Sir Galahad

Rick Wakeman

Taken from the castle feast
To an abbey in the East
Three knights stood in pride as one
Lancelot beheld his sonArthur's court he made him come
Galahad his bastard son
Battles soon for him to fight
Blessed his youthful son of knightArthur and the knights, marvelous stone
Floating upon the river alone
Pointing from the rock, the sword shining bright
Glittering jewels, shimmering light
Pull me, pull me, pull me, pull meGawain first he tried to draw from the stone
To wear by his side
Each knight took it's turn, brave to the last
Faced with the sword, remaining fast
[Incomprehensible]Arthur called a knight young Galahad
Saw in his sheath no sword he had
Took him where the sword held by the stone
Offered him there to make it his own
Pull me, pull me, pull meHe fell on his knees, to pull out the hilt
And drew it with ease
The dolorous stroke it once struck with pride
The sword that once hung by Sir Gawain's side
[Incomprehensible]

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