

The Forlorn Knight

Folkearth

Following Avon's crystal path
I pass'd by Warwick by chance
Where I came across a mansion
Standing gauntly on a low bluff...

He was brave and he was bold
He was in love with the daughter of his lord
She would not have him
She would not care
So he went afar to win her hand...

Germania's rose he set free
And put Saracens to the sword
He laid low monstrous beasts
Yet love he did not win...

He faced the Danes
And saved the day-King Athelstan
Did praise his name...

But bereft of love
He turned to god
And shut himself away from men...

Then I awoke and realized
I had slept in his death-bed...