

The boy was born and the man was king,ÂÂÂ

And he said to the boy the crown is the thing;

For the both were born of the royal blood and line,

And the boy became a man to sit on the throne like thine.

I'll knight the first man who can hunt down and kill,

Who can ride across vale and get her over the hill,

That mean fiend and foe, who is no friend of mine at all,

But just an old cow and bastard, who has her at call.

What do you mean said the man born to be king?

I want her to be my queen and I'll buy her a ring;

For there was one brave enough to try and take on the quest,

To fulfill his duties becoming a knight and passing the test.

So off road this valiant man to do his duty and part,

On a steed dressed in armor which had a might strong heart,

And he rode and he travelled and at last crossed the hill,

Over mountains and valleys and plains till the steed became still.

ÂÂÂ And there in the crag was a castle on the mountain side,

ÂÂÂ Which he had travelled and toiled to see from his ride;

ÂÂÂ And the beauty was in the tower and had golden blonde hair,

ÂÂÂ As he rode up to the drawbridge and yelled out his care.

ÂÂÂ Give me the maiden and damsel to take back to the king,

ÂÂÂ For I must be knighted and on her finger place a ring;

ÂÂÂ But there was no sound of anyone but the lass in the tower,

Which he scrambled and climbed with all his might and his power.

Now he let go a rope and he lowered her down,

Then followed down himself and they rode off to a town;

And the hero fell in love with the beautiful girl by he,

And she in turn loved this valiant man who set her free.

But the king found out and was greatly displeased with it all,

And summoned the man to bring his wanting queen to the ball;

So now instead of being knighted there was a dispute of who could,

Marry the maiden and who would reproduce and who should.

The king said to the man unsheathe and take out your sword,

For there was to be a duel and fight to claim the reward;

By now the damsel was becoming confused, bored and tired,

For she loved her hero but wanted to be the queen the king desired.

It was a right royal affair and she said don't fight over me,

For the death of one of you is of no good or use to me;

Now they both wanted her hand and she had to decide,

To which one she'd marry and to which one be bride.

So the man born to be king was a hero after all,

In this his schizophrenic state he was both men on call;

So what appeared to the woman to be two men, was only one man,

And so our hero was king and this went down in his plan.

So the moral of the story is that the woman got married,

To the man born to be king, who on his horse the hero carried;

And the climax and peek and pinnacle experience of it all,

Was the wedding and return to the castle to claim it all.

Signed,

The vicious circle of loveÂÂÂ