

When boy meets girl joy overabounds,

Cupid's perfecting and the wedding bells sounds;

So what of the dark ages with damsels and maidens,

Are we just as romantic or have hands fully laden.

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Magic is a great thing in this quest for true love,

With kind gentle beauty and a touch from above;

The answer to searching is to stop when you're right,

When your partner is with you in glory and might.

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How hard I look to find the right one,

A maiden so fair as the bright trickling sun;

And must be the most lovely damsel to be seen,

For she will be my partner and be my queen.

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So what of the others who all try so hard?

I hope they're not shaken at the thought I'd discard;

You see with being a king you're right there on top,

So with damsels and maidens its just where to stop.

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I hope that my maiden will not let me down,

And turn behind my back when I go to town;

Now only with true love will my damsel to be,

Live in my castle and heart eternally.

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So listen those potentials to what must be done,

You must seek your God and face Christ the son;

Dress yourselves up that I might compare,

To take one to marry to forever be there.

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Signed,

The perfect maiden.