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 Gruyére

I

It chancéd 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 Gruyére
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, approached Roquefort grim.
There Gorgonzola gorgéd full with hate
Belching fire and stone of brim
Charged Sir Cheddar in courtyard dim
With one fell sweep unhorsed him
And raising mighty arm on high
Aimed a blow with vigorous vim
Determined 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 soaked 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.