

King Arthur

Rick Wakeman

Whoso pulleth out this sword
from this stone and anvil,
is the true born King of all Britain.

Arthur

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 his 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 Hector and Sir Kay saw the sword
And knelt to pray
Then gently took it from Arthur's hand
They marvelled at his quest
Proclaiming to the rest
Arthur is the King of all this land
Arthur the king of all this land.

Lyrics submitted by Soraia.

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