

# Falconer, Legend And The Lore

Forgotten and concealed  
are the tales of old.  
Yet the spirits of the field  
I do behold.  
A mist-like shape reveals  
the fiddler in his prime,  
it's an act through the time.

Under the starlit sky  
shadows come alive.  
Chapters of laughter and a sigh,  
they do revive.  
The mist-like shape entwines  
the legend and the lore  
into a conviction unsure.