ARThUR

(NARRATION)

Whoso pulleth out this sword from this stone and anvil is the true born King of all Britain. . . .

Maestoso Noblimente (J=68)

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Upon a New year's Day a host of knights did pray that from the anvil one could draw the
sward

As each knight took his turn they found the

arrival held it firm none worthy of a future king and

lord.

Sir Kay the bravest knight appeared to try his might

churchyard in the wood And Arthur drew the sword out of the

He dreamed of being the king as all the
rest stone

To

The

Arthur Sir Kay called to search and

Anvil now defeated his quest

bring to him a sword completed a earnest Arthur set about his

for the sword that was to place him on the

quest.
sword that was to place him on the throne
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 proclaimed him 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.

Piu lento (Poco rubato)
In my court, please be
Loves his Kings Gui
False love supply ing

near vere grace

While our realm is dy ing
All his love he gave her

Know ing Arthur's fights

and fought and brave knights are crying
and through his quests to save her

close by my side
show ing the way

more than his Queen

(No repeat at D.S.)

C Gui ne vere

(ne vere)
while our realm is dying and brave

knights are crying stay close by my

side

ne vere

Golden tresses shining in the
SIR LANCELOT AND THE BLACK KNIGHT

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Ex - ca - li - bur the sword of right
Go to waste-land if you dare
Dawn approaches clearing the sky
Lan - ce - lot held fast his ground

Lan - ce - lot you rise a knight
lure the black knight from his lair
ve - ry soon a knight must die
struck the black knight to the ground

Ma - ny quests will still be fought
Fight and kill the ev - il man
Black knight towering on his horse
Leapt from his horse and then he smote
To win your place in Ar-thur's court
rid his ev-il from our land
struck a Lan-ce-lot with fear-some force
sin-gle thrust and pierced his throat

Kneel-ing in prayer Lan-ce-lot
An-swering in prayer help me to

save this knight (gave the knight)
(save this land)
know-ing to
guide me by

save the waste-land he must fight (He must)
truth laid down by Ar-thur's hand (Ar-thur's)
fight) hand) eager to kill all those who came his way
evil is gone only good we shall see

He must stay he must fight the Black Knight (The Black
victory in this land by God's hand) (By God's

D.C. al Coda
To Coda ✕ ✕

CODA

By God's hand The Black Knight hand

By God's hand The Black Knight hand

By God's hand The Black Knight hand

By God's hand The Black Knight hand

By God's hand The Black Knight hand

By God's hand The Black Knight hand
MERLIN THE MAGICIAN

By wart the king of Mer-lin struck foot most far before us his

birds and beasts supply our feasts and his feats our glorious

chor us

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SIR GALAHAD
The Offering

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.

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Segue
 rall.

Reunion

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To Coda Φ
Lancelot beheld his son

D.S. al Coda
CODA
Blessed his youthful son a

Slower
\( \text{\textit{j} = 89} \)

+8 basso
His Sword

knights mar-vel at the stone
(Ar-thur and the knights mar-vel at the stone
young Gal-a-had saw in his sheath
no sword he had)

the river a-lone
(no sword he had
the river a-lone)

Point-ing from the
Took him where the

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rock sword a sword shining bright held by the stone
light own
(Spoken) Pull me, pull me, pull me, pull me.

Glittering jewels offered him there... Shimmering to make it his

Gawin first he tried to draw out the sword
He fell on his knees to pull out the hilt.

To wear by his side and drew it with ease
Each knight took his turn the dolorous stroke

Brave to the last it was struck with pride faced with the sword the sword it was hung
Remaining fast by Sir Gawin's side
Before God these marvels who will draw the sword.

Who will draw the sword

D.S. al Coda

CODA

3 Times

1-2 Who will draw the
3 Gal-a-had the knight has drawn the

attacca
THE LAST BATTLE

Con pedale

Vocal 2nd time only

Gone are the days of the knights of the round table and the fights gallant

men softly crying brave armies dying the last battle soon to be

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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.
death Ar-thur cried Mor-dred the tray-tor he-spyed smote him in-to the ground where he fell with-out sound and in rage lunged at Ar-thur who
fell.

(NARRATION) Sir Hector, Sir Bors, Sir Blamour and Sir Bleoboris the only surviving knights of the round table ended their days after a pilgrimage to the Holyland; soon after, the Saxons conquered all of Britain and the realm of Logres was over. Many believed that Arthur would return & 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
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.