

## THE HUNTING OF THE GREAT NAUGA

O'er the land the call went out  
With pipes in the north, and trumps in the south  
Aching men in a time of peace  
Anxious to be done with ease  
Armed as their fathers of yore  
With breastplate, greaves, and blubber sore  
With knowledge gained of the hunter's take  
The killing of beasts called the Lesser Fake  
Whose fur adorned both hand and foot  
And oft had cleansed the chimney's soot

Forth then strode the company  
Drinking beer most heartily  
To bolster courage in the battle trains  
More trundled along in mighty wains  
For those who move'd on too slow  
Bear Wiz Brew was lash enow  
And, for those, whose feet were fast  
From the barrels they'd get the last  
Onwards, then, hangovers fleeing  
TO HUNT THE GREAT NAUGA

The women cheered, the children cried  
The men nipped brandy on the side  
Their king they praised -- the great Sir John  
Who stumped ahead with many a yawn  
A Baron too they dragged along  
Noted for his mighty Bron  
The seneshal of Wyvernwoode  
Who cursed and grumbled on and on  
"The beer's no good, the beer's no good"  
Till he got dosed with the royal brew

An oriental house was there  
With made-up teeth and gooped-up hair  
Who took so long to drink a cup  
That far too soon they sobered up  
And from the north, a clan had gathered  
Their piper too, torn and tattered  
And with their Pipes made such musick  
The lassies swooned as tho' they're sick  
And so many a kiltie born  
ON THE HUNT FOR THE GREAT NAUGA

Lappin' at the wheels iron rims  
Creeping along with slimy grins  
Riff-raff and Scum made sortie  
and with stolen beer, revelry  
Arme'd knights across the veldt  
Tripping on their long white belts  
Squire's bellies barre'd red  
Masters of Science with aching heads  
All set out, and few returned  
FROM THE HUNT FOR THE GREAT NAUGA

The army arrived, many short  
On the breast-works of a border fort  
Viewed a land laid barren and waste  
Then attacked -- the beer -- with haste  
They travelled on, courage leaking  
Till they heard the great beast squeaking  
On a wild and freezing moor  
Stinking like a grave-ghoul's lure  
There brought to bay, that famous day  
OUR PRIZE -- THE GREAT NAUGA

Then for battle prepared the host  
Drinking dry the final toast  
Slathered armpits with potions grim  
And even a mouse that wandered in  
Who, escaping from that horrid din  
Sneezed, and called it all a sin  
Drew swords of silver and golden gleam  
Wore mighty plate of paper green  
And set to sell their lives most dear  
TO SKIN THIS GREAT NAUGA

T'were the king's pants that burst first  
Loud for aid he called and cursed  
By Scum its flight was hindred then  
when sat upon by an hundred men  
Stuffed its gullet with swords and shields  
Shredded armor strewed the fields  
Slew the creature, won the day  
Returned in triumph, drunk and gay  
And so, our surcoats, worn with pride  
Are made of the stuff named --  
NAUGA-HYDE

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