

King Arthur

*The boy who grew to be a king
Was taught by Merlin the Mage
Troubadours would come to sing
of the boy king and his sage.*

*A gift to young Arthur of a blade,
From the Morgan, Lady of the Lake
From her forge the sword was made
and the Druid magic was awake.*

*He led his warriors in the land
Through all the troubled times
Carrying high his warrior's brand
Purging dark and evil crimes.*

*He caused the building of a Round Table
With equal seats for all his knights
The most famous board in all of fable
Where Merlin preached "might for right".*

*Damsels dark and damsels light
Made their mark upon his reign
Guinevere's false love, his plight
Morgana's dark mysteries, his pain.*

*At last he came to Camdon field
Where his banner was brought down
And his kingly power he had to yield
The Sacred sword returned to drown.*

*He came to dwell in Avalon
Three queens did bring him there.
He found a bier to rest upon
Under Morgan's healing care.*

*And there he sleeps with all his men
Though no one knows his resting place
In the fastness of his burial den
He lies still in a state of grace*

*For he is Arthur, King of Britons
The greatest warrior of them all
And the prophecy is written, when
Britain needs, he'll heed the call.*