

Tell Tell Signs

Two near identical men,
Arrived by horse and cart.
I knew who was who,
But so hard to tell them apart.

He'd taken on his father's looks,
As he became more mature.
But telling dad from son,
Even family were often unsure.

A proud man and his son,
William Tell and the young Bill.
And today they would be teaching,
How to master crossbow skills.

Switzerland's leading marksman,
Of that there was no doubt.
And a very good job too,
Or young Tell would not be about.

Nightmares of that dreadful Gessler,
Could make dad sob and sniff.
When that nasty man on his horse,
Handed him that Granny Smith.

To hit that apple on his son's head,
Indeed took the greatest of care.
How good a shot was it they ask,
Well that would be splitting hairs.

But today all were assembled,
To learn those deadly skills.
Some were trained by William,
Others were taught by Bill.

So to make recognition simple,
Young Tell wore a big hat.
Then they'd know who said this,
And who had told them that.

That's when a joker sat at the back,
Out the side of his mouth then said.
"The hat was to hide a deep groove,
Right across the top of his head."