

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