

Outro

Marty Stuart

Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear.
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! The prize is near."

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange,
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide
Until I find the holy Grail

.....said the lonesome pilgrim far from home