

Fools reign and rule in paradise,
Parsifal is one of those who succumbs to this folly,
Women loving and willing when he is drunk and silly,
To indulge in the pleasures of knights rivalry.

But wise is he to their plot and plan,
And chooses one wisely to live with and marry;
Chivalry is an honour which a knight must bestow,
To live wisely and shrewdly and rightfully maintain.

The village however is full of romantic idiots,
Who love to be frivolous and play and frolic;
Getting drunk in there indulgences and play around,
With women in village romances of fun and games.

They laugh all day and make love all night,
And many a fool is taken in his plight,
By the sweet loving smell of a woman around,
Drawn nearby her kisses and loving joviality.

They mess and play around till the cows are fed,
Rolling and rooting on an old fashioned bed,
Parsifal the knight to rule and reign,
Is not taken to fancy by this refrain.

His love is a true love of one fashioned to heart,
A woman of virtuality and honour in true love;
The village romances go on forever in playing around
But parsifal with his true love in romance as king and queen.

Signed,

The rightful reign.