glad tidings to one and to all,
Of the gala to come in this neighboring hall.

Now fighters, now consorts,
Now heralds, Now sewers,

On Blacksmiths, On Bakers,
On Pottery Throwers,

To the site of the feast,
To the site of the ball,

Now come away, come away,
Come away all!

So we crossed o'er the border, and made the quick trip,
With no sign of ice that might cause us to slip.

We alighted our rides when we got to the site,
And the things that we found filled our hearts with delight.

There were diverting pass times, and people most pleasant,
From the King and the Queen to the lowliest peasant.

They feasted and drank, both the old and the young,
There were tales that were told, and songs that were sung.

The folk of Bryn Madoc were gracious and kind -
More agreeable neighbors, you scarcely could find.

When the clock tolled its bell, and we left for our home,
All agreed we were glad we had ventured to roam.

We turned and exclaimed as we rode from the site,
"Our thanks to you all for a joyous Twelfth Night!"