



Ode to the North Texas Irish Festival

I know that the Fest takes some time to make happen
So I'm writing right now, instead of just nappin'
'Til next year comes 'round and it's too late to say
What I have on my mind this St. Patrick's Day.
(Well, truth to be told, it's the day after that,
But I trust you'll forgive me for mentioning Pat,
For I'm Irish myself, and if I tried to write
Without rhyming my words, I would be here all night!)

So here is my point, if I might and I may:
This past Irish Fest was a wonderful day!
The new venue's nicer (except for the sound
In the giant old halls where it echoes around,
But I know you will find a solution for that
E'er we next come to honor the ghost of St. Pat),
There was more room to roam on the Festival grounds
And the layout did not so confuse and confound,
So I hope you are proud of the work that you've done,
And I hope you had time to enjoy all the fun.
And while I am writing, I'd just like to add
That the very most rollicking fun that we had
Was the all-too-few minutes we happily spent
With the crowd that filled up Seamus Kennedy's tent.
I know that he's new to the Festival here,
But his set with Ed Miller of Austin so near
Was a pleasure, I say, without precedent,
And a welcome addition to this year's event.
And solo, as well, he acquitted himself
With the charm of a big overgrown Irish elf!
Now, we love the Rogues dearly, as everyone does,
And the Blarneys are magic -- or rather, they was
When we saw them last year -- oh, how we miss them!
I hope that next year, they'll be back once again.
But in all of the years that we've come to the Fest,
My father and I love this Seamus the best,
So I ask and beseech you, remember that name,
For a Fest without Seamus would be a darn seam.

(Written by Carol, a fan from Dallas, TX)