

The Tale of a City Freya W 7SW

I will tell you a tale
Of an old nameless city,
Of a king and a queen
Who was awfully pretty!

She was oh so beautiful
And attracted the men,
But if they were caught,
The king executed them.

The king was courageous,
Came home with a stack,
Was the queen a cheat
Behind his back?

No, the queen was loyal
And very fair
And would never leave him
In despair.

But the king didn't believe her,
The little such and such
So off he went
To fight the Dutch.

He placed a ring
On her middle finger
And told her it
Had better linger.

Because if she keeps it on
As long as she can,
He'll know she has been
With no other man.

And as he rode out
To war, to battle,
It became very hot
At the nameless castle,

So she decided to go
For a bit of a swim,
Even though the water
Was very grim.

The water protected her
From the heat
But the ring sank down
Below her feet.

When the king rode back
On his valiant steed,
He noticed no ring,
He was very mad indeed.

He threw his wife
Into the cellar
Where she'd clean and cook,
A slave forever.

And on the second night
The king ordered a fish
So she cooked a pike
On a silver dish.

This was the biggest pike
In the lake
So she made the left-overs
Into fish cake.

The queen served the platter
Up to the king
But as he cut into it
He was stopped by a ring.

The king apologised to
His beautiful queen.
They were married
In the year 1813.

The city was named
Pike in a Ring
And was ruled by a queen
And her warrior king.

You will maybe be thinking
What a mouthful to begin,
As you may know the city
By its name Pickering!