

I've travelled worlds with thee, afar and close,
And I've witness' d the tales thy scars have borne.
O weary vagrant, finding no repose,
Could I correct the others' mindless scorn?
How many ballads would I have to pen,
How many songs wouldst thou have me compose?
I'd sing thy epics whole lifetimes again;
Of thee none other than thy Bard best knows.
Yet you're not interested in my verse.
How could my words compare to what you've seen?
I cannot mend your heart or fill your purse.
All I can do is sing of where we've been.

But let me stay, for now at least, with thee.

If not a friend, companion shall I be.