

# TOMAS WANDERER

Oot in shaden wodespan, dwelt the murdrus  
beaste,  
Vittaling on the sack-for-homes, gorge-laden  
with his feaste,  
Stalking 'tween the leafen glade, preying 'pon  
the weake,  
Glutting the hardy and the poor, e'en  
dinning on the meake.

And noth there was, that brave the woode,  
Noth amidst the sword-handy and the goode,  
'cept a gallanting Knacht from far Breton,  
Who trot a-quest to lay sword on.

And kinder Tomas Wanderer, 'nored his  
mother's tonge,  
For Tomas he listened nither, much so for  
kinder yonge,  
He hitched up sweepstik ponie, waving woden  
sworde,  
And sleeked out to the wodespan,  
footestepping Breton Lord.

The snilvin Foole pranced at the bridge, and  
cry cackle at the boye,  
Go sleekein not with Beast of Teeth, not  
sliblood with some toy.  
But he was the Fool and none to mind, and  
Tomas heeded not,  
Slug saddleshrag on destrier and westered at  
the trot.

Yonge Tomas spired the girthen oake and  
tarried there a while,  
Then 'stead of easting back again, Tom rid  
another mile.  
He cleft the black leaf shabby and swaydin  
blood-daubed vine,  
Carefree took forth his knapper-foode and  
fettered there to dine.

The wodecutman found Tomas there, thrice  
spanned him 'round the ear

"Be fangs and claws for you, my ked, if  
sunfall shrouds you here"  
With axehaft brunting younge man's hide,  
the wodesman bade Tom home,  
But Tomas mere a squallsome ked, and so he  
bide to roam.

Onnerin and inneron, through garbled bole  
and threshy twine,  
Tomas goaded stick-horse on, as ruddy sun  
wed pale moonshine,  
And there amidst the sprickly bushe, he spied  
the lairing of the brute,  
Stepped out brightly 'pon his steed, thru'  
graping branch and scraping root.

And there bale-eyed the spiten Beast, all  
goried hornes and slives and fangs,  
Yet brisky Tomas ventured on, he couched no  
dread, nor homeward pangs.  
Though brave Knacht bidden to the grave,  
with woden sworde aloft  
Plucky Tom brandished at the Beast, who  
marred him with a scoff.

"What mires you here, younge smoothskin-  
born?  
Did you mother about me warn?"  
"I have no fear!" Tom cried aloud,  
Horsing forward 'til Beast he growled.

"I shall wolfe you flesh and snap your bones,  
Skrind your folkland burne their homes.  
For mocking ked to dare my rage,  
Your jibe it traps me like a cage.  
The unclaimed ones must dread my kinde,  
Can never squander fear behind."

So Tomas Wanderer was no more, who  
never did no goode,  
So remember poor Tomas, and roam not in  
the woode.