

Fair standing man was he,  
A knight so bold and brave as could be;  
He drew a sword from cold hard stone,  
It's razor blade all sharp and toned.

He rode around from town to town,  
And many a man would try and take him down;  
But a knight was he so gallant as ever,  
There was never a loss not one not ever.

One fine summer's day he rode through a town,  
And came a fine damsel there to look him down;  
She caught his eye all full with glee,  
And he was happy and so was she.

A challenger came to take him on,  
Over this damsel with this beauty, a beaming blonde;  
He drew his sword all sharp and ready,  
As the two stood there both armed and steady.

They exchanged their blows at dawns first light,  
And the meet began which turned into a fight;  
But the knight of Camelot used his fatal charm,  
And his opponent surrendered and there was no harm.

Well he claimed the prize and took what was his,  
Of all those tournaments over the years;  
He picked up his maiden and made her his bride,  
And carried her heavenward with all of his pride.

Signed

That Will Do