

Of many A knight from live long days,  
Sir Parsifal was a knight of various ways;  
From many A knight who took on Sir Parsifal,  
There was not even one who could match him at all.

He led his horse through field and glen,  
Training different squires to become chivalriest men;  
Across mountains and hills and rivers and dale,  
Stopping to eat both pheasant and quail.

He stoppeded one day to rest under a tree,  
With the sun shining down so gloriously;  
Whilst enjoying his rest laying on the cool grass,  
A beautiful maiden rode by and did pass.

Sir Parsifal woke from his tyre and sleep,  
And set off to find this lost wandering sheep;  
As he rode on up to ride by her side,  
The thought entered his head, could this be my bride.

They travelled a while till they came to a stream,  
With cool water flowing like a heavenly dream;  
They stoppeded to take breath and refresh with a drink,  
As their eyes met eyes and gave them a think.

Bedazzled and startled at each other's gaze,  
The sun now settled with the mood in a haze;  
Sir Parsifal became her in an unlike romantic play,  
So ends this tale in a gallantry love way.

Signed,

And they lived happily ever after