

The humble squire was at his side on the quest he rode,
To attend the needs of the knight and sword to draw there;
He also attends the horse when the knight dismounts,
After travelling vale and mountainside on his winding rides.

The squire is the cup bearer and attends to every need,
Like baker or butcher, the squire is drawn near;
Riding into town and through the village edge,
He asks permission to draw the bridge at the castle edge.

Never a more loyal servant and folk hero to bestow,
So faithful in every perseverance and indulgence of the knight;
The squire the personal slave if you like,
To attend the knights every whim and need.

Never would he turn on him and in his life it did depend,
A trusting and friendly soul whose love was all untold;
To learn the trade and life of the knight;
The squire one day to be knight himself.

This is how the tale of Parsifal started,
As a squire unto the knight Lancelot;
A squire named Percival now named Parsifal,
A knight is own right who owns the sword Excalibur.

Lancelot has been defeated and has died in battle,
And Parsifal has killed the conqueror of his master,
To be become king one day of the castle,
After he finds the holy grail.

Signed,

Now he reigns.