

Tom Deitz on the Faerie Road

To the tune of "Finnegan's Wake"

Tom Franklin Deitz set out one ev'ning, strolling through an eerie fog.
He turned and tripped and spun around and found himself in Tir na nOg.
A castle looming on a hill, a wyvern wheeling overhead,
A Riding of the Faerie Host filled TFD right full with dread.

*Lord of the Dreamstone, gather to you all the wits at your command,
The Faerie king is bound to keep you locked away in faerieland.*

The Faerie king then greeted Tom, and Tom he bravely did as well.
"Good mortal, we may spare you if we like the story you can tell."
About the faeries' wicked ways, old Tom he knew a thing or two,
A self-bored stone was in his pack and a blade of iron in his shoe.

*Lord of the Dreamstone, gather to you all the wits at your command,
The Faerie king is bound to keep you locked away in faerieland.*

Then Tom he started up his tale, about the many-splendoured Sidhe,
He mentioned every one by name and flattered them to high degree.
Nuada and the Morrigan, and Lugh the Many-Skilled of course.
And while the Folk of Danu beamed, he leaped upon a waiting horse.

*Lord of the Dreamstone, gather to you all the wits at your command,
The Faerie king is bound to keep you locked away in faerieland.*

The gryphon, she was flying high, the cwn annwn* were running low,
The hunters were a-gaining, but then Tom he saw the path aglow.
"Just leave me be, my noble sirs," they heard his call ring through the air,
"This bard can wield a satire that's sharper than the blades you bear!"

*Lord of the Dreamstone, gather to you all the wits at your command,
The Faerie king is bound to keep you locked away in faerieland.*

Tom rode along the glowing path until he saw his native land.
The Morrigan drew back her bow but with a smile she stayed her hand.
"You're mighty clever for a mortal," said the faerie on the Track,
"We'll let you go but just remember, one of these days we'll take you back."

*Lord of the Dreamstone, gather to you all the tales at your command,
The Faerie king will welcome you back home to dwell in faerieland.*

- Written April 27, 2009, by Buck Marchinton

*(Read: koon anoon)