

The Ballad of Hannah Twynnoy
or
Wild Curiosity

Far back, three hundred years ago
And then a few years more
We find a tale most piteous
That's red in tooth and claw.

Let your imagination fly to 1703
Swoop lower o'er the Wiltshire hills
And land in Malmesbury.

She will pour rum no more
Whiskey kegs run dry
Her wild and curious spirit
Stalks lonely through the sky.

A market town of some renown
The abbey stands full high
The market cross stands proudly
Sculpted stones against the sky.



Now take your feet to Gloucester Street
And stand before the inn
White Lion roars upon the sign
Let's take an ale or gin.

And who shall serve us gin or ale
And give us warmth and cheer?
But Mistress Hannah Twynnoy
The smiling barmaid here.

With spirit and adventure too
A hearty slice of pluck
Hannah was wildly curious
But this day she'll come unstuck.

She will pour wine no more
Cider kegs run dry
Her wild and curious spirit
Stalks bravely through the sky.

Our minds delight in novelty
The strange, the odd, the rare.
To keep monotony at bay
Here comes the travelling fair.



But who will give them welcome?
Who will throw wide the door?
The landlord of the Lion White
Cries “room inside for more!”

There’s jugglers and there’s tricksters too
There’s singing through the night
Beasts wild and rare and curious
And a tiger, burning bright!

Low rumble like an earthquake
In the moonlight teeth gleam white
Claws scratch across the cobblestones
To Hannah’s great delight.

Oh, Hannah! Keep your distance please
Beware the tooth and claw
Respect the power in the legs
And in the spine and jaw.

She will pour ale no more
Porter kegs run dry
Her wild and curious spirit
Stalks silent through the sky.



The fur a deep rich orange
Bursts of white and stripes of black
A fur of fascination
Beast with fire on its back.

A flash, a spring, a pounce, a bite
And crimson spoils the fur so white
A single scream tears through the night
And Hannah is no more.

In bloom of life she's snatched from hence
No room to make defence
Tyger so fierce took life away
And here she lies in bed of clay
Until the Resurrection Day.

She will pour gin no more
Bitter kegs run dry
Her wild and curious spirit
Stalks bloody through the sky.

