

[lyrics by Harry Conklin]

On the fields of our fathers land
Marsh green pride of ENGLAND
On the moors our fathers rest
Their tales are not forgotten
In the days of kings and honor
knights defended pure hearts
On the fields where our fathers rest
Their tales are boldly spoken (LISTEN)

Bend your ear in amazement
Hear this tale from long ago
Of magic and of madmen
loves tangled web of woe
One shining knight in silver
Intentions pure as gold
One maiden fair as moonlight
Dressed in royal robes

On the fields of our fathers land
Marsh green pride of ENGLAND
On the moors our fathers rest
Their tales are not forgotten
On these fields pure love is sought
Yet vengeance has it's cruelty
The search for truth and honor
Is blinded by a beauty

The lady of the lake holds the power of a nation
A sword of valor held high above all else
A royal maiden cries out her song of longing
Longing for her shining knight to take her to the stars

On these fields of green they lay
Entwined in lovers union
A brave knight knowing nothing more
Than following his heart
When the MOORS sing out their story
A kings heart will be broken
Broken by a lifelong friend
And his bride they call the queen of wales

Hold true to your heart
Hold true to your soul
Hold true to your country men
Hold true and never falter
Love will conquer all
History has proved
Kings and kingdoms crumble
On the soft green MOORS of ENGLAND

O'er the kings round table
Jealousy rears its head
Honor has no place this night
The kings heart is filled with dread
Excaliber the sword of truth
Penetrates the soul
It leaves a wound that never heals
Now the queen will pay with her very soul

A gallant knight will fight this day
For queen and for honor
Gladly ending all the strife
Between a queen and king
Once Morgana's spell is broken
By this shining knight in silver
Trading life's blood for his honor
Is a brave Knights highest deed