

# Leaving On A Crusade



Oh, the dawn is break ing it's ear ly morn, The troops are wait ing; it's



time you're gone. I hate to have to bid you fare



well. But the king has called and



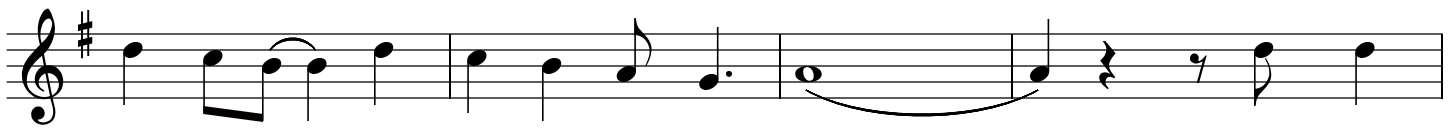
you must leave, Your loy al ty is to your liege. But



who knows in what heath en land You'll die. Now



kiss me and fight for me. Kill a sar a cen for me...



Don't stop 'til you've freed the ho ly land. 'Cause you're



leav ing on a cru sade, Don't know if you'll be back a gain.

