

WILLIAM'S WINTERFEST
MULSE VINUM
A LEONINE LIBATION

by Anonymous

Prithee---

*If thou has been done favors
By Helpers kind and true,
If thy fellows Above have shown thee
Their truest shades of blue*

Then---

*Lead them down to the Great Hall
But first bid them hide their eyes
And as fitting reward for their ardor
Prepare ye this ancient surprise*

First----

*Find five fine friends whose fondness
For kinship both exceed
Their stalwart virtuosity in battling
Both thistle and the weed
Call them then to join thee
In an oaken cask so great
There be no room for avarice
Jealousy nor for hate
Take all boots, slippers, stockings
Place them wedded, two by two
Awaiting their redemption
When vintner's tasks are through*

*From nature's fruitful bounty
Pluck meats from a thousand limbs
Sweet Adirondack cherries
Or match the berry of your whims
Then smash, bash and stomp them
In a tarantella smit with glee
Till threescore toes reach out
Dancing to be free*

Next----

*Take a cheesecloth from the bakery
Strain the nectar till it be pit free
Mix in the honey of human kindness
From the depths of a sycamore tree*

Now----

*Build a roaring bonfire
Of hickory, ash, and oak
Keeping the flames a leaping
Whether with bellows or the stoke
Boil away your troubles
Its bubbles and the brew
Till the bouquet rises smartly
Smelling sweetly, and so true
Store in kegs of coopered mahogany
neath the light of a crescent moon
Never to be forgotten
Nor disturbed a fortnight too soon
But aged with mellow tolerance
Till the day be festive and gay
Then barrels rolled out with merriment*

And tapped by comrades at play

Finally-----

with tankards raised toward heaven

And arms linked soul to soul

Take a moment of silence to ponder....

True friendship, its value..... then SKOL!