

## When A Knight Won His Spurs

Libera

When a knight won his spurs in the stories of old  
He was gentle and brave he was gallant and bold  
With a shield on his arm and a lance in his hand  
For God and for valor he rode through the land

No charger have I, and no sword by my side  
Yet still to adventure and battle I ride  
Though back into storyland giants have fled  
And the knights are no more and the dragons are dead

Let faith be my shield and let joy be my steed  
It's the dragons of anger the ogres of greed  
And let me set free with the sword of my youth  
From the castle of darkness the power of the truth