

I was walking on a moonlit night and chanced to stroll upon,
A lady sitting on her own on a seat designed for me too;
I sat down and said hello, do you mind if I sit here,
I sat next to her for an hour and whispered sweet nothings in her ear.

I said what are you doing here on a cold and lonely night like this,
And the chances to say I love you and gave her a big kiss;
She then returned to reply what did I do to deserve that,
And I stood up and took her hand as I took off my hat.

It's a beautiful night for a moonlit stroll if you will come with me,
So we walked through the garden and I like she got to know me too;
It was a romantic night and walk or stroll as we took the time to talk,
And all I could do was to fall in love under the beauty of the moon.

So my friends the story does not end there yet or more,
For this is a romantic poem where you go inside to keep warm;
They sat down in a café of a large motel lobby to chat,
And drank coffee and kissed and made love with the atmosphere of that.

The night still to inviting to let the evening go so soon,
And as the night was young they danced away unit the morn;
When the dawn had come and they both dropped to the floor;
He helped her into bed and said will you marry me today.

Well I can't end right there as they were to live happily ever after,
But in a romantic poem you are not suppose to drop dead with laughter;
And so into the day after they slept a bit and made love some more,
The knight and his damsel left and went off into sky.

Signed,

I'll come back again