

Peasant Knight by Mistress Rosalind Jehanne of Paradox Keep

A young boy high on the battlements stood as he swept up the cold grey stones
And he gazed with delight at the lists, where the banners flew
Where the knights in bright armour were jousting there on their steeds of dapple & roan
And the archers drew up their longbows made of yew.

Oh I have the heart of a warrior!
And although I am low-born, I hope one day I'll be sworn
To be a knight, so I can fight to serve my lord.

The years passed by, and the steward's son grew into a comely youth
He was strong of arm, and as fair as a summer sky
But the o'er-proud knight took no notice of him, save occasional sharp reproof
Yet undaunted were his dreams of glory high.

Oh I have the heart of a warrior!
And although I be base-born, still I hope one day I'm sworn
To be a knight, and pledge my might to king and lord

The knight was summoned by his Majesty to war in a distant land
On crusade, where honor and glory could be won.
He journeyed forth on his battle steed, with his greatsword at his hand
In his retinue of men, was the steward's son

Oh I have the heart of a warrior!
And full glad am I this morn, at his side, for I have sworn
To serve my knight, so he may fight for his liege lord

The battle fierce around them raged, and the press of men was hard;
The knight grew faint of heart, and fain would flee.
But as he turned his steed, he found the path away was barred,
And he fell from top his horse most cowardly.

For he had not the heart of a warrior,
And although he was high-born, yet that day he had forsworn
To be a knight, denied his vow to King and lord

The steward's son leaped into the fray, ar-med only with his knife
And defiant stood 'tween his master and his foes.
"Oh God above, unto you I pray, to protect my noble's life,
And to give me strength to withstand these many blows."

But I have the heart of a warrior!
And no matter I'm base born, for on this day have I sworn
To play the knight, and I must fight to save my lord.

The King rode out at the break of day, and his heart was full of woe,
For His comrades dead, 'tho a victory great was won.
He found the knight unharmed, within a circle of slain foes
And cradled in his arms, was the steward's son.

"Oh he has the heart of a warrior!
And although he is base born, yet this day I'd have him sworn
To be a knight, for he would die to save his lord."

The King dubbed him upon the field, "Arise, Sir Knight" said he
But the lad could not obey the King's command
And with his dying breath he gave his oath of fealty
And he held the sword with the last touch of his hand

For he had the heart of a warrior!
But for men of women born, comes the day the soul has sworn
To take to flight, and dwell in sight of Heaven's lord.

They bore him aloft upon their shields with the knight's sword by his side
And they buried him with the honours due his life.
And evermore did the humbled knight, in a golden burnished sheath
Carry on his belt that old and rusted knife.

May you have the heart of a warrior!
And no matter how you're born, for on this day you have sworn
To be a knight, with honour bright for King and lord
For today you are reborn as a knight, and you have worn
the golden chain, the belt of white, and silver sword.

Written from a story told by Lord Allen Garretson, February 1995 who is now Lord Gafstan Gerhart