

"REWARD OF VIRTUE"

Sir Gilbert de Vere was a virtuous knight;
He succored the weak and he fought for the right
But cherished a goal that he never could sight:
He wanted a dragon to light.

He prayed all the night and he prayed all the day
That God would provide him a dragon to slay;
And God heard his prayer and considered a way To furnish Sir Gilbert
his prey.

And so, to comply with Sir Gilbert's demand But having no genuine
dragons to hand, God whisked him away to an earlier land,
With destrier, armor, and brand.

And in the Cretaceous, Sir Gilbert de Vere
Discovered a fifty-foot carnosaur near.
He dug in his spurs and he leveled his spear And charged without
flicker of fear.

The point struck a rib, and the lance broke in twain; The knight
clapped a hand to his hilt, but in vain:
The dinosaur swallowed that valorous thane, And gallant Sir Gilbert was
slain.

The iron apparel he wore for his ride, However, was rough on the
reptile's inside. That dinosaur presently lay down and died,
And honor was thus satisfied.

But Gilbert no longer was present to care;
So pester not God with your wishes. Beware!
What happens when Heaven has answered your prayer Is your, and no
other's, affair!