

# Arthur

[Pia Lund](#)

Whose pullet out this sword  
From this stone and anvil  
Is the true born King of all Britain Upon 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 Lord Sir 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 quest A 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 throne Sir 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

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