

# A Knight



# of Old

Words by J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

Music by C. A. RANKEN.

VOICE. *8* *p*

PIANO. *Moderato.* *8* *p*

1. A
2. He
3. The

sto - ry is told of the days of old, Of a Knight and a la - dy  
rode and fought as a sol - dier ought Who fights for his land and  
Knight is dead! but the blood he shed Is bear - ing its fruit to -

fair : He fell in love with her yel - low gold— The  
king; His arm with a full - er strength was fraught, His  
day; For the light of love round a faith - ful head Still

*p*

yel - low gold of her hair ; And he crav'd a tress to  
 sword with a swift - er spring ; And if, by chance, a  
 shines with a stead - fast ray ! And grief's dark night is

*p*

*f*

strength - en and bless His heart in the bat - tle fray ; He  
 foe - man's lance Through the bat - tered ar - mour tore, He  
 pierc'd with light, That tells of dawn - ing weal ; And there's

bound it tight in his hel - met bright, Then sor - row - ful rode a -  
 took that tress the wound to press, And the life - blood flow'd no  
 no wound in the wide world found That true love can - not

|  |                   |            |       |
|--|-------------------|------------|-------|
|  | 1st & 2nd verses. | 3rd verse. | FINE. |
|--|-------------------|------------|-------|

- way— Then sor - row - ful rode a - way.  
 more— The life - blood flow'd no more.  
 heal— That true love can - not heal.

*f* *colla voce.* *S.* FINE.