

Wakeman Rick

"Myths And Legends"

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The Myths and Legends of King Arthur and the Knights
of the Round Table

Rick Wakeman 1975

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 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 Hector and Sir Kay saw the sword
And knelt to pray
Then gently took it from young 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.

LADY OF THE LAKE

=====

An arm clothed in white Samite
>From out the quiet water
I am the lady of the lake
Come take my sword
Wear it by your side.

GUINEVERE

=====

Love me my Guinevere
In my court, Please be near
While our realm is dying

And brave knights are crying

Stay close by my side.

Lancelot felt no fear

Loved his king's Guinevere

All his love he gave her

Fought through quests to save her

Love, showing the way.

Guinevere

Golden tresses shining in the air

Spread against the Jasper sea.

Sorrow beheld her face

False love supplying grace

Knowing Arthur's fights

And his trusted knights

Meant more than his Queen.

Guinevere

Golden tresses shining in the air

Spread against the Jasper sea.

Love me my Guinevere

In my court, Please be near

While our realm is dying

And brave knights are crying

Stay close by my side.

Guinevere

Golden tresses shining in the air

Spread against the Jasper sea.

SIR LANCELOT AND THE BLACK KNIGHT

=====

Fight fight fight fight

Excalibur the sword of right

Lancelot you rise a knight

Many quests will soon be fought

To win your place in Arthur's court.

Go to waste land if you dare

Lure the Black Knight from his lair

Fight and kill the evil man

Rid his evil from our land.

Kneeling in prayer, Lancelot gave the knight

Knowing to save the waste land he must fight

Eager to kill all those who came his way

He must stay

He must fight

The Black Knight, The Black Knight.

Fight fight fight fight.

Fight fight fight fight

The dawn approaches, clearing sky

Very soon a knight must die

Black Knight towering on his horse

Struck Lancelot with fearsome force.

Lancelot held fast his ground

Then struck the Black Knight to the ground

Leapt from his horse and then he smote
A single thrust and pierced his throat.
Answer my prayers, help me to save this land
Guide me by truth laid down by Arthur's hand
Evil is gone, only good we shall see
Victory
In this land
By God's hand
By God's hand.

MERLIN THE MAGICIAN

=====

By Wart the King of Merlin
Struck foot most far before us
His birds and beasts supply our feast
And his feats our glorious chorus.
Never shall man take me hence
But only he by whose side
I ought to hang and he shall
Be the best knight in the world.

SIR GALAHAD

=====

Taken from the castle feast
To an abbey in the East
Three knights stood in pride as one
Lancelot beheld his son.

Arthur's court he bade him come
Galahad his bastard son
Battles soon for him to fight
Blessed his youthful son a knight.
Arthur 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 me.
Gawain first he tried to draw from the stone
To wear by his side
Each knight took his turn
Brave to the last
Faced with the sword remaining fast.
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 me, pull me.
He fell on his knees
to pull out the hilt
And drew it with ease
The dolorous stroke it was struck with pride
The sword it was hung by Sir Gawain's side.

THE LAST BATTLE

=====

Gone are the days of the knights

Of the Round Table and fights

Gallant men softly crying

Brave armies dying

The last battle soon to be lost.

Hearing of great civil war

Saxons to Britain did pour

>From the North and the East

Arthur's knights' death to feast

The last battle soon to be lost.

Come life or death Arthur cried

Mordred the traitor he spied

Smote him into the ground

Where he fell without sound

And in rage lunged at Arthur who fell.

Gone are the days of the knights

Of the Round Table and fights

Of the realm of King Arthur

Peace ever after

Gone are the days of the knights.

SIR HECTOR, SIR HORS, SIR BLAMOUR AND SIR
BLEOBORIS THE ONLY

SURVIVING KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE, ENDED
THEIR DAYS AFTER A

PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND; SOON AFTER THE
SAXONS CONQUERED ALL

OF BRITAIN AND THE REALM OF LOGRES WAS OVER.
MANY BELIEVED THAT

ARTHUR WOULD RETURN TO RE-ESTABLISH THE HOLY
REALM OF LOGRES AND

SAVE BRITAIN IN THE HOUR OF ITS DEADLIEST DANGER.

ABOUT THE YEAR 1200 THE MONKS OF GLASTONBURY
DISCOVERED THE BONES

OF ARTHUR BURIED NEAR TO THOSE OF GUINEVERE.

BENEATH THE COFFIN, A STONE INLAID WITH A LEADEN
CROSS BORE THE

LATIN INSCRIPTION: 'HERE LIES KING ARTHUR IN HIS
TOMB

WITH GUINEVERE HIS WIFE IN THE ISLE OF AVALON

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