

He had his son with him, a fine young **Squire**,
A lover and cadet, a lad of fire
With hair as curly as if they had been pressed.
He was some twenty years of age, I guessed.
In height he was of moderate length,
With wonderful quickness and strength. [It seems that someone
has been doing a lot of bragging about the squire's ability.
Maybe himself?]

He'd seen some service with the cavalry
In Flanders and Artois and Picardy [As compared to his father's
military campaigns, these aren't so successful. These were
humiliating defeats for the English army against the French.]
And had done valiantly in little space
Of time, in hope to win his lady's grace. [He's fighting to
impress the ladies!]

He was embroidered like a meadow bright
And full of freshest flowers, red and white. [The squire's dress
is certainly different from his father's.]
Singing he was, or whistling all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his gown, the sleeves were long and wide;
He knew the way to sit a horse and ride.
He could make songs and poems and recite,
Knew how to joust and dance, to draw and write. [It's ironic that
the Squire's accomplishments are not those identified with
chivalry like his father's.]

He loved so hotly that till dawn grew pale

He slept as little as the nightingale.
Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,
And carved to serve his father at the table. [Did he carve his
father's meat because he was humble and eager to serve? Or, did
he do it to be seen because everyone would be looking at his
father, the famous knight, probably sitting in the most prominent
position?]