The Ballad of Harleysville Hank

Now listen my friends and you shall hear
A tale to tickle every ear
Sprung from this very ground, this very bank
The ballad of Harleysville Hank.

For many years he rose at dawn
On this very day, on this very lawn

Deep into the skies he gazed
Sometimes through the fog and haze
He sniffed the air and felt the ground
Brushed his whiskers all around--
Then did consult his shadow.

Proudly did the groundhog arise
Beneath the gray and wintery skies
And with expectation of great fame
With hearty, lusty voice proclaimed
Whence would come the spring.

But, alas no one was around.
If a tree falls in the woods,
Does it make a sound?

He'd nearly lost his nerve.
He'd given up.

Then suddenly upon this land
The humans they began to stand
And make a peculiar thing
To tell the story of Indian Field
Tilled by toil, sweat, and hand
A barn they intended to erect
To reconstruct, to resurrect
And so the ground they broke…AND….found a hog.

Groundhog is his English name
Woodchuck is his other fame
Farmers he does inflame
And call him nasty surly names.

But this was not just any hog, nay nay--
The very hog we show today
gracious
Very wise and loquacious

The barn builders then gathered round
And nary could be heard a sound
Til one brave soul inquired
What be your name, you lowly beast?

The groundhog now his lungs increased
And spoke his name,

"Harleysville Hank", he did proclaim!

"I rise at sunset
On Candlemas to expostulate, prognosticate
There's no one like me in the land,
Not Phil nor Orphy would understand
Henceforth no man has heard my cry
But now the world will testify
To my sagacity"

And so henceforth we'll gather here
On February second every year
and pull Hank from his shadowy station
And listen to his prognostication.



Hail Hank!