THE

BANNER OF SAINT GEORGE

A BALLAD

FOR CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY

SHAPCOTT WENSLEY

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

EDWARD ELGAR.

(Op. 33.)

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The instrumentation of this work has been so arranged by the composer that a small orchestra (String Quintet, 1 Flute, 1 Oboe, 1 Clarinet, 1 Bassoon, 2 Horns, 2 Cornets, 1 Trombone, and Drums) will be effective.

These instruments may be supplemented by any or all of the other instruments indicated in the Full Score.
THE BANNER OF ST. GEORGE.

SCENE I.
Within Syléné's walls no sound is heard,
Save the sad wail of anguish and despair.
From his dank lair the awful dragon comes,
His breath a pestilence, his glance a sword;
His scales of brass an armed host defy;
Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure white sacrifice, to stay his rage;
The women of Syléné rend their hair
Disconsolate, and mourn their daughters slain.

"No more they charm the passing hours,
The comely daughters of our pride;
No more they twine the laughing flowers,
Or sing their songs at eventide.
The voice of love no longer cheers—
We listen for its tones in vain;
All mirth, alas! is changed to tears,
And we must weep our dear ones slain."

Forth from the palace, beautiful as day,
Fair Sabra comes, the daughter of the king;
Night in her eyes, and sunshine in her hair;
She turns her gentle face upon the throng,
And all grows hushed around her, grief itself
Dies sobbing into silence; for she seems
A pale, sweet vision from a purer world;
And tearful faces are upturned in love.
"Fear not," she cries, "the darkest hour of night
Is oft the harbinger of silver dawn."

The aged monarch, worn and grey,
Beside the lovely princess stands,
No more he sees in fair array
The muster of his warrior bands.
Alas! his bravest knights are slain,
Right well they strove, but strove in vain;
Now only words of anguish flow,
The cry, "O woe, Syléné, woe!"

Our daughters are devoured! the dragon waits
A maiden sacrifice! or 'er the night
We all in hideous death shall be o'erwhelmed!
All hope is gone! O woe, Syléné, woe!"

Like charmed music o'er the 'frighted throng
Falls Sabra's voice, pure as an angel's song,
Clear as the throbbing of a silver bell,
It hurls the tumult by its magic spell.
"O calm your hearts," [she cries,] "O still your fears,
And let Hope shine amid the rain of tears;
The foe demands a sacrifice, this day
Your princes, Sabra, will the tribute pay.
A maiden of Syléné proud am I,
For those I love 'twill not be pain to die;
Beloved sire, O weep thou not for me,
I give my life to set Syléné free."

O beauteous Love! thy flower of heaven,
Transplanted to a world of care;
O spring thou up in dreary hearts,
With grace divine and beauty rare.
Then shall the desert places bloom,
As glorious as the bowers above,
And earth like Eden's garden smile,
O flower of heaven! O beauteous Love!

SCENE II.
Without a fear beside the dragon's tomb
The princess waits to die! A form of light.—
Her robes are spotless as the virgin snow,
And snow-white lilies deck her sunny hair.
With sad, sweet smile of innocence and love,
She listens to her father's last lament.
"Beloved sire," she whispers, "dry thine eyes,
For oftimes blessing wears a dark disguise;
And say of me henceforth with love and pride,
To give Syléné peace she lived and died."

Hark! 'tis the ringing hoof of steel,
A warrior comes at foaming speed,
The sunbeams glint with flashing light,
On shining mail and helmet bright.
See! see! his coal-black steed draws nigh
The shivered stones in sparkles fly!
Whence comest thou, majestic knight,
With spur of fire and sword of might?
With cross of red, and dauntless brow,
Majestic knight, whence comest thou?
Saint George no answer makes, but gives
command:
"Unbind the maiden!" but the princess cries,
"Nay, I am here a willing sacrifice
To save Syléné. Stand thou back, brave knight!
The awful dragon stirs beneath the flood!"
The knight of Cappadocia dauntless stands.
"Though all the powers of darkness shall
 assail,
At heaven's command, I fall,—or I prevail!
My good sword Ascalon is keen and bright,
No tarnish of unworthy strife is there;
Never unsheathed but to defend the right,
Or guard the honour of the cross I wear!
O fair white maid, whatever foe be nigh,
In life or death thy champion knight am I!"
Loud cry the people, "Haste! the dragon
comes!"
The flood divides! see his abhorrent head
From the black wave emerges! See his eyes
With baleful glare light on the helpless maid!
His voice is thunder! Haste, brave knight,
away!
He comes! the mighty dragon vast and dread!
Away! away!—Alas, too late! too late!"

They meet like waves when o'er the deep,
Contending winds in fury sweep!
The knight is brave, the dragon strong,
The combat rages fierce and long,
Until the hero's spear, alas!
Is broken on the scales of brass.
Unhored he fights! hope is not gone!
A meteor flash of Ascalon!
The dragon falls with hideous cries,
Lashes the earth in vain, and dies.
Loud burst the shouts of wild delight
That hail with joy the victor knight!

The light of heaven is on his noble brow,
He seeks not earthly honour, earthly fame,
He mounts his steed: "Farewell, O gentle
maid;
Ye people of Syléné, face you well;
For I must bear the cross in other lands,
And strive and suffer, till the morn shall dawn,
That brings for me the martyr's fadeless crown!"

Where the strong the weak oppress,
Where the suffering succour crave,
Where the tyrant spreads distress,
There the cross of George must wave!

EPILOGUE.

It comes from the misty ages,
The banner of England's might,
The blood-red cross of the brave St. George,
That burns on a field of white!
It speaks of the deathless heroes,
On fame's bright page inscribed,
And bids great England ne'er forget
The glorious deeds of old!

O'er many a cloud of battle,
The banner has floated wide,
It shone like a star o'er the valiant hearts,
That dashed the Armada's pride!
For ever amid the thunders,
The sailor could do or die,
While tongues of flame leaped forth below,
And the flag of St. George was high!

O ne'er may the flag belowed,
Unfurl in a strife unblest,
But ever give strength to the righteous arm,
And hope to the hearts oppressed!
It says through the passing ages,
"Be brave if your cause be right!
Like the soldier-saint whose cross of red,
Still burns on your banner white!"

Great race, whose empire of splendour,
Has dazzled a wondering world!
May the flag that floats o'er thy wide domains
Be long to all winds unfurled!
Three crosses in concord blended,
The banner of Britain's might!
But the central gem of the ensign fair,
Is the cross of the dauntless knight!

Shadcott Wensley.

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THE BANNER OF SAINT GEORGE.

SCENE I.


Copyright, 1897, by Novello, Ewer and Co.
8236.
From his dank
anguish... and despair, and despair.

Ped. *

lair... the awful dragon comes, His breath a pestilence,
dank lair the awful dragon comes, His glance a
lair... the awful dragon comes, His breath a pestilence,
dank lair the awful dragon comes, His glance a

His scales of brass... an armed host defy;
sword; His scales of brass an armed host, an armed
scales of brass an armed host defy;

Ped. *
Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice

Each day a maid from home and love is torn,
A pure, white sacrifice
Alt.)
Allegretto.

Women of Sy-le-nrend their hair
Dis-con-so-late... and mourn their

quasi Recit.

Andante.  
ENFRANO.  F  doce.  rit.  a  tempo,  ma  molto  rubato.

dim.  e  rit.

No more, no more they charm the passing hours, The
daughters, slain.

Andantino.  \( \frac{d}{q} = 63 \)

comely daughters of our pride;  No more, no more they twine the laughing flow'rs, Or

poco cres.

sing their songs at e-ven-tide... The voice of love... no long-e-
We listen for its tones in vain, in vain.

All mirth, alas! is changed to tears, And we must weep our dear ones slain.

Forth from the palace, beautiful as day, Fair Sabra comes, the daughter of the king.
for she seems A pale, sweet vision from a pur-
er world; And

for she seems A pale, sweet vision from a pur-
er world; And

for she seems A pale, sweet vision from a pur-
er world; And

for she seems A pale, sweet vision from a pur-
er world; And

\textit{(Sotto ad lib.)*} 

tearful, tearful faces are up-turn ed in love. "Fear not, fear not," she

tearful, tearful faces are up-turn ed in love.

tearful, tearful faces are up-turn ed in love.

tearful, tearful faces are up-turn ed in love.

cries, "the dark-est hour of night is oft the har-bi-ner of sil-

\textit{Ped.*}

* The part of Saba may be sung by a Soloist, if preferred. See also pages 13, 22 and 26.
f allargando. rit. dim.

dawn, For not, the dark est hour is oft the har - bin - ger of all

Piu mosso.

Aged mon - arch, worn and grey, Be - side the lovely prin - cess

(Tutti) f agitato.

No more he sees in fair ar - ray The mister of his

stands, No more he sees is fair ar - ray The

mf animato. cres.

829.
warrior bands

muster of his warrior bands.

bravest knights are slain,

bravest knights are slain,

strove in vain;
throng. Falls - Sa-
bra's voice... pure as an an-
ge'l's song.

O HORTUS.

Poco lento.

Clear as the throb-bing of a sil-

Clear, as the throb-bing of a sil-

Clear, as the throb-bing of a sil-

Clear, as the throb-bing of a sil-

Poco lento.

(Solo)

P Allegro.

"O calm your hearts, O still... your

tu-mult by its ma-

tu-mult by its ma-

tu-mult by its ma-

Elgar.—Banner of St. George.—Novello’s Edition.
fears, And let Hope shine amid the rain of tears;

The foe demands a sacrifice: this day, this day Your princess, Sa-bra, will the tribute, this day will the tribute pay.

O beauteous Love! thou flow'r of heav'n.
O beauteous Love! thou flow'r of heav'n.
O beauteous Love! thou flow'r of heav'n,
O beauteous Love! thou flow'r of heav'n,
O beauteous Love! thou flow'r of heav'n,
O beauteous Love! thou flow'r of heav'n,
I give my life, I give my life, to

thou not for me.

beaut-ous, beaut-ous Love!

beaut-ous, beaut-ous Love!

beaut-ous, beaut-ous Love!

beaut-ous, beaut-ous Love!

beaut-ous, beaut-ous Love!

beaut-ous, beaut-ous Love!

set... Sy-le-né free... Sy-le-né free..." dolce e legato.

O beau-tous Love! thou

dolce e legato.

O beau-tous Love! thou

dolce e legato.

(Tutti) dolce e legato.

O beau-tous Love! thou flow'r of heav'n...

flow'r, thou flow'r... of heav'n...

Trans-plant-ed

beaut-ous Love!

beaut-ous Love!

beaut-ous Love!

beaut-ous Love!
...beau-teous Love!  O spring thou up in
to a world of care;  ...beau-teous, beau-teous Love!  O spring thou up in
beau-teous Love!  O spring thou up in


drear-y, drear-y hearts, With grace dim...drear-y, drear-y hearts, With grace, with grace di-vine and
drear-y, drear-y hearts, With grace di-vine and
drear-y, drear-y hearts, With grace di-vine and
drear-y, drear-y hearts, With grace...drear-y, drear-y hearts, With grace, with grace di-vine and

beau-ty rare, with beau-ty rare,
beau-ty rare, with beau-ty rare,
beau-ty rare, with beau-ty rare,
Then shall the desert places bloom, As glorious as the

bowers above, And earth like Eden's garden smile,

O beauteous, beauteous Love:

O flower, O
O bea-teous Love! O flow'r of heav'n! Trans-plant-ed to a

world of care, O flow'r of heav'n!

world, a world of care, O bea-teous Love!

world of care, O flow'r of heav'n!

Ped. * Ped. *
SCENE II.

PIANO.

SOPRANO.

 Alto.

 Tenor.

 Bass.

 A: With-out a fear be-side the dra-gon's tarn The

 dim. molto

 B: prin-cess waits . to die !

 poco len-to.

 A form of light, Her pris-cess waits . to die !

 pris-cess waits . to die !

 pris-cess waits . to die !

 pp dim. cola voce.

 8250.
And snow-white lilies deck her sunny hair.

Robes are spotless as the virgin snow;

With sad sweet

smile of innocence and love, She listens to her father's last

smile of innocence and love, She listens to her father's last

smile of innocence and love, She listens to her father's last
"Beloved sire, she whispers, dry thine eyes, For oft-times blessing wears a dark disguise, for oft-times blessing wears a dark disguise; And say of me henceforth with love and pride, To ...
Alto.

**O**
beau-
teous
Love:
thou
flow'r
of
heav-
en!

Tenor.

**O**
beau-
teous
Love:
thou
flow'r
of
heav-
en!

Bass.

**O**
beau-
teous
Love:
thou
flow'r
of
heav-
en!

**moto express.**

 progressives.

moto dim. ad lib. pp D

give. Sy-
le-
né
peace
she
lived.

and
died.
E Allegro. (Turati.)

Hark! Tis the ringing hoof of

Hark:

Hark! Tis the ringing hoof of

Hark:

E Allegro. \( \text{\textit{d} = 132} \)

Hark:

steed, A warrior comes at foaming speed,

steed, A warrior comes at foaming speed,

steed, A warrior comes at foaming speed,

Tis the ringing hoof of steed, A warrior

On shining mail and helmet

The sun beams glint with flashing light,

The sun beams glint with flashing light,

comes at foaming speed.
bright. See! see! his coal-black steed draws nigh, The shiver'd stones in sparkles fly!

See! see! his coal-black steed draws nigh, The shiver'd stones in sparkles fly!

See! see! his coal-black steed draws nigh, The shiver'd stones in sparkles fly!

See! see! his coal-black steed draws nigh, The shiver'd stones in sparkles fly!

Where e' er com'est thou, ma'jes'tic knight, With spur of fire and sword of might, With

Where e' er com'est thou, ma'jes'tic knight, With spur of fire and sword of might, With

Where e' er com'est thou, ma'jes'tic knight, With spur of fire and sword of might, With

Where e' er com'est thou, ma'jes'tic knight, With spur of fire and sword of might, With

cross of red, with cross of red and daunt-less brow,

cross of red, with cross of red and daunt-less brow,

cross of red, with cross of red and daunt-less brow,

cross of red, with cross of red and daunt-less brow,

Ma'les
Whence comest thou, whence comest thou!

Saint Ista-tic knight, whence, whence comest thou?

George no answer makes, but gives command, "Unbind the

"Unbind the

Ped. S持 basso. *

"Nay, I am here a

But the princess... cries,

maid'en!"

maid'en!"
will - ing sa - cri - fie To save, to save Sy - le - nê, to

save.. Sy-le-nê" 

* "Stand thou back brave

knight! The aw - ful dra - gon stirs beneath the flood!"

* If a Soprano is employed, the Contralto must not sing the following 6 bars

8256.
The Knight of Cappado - ci - a

stands.

"Though all the pow'rs of darkness shall as -

The Knight of Cappado - ci - a

stands.

"Though all the pow'rs of darkness shall as -

sail, At heaven's com - mand, I fall, or I pro - vail! My

good sword As - ca - lon is keen and bright, No tar - nish of un -
glare, light on the helpless maid!

light, light on the helpless maid!

eyes light on the helpless, helpless maid!

Light on the helpless, helpless maid!

His voice is thunder, his voice is thunder! Haste, brave knight, a-

His voice is thunder, his voice is thunder! Haste, brave knight, a-

His voice is thunder, his voice is thunder! Haste, brave knight, a-

His voice is thunder, his voice is thunder! Haste, brave knight, a-

way! He comes! the mighty dragon, vast and

way! He comes! the mighty dragon, vast and

way, a-way,

S286.
dread! A - las! too late! a - way, a - way!

A - las! too late! A - las! too late!

lam! A - las! too late! a - las! too late!

They

They

meet like waves, like waves when o'er the deep, Contending winds in

meet like waves, like waves when o'er the deep, Contending winds in

N marcato.

Seu buana con Ped.
They meet like waves, like waves when o'er the
fury, in fury sweep! The Knight is brave.

deep, Contending winds in fury, in fury sweep! The Knight is
brave, the dragon strong, The combat rages fierce and
brave, is brave, the dragon strong,

fierce and long, the combat rages fierce, the
long. The Knight is brave, the dragon strong, The
rages fierce and long, The Knight is brave, the combat

Post 2
8256.
Until the rag-es fierce and long, The Knight is brave, until the
combat rag-es, rag-es fierce and long, the combat rag-es, until the hero's
rag-es, rag-es fierce and long, until the hero's

he-ro's spear, a-last is bro-ken on the scales of brass, stringendo.

he-ro's spear, a- last is broken on the scales of brass, broken
spear, a- last is broken on the scales of brass, broken

on the scales of brass, Un-horsed he fights! acced.

broken on the scales of brass, Un-horsed he fights! acced.

broken on the scales of brass. Un-horsed he fights! acced.

broken on the scales of brass. Un-horsed he
un - horsed he fights!  Hope is not
un - horsed he fights!  Hope is not gone, is not
un - horsed he fights!  Hope is not gone, is not

A mete - or flash of As - ca - lon.
A mete - or flash of As - ca - lon.
A mete - or flash of As - ca - lon.
A mete - or flash of As - ca - lon.

The dragon
The dragon
The dragon
The dragon

R moss mar - cado.
R

3256.
light of heaven is on his noble brow.

He seeks not earth-ly hon-our, earth-ly fame.

He mounts his steed.

"fare"

well, fare well, O gen-tle maid.

Ye

"fare"

"fare"
people of Sy-les, face you well, For
people of Sy-lenas, face you well, For

I must hear the cross in other lands, And
I must hear the cross in other lands, And

strive, and suffer, 'till the morn shall dawn, That
strive, and suffer, 'till the morn shall dawn, That

brings to me the martyr's fade less
brings to me the martyr's fade less

ped. * 8256. ped.
Wave, must wave, the wave.

There the cross of George, there the cross, the wave, there the cross of George, there the cross, the wave.

Cross of George must.

Cross of George must.

Cross of George must.

Cross of George must.

Cross of George must.
EPILOGUE.

(MARCH)

Maestoso, alla maria. \( \text{M.} = 104 \).

Soprano.

It comes from the mist - y a - ges, The banner of Eng - land's

Alto.

Bass.

Tenor.

it comes from the mist - y a - ges, The banner of Eng - land's

It comes from the mist - y a - ges, The banner of Eng - land's

It comes from the mist - y a - ges, The banner of Eng - land's
might, . . . The blood-red cross of the brave Saint

George, That burns on a field of white! . . . It speaks of the death-less
heroes, On fame's bright page inscribed, And bids great England, great
Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!

Eng-land, great Eng-land ne'er for-get, The glo-rious, glo-rious deeds of old!
valiant hearts, That dash'd the Ar-ma-da's pride!
For ev'er a-mid the thun-ders, The sail-or could do, or die, While tongues of flame
. leaped forth. . leaped forth be - low, And the flag of St. George was

. leaped forth, . leaped forth be - low. And the flag of St. George was

. leaped forth, . leaped forth be - low, leaped forth be - low, And the

. leaped forth, . leaped forth be - low, leaped forth be - low, And the

high, and the flag, the flag of St. George was high!

flag of St. George was high, the flag of St. George was high!
O ne'er may the flag be loved Unfurl in a strife unblest, But

O ne'er may the flag be loved Unfurl in a strife unblest, But

O ne'er may the flag be loved Unfurl in a strife unblest, But

O ne'er may the flag be loved Unfurl in a strife unblest, But

G   dolce.

ever give strength to the right-eous, right-eous arm, And hope, and

ever give strength to the right-eous arm,

ever give strength to the right-eous arm,

ever give strength to the right-eous arm,

ever give strength to the right-eous arm,

Ped. cres.  *

Ped.  con Ped.
...and hope to the hearts oppressed.

And hope to the hearts oppressed, and hope, and

And hope to the hearts, the hearts oppressed, and hope, and

And hope to the hearts, the hearts oppressed, and hope, and

...and hope to the hearts oppressed;

...and hope to the hearts oppressed;

...and hope to the hearts oppressed; It says to the

...and hope to the hearts oppressed; It says to the
Great race, whose empire of splendour Has dazzled a wondering world!

May the flag that floats o'er thy wide domain

Great race, whose empire of splendour Has dazzled a wondering world!

May the flag that floats o'er thy wide domain

Great race, whose empire of splendour Has dazzled a wondering world!

May the flag that floats o'er thy wide domain

Elgar—Banner of St. George.—Novello's Edition.
- mains Be long, long to all winds unfurled! Three crosses in concord

blend-ed, The banner of Brit-ain's might! But the cen-tral

gem of the ensign fair. Is the cross, the
cen-tral gem of the ensign fair. Is the cross, the
cen-tral gem of the ensign fair. Is the cross, the

peasante.
cross of the dauntless, dauntless Knight!

The central gem of the cross of the dauntless, dauntless Knight!

But the

cross of the dauntless, dauntless Knight!

Is the cross, the cross of the dauntless ensign

Is the cross, the cross of the dauntless central gem of the ensign fair

Is the cross of the dauntless

9256.
Knight! the daunt-less Knight!

a tempo.

Knight! the daunt-less Knight!

a tempo.

Knight! the daunt-less Knight!

a tempo.

Sea

9256.

Pod.

* THE END