Upon this moSsy gate I abode

I fear for tHese times to erode

To conclude the puzzle and win first

Complete all by the lAst red, white, and blue burst

To win, in your heart, there must be a Kind-

Of fighting that will not lEt you sleep

And to gain the gold, wit you muSt keeP

Demand mE nothing I ask,

For whAt you know you know

And you must determine how faR you go

Don’t be a fool I ask of thEe

For you will be heard no more after you leave the stage

And thy body will be consumed with rage.

Don’t stray too far from the fight

And result in distaste from your friends

For these violent delights have violent ends

So here you go, dance and act

And keep in mind the year to inform

For when these pieces began to perform

Put them in order from starting from the first piece in the poem

And you will hit close to home.