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G Am D G
 Sir Loren undertook a quest, the maiden Gilda seeking.
 Am D G
 He found her in a dragon's bed from 'neath the covers peeking.
 Am D G
 "What seek you here, Sir Loren, dear?" the dragon asked with guile.
 Am D G
 The noble knight could not but note the dragon's sated smile.
 Am D G F C G
 "Why smilest thou, Lord Dragon, sir?" asked our hero in armor laden.
 Am D G C G D G
 "Why, you'd smile too," the worm replied, "if you'd just eaten a maiden."
 "Such candor," this young lordling cried, "must touch upon dishonor!"
 The dragon grinned his lecherous grin, and once more was upon her.
 "Cease and desist!", Sir Loren cried, his fine steel blade a-flashin'.
 "Oh, slay him not!", young Gilda cried, her voice a play of passion.
 "Was ever a maid so tried as I betwixt desire and honor?
 I should demand you slay the beast, but he stirs in me such ardor."
 "Fie, fie!", Sir Loren cried to her. "What foolishness is this?"
 "Would you deny your lord and land all for a dragon's kiss?"
 Intently he did search her face, then frowned in deep dismay
 As she shed a tear for honor's sake, and sent him away.
 "Why smilest thou, Lord Dragon, sir?" asked our hero in armor laden.
 "Why, you'd smile too," the worm replied, "if you'd just eaten a maiden."