The Ballad of Hannah Twynnoy

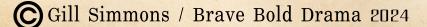
or Wild Guriosity

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.

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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. © Gill Simmons / Brave Bold Drama 2024 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.