The Old Knight

Greenrose Faire

They rode out in the spring,
the old knight and his servant.
No foe too big or wrong too small
for his quest to put things right.
I climbed the highest hill and turned my face to the wind
to catch sight of distant lands where he's travelling.

His armour may be polished
yet it doesn't glimmer,
and his hack horse can't get any thinner.
But here he comes!
All behold!
The heroes are riding back home!
Oh think of all the stories they'll know,all will be told!
Everyone cheer
the defender of all that is right,
in many a glorious fight.
Hail the old knight,
who's finally back home!

The years have gone by fast,
the old knight pushes onwards.
He's seen the lands both near and far
and everything in between.
I still climb the lonely hill where I stood so long ago.
Some day I'll spy his noble form against the horizon.

His armour may be polished
yet it doesn't glimmer,
and his hack horse can't get any thinner.
But here he comes!
All behold!
The heroes are riding back home!
Oh think of all the stories they'll know,all will be told!
Everyone cheer
the defender of all that is right,
in many a glorious fight.
Hail the old knight,

who's finally back home!

Heroes are riding back home! x3

Don't you listen to those who say he's just an old fool
and his servant is thick in the head.
Well maybe the part about the servant is true,
but that's not important,
now look here they come!

All behold!
The heroes are riding back home!
Oh think of all the stories they'll know,all will be told!
Everyone cheer
the defender of all that is right,
in many a glorious fight.
Hail the old knight,
who's finally back home!

Heroes are riding back home! x7

The old knight is finally back home!

Lyrics Submitted by Magdalena Haldin

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