

He fought the dragon, slew the wyrm,
And won a bride, a prize in turn,
A golden maid, wi' shimmering hair,
And princess to the kingdom there.

He marched to war, her face in locket,
And faced down death, her in his pocket,
He kept her visage by his heart,
And with her found a life to start.

He weathered storm, come from afar,
To beg her hand, from father hard,
And asked a blessing, to take as wife,
A daughter who was worth the strife.

Those legends fraught, and legends glad,
Have nothing on my loving dad;
Not an adventuring kind of fella,
But won her heart with an umbrella.

For note, my friends, it's plain to see,
While men of old braved land and sea,
Who cares what mighty deeds theirs were?
My father's act was loving her.