

The Lay of King Brian
from the heart and hand of
Veracity O'Madden

As Bilbo, so Brian

A man of comfort, conversation, and culinary interests

He would of frequent occasion gather to himself
those who were of like mind and likes

And on such times he told tales vere and feign
Tales of heroes, of maidens, of imps and animals

He sang oft of the fairy realm whence he journeyed
Many miles, many days, hardships and heartwarmings
filled his time and his travel—of those he sang

To brothers, sisters, their children and his

And upon a magic fiddle he put forth his music

Music to conjour dreams, images fair and fantastic

Music to move the heart, well the eye, enchant the mind

Music, it is said, to coax animals of skills fantastic

To come close for conversation and company

Dragons, unicorns, pegacorns, and pegapigs

Hazirim that would dance and swoop in the heavens

And on the right note, would light close at hand

And listen, and look, and laugh

At his friends and at his tales

It (the fiddle!) has come to this humble brother of his

And from his hand it was set among the most valuable things

found on earth or in heaven

Come if you would, and try your hand

And see if from the sky you could coax to your side

Dragons, unicorns, pegacorns and pegapigs

But, if you can, make sure you have tales fantastic to tell

As King Brian, whom we all miss so well.

