

Brave Sir Robert

Contributed by Robert Minchin
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The orc may wander without fear

To raid the country far and near.

They will not ride, those knights so bold,

For brave Sir Robert has a cold.

The dragon in its mountain cave

Fears not the darkness of the grave

But sleeps in peace on bed of gold,

While brave Sir Robert has a cold.

The wolf may leave its hidden lair

To prowl among the fields and scare

The sheep that cower in the fold,

For brave Sir Robert has a cold.

The people in their beds do tremble,

The wealthy and the poor and humble,

For who'll protect the young and old

While brave Sir Robert has a cold?

But when we see tomorrow's sun,

Perchance the vict'ry will be won,

And deeds of glory will be done,

When brave Sir Robert's cold is gone!