

Annie Brooks

"Rescue Me"

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I know a tale of perfect love, the truest of it's kind,
Passed by kings and fishermen on tattered paper over
time.

She was a lovely maiden, manner and beauty fair,
Held in the lair of a dragon fierce, she cried out in
despair.

Rescue me, sweep me away
I'm nothing on my own,
Lost in the depths I am captive here
Come and lead me home.

He was a strong and fearless prince who loved his lady
so,
He heard the cry and it seized his heart, so to the lair
he rode.
On his valient steed he raced the wind, urged by the
lady's cry.
He reached the lair and he ventured in and caught his
lady's eye.

This filled the prince with urgency and he leapt at the
form below

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