

Morte D' Arthur (Original version)

King Arthur lay dying, upon the field at Camlann
In his aid, Sir Lucan died also
Sir Bedwyr stood alone, of all the hosts of knighthood
His body sorely wounded, and his heart so full of woe

Said Arthur unto Bedwyr, take up my sword Excalibur
Go down yonder to the waterside
And with a mighty arm throw it far across the water
Return it to the Lady of the Lake, where she abides
 For the King that once was, shall be King yet again
 And the Glory of England shall rise
 For the King that once was, is a King for all time
 And a Dream that is mighty never dies

But Bedwyr could not bring himself to cast away Excalibur
And hid it in the rushes by the shore
"I did as ye commanded, Sire, but all that I did see
Were the waves a-rippling on the water
That, and nothing more."

"Oh, Bedwyr, oh Bedwyr, my first and last companion
Do not betray me now at my life's end
But do as I command, and cast away my sword.
I charge you as your liege lord, I ask it as your friend." CHORUS

Again could Bedwyr not, and again the King commanded
And at the last he cast the sword away
From the waters rose an arm, clad in samite all bejeweled
It brandished great Excalibur, and sank beneath the waves.

Then gliding cross the lake in a boat with blackened sails
Came three queens all dressed alike in ebon gowns
The Queen of Northgalis, and the Queen of the Far Isles
And Morgaine the King's own sister, the chief in Avalon. CHORUS

The queens with great mourning took King Arthur in the boat
And laid his head upon his sister dear
"Oh my lord, do not abandon me, alone among my foes,
Oh my King do not depart this world anon, and leave me here."

"Oh Bedwyr, I go to the Vale of Avalon
Mayhap to heal my wounds or shrive my soul.
Keep alive our dream of nobility and knighthood
Fight for what is right, and keep my kingdom whole. CHORUS

October 2004