

THE REEVE WITH A PEEVE

From strange green leaves
With four strange sides
Called the Lust of Thieves
She reckons our lives.

Grim the name she calls herself
Hero in the tongue of Danes
Weregild keeper of Dwarrowdelf
And sharpened feathers her foemen's bane.

Now, whene'er for drink and talk we gather
And raise a bowl of hearty cheer
Her dainty fire-drake doth chatter
And nuzzles close to the Blue Beast's gear.

That noble creature for its master moaned
Such fiery passion but seldom felt
And soon the household answered the groans
Which all but stones would quickly melt.

And, lo, what saw they, upon the green?
But a big blue thing, and a little red thing
And the little red thing was acting so mean
Chasing the blue quite round in a ring.

The red one's mistress e'en then came out
Both righteous and smug with her nose in the air
And demanded to know what the row was about
And why the place sounded like a great county fair.

But when she saw the scene there unfold
In horror she cried and screamed "Oh, alack"
The strong men gave chase, and soon got a hold
And pinned down the red one, by nose and by back.

For keeping a beast shown to be so untame
As that would attack others with amorous aim
Upon its back they placed the poor dame
And set about rocking the beast for its shame

And so it might never forget that sweet lesson
And run wild again, to attack without leave
The strong there will rock it and call it a blessing
And leave her at last, the reeve with a peeve.