

## **Rick Wakeman "Sir Galahad"**

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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.

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

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