

# The Joyful Knight

Heather Dale

I wandered by the turney side  
With spring's sweet heat around me  
My fingers braiding daisy crowns  
And my eyes shaded from the light.

The squire was donning armour  
And she bade me stand beside her  
I wondered that a woman  
Found the strength to face that fight.

'Oh what a joyful life have I,'  
She told me, 'neath that open sky,  
'My knight is there upon the field:  
How fortunate am I...  
For when I think to fail and yield  
One word from him inspires me.'  
She bade me watch him closely  
And she pointed out his shield.

I smiled then as she left me  
I'd been watching him already  
I'd watched that horse and rider dance  
And vanquish all their foes.

I'd watched him smile like sunlight  
As he led his men to battle  
I laughed and watched that joy again  
All morning as he rode.

'Oh what a joyful life have I,'  
Some noble maid must surely cry,  
'My knight is there upon the field:  
How fortunate am I...  
How fortunate am I.'

A squire may choose what lord she will  
And pledge her faith on bended knee  
Not so for those who stand and watch upon  
The gallery in colours bright  
But if that choice were up to me  
I'd choose that joyful knight.