

Sir Cheddar's Challenge

George Lindsay

CANTO I

The noble Knight, Sir Cheddar hight
Foule gyant Gorgonzola slays
In service to his Lady Faire
Daughter of our virtuous Queen Gruyère

I

It chanced on a starry night
When Luna, lesser Phoebus, lit the sky
A noble knight, Sir Cheddar hight
Bethought he heard his Lady cry.
Oh! Noble sir, my mother Queen Gruyère
In thraldom lies in yonder Roquefort Square
The victim of foule Gorgonzolas' spite,
Of surety an undeservéd plight.
That gyant you must slay this very night.

II

Sir Cheddar, mindful of his knightly state
Sans fear, approachéd Roquefort grim.
There Gorgonzola gorgéd full with hate

Belching fire and stone of brim
 Chargéd Sir Cheddar in courtyard dim
 With one fell sweep unhorséd him
 And raising mighty arm on high
 Aiméd a blow with vigorous vim
 Determinéd this foolhardy knight must die.

III

Ere dastardly death dealing blow was felt
 Sir Cheddar swung his Excalibur high
 Which struck that foule gyant neath the belt.
 The magic sword bit deep within his thigh
 A fatal wound; the fearsome Gorgonzola fell
 His foule blood gushed forth as from a well
 His sin soakéd soul sent swimming to Hell.
 Sir Cheddar now with courtly air
 Leads forth to freedom his Lady's mother, Queen Gruyére.

These several "cheesy" stanzas now completed
 With apologies to our poet may be deleted
 Yet—do not this poor substitute indite
 For trying to prove once more that Right is Might.