

Sir Galahad

Rick Wakeman

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.