

Al Martino, Think I'll Go Somewhere And Cry Mys

And I think of you now as a dream that I had long ago
In a kingdom lost in time.
And in the forests of evening the archer is bending a bow,
And I see you bring him bread and wine.
Down the ligneous years the invaders have taken these lands,
And bent you to their will.
And the murmurous fade of the ancients and all that they had,
But the magic lingers round you still.
Oh who will walk the stony roads of Merlin's time
And keep a watch along the boarder line?
And who will hear the legends passed in song and rhyme,
Upon the shepard's pipes of Merling's time?