

## Field Music

# "The Winter King"

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Facing the west to a distant land,  
Gazing out to the sea,  
Standing on Cornwall's rocky shore,  
The crashing waves far below me,  
I heard a woman calling my name,  
Her voice the voice of a friend,  
And she said,  
"Now hear me, I'm Morgan le Fey,  
Let me tell you a story with no end."

The life of a man, the life of a King,  
The love for a Queen,  
Pendragon of Britain,  
Sovereign of the Land,  
The mightiest warrior ever seen.  
The Magic Sword in his hand,  
Like lightning, cut through the air.  
A gift of the Goddess,  
Lady of the Lake,  
To Valiant Arthur, the Bear.

In the heart of Dumnonia  
Stands a tower,  
An Isle on a sea of glass.  
Where Merlin planned  
The Old Gods of the Land,  
Would return to Britain at last.  
Twelve of the Thirteen Treasures were there,  
Clyddno Eiddin's Cauldron  
The quest,  
On Prydwen they sailed,  
Into the Otherworld,  
None but seven  
Returned from the west.

Facing the west to a distant land,  
Gazing out to the sea,  
Standing on Cornwall's rocky shore,  
The Crashing waves far below me,  
I see a ship disappear in the mist,  
That shines like silver and bronze,

Carrying the body  
Of the Wounded King,  
To be healed in Avalon.

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