

# Ode to a Mangold Hurl *Trad.*

Each year when Autumn comes to pass  
And tawny owls do hoot  
We take ourselves out to the grass  
To hurl our sacred root

The maids do come to hope and pray  
They'll be the one who's chosen  
By the champion hurler of this day  
In smock or lederhosen

Village folk from far and wide  
Meet at the chosen field  
To watch their men with bursting pride  
Take aim with this year's yield

The willow's cut, the Norman's set  
The pitching basket's ready  
The Watcher gets himself all wet\*  
The atmosphere turns heady

Each hurler in his turn does stand  
Before the expectant crowd  
Who watch for where his mangold lands  
And roar with cheers out loud

And when the last root's hit the soil  
The crowd begin to sing  
The end of this year's sweat and toil  
We have our Mangold King

\* *The meaning of this is obscure.*

## A Mangold Song *Trad.*

As I set out one October morn  
To take the morning air  
A chanting did I hear afar  
That brought me to its lair

The calling was from folk all set  
To watch the roots be laid  
By men who each desired to be  
The one who chose the maid

I saw the Norman set in turf  
The crowd roared in delight  
The pitchers got themselves all set  
To champion this year's fight

The mangold cart was piled high  
With roots all topped with green  
The hurlers chose their favoured one  
The first then set the scene

And each in turn did pitch his beet  
With all his might and guile  
The mantle of the winning hurl  
Did call them all the while

When all the roots were from the cart  
The winner none could see  
A roar went up from one and all  
They called out, "Willow 'e!"

The willow came and took his branch  
A silence fell so swift  
He had to chose from equal throws  
And heal a village rift

The Burtle boys were sure they'd won  
And dancing they did start  
But then at once the Willow called  
"Ye hear, it's won by Hart"

The crowd were hushed, the feud was set  
The Burtles 'gainst the Harts  
Another year just like the last  
Bad times in these 'ere parts

But as the tempers rose in step  
Their fears were all allayed  
A Burtle girl was chosen as  
This year's Mangold Maid