Arthur

Rootstand

Whose pullet out this sword
From this stone and anvil
Is the true born King of all BritainUpon a New Year's day a host of knights did pray
That from the anvil one could draw the sword
As each knight took his turn, they found the anvil, held it firm
None worthy of a future King and LordSir Kay the bravest knight appeared to try his might
He dreamed of being King, as all the rest
To Arthur, Sir Kay called to search and bring for him a sword
In earnest Arthur set about his questA churchyard in the wood, the sword and anvil stood
And Arthur drew the sword out of the stone
The anvil now defeated, his quest for the sword completed
A sword that was to place him on the throne
A sword that was to place him on the throneSir Ector and Sir Kay saw the sword and knelt to pray
Then gently took it from young Arthur's hand
They marveled at his quest proclaiming to the rest
Arthur is the King of all this land
Arthur, the King of all this land

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/