

## Hobart's Bane

Twelfth Night I had a grand repast  
Much fun occurred, I had a blast  
And headed to the kitchen last...  
Into the lair of dreaded Giant Ho-Bart

A horrid scene did greet my sight  
Of dishes piled both left and right  
The stove and oven black as night...  
It looked like Hell had dined with Giant Ho-Bart

3 squires and a chatelaine  
Were mopping floors, did not complain  
From grisly tasks did not refrain...  
But still attacked the dreaded Giant Ho-Bart

Some ladies and a baroness  
Were scrubbing pots to clear the mess  
With skirts hiked up to save their dress...  
From dripping, drooling, steaming Giant Ho-bart

Next time the cook decides to please  
The populace with sticky cheese  
We'll throw her to the dogs! With fleas...  
For eggs and cheese delight the Giant Hobart

Then down into the fray He came  
Our noble Prince with hair of flame  
And unto all He did proclaim...  
That He would quest to slay the Giant Ho-bart

He doffed his helm, He bared His chest  
And then put on a flowered vest  
He looked so cute! This is no jest...  
And he set forth to kill the Giant Ho-Bart

We heard it scream (ahh), we heard it roar (grr)  
As it devoured pots galore  
Our brawny Prince escaped its maw...  
And silent fell the evil Giant Ho-Bart

From underneath its corpse He crawled  
And gashes showed where he'd been mauled  
Now "HOBART'S BANE" He will be called...  
That's how Prince Bryan slew the Giant Ho-Bart!

*Written the week after a 12<sup>th</sup> Night site that had the cleanup crew in there until midnight, including HRH Bryan II. In Ld Domenico's complimentary email, he said "nobody will write a song about a Hobart" .....*