

## *The Feast of Bill Bailey*

*This day is called the Feast of Boahn:  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,  
And rouse him at the name of Boahn.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will, yearly, on the vigil, feast his neighbors,  
And say 'Tomorrow is Saint Boahn:'  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars  
And say 'These wounds I had on Boahn's  
Day.*

*Old men forget: Yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember with advantages  
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,  
Familiar in his mouth as household words  
Bailey the Duke, Chris Lundy and Johnny  
Randolph, Gary Burbank and Dude Walker,  
Weird Beard and Mason Lee Dixon,  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.  
This story shall the good man teach his son,  
And Bailey Boahn shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered.*

**We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,  
For he today that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile  
This day shall gentle his condition.  
And gentlemen in Jefferson County now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not  
here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any  
speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Boahn's Day.**

**(Paraphrased from King Henry V act IV  
Scene 3)**

**And finally to Bill Bailey:  
What needs my Duke for his honored bones,  
The labor of an age in piled stones,  
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid,  
Under a starry pointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy  
name?**

**(Paraphrased from John Milton)**