

SAMSON THE HANDSOME

By Rod

This poem tells the main points in the story of Samson. A team of actors could put together a routine to illustrate the action as it is read.

Now this is the story of Samson;
A tale packed full of action and zest.
Some would say that Samson was handsome,
Head and shoulders above all the rest.

But others might think him too hairy,
With long locks and no shampoo in sight;
For his hair had never been barbered –
You might look, then run off in fright.

But hair is all part of his story,
As we'll see if we tell it aright.
'Twas the key to his having such power
'Cos it made him God's true Nazirite.

Now he was a judge over Israel
When Philistines heaped down their scorn.
On his own Sam fought for his nation,
Leading much less by brain than by brawn.

So Samson had ev'rything going,
A muscular A1 alpha male,
But he had two sources of weakness
Which, as a judge, would cause him to fail.

The first was he thought he was clever,
Using riddles to fox all his foes;
Second was a fondness for women.
Never trust them – as every man knows!

He married a Philistine woman,
And tried for some sport at the wedding.
Sudokus had not been invented,
But his puzzle did every guests' head in.

So eager were they for the answer
That they badgered and threatened his wife.
He finally told her the riddle
Hoping for peace and a quiet married life.

But neither of these came to Samson,
He fought Philistines from that day on.
And they weren't too keen on his antics,
So they plotted to get Samson gone.

But they failed – till he met Delilah.
“My, my, my,” he exclaimed, “what a gel!”
“Why, why, why”, he went on, “Delilah”.
Which goes to show he just couldn’t spell!

But under her spell was poor Samson,
And she asked him the source of his pow’r.
He thought this a game – just like tennis,
But this game was set to turn sour.

“Just tie me with thongs, if you’ve got them,
Then I’ll lose all my strength from above.”
She tried it, but he just said, “Gotcha!”
So, to Samson, the score Fifteen-love.

Enjoying the contest he challenged,
“Why don’t you try seven pieces of rope?”
But thirty-love up now to Samson;
Delilah taken in for a dope.

She rallied when he punched a volley,
“Tie me with some braids in my hair.
But again ’twas her ’twas the wally.
“Forty-love”, said the ump from his chair.

But the girl was very persistent,
And when he said, “It’s down to my thatch.”
She knew she’d worn down his resistance;
To Delilah ’twas game set and match.

She called for a Philistine barber
To give Sam a real close Number One.
He woke up bald like Fabien Barthez,
And he knew ’twas the end of his fun.

They clapped him in irons, gouged his eyes out,
So now Samson was helpless and blind.
But groping around in his darkness
His trust in God did Samson refind.

His hair grew again to remind him,
Despite being a muscular male,
That fighting along in his own strength
Without God on his side he would fail.

When brought out to give entertainment,
Philistine cheers he wanted to drown.
With God’s help he scored his best triumph
As he managed to bring the house down.

So what can we learn from our Samson,
And what lessons does God bring to mind?

It's not with our eyes that we see Him;
It's in our hearts that we mustn't be blind.

Are long flowing locks what are needed
So to live out our faith to the full?
Is baldness a sign of our failing?
Does our hair have to stand up like wool?

No, the Lord is not at all bothered
If our hair is lacking in vim.
We can all be follically challenged,
But our roots must be planted in Him.